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THE BORDERER'S
T A B L E B O O K;
OR,
GATHERINGS
OF THE
Local History and Romance
OF THE
ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH BORDER.

BY
M. A. RICHARDSON.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES,
ILLUSTRATED BY UPWARDS OF NINE HUNDRED WOOD-CUTS.

VOL. V. HISTORICAL DIVISION.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne :

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS IN VOL. V.

Alnwick. Ancient Buildings in Walkergate.....	205
Armorial Bearings of Brockett	412
Burdon	50
Charlton	265
Clavering.....	25
Collingwood	227, 400
Eldon, Earl of.....	6
Gray	9
Hoyle	112
Lambton	180
Ord	415
Sharp	128
Winch.....	17
Bamborough Castle	388
Part of, 1836.....	45
Barnard Castle, Sculpture at	328
Benton (Long). Fragment of a Monumental Slab at	401
Sepulchral Slab at	72
Bishop Middleham Church	108
Brancepath Castle, 1840	140
Charlton Spur (The)	396
Corbridge, Tower of	116
Durham. Armorial Bearings of, (Initial letter)	29
The Bridge of Elvet, 1824	29
Gateshead. Armorial Bearings of, (Initial letter)	28
St. Mary's Church, Sepulchral Slab in	105
Pipewellgate, Eastern extremity of, 1845	177
Hexham. Incised Monumental Slab at	223
The Ladye Chapel, restored	285
Lambton. Chapel of	184
Morpeth. Armorial Bearings of, (Initial letter)	32
Old Mill by the Bridge of	103
Newcastle. Castle, Black Gate, Room in the	269
Guard Room of	381
Chartism. Caltrop	74
Pike Head	78
Eccles. Churches. St. Andrew's, South Porch of Chancel, &c.	97
Tower of	160
St Nicholas', Western entrance of.....	221
St. Paul's	260
Monastic, Black Friars, Part of the	169
Our Ladie's Well	373
S. Mary, V. Jesmond. Remains of Chapel.....	417
Westgate, Chancel Exterior	85
Hay Market	17
Kale Cross, (The Original)	364
Police Office, Manors, 1845	92

Newcastle. Remarkable Houses. In Byker Chare	33
Scotch Inn, Bigg Market.....	53
Forth Tavern, 1844	77
St. Nicholas' Square	80
White Hart Inn.....	145
Byker Chare	153
Malcolm's Close, Sandgate	189
Westmoreland Place, Westgate Street.....	216
"Golden Lion," Bigg Market	228
Part of Vicarage, St. John's Lane.....	237
In Union Street, 1845	253
Head of Long Stairs, Castle Garth	256
Chamber in one, in Groat Market, 1846	308
Another Chamber in the same house	332
Part of the Earl's Inn, in the Close.....	357
Portion of the Lintel of a Door of one formerly in the Close	352
Sandhill, Part of	3
Savings' Bank, Ground Plan of.....	61
Interior of	61
Portrait of Archibald Bolam	65
Joseph Millie.....	60
Union Bank, St. Nicholas' Square	88
Walls. Austin Tower	121
White Friar Tower, during removal	164
White Friar Tower, from the site of the Close Gate, 1826	200
White Friar Tower, as seen in 1841	232
Newgate, South front, during demolition	276
Corner Tower,	292
West Spital Tower, 1846.....	300
White Friar Tower, restored	304
Pink Tower	340
Water Tower, 1846.....	349
Water Tower, Window in, 1845	280
Nevill Tower, Lower apartment of.....	405
Prudhoe Castle, Gateway of	24
Stannington Church. Detail of Norman Porch of	13
Stockton. Armorial Bearings of, (Initial letter)	31
Sunderland. Armorial Bearings of, (Initial letter)	31
The Clanny Safety Lamp	129
Lighthouse on the North Pier, during its removal	317
Tynemouth. Breakwater at	48
"Buterye, Aule, and Ketchyn" of the Castle of	192
Main Gate of the Castle of	196
Cell in the "South Court" of the Castle, &c.	208
Ruins of Priory	132
Victoria Bridge, while building	40





THE LOCAL HISTORIAN'S TABLE BOOK,

&c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

A. D. 1838.



FROST of extreme intensity prevailed throughout the northern counties at the commencement of the year 1838, and was succeeded on the 6th of January by falls of snow, the wind blowing keen from the north-east, the storm prevailing with great severity till the end of the month, though slight intermissions were experienced. The roads in the district were not entirely obstructed, but considerable delay was experienced in the arrival of the coaches—the long-stage coaches especially. On Saturday, the 21st, at Newcastle, the frost was more intense than ever remembered there; at two o'clock in the afternoon the thermometer was at 18° , at eight o'clock, at 12° , and from ten to twelve o'clock at night, as low as $9^{\circ} 30'$, or $22\frac{1}{2}$ degrees below the freezing point; whilst in more exposed places in the neighbourhood it was still lower, being down to 5° at Prudhoe; and at Ryton even below 3° ,—29 degrees below freezing! The drift of snow both on Saturday night and Sunday was considerable, and some of the coaches did not start as usual on Monday. All passage on the river Tyne was stopped, it being frozen for upwards of five miles below Newcastle, and several skating parties were seen exercising on the

ice. On Monday and Tuesday the 22nd and 23rd, a partial thaw was experienced, and great damage being apprehended to the shipping from the breaking up of the ice, precautionary measures were resorted to, but on the morning of the 24th the frost was again intense, in which state it remained till Monday the 29th, when a gradual but continued thaw commenced, and it was fortunate that the ice went away so gently as it did, as the harbour was much crowded with loaded ships, many of which received partial injury, owing to the haste with which it was attempted to get them out to sea, to avoid the consequences apprehended from the breaking up of the ice. In this attempt seven vessels got upon the in-sand, but none of them received any damage except the loss or breaking of bowsprits, and other external and trifling injury. In no year since the celebrated frost of 1814 had one occurred like the present; in proof of this it may be mentioned that loaded carts crossed the Tyne, the Coquet, the Tweed, and other rivers in the north, upon the ice at various points.—*Local Papers*.

1838 (Jan. 3.)—This day, Wednesday, was published in Sunderland, the first number of a new Conservative journal, entitled “The Sunderland Beacon.” The paper was printed by Mr. Thomas Hodge, for Mr. John Kitchen, the sole proprietor.—*Ibid*.

January 8.—A fire occurred in Blyth’s nook, Newcastle. The bed and bed clothes of an Irish family, occupying a room in a tenemented house there, had taken fire; the flames however were subdued with little other damage than the destruction of the bed, and a few other articles of furniture.—*Ibid*.

January 10.—W. D. Anderson, esq., was appointed resident engineer to the corporation of Newcastle. There were 21 applicants for the office.—*Ibid*.

January 13.—Died at his house in Hamilton place, London, John Scott Earl of Eldon, High Steward of the University of Oxford, a Governor of the Charterhouse, and a Member of the Privy Council, D.C.L., F.R.S., and F.S.A. Lord Eldon was born at his father’s house in Love lane, Newcastle, 1751, June 4th, a day that was the anniversary of the birth of king George III. His father was a coal-fitter and merchant, a person in a respectable walk of life* John, who was the youngest of the family, like his brother William, was educated at the grammar school of Newcastle, but at an early age he quitted it for the university of Oxford. Ho

* It appears by the books of the Hostman’s Company of Newcastle, that he had been apprenticed in 1716 to Thomas Brumell of Newcastle for seven years, and that in 1724 he was admitted to the freedom of the company.

was matriculated at University college Oxford, May 15, 1766, being then but fifteen years of age, there he received the assistance of his brother's private and public tuition, and to such good account was it turned that in July 11, 1767, he was elected fellow of University. In February, 1770, he took his batchelors degree and in the following year gained the chancellors prize of twenty guineas for an English essay "On the Advantages and Disadvantages of Foreign Travel." Shortly after this he married. His wife was Elizabeth, daughter of Aubone Surtees, esq., a banker at Newcastle. The match was a runaway one, and the lady was carried off from one of the upper windows of her father's house on the Sandhill, Newcastle; yet unlike most matches so imprudently formed, it was productive of the greatest connubial happiness during a period of many years. Lady Eldon was extremely beautiful, but "the qualities of the heart surpassed even her personal attractions, she would sit up with her husband cheering his midnight studies as a lawyer, watching him with silent affection, and moving about on tiptoe that she might not disturb the connection of his thoughts." She died in 1831. In 1773, January 28, Scott was admitted a student of the middle temple, but as yet he resided chiefly at Oxford. In order to add to his income at that time he took a part in the tuition of University college with his brother and Mr. Fisher, afterwards master of the Charterhouse. He



PART OF THE SANDHILL, NEWCASTLE (1826).

also read lectures as deputy of the Vinerian professor of common law in the years 1774-1776. For this service he had the use of the professor's house and £60 a year. But the time came when the study of the law was to be his main occupation and never perhaps did student burn the midnight lamp with greater ardour or perseverance. In the diligence of his studies he must have equalled Sir Matthew Hale, like him, ultimately, success was his reward. He was called to the bar in February, 1776, and within seven years after received a silk gown. His success for the first three or four years was probably small, still he was not less fortunate than most young members of his profession. He occasionally received business from the corporation of Newcastle. Gradually, however, business came thicker, and as the reward of his abilities, eminence followed. In 1781 he has been alleged to have refused a mastership in chancery with £2000 a year, and, in 1783 he obtained a seat in parliament, through the chancellor's (lord Thurlow) interest with lord Weymouth, for Weobly. By a singular coincidence he took his seat the same night as Erskine, afterwards lord Erskine, and was present at the introduction of the famous East India bill. Like Erskine he spoke on the subject, and like him too, his reputation as an orator was not sustained at St. Stephens. His advocacy, however, of Mr. Pitt's East India measure gained that minister's warmest friendship, and as his general reputation increased, his abilities and judgment became better known to the cabinet. In 1788 he was made solicitor general and knighted.* Shortly after this he drew the regency bill, on the occasion of the king's illness, and in opposition to lord Loughborough's opinion, enabled Pitt by his advice to gain a victory over his rival in the subsequent discussions. In consequence of this, his intimacy with Mr. Pitt was increased greatly. Mr. Wilberforce thus writes of his conduct in his diary, "I saw much of sir John Scott, and it is no more than his due to say that when he was solicitor and attorney general under Pitt, he never fawned or flattered as some did, but always assumed the tone and station of a man who was conscious that he must show he respected himself if he wished to be respected by others." In February, 1793, on the promotion of sir Archibald Macdonald to the office of chief baron of the exchequer, sir John Scott was made attorney general, and soon afterwards commenced those state prosecutions so important in the page of history : of these the cases of Horne Tooke and Hardy deserve the perusal of even the general reader. In the latter the opening speech of

* In 1788, August 16, he was admitted to the freedom of the Hoastmans Company, Newcastle.

sir John Scott occupied nine hours. To his humane conduct on these occasions even Horne Tooke, himself bore witness, indeed he went so far as to acknowledge his sentiments to Scott in person. In the trials of the rev. Gilbert Wakefield and of Frost, Scott was also concerned as attorney general, but still he continued popular both with the bar and the public. It has been well observed that "no eulogy can carry further the effect of his personal demeanour and the general homage paid to his integrity than this fact." In 1799 a different sphere awaited him, he was raised to the peerage by the title of baron Eldon of Eldon in Durham, and appointed chief justice of the common pleas, a place he had long deserved, but two years afterwards he was compelled to quit it for higher honours. In 1801 in the formation of Mr. Addington's administration, he was made lord high chancellor; this important offices he held until 1806, when Erskine succeeded him under the administration of "All the Talents." On the 1st of April, 1807, he was reappointed, and from this time he continued in office until April 30th, 1827, altogether a period of nearly twenty-five years. The abilities displayed by lord Eldon in this eminent position it would be difficult adequately to describe. His judgments which occupy thirty volumes are valuable principally to lawyers, but in learning, accuracy, and research, it may be truly observed he has never been surpassed, if he has ever even been equalled. His decisions stand as bulwarks of the law, and the greatest lawyers subsequent to him have expressed their admiration of them. "Testimonies to his judicial merit are so common that the difficulty lies in selection." Sir Samuel Romilly stated to the house of commons in 1811, "that there never was a man in the court of chancery who more endeared himself to the bar and exhibited more humane attention to the suitors; there never presided in his court a man of more deep and various learning in his profession, and in anxiety to do justice, that court had never seen, he would not say the superior but the equal of the lord chancellor." The main, if not the only fault found with lord Eldon, was his dilatoriness in giving judgment. There may have been some foundation in the objection, but, if there was, it proceeded from his extreme acuteness of mind, and his anxious desire to do justice to all parties. "I hear no complaint of delays" (said lord Thurlow, when chancellor) "but from persons who have been themselves the cause." The suitor might depend upon justice being done when lord Eldon did give judgment: the circumstance of hardly any of his decisions being reversed proves this fact. But the immense accumulation of chancery business in arrear in his time arose chiefly from circumstances over which he had no controul, and late experience has proved that he should have had more equity judges to

assist him. When on the bench, as well as in private life, lord Eldon's manner was kind and courteous: with suitors, with solicitors and the bar he was equally a favourite. "I admit freely and candidly" said Mr. now lord Brougham "that of all the judges before whom I have practised, and I have practised much, he is out of all comparison by much the most agreeable to the practitioners by the amenity of his manners and the intuitive quickness of his mind; a more kindly disposed judge to all the professional men who practise in his court, perhaps never existed." This amenity of manners which graced and conciliated his own court formed as it were an all powerful letter of introduction to an higher audience. In the house of lords he was beloved and respected. To his king he was endeared as a faithful servant, and one more true never existed. As a proof of his regard, king George III. on one occasion presented him with a seal, on which was engraved the figure of justice with the bandage removed from the eyes, attended by the figure of religion, represented as directing the course of justice. The king on presenting the seal observed that justice was generally painted blind, but he did not see why she should be so if her path was guided by religion. By the children of George the III. he was greatly and frequently consulted as a friend, especially by the dukes of York and Cumberland, and the prince Regent. From the latter, when king George IV., he received on his resignation, in 1827, the present of a superb silver vase as a token of respect, and in 1821, on the coronation of that king, he was promoted to the dignity of viscount Encombe and earl of Eldon; in his patent it was stated by



ARMS OF THE EARL OF ELDON.

the king's special desire that "these titles were conferred in consideration of his profound knowledge of the laws of his country, and the distinguished ability and integrity which he had invariably evinced in administering them in his office of chancellor during a period of nineteen years." From his love to the institutions of his country lord Eldon was opposed to any material alterations of them and perhaps on this subject his prejudices carried him too far. On the slave trade abolition he differed with Mr. Pitt, and the changes proposed in the criminal law by sir Samuel Romilly met his strenuous resistance; yet these changes have since taken place with the approval of the country at large, and the criminal code by being softened is admitted on all hands to have been ameliorated. Shortly after lord Eldon's acceptance of the great seal the second time he incurred the animadversions of his political opponents by submitting certain state affairs to king George the III. for his approval before the king had been declared by his physicians recovered from an attack of insanity which he had lately laboured under. In a private interview it appeared unto him that the king was perfectly restored to his intellects, and upon this he acted fearless of the result. An attempt, however, was made in the house of lords to throw censure upon his conduct, but it signally failed. He seems to have acted on the occasion both honestly and boldly, honestly in his intentions and boldly in the mode in which he justified himself. The principal feature in lord Eldon's political character was attachment to the established church, any attack against it was sure of meeting his determined opposition. The first steps towards catholic emancipation he viewed with alarm, when Mr. Canning joined lord Liverpool's administration from the known predilection of the former to that measure; but on lord Liverpool's death he hesitated no longer and resigned the great seal in March 1827. Mr. Canning, when speaking of his resignation, declared in the house of commons that "his conduct had been that of a man of honour, and throughout above all exception." For a few years after his resignation lord Eldon continued to attend the house of lords, and on important occasions he took part in the debates, occasionally with the vigour of early days, but as old age increased, his attendance became less frequent, and domestic bereavements were added to infirmities. The loss of his favourite son in 1832, was a severe blow, and the state of his brother, lord Stowel, was a farther most bitter affliction. At length, in January 1838, he expired from the effects of age, calmly and without pain. Lord Eldon by his countess had two sons and two daughters. 1st The honourable John Scott who married Henrietta Elizabeth, only sister of the late sir Matthew White Ridley,

bart., and died in his 32nd year, leaving one son, now earl of Eldon. 2nd Lady Elizabeth married in 1817, to George S. Repton, esq., architect, by whom she has one son, George Repton, esq., M. P. for St. Albans. 3rd The honourable Wm. Henry John Scott, barrister-at-law, and successively M. P. for Heytesbury, Hastings, and Newport, Harts, who died in 1832, aged 38. 4th Lady F. Jane, married in 1820 to the rev. Edward Bankes, B. C. L., rector of Corfe Castle. She survived her father but a few months. The present earl of Eldon married in 1831, the honourable Louisa Duncombe, youngest sister of the present and daughter of the late lord Feversham and by her has issue.—*Law Magazine*, &c.

1838 (Jan. 16).—The queen appointed the right hon. John George earl of Durham, G. C. B., to be governor general, &c., of the British American provinces.—*London Gazette*.

January 23.—A most diabolical attempt at incendiarism, on the farm of Sandilands, near Cartington, in the parish of Rothbury, Northumberland, was happily frustrated by means of two singular dreams which occurred to Mrs. Oliver who resided on the farm. On the night of this day, Tuesday, she dreamt that some persons were stealing her poultry. She got up in consequence about 12 o'clock and went out, but could observe nothing extraordinary. On again retiring to rest she had singularly a similar dream, and was so alarmed in consequence as to be again induced to reconnoitre the farm buildings, about two o'clock in the morning, when she discovered two men go from the barn door, the top part of which they had forced open towards the stack yard. She immediately aroused the farm-servant, who, on examining the stack yard, found a roll of rags tightly bound together, on fire, stuck in the ground to the windward of a corn stack. As the wind was blowing hard at the time, the stack must in a few minutes have taken fire, and the destruction of property would have been serious, had this discovery not been made, and the fire extinguished. The incendiaries unfortunately, not only escaped, but ultimately succeeded in accomplishing their villainous purpose. Early on the morning of Thursday, the 1st of February, an immense sheet of flame was observed by Mr. Crawford of Whittle, issuing from the premises, who immediately gave the alarm, and by great exertions succeeded in subduing the devouring element, not however until considerable damage had been sustained.—*Local Papers*.

January 24.—At night, some hay in the stables in the Bird in Bush yard, Newcastle, was discovered to be on fire. Another fire occurred on the 27th in a stable behind the Three Tuns, Manor-chare; and a third in a loft attached to the Nag's Head inn, foot of the Butcher bank, on the 2nd of February following, all of which

were speedily extinguished. So numerous were occurrences of a precisely similar description about this period, that public opinion attributed them to incendiarism.—*Local Papers*.

1838 (Jan. 28).—The inhabitants of King-street, South Shields, were alarmed by flames of fire issuing from a hardwareman's shop occupied by Mr. Stout. It seems his apprentice was alone in the shop, and had by some accident, set fire to a 5lb. canister of gunpowder, and by its explosion damaged considerably the premises. The boy was very much burnt.—*Ibid*.

February 7.—A fair for the sale of horses was established at Stockton.—*Ibid*.

February 10.—The workmen of Mr. Matthias Dunn, amounting to upwards of fifty, were regaled with a handsome supper, upon the winning of Shield-field colliery near Newcastle, the property of Thomas James, esq. The colliery was abandoned nearly sixty years ago, and had lain dormant ever since, until the spirited exertions of the present lessee again brought it into operation.—*Ibid*.



February 11.—Died at his residence in Sunnyside, Bishopwearmouth, the rev. Robert Gray, A. M., rector of Sunderland, aged 48. He was nephew to the late Dr. Gray, bishop of Bristol, and had held the rectory of Sunderland for 18 years. As a minister of the gospel he was talented and attractive which qualities were only exceeded by his practical piety and ardent zeal for the general inculcation of Christian knowledge. As a philanthropist, he was un-

bounded in the promotion and support of public charitable institutions, and in private visitations and relief to the poor of all ages and sects. His last illness was but of a few days' duration; it was produced by cold, and terminated in fever. His death was much lamented, and his memory will be long cherished in grateful remembrance by all who knew him. His remains were committed to the tomb, on Tuesday the 20th, amidst thousands of mourning spectators. The shops in the town were shut, and business was entirely suspended on the mournful occasion. But one feeling of sympathy appeared to pervade the entire population, and every one seemed anxious to pay a last tribute of affectionate regard to departed worth. A procession was formed, consisting of the relatives of the deceased, curates, and medical attendants, in carriages; several clergymen; ministers and principal members of the various dissenting congregations; members of the ancient vestry; borough magistrates; church clerks and choirs;

teachers and children of public schools; an immense number of gentlemen's carriages, amongst which was that of the marquis of Londonderry, and about 700 of the most respectable inhabitants; flanked during the route by four companies of the 30th infantry, then lying at Sunderland.—*Local Papers*.

1838 (Feb. 17).—At a convocation of the Durham university, holden this day, the university seal was affixed to a diploma conferring the honorary degree of doctor of civil laws upon the right honourable Charles earl Grey. The peculiar reason assigned in the diploma for bestowing this mark of consideration were the high character of the noble earl, and especially the benefits which he had conferred upon the university, by cordially co-operating, as first minister of the crown, in its original establishment, by the early enrolment of his name among its members, and by extending to it on all occasions his effectual protection and support.—*Ibid*.

February 20.—An explosion occurred at Whitley colliery, near Tynemouth, by which four individuals were dreadfully burnt: two of whom died the same day.—*Ibid*.

February 23.—At night, the stack-yard of Mr. Young, at Newton-by-the-Sea, was discovered to be on fire, by the watchmen of the neighbouring coast guard. The progress of the flames was so rapid, as to destroy in a short time the whole stack-yard, containing 22 stacks of corn. From the flames issuing from more than one stack at a time it is most likely that it was the work of an incendiary. The property was insured.—*Ibid*.

February 24.—Saturday, the whole extent of the east coast of Durham and Northumberland, was visited by a heavy fall of snow, with the accompaniment of a strong easterly wind, which caused the snow to drift in many places from ten to twelve feet deep. The road between Berwick and Alnwick was blocked up with snow, and had to be cut before the coaches could pass. The mail and other coaches which left Edinburgh on that morning were unable to proceed, and were abandoned about seven miles north of Alnwick, the passengers having to make their way through the fields to North Charlton, where they were obliged to remain until Wednesday. The mail bags were forwarded on horseback, and arrived in Newcastle on the Sunday evening about six o'clock; and they were forwarded in a similar way on Monday and Tuesday, no coach having arrived from the north beyond Alnwick until Wednesday night, when the Mail and Union arrived nearly together. The royal William, from Newcastle to Alnwick, was stopped near Newton-on-the-Moor, where the snow was also very deep. The Chevy Chase set out on Saturday morning, but after going two stages, was obliged to return; and there was no arri-

val either by that or the Wooler road for more than a week. The storm was more moderate to the south, and the coaches were not delayed much beyond their time. Very great damage was also sustained by the shipping on the coast during the storm. On the 24th the *Sedulous*, Hodgson, of Sunderland, was lost on Sherringham Shoals, near Seaham. The crew succeeded in getting on board the *Coronation*, of Sunderland, which vessel landed them at the latter place. The brig *Holland* went to pieces. The brig *Rainbow*, Tanner, of Sunderland, which sailed from that port, coal laden, on the 22nd inst. was run on board of, about four o'clock A. M. on the 24th, during the snow shower, and during a tremendous gale of wind from the E.S.E., Scarbro' distant about 20 miles, by a brig also laden (supposed to be a Shields collier), and had her two foremast shrouds, topmast backstay, and mainmast carried away, besides receiving other injuries in her bows from the violence of the concussion. About noon of the same day, she could be occasionally discerned in this crippled condition, between the snow showers which were almost incessant, a little to the southward of Seaham, and she soon afterwards struck on the rocks near Hawthorn Hythe, where she continued beating towards the shore till high water at five P. M. when the foremast went by the board, the skiff having previously driven ashore, and the long boat having been stove on deck by the violence of the sea. The crew remained exposed to all the fury of the storm until six A. M. when four pilots of Seaham, put off in a coble and succeeded in reaching the ship, and rescuing the crew; all of whom were seriously injured by the falling of the masts, &c. and in a complete state of exhaustion from their long exposure to the weather. Mrs. Tanner, the captain's wife, had previously died on board from the severity of the weather. On the 26th the *Barbara*, Elliott, of Sunderland, light collier, ran ashore at Smithson's battery, a mile to the northward of that place. The master, at the time of her coming on the beach, received considerable personal injury, but no lives were lost. The *Francis*, of Perth, was driven ashore at Whitburn, on the 25th, at 11 o'clock P. M.; the master and two boys drowned. On the 27th, the *Friendship*, Metcalf, of Sunderland went on shore behind the North Pier, and almost immediately went to pieces. Crew saved, with the exception of one poor boy. On Monday, a coble with three pilots on board, belonging Sunderland, awaiting the arrival of vessels making for that port, was upset by the violence of the sea, near to the Pier end. The men were speedily extricated from their perilous situation by the crew of another coble which was near. Another coble containing four men, upset in a heavy sea on Tuesday morning, while waiting between the Piers; two of

the men were picked up, but the other two were drowned. During the storm on the 24th, a poor man of the name of Thomas James, seaman, belonging to Sunderland, hearing that the brig *Rainbow*, was driven on shore near to Seaham harbour, anxious for the safety of a nephew who was on board, set out for that place by the sands, and had almost reached it, when he was overtaken by the surge of a heavy sea, the back sweep of which sucked him into deep water, and he was never seen afterwards. He left a wife and three children. On Monday and Tuesday the 26th and 27th, various parts of a wreck continued to drift ashore about half a mile south of Berwick; she was ascertained to be the *Ann*, of Newcastle, 202 tons burthen. On Saturday it blew a dreadful gale from the east, and at night guns were heard in the bay, supposed to have been from the *Ann*, in distress: every soul on board appear to have perished. Spital beach was strewed with coals in such quantities, that the inhabitants led them away in carts. Part of the wreck of another vessel afterwards drifted ashore; amongst other things there were handspokes with "*Seaham*" on them: from which it was supposed to be the *Sally*, of Seaham.—*Local Papers*.

1838 (Feb.)—This month, a magnificent diamond ring was presented by the emperor of Russia to John Thomas Carr, esq., his imperial majesty's vice consul at the port of Newcastle. The ring is of gold, with a large splendid emerald in the centre, surrounded by about a hundred diamonds, of the most pure and brilliant description. The circumstances connected with the presentation of this costly gift will be understood from the handsome and courteous communication by which it was accompanied, and of which the following is a translated copy from the original:—

(No. 572.)

Staff of the Corps of Mining Engineers, St. Petersburg, Dec. 23, 1837.

Sir.—I have had the honour of conveying to the knowledge of his Majesty, the Emperor, the testimony of General Techeffkine, Major-General of Mining Engineers, of the zeal and ardour with which you assisted him on his late visit to the Mining Districts of England.

His Imperial Majesty, desiring to show his regard for your services, presents you a Ring enriched with Diamonds, which I do myself the particular pleasure of transmitting you herewith, begging you, Sir, to have the goodness to continue your good offices in future to those of our Mining Engineers, who may happen to visit England.

Receive, Sir, my salutations,

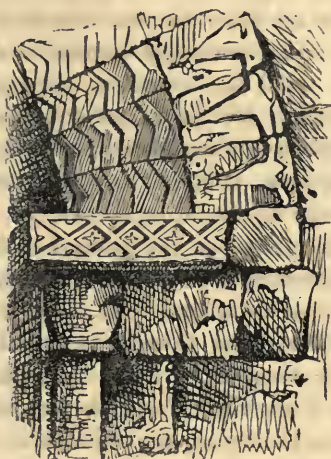
COMTE G. DE CANCRINE,

Minister of Finance, Superior Chief of Mining Engineers.

To Mr. Carr, Russian Vice-Consul, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Ibid.

1838 (Feb).—This month, the owners of Radcliffe colliery, near Warkworth, succeeded in boring to a seam of coal between four and five feet in thickness, of excellent quality, about fifty-seven fathoms from the surface.—*Local Papers*.



DETAIL OF NORMAN PORCH. STANNINGTON CHURCH.

About this time the oblique bridge on the great north road at Stannington, Northumberland, and the approaches to it, both from the north and south were finished. The entire improvement has been of the greatest convenience to the public.—*Ibid*.

March 21.—Wednesday, about five o'clock on the morning, flames were perceived issuing from the north end of the castle at Durham. An alarm was immediately given, when it was ascertained that the fire was confined to the apartments of Mr. Alexander Watson, a Bachelor of Arts of Cambridge, then a student there, who was found asleep in his sitting room. Two engines were brought to play on the flames, and the fire was speedily got under. Mr. Watson had property consumed to the amount of £150., and had a narrow escape for his life. The fire originated through that gentleman leaving a lighted candle burning in his chamber.—*Ibid*.

March 28.—Died, in his 74th year, Thomas Morton, esq., one of the most successful of modern dramatists. He was born in Durham in 1764. The early death of one or both of his parents placed him under the care of an uncle of the name of Maddison, after whom he named his second son, and by whom he was provided for when young. He was sent to the then celebrated school in Soho square, which is remarkable for having produced several popular actors and dramatists. Holman was Morton's class fellow, and had

the character of Alonzo in his first play, *Columbus*. Morton acquired his earliest theatrical taste while at school; at the proper age he was entered by his uncle a student of Lincoln's-inn, but he was never called to the bar. While keeping his terms he was a constant play-goer, and it ended in his own experiment as a play-writer, and his abandonment of the profession for which he was destined, but for which he had no predilection. He accordingly became a dramatist, and was singularly successful. Had the dramatic copyright act been in existence twenty years earlier, Mr. Morton would have realized a fortune by his writings. To shew the confidence placed in his abilities by the managers of our theatres, it need only be stated that when his *Town and Country* was to be brought out, in March, 1807, Mr. Harris, of Covent garden, before the parts had been written out for rehearsal, agreed to give him a draft for £1,000. for it, the theatre taking all risks of success or failure. Mr. Harris was well rewarded for his liberality, for *Town and Country* is one of the stock pieces of every theatre in the kingdom. John Kemble was the original Reuben Glenroy, but it was also a favourite part with Kean. Morton had previously written *Columbus*, *the Children in the wood*, *Zorinski*, *The Way to get Married*, *A Cure for the Heartache*, *Speed the Plough*, *Secrets worth Knowing*, *The Blind Girl*, and *the School of Reform*. Every one of these, excepting *Columbus* and *Zorinski*, still keeps possession of the stage. *Columbus* was produced as long since as 1792. Among Morton's later productions were, *A Roland for an Oliver*, acted for the first time in 1819, and *The Invincibles*, brought out in 1828. Of the one Miss Foote was the heroine, and *Madame Vestris* of the other. His judgement was so good, his skill so great, and his popularity so general, that he was always the "surest card" in the hands of a manager, and his *School for Grown Children*, which is by no means one of his best comedies, was played twenty-four times at Covent Garden in the season of 1826-7. Mr. Morton was always a man of respectable and regular habits. His conversation was full of anecdote and sprightly humour, never deviating into grossness. He was devotedly beloved by the various members of a very united amiable family. He left behind him a widow, three sons, and one daughter. One of the sons holds an office in a public department, and is besides the author of several excellent farces; another is an artist of distinguished talents, and among his performances we may point out the portrait of Charles Kean as *Hamlet*, which he drew upon stone from Chalon's design. The eldest son was for some years in India, whence he returned in bad health; and his daughter was married in that country.—*Gent's Mag.*

1838 (March 31).—A boatman, named John Gordon, on board of the

Duke of Wellington steamer, at Newcastle Quay, fell overboard when in the act of mooring that vessel, and was drowned. The same boat on her passage from Shields, not half an hour before the fatal accident occurred, picked up the body of a man who had been drowned out of a wherry the same morning. Poor Gordon, who left a wife and six children, aided in conveying the body of the wherryman to the dead-house, when he remarked on the uncertainty of life !—*Local Papers.*

1838 (March).—The fishermen of Berwick required not to go to sea in the beginning of this month; the fish, singular as the fact may seem; actually came on shore to them, glad to take shelter, it is supposed, from the fury of the storm. The shore under and northward of the Magdalen fields was literally covered with cod-fish and haddocks, most of which were taken alive.—*Ibid.*

April 1.—Between four and five o'clock on the morning of this day, Sunday, sub-inspector Smellie of the police, discovered a fire in a room above the Hare and Hound public house, Colvin's-chare, Quay-side, Newcastle. He immediately hastened up stairs, but the smoke was so dense that it was with considerable difficulty and danger that he opened the door; he then perceived that the bedstead and the flooring was on fire, and two children lying asleep on the bed. With the assistance of police constable Best he got the children safe out of the house, and afterwards succeeded in putting out the fire. It appeared that the mother of the children, a poor woman, was out charging—that they had lighted a candle and left it burning near the bed; and falling asleep, the bed fired.—*Ibid.*

April 14.—Died, in Newgate-street, Newcastle, at the house of his sister (Mrs. C. Glover), after a painful illness, aged 62, Mr. Robert Nichols, much and deservedly respected. Mr. Nichols was the author of *The Life and Adventures of David Dobinson* (originally printed in the *Newcastle Magazine*). He likewise possessed poetical talents of no ordinary description.—*Ibid.*

April 15.—Died, at Wharmley, near Hexham, in her 101st year, Mrs. Mary Stokoe.—*Ibid.*

April 21.—Saturday, the new market, called the Victoria bazaar, in Gibson street, Newcastle, was opened with a good supply of vegetables and butcher's meat; quite a throng existed during the whole day, and at many periods the place was crowded.—*Ibid.*

April 24.—Died, at Shilbottle Wood House, near Warkworth, after very severe illnesses and much infirmity, borne with pious resignation, Sarah, aged 89; and on the 25th, her husband, George Orde, aged 88. The remains of this venerable couple were interred in the same grave, in Shilbottle church yard, by the Rev. Joseph

Cook, April 27th. Their eldest son, aged above 60, was present at the ceremony.—*Local Papers.*

1838 (April 26).—A new organ, built by Brown of York, was opened in Haydon Bridge church, Northumberland.—*Ibid.*

May 1.—Lord Ossulston's stag hounds were out, and after a fast run of an hour, the stag jumped over a precipice and broke his neck; the hounds were at this time close to his haunches, and unfortunately a couple and a half of the leading dogs went over with the stag; two of the hounds were so hurt that they could not move, and the third was found by the green coat first up, laying dead on the deer.—*Ibid.*

May 1.—A society was this year established in Newcastle, called the "Asylum for the Blind for Newcastle upon Tyne and the counties of Northumberland and Durham," the benevolent design of which is explained in the following abstract of the report of the first quarterly meeting of the members, held in the Guildhall of that borough, on the above day:—"The object is to afford to the indigent blind, a religious, moral, and elementary education founded on scriptural principles, and to teach them such trades as are suitable to their capacities."—At this meeting it was announced that annual subscribers of £160, and donors of £100 had come forward to support the institution—that a master and matron had been engaged, and that the committee hoped shortly to succeed in obtaining, on favourable terms, premises for the commencement of the Asylum. The premises referred to, situated in the Spital, near to Westgate street, were opened for the reception of inmates in the succeeding month of June. In Feb. 1839, the institution was incorporated with the Victoria Asylum.—*Ibid.*

About the middle of this month, a remarkable instance of whirlwind was witnessed in the town of Sunderland by a number of persons, whose attention was attracted by the peculiar appearance of a man being whirled round like a top, by a power, against which he seemed to be struggling; his hat was raised off his head, and carried to a great height. The spectators were standing on Robinson's Wharf, while the object of their attention was on the opposite side of the river, near to whom was a loose bundle of oakum, which was distinctly seen to ascend to a considerable height, when it veered to the south and fell about the middle of the river, at about 70, or 80 yards distance from where it rose. Quantities of wood splinters, shavings, &c. were also seen to rise from the ship building-yards on the North Sand, portions of which were carried entirely across the river, and fell on the Quay-side. This phenomenon produced great consternation and alarm among the spectators, some of whom took refuge within the door of Messrs. Robinson and Son's Wharf office, on entering which a violent rush of wind was sensibly felt and heard. Another instance,

similar in some of its effects, was witnessed on the same day a few miles up the river; no injury however was sustained by any person, though much danger was at one time apprehended.—*Local Papers*.



1838 (May 5).—Died, at his house in Ridley place, Newcastle, aged 69, Nathaniel John Winch, esq. Mr. Winch was well known in the scientific world, as an excellent British botanist. He was author of “An Essay on the Geographical Distribution of Plants through the Counties of Northumberland and Durham, 4to., 1814.” and of a very elaborate “Flora of Northumberland and Durham,” printed in the Transactions of the Natural History Society

of Northumberland, Durham and Newcastle upon Tyne. He bequeathed the whole of his very extensive Herbarium and his library of Natural history to the Linnæan society, of which he was a member, and left a legacy of £200 to the Newcastle Infirmary, to which institution he acted as secretary for a period of twenty one years. He for many years maintained an active correspondence with several of the most scientific men in all parts of the world, and their letters carefully arranged, presented an interesting feature in his library. Mr. Winch served the office of sheriff of Newcastle in the year 1805.—*Ibid*.

May 8.—A hiring for Farmers’ servants was held for the first time at the Hay market, Newcastle.—*Ibid*.



HAY-MARKET, NEWCASTLE. (1840).

1838 (May 10).—A new winning was commenced upon the Seaton Delaval estate, by Joseph Lamb, Esq., and company, which forms a new feature in the sinking of collieries. Ground was broken for six pits, exclusive of two engine shafts, all within the compass of 600 yards.—*Local Papers*.

May 13.—That beautiful structure, the new church at Stockton, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, was opened for divine service, when sermons were preached in the morning by the venerable the archdeacon of Durham; in the afternoon by the rev. G. Newby, vicar of Stockton; and in the evening, in the old church, by the rev. G. Townsend, prebendary of Durham. Collections were made after each sermon in aid of the funds of the new church, which amounted to nearly £60. On the preceding day a most sumptuous dinner was given at the Black Lion hotel, by the building committee, as a mark of respect to the venerable the archdeacon of Durham and the clergy who intended to take a part in the opening service, on which occasion Leonard Raisbeck, esq., presided. Several most appropriate speeches were delivered on the occasion, and the venerable archdeacon expressed himself highly gratified with the proceedings of the committee, and the kind reception he had experienced.—*Ibid*.

May 14.—A novel wager was decided on the Tyne. At Felling shore, a forgerman undertook to row a two-oared boat across the river blindfolded, in half an hour; and after sundry turnings, and twice returning to the side whence he started, he succeeded in arriving at the destination within two minutes of the specified time, and thus won his wager.—*Ibid*.

May 17.—A fire occurred at the bottle house of Messrs. Ridley and Richardson, at St. Lawrence, on the Tyne, but the flames were extinguished before material damage had been effected.—*Ibid*.

May 18.—Thursday, a fire broke out in a house in the Back row, Stockton, which, by the prompt exertions of the neighbours, was soon extinguished, the fire having been confined to one room; but, a young man, a shoemaker, named Robert Eden, who occupied it as a work-room, lost his life by suffocation before an entrance was effected. When the body was got out every effort was made to restore animation, but in vain. It appeared that Eden had for some time been in ill-health, and seemed rather worse on the day of the fire. He took up a lighted candle about eight o'clock to work, which he was in the habit of sticking in the side of his seat. About half-past eight o'clock something heavy was heard to fall in the room in which he was working, but no notice was taken of it. About nine o'clock the room was discovered to be on fire, and very shortly after, he was got out.—*Ibid*.

1838 (May 22).—One of those disgusting and demoralizing scenes, a prize fight, took place on Hedley common, near the village of Ryton, in the County of Durham. The combatants were Robert Forbister and John Brown; they fought for £20: their encounter ended in the death of Brown, and the survivor, Forbister, was committed on the coroner's inquest, on the charge of manslaughter, for trial at the Durham Assizes. The case came on for trial before Mr. Baron Alderson, on Monday the 23rd July: he was found guilty, and was sentenced to hard labour for *four calendar months*!—*Local Papers*.

May 25.—An excellent new Turret Clock, made by Mr. Stuart, of the Groat Market, in this Town, was put into operation in the tower of Wallsend Church, on Thursday. It has a gilded dial, with hour and minute hands, and cannot fail to be of great use to the passengers on that much frequented road. The expence, we understand, was defrayed by subscription.—*Ibid*.

May 25.—One of these shocking and disgraceful occurrences,—the destruction of human life by habitual drunkenness—took place at Hexham. Alice Parker, a notorious drunkard, wife of Joshua Parker, journeyman-currier, after indulging largely in ardent spirits, drank a quantity of vitriol, and thus, in a few hours, made an awful end of a miserable life, in the course of which (with her matrimonial partner) she had sacrificed upwards of £1,000 at the shrine of Bacchus. An inquest was held on her body, and the following verdict returned—"Temporary insanity, occasioned by drinking intoxicating liquors.—*Ibid*.

May 27.—Sunday, a little before eleven o'clock at night, the blacking manufactory belonging to Mr. Thomas Murray, Blackwall, near Gateshead, was discovered to be on fire. The alarm was instantly given and assistance speedily rendered, with a plentiful supply of water from the river, yet every exertion to get the flames subdued proved unavailing, and the whole building was soon in a complete blaze. Three fire engines arrived from Newcastle, and were instantly put in operation to check the progress of the flames towards the adjoining buildings, containing between forty and fifty tons of brimstone, which they happily prevented from igniting. Had the flames extended thus far, the consequences might have been most serious, there being adjoining, a large paper mill belonging to Mr. Fry, and a long range of other manufactories. The fire was not got under till the whole of the blacking manufactory was completely destroyed.—*Ibid*.

At midnight on Monday the 28th of May, 1838, as John Shaw of the Bottle bank, Gateshead, was proceeding down Hillgate towards the William the Fourth steamer, of which he was the fireman, he

met a woman,* who accosted him, requesting he would give her a glass of spirits. Shaw agreed, and they together proceeded to the "Blue Bell," in the same street, where they drank deeply for nearly an hour. They then emerged from the house, the woman, (evidently labouring under the effects of her potations,) asked Shaw where he was going to sleep, to which he answered that he intended to pass the night on board the vessel of which he was fireman, and the woman signified her intention to accompany him. This he opposed, and advised her to go home, but persisting in her request, as she durst not return home at such an hour, they together went down Chicken's entry, one of the narrow dirty lanes leading to the river, and when at its foot they stood on the brink of the quay. By the aid of the uncertain light, afforded by the night, although near the height of summer, Shaw unmoored an old leaky boat which was dancing about in the rushing current, and entering with his companion, pushed off from the quay and approached the vessel which lay six yards off. When they came under its side the woman suddenly started up and siezed the gangway of the steamer, but the boat instantly swerving in the water, she lost her hold, and fell overboard, sinking instantly. With considerable difficulty Shaw preserved himself, from a like fate, and as soon as he had steadied himself, put out his foot for her assistance, but she being unable to obtain a hold, Shaw sprang up into the vessel in search of a boat hook. Meanwhile the boat drifted, and the woman had succeeded in clutching its sides, but in the act, had overturned it, and by the time the fireman had found the implement he was in search of, he beheld over the side of the vessel, the woman, utterly exhausted, and crying piteously for help, sink beneath the surface of the stream. Horror at this unexpected catastrophe rendered him utterly incapable of action and he wandered about the vessel in a state bordering on insensibility. Meanwhile the matter had been witnessed from the shore by two men named Thomas Donaldson and William Thompson, the former of whom sped in search of a boat, and the other hearing the cries of the sinking woman, rushed down the water's edge, but she had sunk before they could approach the spot. Still hoping for assistance, Thompson hallooed to those who might be on board the steamer and threw several bricks on deck, but it seems the vessel was empty, and Shaw still labouring under the effects of the event, had retired to the Laurel alongside, when, probably his stupefaction rendered him unable to

* Isabella Brown, the wife of John Brown, of New Chatham, painter. She left the house of her husband at seven, p.m., and had not since been heard of. She was of inebrious habits.

hear the signals of the others. The two witnesses, either apprehending some degree of criminality in the affair, or perhaps knowing the necessity of judicial investigation, made the circumstances (as far as they were provided with them) known to the magistrates of Gateshead, but as the river is in the jurisdiction of those of Newcastle, the case was submitted to them. Shaw was taken into custody, the body found, and during the inquest held on Wednesday the 30th, such exculpatory evidence was adduced as led to his immediate discharge.—*Local Papers, MS. Col.*

1838 (May 30).—Died at his residence in Sunderland, after a short illness, Solomon Chapman, esq., at the patriarchal age of 88 years. This worthy and exemplary individual was a member of the society of Friends, and a true and faithful representation of what the ancient gentlemen of that class of christians were wont to be; and though firm and undeviating in his adherence to their religion and usages of his sect, yet were his kindness and hospitality extended to all whom he esteemed, without reference to their creed. He retained all his faculties as well as his kind and affectionate feelings to the end of his long, honourable, and useful life—and died in peace with the world—and in the respect and esteem of a widely extended circle of relatives and friends.—*Ibid.*

June.—Early in this month, as the Brunswick, of Sunderland, was on her passage from London to that port, the crew discovered that a youth who was serving on board as an apprentice, was a female. The discovery was the result of suspicion, arising from effeminate appearances. The circumstance was made known to the captain, Mr. Hossack, who took her into the cabin, and gave her up the use of his state-room, to render her situation as comfortable as possible. After the vessel returned into port, the female sailor obtained a situation as a servant.—*Ibid.*

June 3.—Sunday, died in the Bethlehem Hospital for lunatics, Jonathan Martin, (brother of William Martin, of Newcastle, and of John Martin, the celebrated painter,) the man who set fire to York Minster some years ago, for which act he was tried and acquitted on the ground of insanity. He had been confined in the above asylum almost ever since his trial. His death was very sudden, and it appeared from a post mortem examination of his body, that it was occasioned by a disease of the heart. For the last two or three years he had been very quiet in his demeanour, and spent a great portion of his time in reading Fox's Book of Martyrs, a work to which he was particularly partial. When he was first admitted into the hospital he was allowed the use of paper and pencil, but the governors finding that whenever this indulgence was extended to him

he invariably occupied his time in drawing sketches of York Minster, and that his doing so threw him into a state of very considerable excitement, they prohibited his being supplied with those articles in future, of which prohibition he frequently and bitterly complained. Although very quiet while in his cell, yet whenever he was allowed to walk in the garden, it was always found necessary to handcuff him, he being very mischievous when allowed his liberty. He was between 50 and 60 years of age.—*Local Papers.*

1838 (June 7).—A few gentlemen differing in certain resolutions on the subject of religious worship, which had been adopted by the society previously established in Newcastle, for the education of the blind, and having failed in procuring such an alteration in the law as would meet their views, contemplated the establishment of another. Pursuant to this intent, they held a public meeting in the Music hall, Blackett street, on the above day, the venerable archdeacon Thorpe in the chair, when the "NORTHERN BLIND ASYLUM" was established and thus named, the articles of constitution were agreed to, and it was resolved that the institution should, if possible, be established on such a scale as to admit the deaf and dumb. The following is its fundamental principle, which is considered as fixed and unalterable. "That the religious services of the asylum shall be conducted by a clergyman of the established church, who shall be appointed chaplain to the institution, but that such of the inmates as may be of a different persuasion, shall, if they desire it, attend their respective places of worship, on the Lord's day, and at all other times have free and unreserved intercourse with the ministers of their own communion. "The "NORTHERN ASYLUM FOR THE BLIND, AND DEAF AND DUMB," under this, its amended title, was opened in June, 1839, in a house in Wellington place, Pilgrim street.—*Ibid.*

June 11.—The royal assent was given by commission to the Brandling Junction railway bill, and to the Newcastle upon Tyne railway bill.—*Ibid.*

June 16.—Sunday, Mr. John Dickinson, of Eals, in the parish of Knaresdale, Northumberland, an eccentric character, the father of eight children, collected together thirty-two of his friends and neighbours to become sponsors for them. After breakfast, the morning being fine, and all ready, the party set out for the parish church, Dickinson, the father (who is a musician) playing several of his favourite airs on the violin at the head of the merry group, the mother bringing up the rear with the youngest child in her arms. They were met at the church by the rev. Thomas Bewsher, the rector, who, after putting the necessary questions to the sponsors, christened the eight children, the rev. gentleman observing, that in

all his ministry he never before had had such a presentation.—*Local Papers.*

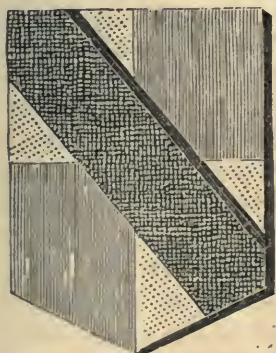
1838, (June 18).—This day, the Newcastle and Carlisle railway was opened throughout its whole extent from the Redheugh station on the south side of the Tyne, about half a mile from Gateshead, to the city of Carlisle. Active preparations had been some time in progress to give eclât to the proceedings; considerable anxiety to obtain tickets had been manifested, and the pleasures of the day's enjoyment had been the subject of general conversation. The corporation of Carlisle and the members of the corporate body of Newcastle, as well as the corporation of Gateshead, had resolved to signify their sense of the importance of the occasion by accompanying the trains for the whole of their journey. Accordingly about half-past nine the firing of guns announced the arrival of the Eden from Carlisle with six carriages, containing the directors from the west, and the corporation of Carlisle, who immediately went on board the barges of the mayor of Newcastle, and corporation of the Trinity house, which were in waiting for their reception, and proceeded to the Close station, and from thence, preceded by their officers and insignia, to the Assembly rooms to breakfast, where they were received by the mayor and corporation of Newcastle. Shortly afterwards the Goliath arrived from Carlisle, with a well-filled train of ladies and gentlemen, who likewise followed to the Assembly rooms, and there joined their friends. At this time, and in consequence of the parties imprudently crowding in such numbers upon the gangway at the Redheugh station, in order to join the steam-boat, it gave way, and a few were immersed in the water, and got an unexpected cold bath, beyond which there was no further damage. The tables for breakfast occupied three rooms in double rows. They were covered with a profusion of good things, tastefully decorated and arranged by Mr. Haigh, the keeper of the Assembly rooms. Preparations were made for upwards of three hundred, and full that number were there. The band of the Newcastle and Northumberland volunteers played several airs during the breakfast, and accompanied the corporations back, by the same route, to the station at Redheugh. Meanwhile, vast crowds were to be seen flocking to the station, in eager haste to obtain good seats. It was intended that the directors and corporations of Newcastle, Gateshead, and Carlisle, should occupy the first train, and though the doors of the carriages were labelled, they were taken possession of by other parties, as were also those intended for the different bands. This of course altered the arrangements and occasioned considerable delay, and it was not until half past twelve that the signal was given for the engines to start, when the Rapid was dis-

patched as an advanced guard, and without any train, and was followed by thirteen other engines, drawing 120 well-filled carriages. The aggregate number of passengers in all the trains, upon a fair computation was estimated to exceed 3,500, and the procession previous to starting reached half a mile, but when in motion could not be less than one mile and a half, allowing as much space between each train as was consistent with safety. The countless thousands that thronged every eminence on the north bank of the Tyne, the numerous boats sailing on the river and the spectators and flags on the high gallery of the shot tower, presented a scene that was not exceeded on any other part of the line. At Dunston the coal staiths were crowded with visitors; several men were stationed on the house tops, and a plentiful display of banners were exhibited. At Derwenthaugh the trains were saluted with the first discharge of cannon since leaving Redheugh. At Blaydon and Wylam the trains were welcomed by a number of persons, a display of flags, and a discharge of cannon; but the rain which had now commenced descending, with every appearance of continuing through the day, no doubt kept back many persons at all parts of the line, who would have been glad to have witnessed so imposing a spectacle. The flag of Northumberland floated from the venerable towers of Prudhoe castle, as if to welcome so new and important an era in its history. A triumphal arch was erected at Corbridge. At Hexham several flags were displayed, one of which was



GATE-WAY, PRUDHOE CASTLE. (1823).

placed on the top of the Cathedral. The station was tastefully ornamented with branches of trees, and several triumphal arches were erected. Here they were saluted with a very loud discharge of cannon; and the same demonstrations of feeling awaited them at Halt-whistle and Greenhead. At Milton station, for Brampton, the largest concourse of people had assembled since leaving Redheugh. Hundreds of people had devoted the day to celebrate the event, and tents for the sale of refreshments were erected in the vicinity. The procession arrived at the canal basin, Carlisle, at 20 minutes past five o'clock, amidst a discharge of artillery. The immense mass then moved down Caldewgate to the coffee rooms and the Bush inn, where an elegant lunch was provided for those who had been invited. About 7 o'clock nearly the whole of the company had taken their seats in the carriages, in the expectation that they would start immediately. A majority of the persons had outside sittings, many of them were females, who, in anticipation of a fine day, had not provided themselves with anything to protect them from the weather. It commenced raining, and at one time it poured down in torrents. The trains did not move till ten o'clock. The whole outside company was completely drenched before starting. The shades of night had set in before the trains had commenced their journey, and they passed "the battle mound, the border tower," without attracting the smallest notice. The trains were separated from each other during the homeward journey, and the first did not arrive at Redheugh until between two and three o'clock in the morning, and many of them at a much later hour.—*Local Papers.*



1838 (June 20).—Died, at his residence, at Axwell Park, in the 77th year of his age, Charles John Clavering, esq. He was senior magistrate of Northumberland, of which county he served the office of high sheriff in the year 1795; he also filled the office of high sheriff of the county of Durham for several years, and of which county he was a zealous and upright magistrate.—*Ibid.*

At a meeting held in the Guildhall, Newcastle upon Tyne, on the 22nd day of June, 1838, T. E. Headlam, esq., mayor, in the chair, to take into consideration what should be done in order properly to celebrate the event of the coronation of the queen, on the 28th of the same month, it was decided that instead of an illumination, a subscription should be raised and applied to the erection of a building to be entitled "THE ROYAL VICTORIA ASYLUM FOR THE BLIND." The proposition

having met with attention, a subscription instantly commenced and rapidly increased in amount, and by the month of August had nearly reached the sum of £1000. On September 18, the rules were adopted, and as the tenth in order, points out the fundamental principle of religious instruction, as professed by the institution, it is here given:—"That no inmate shall be required to receive Religious Instruction, except from a minister of his or her Religious Persuasion, but that it be the imperative Duty of the Committee to see that such Instruction is actually given. That subject to this Provision, the General Superintendence of the Religious Instruction of Inmates within the Asylum, be committed to a Minister of the Established Church, chosen by the Subscribers, whose Services shall be gratuitous." On the seventh of February 1839, an union was effected with the senior of the three Asylums for the Blind existing at the period, which, under the title of "THE ASYLUM FOR THE BLIND FOR THE COUNTIES OF NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM, AND FOR THE BOROUGH AND COUNTY OF NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE," had for some time been in active operation in premises in the Spital, adjoining the outside of West Spital tower. The institutions, thus united, bore the title of the junior, and for a time occupied the premises of the senior. On the 26th of February, the officers were elected, and the rev. Richard Clayton consented to act as chaplain. On August 17th, 1841, the inmates were removed to a more commodious house on the west side of Northumberland street, a few yards north of Prudhoe street. The original intent of the subscribers, the building of the Asylum, has not been carried into effect, although an advantageous site presented itself in the vacant ground in the vicinity of the Baths, a few yards north east of the house in which the objects of the society's bounty are domiciled.—*Local Papers, &c.*



CHAPTER II.



GENERAL holiday was observed in Newcastle on Thursday the 28th of June 1838, being the day appointed for the coronation of her Majesty. At 6 o'clock in the morning, a royal salute was fired from the castle, and the bells of the different churches sent forth merry peals, which they continued throughout the day. Flags were displayed from the castle, the vessels in the river, and almost every public edifice, among which St. Nicholas's church was especially distinguished, the steeple being decorated with a number of flags, even to its very top. At half past 10, after voting a congratulatory address to her Majesty, the mayor and corporation went in procession to St. Nicholas's church, where a sermon was preached by the vicar. They afterwards returned to the Sandhill, where the Newcastle troop of the Northumberland Yeomanry were drawn up in a line. At one o'clock another royal salute was fired from the castle, and the yeomanry fired three volleys; after which the Mayor called upon all around him to join in drinking the health of Queen Victoria, with all the honours, which was instantly complied with, the troops at the same time presenting arms, the band playing the national anthem, and the immense crowd of spectators joining in loud and continued huzzas. The troops stationed in the barracks were reviewed on the moor, and fired a *feu de joie* and a royal salute in honour of the day. The poor in the several work-houses were regaled with good dinners, and meat, bread, &c., procured by public subscription, were distributed among the out-poor in the parishes of St. Nicholas, St. Andrew, and All Saints; the inmates of the corporation hospitals had each 5s. presented to them, and the

prisoners in the gaol were treated with a good dinner at the expence of the corporation. From an early hour crowds of persons were flocking into the town. 87 steam boats landed their passengers at the Quay side, and numerous other conveyances were in requisition; thus the streets presented a very gay and animated appearance, which was not a little heightened by a large procession marching to the moor with music and banners to attend a public meeting. The races occupied the afternoon. In the evening a public dinner at the Turk's Head, was attended by 150 gentlemen; the right worshipful the Mayor presided, supported by C. W. Bigge, esq., of Linden, E. B. Blagburne, esq., his grace the Duke of Northumberland's commissioner; captain Fenwick, William Orde, esq., Thos. Fenwick, esq., R. W. Brandling, esq., John Clayton, esq., town clerk; the rev. the vicar of Newcastle, &c., &c. The sheriff of Newcastle, John Brandling, esq., and J. Lambton Loraine, esq., acted as vice-presidents. The dinner being professed unpolitical, to afford the opportunity for individuals of all grades of opinion to evince their loyalty in connexion with the coronation of her Majesty. The festivities of the day were concluded by a splendid ball at the Assembly rooms, which was attended by upwards of 200 ladies and gentlemen. In the evening some of the public buildings were illuminated, as well as a few private houses.



ENTERING into the general feeling, the inhabitants of Gateshead celebrated the event of the coronation with every possible demonstration of loyalty. At mid-day the town council assembled in the Townhall, and, on the motion of Mr. Brockett, seconded by Mr. Alderman Wilson, adopted an address to her Majesty, which it was resolved should be presented by the duke of Cleveland.

Upwards of 400 poor persons, of all ages, and of both sexes, were afterwards entertained at dinner in a large tent, fixed in the yard of the Gateshead workhouse. The supply of roast beef and plum pudding, and ale, was most profuse; and the guests were waited on by the members of the town council and board of guardians, the town clerk, the churchwardens and overseers, and other gentlemen; and highly delighted they were with the good fare set before them, and the courtesy which they experienced. An old lady—a venerable and mettlesome octogenarian—officiated as queen on the occasion, and was most stylishly attired for her high office. At the close of the feast, sixpence each was given to the company assembled. In the evening, about fifty of the gentlemen who had thus contributed to the happiness of their poorer neighbours, sat down to a substantial and excellent din-

ner at the house of Mr. Freeman, the Grey Horse, the worshipful the mayor of Gateshead in the chair.



HE inhabitants of Durham having resolved upon providing a substantial treat for the poor of that city, a subscription was effected for that purpose, and four fat bullocks were given away, besides bread, groceries, and ale. The bells of the churches rang several merry peals during the day. Dinner parties were held at the different inns in the city; and in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Thwaites, of the City tavern, gave tea and cake to the scholars of the united blue-coat and Sunday schools. Various boat races took place on the Wear, and, to finish the day's amusements, Mr. Matthew Thompson set off a balloon, from the Prebends' bridge, which excited the admiration of a multitude of spectators.



The BRIDGE of ELVET, Durham (1824).



T North Shields, the morning was ushered in by the ringing of bells, which was continued at intervals during the day. At 8 o'clock the distribution of meat, bread, and money to 2,500 poor persons commenced, from a commodious tent erected for the purpose, in Howard-street; but the most interesting feature of the day was a dinner given by public subscription, which may be said to have been unique in kind on account of the parties who were the objects of this festivity. They consisted of the seamen of the port, many of whom gained a scanty livelihood by acting as watermen. About 900 of these

men, whose weather-beaten countenances indicated the pursuit of their early years, and some of whose scars evinced the share they had borne in the battles of their country, sat down to dinner in a spacious malting, situated in George-street, belonging to Mr. Richard Robinson, brewer. The place was the centre of attraction during the whole of the morning, and ladies being admitted by ticket, at the hour of dinner every spare situation was graced by the fair visitors to witness these aged warriors partake of the comfortable fare provided for them. This consisted of barons, rounds, and sirloins of beef, of such quality as England alone can produce, accompanied by the never-failing plum pudding bountifully supplied by some of the ladies of the borough: to each man was given as much ale as he chose to drink, but such was the order and decorum influencing the meeting, that not one instance of excess took place. The rev. Wm Mark acted as chairman, ably supported by Robert Peart and Richard Metcalf, esqrs., as vice-chairmen: the vicar of Tynemouth and many other ministers were present. This interesting meeting went off without leaving one regret, except that so pleasing and rare a spectacle should have had so soon to close: the cleanliness, decency of demeanour, and order of conduct of such a body of men excited a deep interest in their behalf, and raised but one wish in every breast—"May our aged British seamen ever thus honour their Queen and country." On the following day the remains of the viands of this bountiful feast were made into soup, of which 2000 poor families plentifully partook. The inmates of Tynemouth workhouse had a good substantial dinner, with plenty of ale and tobacco ordered by the guardians. There was also a grand dinner at the Northumberland Arms, Wm. Davidson, esq. high constable of the East Division of Castle Ward, in the chair, with a display of fire-works and an illumination of the front of the hotel at half-past nine.



OUTH SHIELDS.—Here the event was celebrated with every demonstration of the most loyal feeling. The children belonging to the different schools connected with the established church were regaled with an excellent dinner, in the good old English style. There were various other public dinners on the occasion to the indoor and to the out-door poor, to the workmen of Messrs. Cookson and Co., &c., and beef and bread were extensively distributed among the resident poor belonging to distant parishes, and such as received no parochial relief.

At Blyth the day was celebrated with every demonstration of the most loyal feeling. All the poor belonging the place and vicinity

were regaled with an excellent and plentiful dinner of beef and plum-pudding. They were also presented with a loaf of bread and pint of ale each. Afterwards the committee of management sat down to dinner at the Ridley arms inn, where the day was spent with great hilarity. In the evening, guns were fired from the battery, and tar barrels burned in different parts of the town, which gave general amusement to the multitude of persons assembled.



UNDERLAND. In this borough the day was observed by an almost general suspension of business. A dinner was held at Kay's hotel, and another at the Golden lion. About one thousand poor families were served with bread and ale in honour of the occasion; and the children of Bishopwearmouth public schools were regaled with a dinner, the whole expenses being defrayed by public contributions. The Tee-total Society held a public meeting on the Town moor, after which they formed a procession through the town, and retired to the Assembly room, where they partook of tea.

At Darlington, the workmen of Messrs. Pease and Co., amounting to many hundreds, walked in procession through the town, and afterwards sat down to an excellent dinner, provided for them by their masters. At five o'clock, the same firm kindly gave tea and cake to upwards of 200 of the women; and above 200 of the children were presented with a bun each.



T STOCKTON, a committee of management had been indefatigable in their exertions to have the day celebrated with every demonstration of respect. The church bells rung many a merry peal during the day—at nine o'clock the parties assembled in the High-street, a detachment of the late Stockton volunteers received their colours from col. Raisbeck, the different clubs were in full regalia with flags and banners, the glass workers all carried some emblem of their trade, but the most attractive was a battery of seven glass cannon which they fired: the procession moved according to an appointed order to church. The inmates in the workhouse and almshouse were provided with roast beef, ale, pipes, and tobacco, and the out-door poor were each supplied with 1lb. beef, and a loaf of bread, the clubs dined at their respective houses, about 600 of the male and female inhabitants were provided with a good dinner in the Butcher-market, in the afternoon about 1200 children were regaled in the Square green

with tea and cakes, under the management of a committee of ladies.



HE celebration of the day was observed at Alnwick with every mark of respect. The inhabitants met at the market cross, and proceeded through the town accompanied by the Alnwick band playing national airs, and accompanied with flags. The church bells were rung, cannon were fired, and all customary rejoicings observed. One hundred and thirty of the out door poor dined in the town-hall, and money and ale were distributed to the aged and infirm that could not attend. An Infant school was also established, which was called the "Victoria Infant School."



ORPETH.—The inhabitants of this ancient borough manifested their loyalty and devoted affection to their sovereign on the occasion of her coronation, by various acts of munificence. Among others the debtors in the prison were plentifully regaled with the usual condiments, generously presented by the liberality of a lady and several gentlemen. A sum of money was also placed in the hands of the governor of the gaol, to be distributed among the more necessitous of the prisoners under his charge. From unavoidable reasons, the celebration of the day at the sequestered village of Bothal, in the immediate vicinity, was postponed for some days, and, as the event proved, the worthy rector did not suffer "delay" to "prove dangerous" to the most unalloyed happiness and satisfaction of those who partook of the sumptuous feast over which he presided.



HE coronation was observed at Hexham by the ringing of bells, the closing of shops, and feasting of the children in the Abbey grounds; the teachers and friends of the children took tea together in the church vestry. The inmates of the work-houses had an excellent dinner provided. It may be said generally, that nearly all the towns and villages throughout the counties of Northumberland and Durham, vied with each other in displays of loyalty.—*Local Papers.*

1838 (June 28).—Died, by suicide, Mr. James Wilkie, surgeon to the Dispensary of Newcastle. It appeared from the evidence on the inquest, that the deceased had, for nearly a fortnight past been labouring under despondency of mind, and that he went about twelve o'clock on Wednesday evening (27th) to the commercial lodging house of the Misses Bell, in Grey street, particularly wishing to have

a front room, with which he was accommodated. About three o'clock on the morning, he was observed by one of Mr. Grainger's men half out of his chamber window, and apparently attempting to throw himself out; the man rang the door bell, and one of the Misses Bell came to a window and endeavoured to persuade the deceased to return to his room or open the door, which however he refused to do, stating that three men were in the chimney wanting to stab him, and he remained in the same position nearly an hour. A workman then endeavoured to go to him, from another window, when he instantly threw himself out, and fell upon the flags. His skull was so dreadfully fractured that on being taken to the Dispensary, he died in about two hours. Verdict, temporary insanity. Mr. Wilkie succeeded his father as surgeon to the Dispensary about four years previous, and was much respected.—*Local Papers*.

1838 (June).—Died, this month, at Hedworth, in the parish of Jarrow, in her 101st year, Mrs. Robson, mother of Mr. Thomas Robson, of that place, cartwright.—*Ibid*.



IN BYKER CHARE, QUAYSIDE, NEWCASTLE (1843).

July 5.—A quarrel arose between two seamen on board the Teviot merchant vessel, lying at Newcastle quay, when, after two or three blows had been exchanged, one of them, named Cunningham, struck his antagonist, whose name was Walton, a violent blow on the head, and, the hatchway of the forecastle being open, Walton fell down into the hold of the vessel. He was taken up and conveyed to the Infirmary where he died. Cunningham was tried at the ensuing

assizes for Newcastle, convicted of manslaughter, and imprisoned three months.—*Local Papers.*

1838 (July 5).—The Northumberland midsummer sessions were held at Hexham—the first time, in the new court house, at the Abbey, which was formerly the assembly room attached to the splendid mansion of T. W. Beaumont, esq., the principal part of which was destroyed by fire about twenty years previous. The court is handsomely fitted up, and more convenient than the old one.—*Ibid.*

July.—Early in this month, twenty-seven large cases, containing machinery used in the manufacture of linen, and which were attempted to be exported to Rotterdam, were seized by the controller of Customs at Stockton.—*Ibid.*

July 6.—A violent thunder storm commenced a few miles to the west of Newcastle, during the afternoon of this day, and endured till past seven, attended with a heavy fall of rain. At seven o'clock, a boy and a man were struck by the lightning between Bywell and Ovington, and the former was killed.—*Ibid.*

July 11.—The foundation stone of a Jewish synagogue was laid in Temple street, Westgate, Newcastle, by Mr. Harris, on which occasion the Rabbi, S. Hoffnung, delivered a sermon in the Hebrew language. The building is of stone with a polished ashlar front, and was opened for service on the 19th of September, in the same year, 5,599, being new year's day, according to the Jewish calendar.—*Ibid.*

July 11.—Wednesday, the members of the Northumberland cricket club met for the first time on the town-moor, Newcastle. There was a strong muster of players, and some excellent batting.—*Ibid.*

July 16.—Monday, an accident occurred at the Ford on the river Tweed, near the village of Norham. Several carters had entered the river, which was much swollen, from the Scotch side, and one of them, by the force of the stream was thrown over, with the cart and horse, and perished in the flood. The horse was also drowned.—*Ibid.*

Same day, the supervisor of the Morpeth district, and the officers of the Longframlington preventive station, accompanied by the officer of Rothbury, in their route across the Tosson hills, discovered an illicit distillery in full operation, very artfully contrived on the side of a great peat moss, called Codley moss, within four miles of Rothbury, at the turn of one of the deep trenches. The peat had been excavated from the side of the trench, so that the distillery was completely under the ground, with a small sort of doorway or hole for the men to get in and out, with a hole cut through the surface of the ground for a chimney, which led to its detection. The officers

only discovered one man (an Irishman) in the work, who was committed to Morpeth gaol, for three months, in default of the penalty of thirty pounds.—*Local Papers*.

1838 (July 18).—Wednesday, a hive of bees lighted on a man and a boy, standing near the Pack-horse inn in Morpeth, during the market ; their faces were completely covered. A hive having been procured, and placed over the heads of the man and the boy, the queen bee was taken off the lad's jacket and placed on the top of the hive, when her subjects were gradually attracted to her, and thus the parties escaped unhurt, much to the satisfaction of crowds who were anxiously waiting the result.—*Ibid*.

This month, Ralph Bates, esq., of Milbourne hall, presented through the vicar of Newburn, a complete set of sacramental plate to the Holy Trinity chapel in that parish.—*Ibid*.

In the latter part of this month, a bull, having broke from his keepers, very unceremoniously proceeded to pay a visit to Mrs. Peters's cook shop, on the Quayside, Newcastle. The bull walked up to the fire, and after coming sufficiently near to feel the heat, quietly but quickly retreated, much to the pleasure and astonishment of the worthy hostess.—*Ibid*.

August 5.—Richard Martin, son of Jonathan Martin, the incendiary, who expired in the lunatic asylum, in which he had been confined since the burning of York minster, committed suicide at his residence, No. 30, Allsop-terrace, New road, London, on the afternoon of this day, Sunday. He had been in a desponding state of mind since the death of his father.—*Ibid*.

August 9.—Died, at Hendon terrace, Sunderland, Mr. Smith Graham, aged 78. He was the first person that established baths and bathing machines, for sea bathing, in the neighbourhood of Sunderland.—*Ibid*.

August 11.—In pulling down the old buildings at the south end of Tyne bridge preparatory to the erection of the Gateshead new fish market, several coins were found under the flooring. They were with one exception, of silver—being a half-crown of William III., and shillings of Charles II., William III., and Anne. The most curious, perhaps, is a counterfeit half-crown of Charles II., which had not been able, like its genuine companions, to resist the ravages of time.—*Ibid*.

August 13.—Between the hours of one and two o'clock on the morning of this day, Monday, a fire was discovered in the premises of Mr. John Wandlass, farmer and shipowner at Southwick, near Sunderland. On the alarm being given, an engine was procured without delay from Messrs Attwood and Co.'s glass works, and a

great number of people residing in the neighbourhood hastened to the spot, and rendered every assistance in their power in extinguishing the flames. The principal damage sustained was the destruction of a hay-stack in the farm yard: a barn, stable, and cottage were also partially burnt. The loss was estimated at between one and two hundred pounds. As the hay stack and the buildings were all on fire at the same time, and were altogether unconnected, no doubt whatever was entertained that the property was wilfully set on fire. Laths were found on the premises daubed with tar, and hay was found in the cottage, evidently placed therein with a view to its destruction.—*Local Papers*.

1838 (Aug. 14).—A silver coin of the reign of queen Elizabeth, about the size of a half-penny of the present day, was found by Mr. Nat-tress, the ore-washer of the London Lead Company, at White Syke Lead Mine, Alston Moor. It was in good preservation, and the date 1578, very legible. It is somewhat remarkable that previous to its discovery, it had passed twice through the crushing mill without receiving the least injury.—*Ibid*.



THE eighth annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, was held in the town of Newcastle, during the seven days extending from the twentieth to the twenty-sixth* of August, 1838. For some months previous, great and important preparations had been in progress, in order to do honour to the distinguished body who had accepted the invitation previously given, and nothing was omitted, which could in any way effect this desirable end. The result showed a larger meeting than had been held on any other previous occasion. The large influx of strangers which was expected, led the local committee, (whose labours mainly tended to the excellence of the arrangements,) to make some enquiry respecting lodging houses† for their accommodation, but this resource failing or being found inadequate, many gentlemen, including the mayor and other distinguished and respectable individuals, offered the use of beds; some of two, and others of three, four, and

* The General Committee held its first meeting on Saturday August 18, at one, P.M. in the grand jury room of the county courts; afterwards, according to adjournment.

† The Inns were soon filled. Breakfast, however, was provided daily from 8 to 1 A.M., at the principal inns: charges including waiters, 2s. Dinner was provided daily at the Riding School; charge including wine and attendance, 7s. 6d. This building had been fitted up for the occasion. Places for the ordinary could not be had by resident members, until 10 A.M. on each day. Large quantities of game, and several deer were sent in by the nobles and gentry of the neighbourhood.

even five. However, the public were not behindhand in their estimate of the importance of the ensuing meeting. Applications for local tickets were become so numerous, that when they amounted in number to 1083, it was found necessary to stop further increase, except the parties requiring tickets would become life members, or consent to the gratuitous reception of at least one of the distinguished personages about to arrive, and even then, cases which came under either the one or the other of these rules, must be taken into special consideration by the local committee.* The committee of each section, met daily at 10 A.M., in rooms adjacent to the respective section rooms, and the communications to each section were taken in a settled order, as previously fixed by the secretaries, and made public by notifications at the enquiry room, at the Literary and Philosophical Society, and on the doors of each meeting room. The Newcastle and Carlisle railway, with great liberality, placed at the disposal of the Association, railway carriages and one of their engines, whenever the members might require their use, and Messrs. Shield and Parker placed an additional steam vessel to ply between London and Newcastle for the quick and regular transit of visitors from the former place.† Most of the owners of the great iron foundries, chemical works, &c., on the Tyne, threw open to the Association and its friends, their respective manufactories, and our stranger visitors were not slow to avail themselves of the permission thus granted.‡ A general wish seemed prominent with the mass of the inhabitants, to do sufficient honour to the occasion, and numerous companies, public bodies, and even individuals, liberally granted unrestrained admission into their respective places of meeting, business, manufacture or otherwise. A reception committee was also formed, whose

* The admission of ladies to the meetings of the Association was restricted to the sections of Mathematics and Physics, Chemistry and Mineralogy, Geology and Geography, Mechanical science, Model room, &c., and the charge for resident ladies was fixed; for one ticket £2, for two tickets £5, and for three tickets £10; the object of the committee being to hold out an inducement for large subscriptions, as the amount contributed at the time these terms were made, promised to fall far short of the expences likely to be incurred. A committee sat daily (at stated hours), in the Guildhall, to issue the tickets of admission.

† During the week, the members made Geological and other excursions to the principal objects of interest in the vicinity.

‡ During the week an almost unparalleled multitude of exhibitions, &c., were open to add to the general interest of the proceedings. The rooms of the Literary and Philosophical Society, of the Literary and Mechanical Society, of the North of England Fine Arts Society, the Museum of the Natural History Society, the Churches, the Castle, and other public buildings; Mr. J. Gibson's gallery of paintings, Mr. Lister's show rooms, &c., the Theatre, Batty's equestrian arena, and Gyngell's Fireworks also entered into competition to supply the public with amusement.

duties consisted in the giving of information to foreigners and others, chiefly in respect to their personal accommodation. The members of this committee were distinguished by a white ribbon. An enquiry room was also opened at the Savings' bank in the Arcade, where any information, either to residents or strangers, arrivals, sectional arrangements, ordinaries, &c., was to be had. With the transactions of the Association we have no concern, further than to state that no small number of the papers read, were by divers of the literati and men of science, natives of our town or district. The sectional meetings assembled each day during the week, Saturday excepted, at eleven in the forenoon, in the large rooms of the public institutions of the town,* which had been fitted up expressly for the occasion. In the evening of each day the meetings were held in the Central Exchange,† at which the duke of Northumberland ‡ occasionally presided. On Wednesday evening, the 22nd., the Green market || was opened for promenade, conversation, and refreshment, and presented a most brilliant spectacle. It was lighted with gas, the fountains played with great effect, and the shops, entrances and pillars were decorated with evergreens, &c. On Friday the 24th, the Assembly rooms, which had been materially enlarged, were opened for the like purposes, and proved most brilliant and successful. Extensive as the suite of rooms had been made, they were crowded to excess, and on Saturday evening, the 26th, the concluding general meeting of the Association took place, ending a week of important scientific business, unparalleled of its kind.§—*Local Papers, MS., &c.*

1838 (Aug. 24).—This day the opening of the Durham Junction railway took place. The directors had acted judiciously in their determination of deferring the opening of the railway to the present week, thus affording to the numerous members of the British Association,

* A. Mathematics and Physics. Lecture room of the Literary and Philosophical Society.—B. Chemistry and Mineralogy. County courts.—C. Geology and Geography. New Music hall.—D. Zoology and Botany. County courts.—E. Medical science. Surgeons' hall.—F. Statistics. Academy of Arts.—G. Mechanical science. Music hall.—The model room, over the shop of Mr. Wilson, hatter, was also open daily, and contained many beautiful specimens of Mechanical ingenuity.

† Which had been fitted up for the evening meetings of the Association. When completed it held 4000 persons. Mr. James Wallace contractor: £180.

‡ Westmoreland house in Westgate street, had been repaired and fitted up for the reception of the duke during his stay, by its respected owner, Robert Leadbitter, esq.

|| In order to produce as splendid an effect as possible, prizes were competed for, for the decoration of the interior, with flowers, plants and evergreens.

§ The anniversary of the Natural History society was held on the 28th of August, and several of the magnates of the Association were specially invited to remain after the conclusion of their business, when they dined with the members of the society in their meeting room.

who were interested in architectural and mechanical science, an opportunity of being present. With this view the arrangements and invitations were on the most liberal scale. The railway procession which set off from South Shields consisted of two trains; the appointments of the directors being most complete, and the company in the carriages consisting of about four hundred, (almost without exception) gentlemen. The sun shone brilliantly: the mountains of ballast which command a view of the railway were crowded by holiday spectators; the South Shields band played the national air; cannons roared; flags waved in the breeze; thousands of voices sent forth a shout of joy; while the engines dragged off their respective trains to the magnificent "Victoria Bridge" built at a cost of about £35,000 after designs and under the superintendence of T. Elliott Harrison, esq., the celebrated engineer. The bridge has four main arches, respectively of 160, 144, and 100 feet span. Of these arches, three are viaductal, being thrown over the valley, to obtain the requisite railway level. There are besides, six smaller arches, (three on each side,) inserted in the approaches or wing walls, to lighten the masonry and add unity to the design. The length of the entire bridge is about 270 yards, its width, within the parapet walls, 21 feet, the total height of the masonry from the base of the foundations to the summit of the parapet 157 feet, and from the level of the river 130 feet, being considerably higher than Sunderland bridge. There is a double line of railway over the bridge, with an excellent flagged causeway on each side for foot passengers. To view this sublime object the company descended to the valley, where the eye could take in the whole at one view. Indeed a scene better calculated to give an elevated opinion of the triumph of genius over nature can scarcely be conceived. The scenery, on the south side of the bridge, is bold, rocky, and well wooded. Hundreds of spectators had assembled from all parts of the country, who testified their joy at the completion of this great work by hearty and repeated cheers. Again the company took their seats in the carriages, and the trains proceeded over the bridge and along the railway, for about six miles. Here there were about 100 waggons laden with coals, from Black Boy pit, the property of the marquess of Londonderry. These being united by the coupling chains to a locomotive engine, the shrill steam-whistle gave warning of the return trip. All was pleasureable excitement on the return until the Victoria bridge was reached. More perfect arrangements were never witnessed, but here, one of those events occurred which defy human calculation, and against which no human foresight can sufficiently guard. The engine of the second train came in contact with the last carriage of the first train. The collision was

such as, for a moment, to afford occasion for more than ordinary alarm. Several gentlemen leaped from their seats in the carriages, and were injured in consequence. One man fractured his leg, another had his shoulder dislocated, and one or two other injuries of lesser import took place. Fortunately this was the extent of the damage. After a short delay, occasioned by this circumstance, the trains proceeded, without further mishap, to South Shields, where a splendid cold collation was provided by the directors for their numerous guests. The company, who left Newcastle in the morning, then repaired to the "Tulip" steamboat, and landed on Newcastle Quay at seven o'clock, highly delighted with their trip, and the excellent arrangements which had been made by the spirited directors for their accommodation.—*Local Papers.*



VICTORIA BRIDGE, while building.

1838 (August 24).—Mr. Brown, the aeronaut, of Sheffield, made an ascent from the enclosure in Green-court, Newcastle, in his splendid balloon, "The North Star," the largest in England. The gas was supplied from Clayton-street and Newgate-street, by communicating pipes. The process of inflation was completed soon after three o'clock, and a little before four the car was attached, and the immense machine loosened from the cords which restrained its aerial flight. The balloon cleared the houses beautifully on rising, and then proceeded in a south-easterly direction, in full view of thousands of spectators, who watched its progress with intense interest.—*Ibid.*

August 26.—As an appropriate sequel to the gaiety and splendour of the previous week, a magnificent entertainment was given at Ravensworth castle, on Saturday by lord and lady Ravensworth, to upwards of five hundred distinguished individuals, including all the

nobility and gentry of the district, the learned foreigners, and other eminent members of the British Association. The preparations were on a most extensive and splendid scale, three spacious and elegant apartments having been fitted up expressly for the occasion, in which was exhibited every delicacy of the season on massive and beautiful plate, in princely profusion.—*Local Papers.*

1838 (August 28).—The master and brethren of the Trinity-house, Newcastle, presented in silver boxes, the freedom of their corporation to captain sir George Back, R. N., “as a testimony of their high approbation of the persevering and successful efforts in the cause of science and humanity displayed by him in his various expeditions to the Polar Seas,”—and to captain J. C. Ross, R. N., “as a testimony of their high approbation of his voluntary services in the cause of humanity, rendered by his endeavours to rescue the crews of the different whaling ships inclosed in the ice during the inclement season of 1837.”—*Ibid.*

August 28.—Monday, at Seaton Sluice, ten loaded waggons ran amain on the colliery railroad, and at the turn of the road, by the side of the harbour, two of them were jolted off the way, and were precipitated through a stone wall into the harbour; unfortunately at the time, an old man, James Wake, aged 83, who was coming up by the road side, not being able to avoid the waggons was forced through the wall into the harbour. His body was taken out of the water about an hour and a half after.—*Ibid.*

August 29.—The tee-totallers of Newcastle held a public tea party in the Riding School at the Forth, the dining room of the British Association, at which about eight hundred took tea, of whom a large proportion consisted of gaily dressed ladies.—*Ibid.*

August 30.—A bazaar was held in the Music hall, Newcastle, the use of which was granted by Mr. Grainger, in aid of St. John's schools, which realized the clear sum of £707.—*Ibid.*

This month, the queen, on the recommendation of the ecclesiastical commissioners, by an order in council, confirmed the appropriation of certain revenues of the see of Durham to the augmentation of small benefices within that diocese.—*Ibid.*

September 1.—An accident occurred at the Howden pans colliery, (Bewicke and Craster) by which three men and four horses lost their lives. They were employed in constructing a coffer dam in order to keep the pit as free from water as possible; unfortunately the dam gave way, and the water rushing in upon them they were drowned.—*Ibid.*

September 2.—The boiler of the steam engine of the “Vivid” steamer, belonging to a family named Greener, of North Shields,

exploded in the Tyne, at that place, under the following circumstances. The steamer was about to proceed to sea, and two of the men (brothers) belonging to the boat were attempting to give, in a temporary manner, some trifling repairs that were needed to the boiler, and not having taken the precaution to let the steam off, the boiler burst while they were engaged with it. The explosion was dreadful, and the two men were scalded in the most awful manner; their agonizing cries were heard at a great distance; one of them entreated that he might be thrown overboard, and an end put to his sufferings. The hair on their heads appeared as if they had been par-boiled, and their nails were loose upon their fingers. Amongst others attracted by the cries of the sufferers, was their mother, whose feelings may be better conceived than described. In the course of an hour or two, death put an end to their pain.—*Local Papers*.

1838 (Sep. 2).—Thomas Robson, jun., of Newbottle, whilst bathing near the village of Ryhope, got into a quicksand. His brother and a companion, who, horrorstruck, witnessed the distressing scene, having in vain attempted to rescue him, applied to the inhabitants of the village for assistance, which, however, did not arrive before life was extinct.—*Ibid*.

September 4.—The first exhibition of the Sunderland Polytechnic Society was opened, and was visited during that and subsequent days by most of the leading families of the district. The exhibition embraced numerous works, by modern artists, architects, and mechanics, of paintings in every branch of the art, models of monuments, bridges, churches, &c.; and also of many excellent mechanical inventions. There were also in the exhibition numerous specimens of stuffed animals, birds, shells, minerals, &c. of the most interesting description to the naturalist. In short, the exhibition of the Sunderland Polytechnic Society differed from every other, inasmuch as it was an epitome of the best and most captivating, of everything that could be brought together.—*Ibid*.

September 4.—It having been determined to erect the corn market on the spot of ground occupied by the west side of the Old Flesh Market, the east side of the Groat market, and the Middle street, Newcastle, about July this year the old houses were removed and on the above day (Tuesday) the foundation stone was laid by the mayor, T. E. Headlam, esq., in the presence of the sheriff, and most of the subscribers. The new building having been completed, it was occupied by the farmers for the first time on Saturday, the 31st of August 1839. The architects were Messrs. John and Benjamin Green.—*Ibid*.

1838 (September 7).—Thursday, the Forfarshire steamer, a vessel of about 300 tons burden, under the command of John Humble,

formerly master of the *Neptune*, of Newcastle, sailed from Hull, on her voyage to Dundee, on the evening of Wednesday the 5th instant, at about half-past six o'clock, with the *Pegasus* and *Innisfail* for Leith. Previous to leaving Hull the boilers had been examined and a small leak closed up; but when off Flambro' Head the leakage re-appeared, and continued to so great an extent, that two of the fires were extinguished, but they were relighted after the boilers had been partially repaired. The progress of the vessel was of course retarded, and three steam vessels passed her before she had proceeded far. The unusual bustle on board the *Forfarshire*, in consequence of the state of the boilers, attracted the notice of several of the passengers, and the testimony of many of the survivors, render the fact of the inefficient state of the boilers of the *Forfarshire* perfectly obvious. In this state, the vessel, with about sixty individuals on board, was sent out on her voyage, and passed through the "Fairway," between the Farn Islands and the land, about six o'clock on Thursday evening. She entered Berwick bay about eight o'clock the same evening, the sea running high, and the wind blowing strong from the NNE. From the motion of the vessel the leak increased to such a degree that the firemen could not keep the fires burning. Two men were then employed to pump water into the boilers, but it escaped through the leak as fast as they pumped it in. About ten o'clock she bore up off St. Abb's Head, the storm still raging with unabated fury. The engines soon after became entirely useless, and the engine man reported that they would not work. There being great danger of drifting ashore, the sails were hoisted fore and aft, and the vessel got about in order to get her before the wind, and keep her off the land. No attempt was made to anchor. The vessel soon became unmanageable, and the tide setting strong to the south, she proceeded in that direction. It rained heavily during the whole time, and the fog was so dense that it became impossible to tell the situation of the vessel. At length breakers were discovered close to leeward, and the Farn lights, which about the same period became visible, relieved all doubt as to the imminent peril of all on board. An attempt was made to run the vessel between the Farn Islands, but she refused to answer her helm, and at three o'clock on Friday morning she struck with tremendous force against the outer or Longstone Island. A portion of the crew, intent only on self-preservation, had lowered the larboard quarter boat down, and left the ship. Amongst them was the first mate, James Duncan, who has since published his own version of the affair, which we find is contradicted by the evidence of some of the witnesses on the inquest, and reflects small credit on himself as a seaman. The stroke of the vessel on the

rock was regarded as the signal of death. The master lost all self-possession, and his wife, who was on board with him, sought in cries of anguish and despair, the protection which alas he could not extend. The cries of females on deck mingled with the roaring of the ocean and the screams of the wild fowl disturbed from their resting place, whilst the men, clinging to the vessel, awaited in silence their inevitable fate. Most of the cabin passengers were below, and many of them asleep in their berths. As soon as the vessel struck, the steward ran down and gave an alarm, but one passenger only namely, Mr. Ruthven Ritchie, of Hill of Ruthven, Perthshire, was saved. On being awoke he arose instantly and siezing his trowsers rushed upon deck; from whence, observing the sailors leaping into the boat, he with an extraordinary effort by means of a rope swung himself into it, and was thus miraculously preserved. The uncle and aunt of this person made a desperate effort to get into the boat just as it was leaving the wreck, and in endeavouring to leap on board, they fell into the sea and perished in his sight. He had nothing on all the time he was in the boat, but a shirt and a pair of trowsers; and his employment whilst in it was baling out the water with a pair of shoes for a howskelly. The escape of the boat was remarkable. There was only one outlet by which it could escape being dashed by the breakers against the island, and that outlet was taken without the parties being aware of it. The boat's crew passed through the mighty current uninjured, and after being exposed in an open boat all night were picked up about eight o'clock on Saturday morning by a Montrose sloop, and carried into Shields.* The vessel struck aft the paddle boxes, and not above three minutes after the few survivors had rushed upon deck, a second shock separated her into two parts—the stern, quarter-deck, and cabin, being instantly carried away with all upon them through a tremendous current called the Piper Gut, which is dangerous even in temperate weather, running between the islands at the rapidity of six miles an hour, and in tempestuous weather becomes terrific, whilst the fore part of the vessel remained fast on the rock. The captain stuck to the wreck, till washed overboard

* Mr. Ritchie had fortunately some sovereigns in the pockets of his trowsers which he brought out of the cabin, and these enabled him to procure clothes soon after being landed. The following is a list of the crew and passengers brought into Shields; John Matson, second mate, James Hill, Alexander Murray, Robert Fox, Allan Stewart, engineer, James Hall, coal trimmer, David Grant, Ruthven Ritchie, farmer, and James Duncan, first mate. Mr. Ritchie proceeded to Bamburgh to enquire into the fate of his fellow passengers; and thence he went to Edinburgh on his way home, to communicate the melancholy intelligence to his friends. The mate and some other of the crew reached Dundee on Tuesday.



Part of BAMBOROUGH CASTLE (1836).

with his wife in his arms, and both were drowned. The situation of the few passengers who remained on the fore part of the vessel was perilous in the extreme. Placed on a small rock surrounded by the sea which threatened to engulf them, and their companions having but just before been swept away from them, they were clinging to life whilst all hope of relief was sinking within them, and crying for help whilst the tempestuous billows drowned their feeble shrieks, and defied their puny efforts to escape. Their cries, however, were not unheard. Their shouts of distress fell upon the ear of Grace Horsley Darling, who with her father William Darling, occupied the outer Farn Light house. She awakened her parent, and at daybreak he launched his boat and prepared to proceed to their rescue. The state of the tide and of the weather was such as to render any attempt to reach the wreck extremely dangerous; and the old man who had never before known the quailings of fear was loath in such a tremendous gale to rush as he considered on certain death. After watching the wreck for some time, they discovered, from some movement, that living beings were still clinging to it, and the gallant female, who partook of her father's generous sympathy, as she acknowledged the relationship of flesh and blood, with matchless intrepidity seized the oar and entered the boat. This was enough, the noble parent followed, and with the assistance of the fair sailor, conducted the frail skiff

over the foaming billows to the spot where the wreck appeared. By a dangerous and desperate effort the father was landed on the rock, and the frail coble, to preserve it from being dashed to pieces, was rapidly rowed back among the awful abyss of waters, and kept afloat by the skilfulness and dexterity of this noble minded young woman. At length the whole of the survivors, consisting of five of the crew and four of the deck passengers, were taken from the wreck, and conveyed to the light-house, where the same tender hand administered to their wants, and anxiously for three days and three nights waited on the sufferers, and soothed their afflictions. By the assistance of the crew, they were enabled to bring the coble and its burthen to the Long-stone Island. It is impossible 'to speak in too high terms of this unparalleled act of humanity, bravery and disinterestedness. Danger presented itself in a thousand forms on every hand—there the current running with fearful impetuosity, or the eddy whirling and engulphing all within its reach—mountains of water bursting in wild confusion, or the tempest sweeping the spray from the billow as it rolled along. From her isolated abode this intrepid woman rushed forth under the promptings of humanity, and hastened through the scene of desolation and danger, regardless of her own life in order that she might save those of others. This perilous achievement—unexampled in the feats of female fortitude—was witnessed by the survivors in silent wonder—and down the weather-beaten cheek of one old seaman stole the big round tear when he beheld from the wreck the noble exertions of a young female of slender appearance, buffeting the storm, and periling her life for their preservation. The main land could not be reached, from the state of the weather, till Sunday, and during the whole of this time the attentions of the heroine were indefatigable. The entire number saved was eighteen, of whom thirteen belonged to the vessel, and five were passengers—The remainder of those on board perished. The wreck of the steamer was seen from North Sunderland on Friday morning about six o'clock, when signals were hoisted and guns fired immediately, but men could not be found to go off in the life boat. After some delay seven persons volunteered their services, and set out in a four-oared coble.* The boat shipped several seas in the course of her perilous voyage, and on their way they spoke the Liverpool, steam vessel of London, going north, and requested the captain to proceed to the

* The names of the brave and meritorious individuals who ventured their lives from North Sunderland are as follows :—Wm. Robson, James Robson, Michael Robson, Wm. Swan, Brooks Darling, (brother to Miss Darling,) Thomas Cuthbertson, and Robert Knox, of North Sunderland. They behaved most gallantly.

wreck, offering at the same time to pilot the vessel, as they could easily have done, to within a few yards of the lee of the rock in seven fathoms water. The captain however declined, and the men in the coble after much exertion succeeded in reaching the wreck; but they found only dead bodies and some property of little value. The storm raged with unabated fury, and in attempting to return, they were compelled to put in at Longstone lighthouse, which they reached with much difficulty, where they were obliged to remain two days and two nights in a temporary building, the waves occasionally bursting in and obliging them to seek shelter in the lighthouse tower, which was occupied by Mr. and Miss Darling, and the persons they had saved from the wreck. One of the most heart rending circumstances connected with this melancholy event occurred during the night when the survivors were on the rock. The vessel became a total wreck in less than a quarter of an hour after she struck; and those that were fortunate enough to get on the rock suffered severely from the cold, and from the heavy seas which washed over them at intervals. Their clothes were mostly torn off, and from continued exertions they were reduced to a state of complete exhaustion. The most agonizing spectacle was that of Mrs. Dawson, with her two children, a boy and a girl, eight and eleven years of age, firmly grasped in each hand: there she held them in the agonies of despair long after the buffetings of the waves, which drove them to and fro, had deprived them of existence. She was severely injured, and remained at Bamburgh for a time, unable to proceed homewards. Donovan the fireman was also much hurt; and he states that he lay for three hours holding on by a spike nail. All hope of deliverance had fled, and they had begun to consider how to relieve their sufferings if exposed through another night, when the boat of the intrepid Darlings hove in sight. It is impossible to tell with certainty the number of those who suffered, inasmuch as no entries were made when the passengers embarked. The crew consisted of captain John Humble, a native of Newcastle or Shields, also his wife who were both drowned. There were on board ten seamen, four firemen, two enginemen, two coal-trimmers, and two stewards. The cabin books were not found, and the number and names of the passengers could not be exactly ascertained. One of the survivors stated the number at forty-two, and another at forty-seven. The probable loss of life, therefore, was between forty-six and fifty-one persons. There were among the sufferers, who were principally Scotch, three gentlemen belonging to Perth, one to Fife, and one to St. Petersburg. Amongst the persons brought to the spot from a distance, was one gentleman, who had

lost his wife, son, and grandson, another his mother and brother. The only remaining part of the vessel consisted of the fore-castle, part of the engine, paddle-wheels, anchor, cable, fore mast and rigging. One of the boilers was washed to sea, the other two were on the rocks broken. A part of the wreck was sunk a little to the south of Hawker's rock, and as it was supposed, the bodies of several persons who had not been found were in it, a rope was attached to it, for the purpose of raising it, in order to satisfy the anxiety of their surviving friends. The cargo is stated to have been very valuable, having been insured to the amount of four thousand pounds, but only three boxes of soap were recovered. Parts of the wreck were thrown on shore at Hauxley, Amble, Hartley and other parts on the coast of Northumberland. The search for the bodies of the unfortunate sufferers, and the property of the vessel, was long continued, and every assistance was rendered by the agents at Bamborough castle, as well as by the fishermen and revenue officers on the coast. The heroic conduct of Grace Darling and her father, mother, brother and others who acted so conspicuous and magnanimous a part in the shipwreck, excited universal admiration, and meetings on the subject, were numerous: subscriptions, and presentations of monies and medals flowed from all quarters. The Long Stone island with its lighthouse and occupants have remained a favourite resort for the sight seer, and the memory of the heroic act will remain though the fair actor is dead.*

* Grace Darling expired from the effects of consumption on October 20, 1842, aged 26 years. A monument to her memory, from the chisel of Davies of Newcastle, has been erected in the chapel of St. Cuthbert, on the Farn Island. She was a native of Bamborough.



Breakwater at TYNEMOUTH.

CHAPTER III.



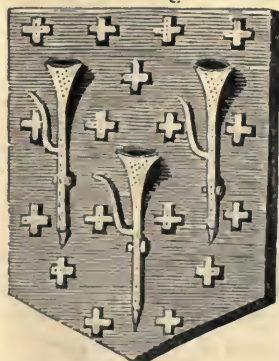
AN accident occurred on the premises occupied by Messrs. Turnbull and Co., saddlers and ironmongers, in the Bigg market, Newcastle, on the 10th September, 1838, from the explosion of a quantity of gunpowder which was in the shop. It appeared that a little boy was playing with an unloaded gun in the shop, and having snapped the lock of it twice or thrice near a drawer of gunpowder, which was locked, it is supposed a spark from the gun had entered it, from which it had ignited and exploded. The ignition was instantaneous, carrying out the shop windows with tremendous force, and dashing every square to atoms. Another little boy who was also in the shop was much injured; and a person that was passing at the moment was thrown with considerable force against the pavement. A poor boy in the shop above was so alarmed that he jumped out of the window, and broke his arm. The fire did not extend to the upper part of the building, and was soon extinguished without the service of the fire engines, which were promptly on the spot.—*Local Papers.*

September 12.—Great excitement was caused in Newcastle, by a report that the "Tweedside" steamer had been wrecked off North Berwick. The Tweedside left Newcastle on the previous Wednesday for a pleasure trip, with about fifty passengers for Leith. She reached her destination next day, after a passage of twenty-four hours. On Friday, she set out on her return, but they had not proceeded more than about seventeen miles, when one of the boilers failed, and the passengers becoming alarmed, some of them requested the captain to take them back to Leith. He said there was no danger—they would reach Berwick before dark—and there get the

boiler repaired. This somewhat appeased them, and the steamer proceeded till they had got about thirty miles from Leith. They were then astonished to observe the captain and one of the passengers pumping water into the vessel with all their might. On enquiry, they found that by applying the fire too freely to the boiler, it had become red hot, and set the boat on fire. In this alarming situation, about three miles out at sea, with apparently no one near to render them any assistance—a lady's shawl was hung at the mast head as a signal of distress. Not long after this had been done, the Royal Adelaide, under the command of a gallant and humane seaman, captain Allen, came to their aid. He offered to tow them to Leith, but the captain of the Tweedside pressed him to go with him to North Berwick, where he said they would get repaired. Many of the party not choosing longer to trust their lives in such a vessel, got into the Royal Adelaide, where they had refreshments offered, and every attention shewn to them. It is impossible to speak too highly of captain Allen's conduct on the occasion. They proceeded to within about a mile of Leith, when they met the Northern Yacht on her way to Newcastle, and they returned home by her. Part of the passengers remained in the Tweedside, and arrived in the Tyne on the above day.—*Local Papers.*

1838 (Sep. 12).—Died, at Sweethope mill, in the parish of Thockrington, Northumberland, aged 101, Violet Ridley (better known by the name of Old Violet); she lived in a most wretched hovel on the side of a moor, and being of eccentric habits, she was a well known character in the neighbourhood; she retained the use of her faculties to the last.—*Ibid.*

September 16.—Saturday, a fire broke out in the house of Mr. Hayton, broker, Low street, Sunderland. It was instantly discovered and extinguished without effecting much damage.—*Ibid.*



September 17.—Died, at his residence at Castle Eden, in the county of Durham, Rowland Burdon, esq., in the 82nd year of his age. In him the town of Sunderland may justly be said to have lost the earliest and most munificent of its patrons—the founder of its present pre-eminence and future prospects of greatness. To his genuine patriotism that magnificent structure, the Bishopwearmouth bridge, owes its existence. Being returned to parliament by the county of Durham in the year 1790, and having previously, through his own strenuous exertions, procured a turnpike road from Stockton

to Sunderland. Mr. Burdon was early in expressing his wishes for a bridge to connect the north and south banks of the Wear; and, after an arduous struggle, he with some difficulty succeeded in obtaining an act of parliament for that purpose. This was in the year 1792.* From similar attempts having been made by the Coalbrook Dale Company, Mr. Burdon first conceived the idea of making use of iron in its construction, and having first caused an experimental rib to be cast, the foundation stone was eventually laid, on the 24th September, 1793, and by the fostering influence of Mr. Burdon who adopted as his motto "*NIL DESPERANDUM AUSPICE DEO*," this vast undertaking was at length, under the blessing of Divine Providence, brought to a successful conclusion:—the principal means being furnished by Mr. Burdon, who subscribed no less a sum to effect this purpose than £30,000. This circumstance alone will render his memory imperishable in the annals of Sunderland, whilst in his capacity of a private English gentleman he was in the possession and practice of all those rare virtues which will long hallow his name in the neighbourhood of his earthly habitation.—*Local Papers*.



DECIDEDLY the most splendid show of dahlias that ever took place in Newcastle, or, we believe, in the kingdom, was held on September 26, in the Central Exchange, which had been granted for the purpose by Mr. Richard Grainger. Competitors, of which there were many from all parts of the country, were admitted during the early part of the day, and the flowers and plants arranged in the man-

ner which we shall afterwards describe. At two o'clock in the afternoon, every arrangement having been completed, the Exchange was thrown open to the public, who were admitted by ticket, and in a short time the immense area was completely filled, the arrival and departure of parties causing much animation during the time it was open. The scene was one of great beauty and effect. Three tables, corresponding with the form of the building, were fitted up for exhibiting the flowers. The walls were richly decorated with a profusion of evergreens, and plants in pots; the centre archway above the double staircase being tastefully twined into an arbour, forming quite a prominent feature in the scene. Boughs of trees and evergreens were interwoven with the pillars on the other side, and the entrances were similarly decorated. On the centre table several bouquets of curious

* Mr. Burdon continued to represent the county of Durham in parliament till 1806.

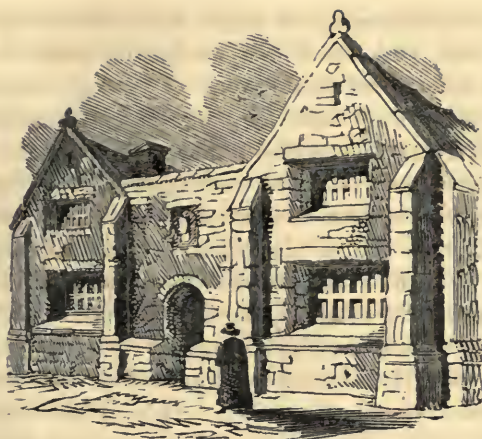
devices were placed, formed of dahlias, and laid in asparagus, &c. Some hundreds of flowers were shown, comprising many rare varieties, perfect in their formation, and of rich and splendid tints. The doors were closed at four o'clock, and opened again in the evening at seven, when the whole was brilliantly lighted with gas, displayed in ingenious devices, issuing from stems of foliage in various parts of the building. The lofty walls were relieved by two brilliant stars formed with jets of gas, and the whole scene had a most magnificent and imposing appearance. The area was crowded with gay promenaders during the evening; a full military band was placed in the centre area, on a platform erected for the purpose; and the sound of martial music resounding through the spacious apartment gave to the entire scene a most enchanting effect. From the beauty and perfection of the flowers exhibited, the judges had a difficult task to perform in awarding the various prizes. The decorations were got up by Mr. Newton, seedsman, of Newcastle, and assistants, and to them the visitors generally were indebted for much of the pleasure they experienced on the occasion.—*Local Papers.*

1838 (Sep. 29).—A fatal accident occurred at Port Seaham, on the morning of this day on board the "Charlotte," Capt. John Osterman, of Blankenese. It appears she had taken in the greater part of her cargo on the preceding evening, leaving her main hatchway completely choked with coals. On the following morning at half-past nine o'clock, the trimmers went on board of her to finish their work, the last two which entered the hold taking candles with them as is customary, when an explosion of inflammable air took place, and the whole of the party, consisting of Joseph Lowery, John Rayne, Donald Cameron, George Young, William Anderson, and ——— Richardson, were burnt in a serious manner, so much so that Lowery expired on the following Monday morning, and another of the men a few days afterwards.—*Ibid.*

September 29.—A fire was discovered on board the brig, Medina, of Sunderland while lying off Hutchinson's Dock, in that harbour. The flames being speedily extinguished, the injury sustained was not extensive.—*Ibid.*

This month, a remarkably fine Colley Dog followed the "Union" Coach from Cockburnspath to Newcastle, a distance of ninety miles! With the field running, which could not be less than thirty miles, it must have run altogether one hundred and thirty miles in one day.—*Ibid.*

October 3.—Wednesday evening, about six o'clock, as the men belonging to Mr. Wilkinson's factory, Bigg Market, Newcastle, were conducting a coach down the Cloth Market, several of them, injudi-



Presumed appearance (in the 17th Century), of the building called the SCOTCH INN (now the Fighting Cocks,) Bigg Market, Newcastle.

ciously, got into it and upon the roof, leaving the accumulated weight to be stayed and directed down the hill by two youths at the pole. These, as might be expected, proved unequal to the task, the coach dashed on uncontroled till it struck against a horse, which it knocked down, dreadfully lacerating his side, and rendering his ultimate recovery doubtful.—*Local Papers*.

1838 (Oct. 9).—His royal highness the prince of Oude, accompanied by two servants in their native costume, arrived at the Queen's Head Inn, in Newcastle, and on the following day, after inspecting the town, and the glass-houses of Messrs Cookson, proceeded by railway to Carlisle.—*Ibid*.

October 11.—The right rev. the lord bishop of Durham consecrated the Holy Trinity Chapel, lately erected at South Hetton, in the parish of Easington. The following day his lordship confirmed 176 young persons in Easington Church, of whom 132 belonged to the parish of Easington: the remainder to the parishes of Castle Eden and Dalton-le-Dale. It was stated that there had not been a confirmation at Easington since 1792, when one was held there by bishop Barrington.—*Ibid*.

October 11.—Thursday, the town and neighbourhood of Newcastle was visited by a gale of wind, which was attended with considerable destruction of property and loss of life. The gale blew from the north-west with unabated violence during the whole day, and the greater part of the night. A large chimney in course of erection at the soda works of Messrs. Ridley and Co. at Ouseburn, was blown down with tremendous force about four o'clock in the afternoon. It fell on a dwelling-house, which most fortunately was unoccupied at

the time, or the consequences might have been awful, as it broke through the roof, and buried the whole in a mass of ruins. The chimney was within two hours' work of having reached its highest elevation—it being sixty-eight feet in perpendicular height, and but two feet more having to be added. The workmen received early intimation of their danger from the rocking of the building; and they had descended and were in the act of securing it with ropes. Two were attached, and one of the workmen, named John Nixon, was ascending the scaffold to attach another, when a sudden blast caught the scaffolding and the chimney, and hurled them to the ground, leaving Nixon in mid-air, clinging to one of the poles. His preservation was truly miraculous, and he maintained his presence of mind so as to be enabled to descend in safety. At St. Peter's Quay, the wind caught the roof of a sort of shed in the factory belonging to Messrs. Shield and Co. chain-makers, of Gateshead, which four men, joiners, in the employ of Mr. Wallace, builder, of Newcastle, were engaged in covering. The roof was torn off with immense violence, carrying with it one man, named William Redhead, who had been with Mr. Wallace for upwards of twenty years, and who received such severe injury that he died in the course of the same evening; and in its flight, injuring the clerk of the works, who was standing near, and three others, one of whom was carried to the Infirmary in a precarious state, with an arm and a leg broken, and his body seriously contused. The other persons were also much injured. One other building situate on the left hand-side of the road leading from Gateshead to the Wind Mill Hills had its gable end and one of the side walls blown down, and the roof was for a time sustained by the remaining portion of the building. Tiles and slates innumerable were blown from the roofs of different houses in the town, but no other serious consequences followed. The effects of the gale on the coast of Northumberland was truly deplorable. A smack called the Elizabeth, of Shields, bound to Newcastle, with lime, got upon the rocks called the Sow, near Blyth. Five men, much to their credit, went off in a small coble from Blyth in the evening, during the gale, and succeeded, at the risk of their own lives, in saving the crew, who certainly must have perished without their assistance: the vessel went to pieces in the course of the night. The schooner Isabella, of Arbroath, bound with lime from Sunderland to Arbroath, encountered the gale in the Firth of Forth, and lost part of her sails. About day-light next morning, she was observed to be on fire, and for the safety of the crew attempting to make Eyemouth and Berwick, but failed. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon she endeavoured to get to Holy Island, and grounded on the south side of the bar: at this juncture the life boat was launched and

manned, and they succeeded in saving the crew, consisting of four men, though at the imminent risk of their own lives, the boat having filled with water, and they having to be taken in tow by a cable. The Hope Steam Tug which had seen many years service on the River Tyne—being the fourth steam-vessel which was built, and, from her great age, commonly called the “Old” Hope—foundered at sea during the gale. Being used as a towing vessel, she had proceeded out of Shields in the morning on the “look out”; and when the gale came on it was found impossible to regain the harbour. After beating about at sea for some hours, an attempt was made to run her into Sunderland, but she filled with water, and went down within a short distance of that port. The crew were saved in a boat which put off from Sunderland.—*Local Papers.*

1838 (Oct. 11).—The Northern Yacht steamer sailed from the Tyne for Edinburgh with ten passengers and a crew of thirteen. The gale of wind, which had blown during the whole of the day, becoming more violent, one of the passengers, Mr. Reay, artist, of North Shields, was put on shore at North Sunderland, after which the vessel proceeded through the Farn islands, about four or five P.M. on the same day, and was never more seen. Captain Patterson of Spittal, as was his wont, was looking out with a glass, and observed at a considerable distance, a steamer apparently in distress, and his attention having been drawn to some other object, on returning his gaze to the same point, the vessel had disappeared. It is believed then, that the vessel had sunk between Holy island and Berwick, and all hands lost. A few days after, the chafed sea threw on shore at Lamberton near Berwick, the bottom of a vessel, which was flat, coppered and copper-fastened, and presumed to be the remains of the ill-fated vessel.—*Ibid.*

October 14.—On the evening of this day, Sunday, a cable belonging to Shields, with five pilots, left Cullercoats; and on trying to make Shields harbour at 10, the boat upset. The shrieks of the sufferers were heard by the sentries on duty at the Battery, but they could not render any assistance. On the following morning the cable was picked up opposite the Ferry Boat Landing, North Shields, bottom up, a strong confirmation of the melancholy occurrence.—*Ibid.*

Underneath one of the arches of the large timber bridge at this time erecting over Willington Dean, for the Newcastle and North Shields Railway, a temporary blacksmith's shop had been erected, in which an eccentric old character named Wardle usually worked, About the middle of this month, during the high winds, a large three-inch plank slipped through the timbers from the top of the arch, a distance of 80 feet, and entering through the roof of the shop where the

old man was at work, fell endwise on the shaft of the hammer with which he was at the time beating a piece of heated iron. The hammer shaft was broken in two, leaving the end of it in his hands. A young lad working in the shop stood amazed at the miraculous escape of the old man, whilst he coolly took up another hammer and recommenced beating the iron, unwilling to lose his *heat*. On being congratulated on his luck in not having been knocked to atoms by the large plank, he very innocently exclaimed, "*Aye, Maister, but a miss is as good as a mile!*"—*Local Papers*.

1838 (Oct.)—A novel way of housing corn was adopted at Alston. The owner of a field of barley ready for taking in, observing by the lowering appearance of the mountain, Crossfell, that rain was fast approaching, watched the opportunity of the schools loosing at mid-day, and engaged the youthful bands, who in a very short time carried the field, sheaf by sheaf, in their arms to the barn, which was near the field, and thus secured the whole before the tempest of wind and rain came on, which was very severe.—*Ibid*.

November.—Early in this month, a gold half noble of Edward III., in a good state of preservation, was found on the sand banks of Newton-by-the-Sea, and is now in the possession of Mr. W. Forster, of that place.—*Ibid*.

November 2.—Pursuant to ancient custom, the mayor of Newcastle, sheriff, town clerk, several members of the town council, the stewards of the Incorporated companies, and office bearers of the corporation, perambulated the ancient boundaries of the corporation, commencing at the Sandhill, and proceeding round by Elswick, Coxlodge, Heaton, and Walker, to the place from whence they started.—*Ibid*.

November 5.—The Northern Coal Mining Company came, at the depth of thirty fathoms, to a first-rate seam of coal, five feet seven inches thick, at their colliery on Framwellgate Moor, near Durham; the shaft being twenty-eight feet in diameter at top and fourteen at bottom. The quicksands, through which the sinking is carried, caused the company much trouble, but every difficulty had been surmounted by the professional abilities of Mr. William Coulson, the master sinker, and Mr. J. A. Forster, the consulting engineer.—*Ibid*.

November 5.—On the night of this day, Monday, between twelve and one o'clock, a fire was discovered in the office of Messrs. Green, architects, in the Arcade, Newcastle. The police, having succeeded in gaining an entrance, found a desk and a portion of a partition which separated the office from the Subscription Billiard Room, on fire. The books and papers were immediately removed to a place of safety, and a good supply of water being on the premises, the fire was speedily extinguished.—*Ibid*.

1838 (Nov. 8).—Ralph Stanley, a pitman belonging to Holywell colliery, died from the effects of a wound in the abdomen, inflicted during a quarrel with Joseph Purdie, a farm-servant. An inquest was held on Tuesday the 9th, by S. Reed, esq. coroner, and from the evidence it appeared that Purdie was returning from Morpeth fair, where he had purchased a *sword-stick*, several others of his friends were with them. When they arrived at the Astley-Arms public-house, near Cramlington, they were joined by the deceased, who had some ale with him. Immediately after leaving the Astley-Arms, a quarrel ensued, and Stanley wished to have possession of the stick. During the time they were quarrelling, Stanley received a wound in the abdomen, extending to the depth of six inches. He was observed to strike twice at Purdie before he fell. Verdict—Manslaughter against Purdie, who was acquitted at the following assizes for Northumberland.—*Local Papers*.

November 9.—The following gentlemen were elected mayors and sheriffs:—

NEWCASTLE.—John Fife, esq. mayor; Wm. Brownsword Proctor, esq. sheriff.

GATESHEAD.—John Barras, esq. mayor.

DURHAM.—Thomas Greenwell, esq. mayor.

SUNDERLAND.—Joseph Simpson, esq. mayor.

STOCKTON.—Thomas Jennett, esq. mayor.

MORPETH.—Thomas Jobling, esq. mayor.

BERWICK.—Robert Marshall, esq. mayor; John Wilson, esq. sheriff.—*Ibid.*

November 9.—Friday, Newcastle and the north of England generally, commenced receiving benefit from the newly-opened railways between London, Manchester, and Liverpool, by additional facilities being afforded in the transmission of letters per mail. The departures and arrivals to and from London being twice instead of once, as heretofore, viz.—by mail, and by the Newcastle and Carlisle railway, a great convenience in commercial and general intercourse.—*Ibid.*

November 10.—There were at this period 117 vessels building on the river Wear, at and near Sunderland, the average tonnage of which it was calculated would equal 250 tons.—*Ibid.*

November 11.—Died, at Brompton, near London, aged 63, Charlton Nesbit, wood-engraver. Mr. Nesbit was a native of Swalwell, and one of the earliest pupils of the late celebrated Thomas Bewick, of Newcastle. He was himself distinguished in his profession.—*Ibid.*

Same day, in High-street, Bishopwearmouth, aged 103, Mrs. Susannah Davis.—*Ibid.*

About the middle of this month the coal at Cornforth colliery,

near Coxhoe, Durham, was won, under the able superintendence of Mr. Thomas Forster, of Haswell.—*Local Papers*.

1838 (Nov. 20).—Tuesday morning, between twelve and one o'clock, sub-inspector Foster discovered the room above the vestry, in Brunswick place chapel, in Newcastle, to be on fire, and immediately alarmed the inmates. The police and several of the neighbours were quickly on the spot, and were most active in obtaining water, which being thrown on the fire with considerable effect, prevented the spreading of the flames.—*Ibid*.

November 23.—Friday, the town of Alnwick was thrown into a state of animation by the voice of huntsmen and the cry of hounds. Lord Ossulston's stag-hounds had thrown off a fine stag at South Charlton, six miles north of Alnwick, which after several circuitous movements led them near to Alnwick Abbey-gate, from whence he crossed the fields, and the north turnpike a little below Malcolm's cross, with the hounds in full cry. He crossed the river nearly opposite the castle, and made his way into the pleasure grounds adjoining the dairy, where he crossed and re-crossed the river so as to baffle pursuit, and darkness coming on the hounds were withdrawn, and he made his escape down the river,—but not long to enjoy liberty,—for the next morning the hounds were taken to the Cowledge wood, which they hunted, and soon after leaving which they fell in with the poor stag, who again made towards the river, and after remaining some time in the water, the hounds having no chance with him at swimming, a Newfoundland dog belonging to the rev. Leonard Shafto Orde, was let in, who soon came up to him, caught him by the ear, and brought him on shore, but he died almost instantly,—it is supposed by stagnation, caused by his long emersion in the water. A large concourse of people were present to witness the sport.—*Ibid*.

November 24.—Died at his house in Cumberland row, Newcastle, aged 43, Mr George Blyth Butler, who was for many years a distinguished preformer in the theatres of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Birmingham, as well as on several other provincial stages, and who also gained high credit for his performances at the Adelphi theatre in the metropolis. Mr. B. had for some years retired from the stage owing to an epileptic tendency, which the excitement of the stage constantly renewed.—*Ibid*.

November 24.—Saturday, the body of a woman of the name of Eleanor Brownlee, 103 years old, and well known at Gateshead Fell, and in the surrounding district, was found in Ravensworth woods, in a state of advanced decomposition. She had long travelled the country with a basket containing small wares, and had sunk from exhaustion.—*Ibid*.

1838 (Nov. 27).—A fire broke out in the premises of Mr. Timothy Wood, wool merchant, Wool-market, Berwick, and consumed the whole of the premises, with about £300 worth of stock.—*Local Papers*.

December.—Early in this month, a pony, having a penchant for bathing, entered the Tweed a little below Berwick bridge, and having reached the middle of the stream was carried out to sea before assistance could be rendered; next morning it was found frisky and well on the sands behind the pier!—*Ibid*.

December 7.—Shortly before two A.M. on the above day, a fire was discovered in the waiting room of the Savings' Bank, in the Arcade, Newcastle, and, an alarm having been given, the fire engines soon after arrived and succeeded in extinguishing the flames in a very short period. When this had been effected, an entrance was made by certain parties on the spot, and while engaged in examining what mischief had been done (which consisted in the destruction of the doors, windows, window shutters and wainscotting) one of the party was suddenly alarmed at striking his foot against the body of a man, which lay extended on the hearth rug in front of the fire place. Lights having been procured, a sickening spectacle presented itself to view. On turning over the body (which was that of Joseph Millie, assistant clerk), the features were found to be knocked in: the left jaw and cheek bone were broken, and the skull bore no less than twenty distinct wounds, some of them several inches in length and none of them less than from an inch to an inch and a half. There were three large gashes on the left temple, and the skull was literally smashed to a jelly. The hearth rug was saturated with blood, and blood, brains and hair bespattered the wainscotting, and walls. His pockets were found stuffed with coals and paper, it is believed the more readily to destroy by fire all traces of the horrid deed.* In front of the fire-place and by his side lay the poker, bent very crooked, and besmeared with blood and hair, the instrument with which his death was effected, and, near his feet lay the tongs, in such a position as to induce an opinion that they had been the ineffectively wielded instrument of self-defence in the hands of the unfortunate Millie.† When the disgust produced in the minds of the beholders on

* These weighed about a quarter of a stone.

† Joseph Millie was born at North Shields, and at the time of his death was 56 years of age. At his fathers decease 26 years previous to the night of the murder, he succeeded him in business as an Ironmonger, this he carried on for some time in order to support himself and his mother, but his business falling off, he honourably sold his goods, and paid his creditors their just demands. His after life was a continued struggle for a humble but honest livelihood. About 1818-20, he was employed by a hatter of York, named Wilson, but he leaving the place, Millie was again unemployed. In 1831 we find



JOSEPH MILLIE.

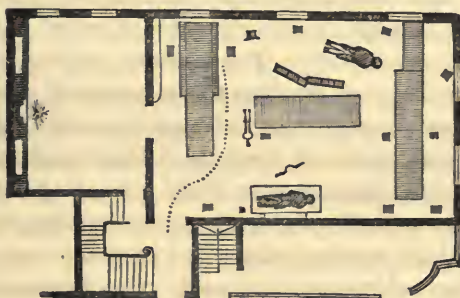
viewing the horrid spectacle had somewhat subsided, their attention was next directed to the other feature of the case. Archibald Bolam, the Actuary of the Bank, was found lying in one corner of the room, alive, but, to all appearance insensible. On raising him, it was found that blood was proceeding from a wound in the side of the neck. Surgical assistance having been procured, he was conveyed on a chair to the house of Mr. Glenton, Pilgrim-street, where he was attended by Messrs. Nesham and Walker. After his wound was dressed, and his recollection returned, he stated to Mr. Alderman Dunn, and William Woods, esq. that he had lately received one or two anonymous letters, threatening bodily harm at his dwelling at

him a schoolmaster at the Ouseburn,—and fulfilling various situations successively in Newcastle, Gateshead, and North Shields. In May 1835 his wife died, leaving him five children the youngest of whom also soon died. In 1836 he obtained employment with a millwright in Chester-le-street. He was occasionally employed in the Savings Bank, during 1838 and met his death but two days after his permanent appointment. A liberal subscription was raised for his orphan children.

* Archibald Bolam was born at Harbottle, co. Northumberland, August 9, 1797. Kept a school at Holystone—in 1813 received further instruction from George Gouinlock, who kept a respectable school in High Friar Street, Newcastle. In the same year he returned and opened a school at Caistron, near Rothbury. In 1818 employed as usher in Mr. Bruce's school, Percy Street, Newcastle, which he left in 1820. He afterwards was usher or master in other schools, and entered the Savings' Bank about 1820.



INTERIOR OF SAVINGS' BANK.



GROUND PLAN OF SAVINGS' BANK.

Gateshead, and that on Thursday evening, one had been put under the bank door. In consequence of this he went home, leaving the bank tenantless, Millie (he stated) having also left some time previous although he was in the habit of taking his tea in the bank. When he came back (continued Bolam) he found the door as he had left it, and on entering the room, saw Millie lying on the hearth rug. This he said did not surprise him, as Millie also had a key and he imagined he had laid himself down to sleep. Bolam however went towards his desk, intending afterwards to awaken the sleeper, but while in the act of opening it, he was struck, as with a fist, on the right temple, and turning round, found the blow had been dealt by a man with his face blackened, and otherwise disguised. Bolam proceeded to state that he ran shouting towards the windows, to give alarm,

but the man threatened a death like that which he had inflicted on Millie, and continuing his outcry, the man knocked him down, and he felt a cutting at his throat. He became insensible, and on recovering, he heard a noise as that of a man walking about in the waiting room, but durst not make any outcry; and that shortly after, the smoke again deprived him of consciousness. When the particulars of the case became partially known, the excitement of the populace was indescribable, and long before the time of the inquest, (which was held at two P. M.,) the long room of the "Blue Posts," in Pilgrim street, and all the approaches thereto were crowded to excess. At this examination Bolam; the eldest son of Millie, and others, the discoverers of the fire, &c., were examined. Bolam's statement was but an amplification of that before elicited. The inquest having been adjourned to Wednesday, Bolam was taken into custody and confined in the gaol, and about midnight the stiffened corse of the murdered man, was encoffined, and removed from the scene of his death. On the succeeding morning (Saturday), the publication of the evidence produced a general approbation of the measures which had been adopted by the coroner, and the current of suspicion set in strongly against the accused, which the imprisoned man was already considered. The country people, attending the markets thronged in great numbers to the scene of the murder, and hand bills were posted on Friday, offering a reward of £100. for the discovery of the perpetrator of the deed. Public opinion too, was in full sway, and various rumours were afloat respecting the present and past life of Bolam, and the seemingly unaccountable reverse the act presented to the kind conduct which had hitherto been exhibited by him towards the unfortunate deceased. On Wednesday, December 12, at two o'clock the inquest was resumed in the Police office in the Manors. The principal business transacted was the examination of Mary Walker, Bolam's housekeeper. The inquest continued during the whole of Thursday, and at half past eight P. M. on Friday, December 14, the jury returned a verdict of "WILFUL MURDER AGAINST ARCHIBALD BOLAM." The statements of Mary Walker had been so very contradictory that she was given into custody, and afterwards examined privately by alderman Batson, but no new facts were obtained and she was in consequence discharged. About the end of January or the beginning of February 1839, however, some further rumours reached the ear of the authorities, when she was again brought up, and a number of suspicious circumstances being elicited, she was committed for trial as an accessory after the fact. Bolam, who had the choice of removing the trial, remained up to a late period undecided, but he ultimately determined

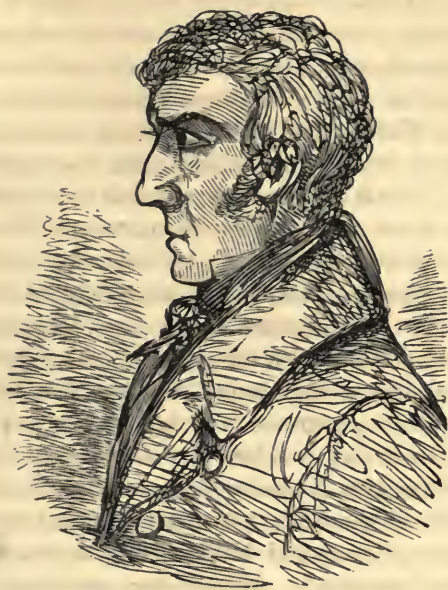
for the county. The judges were furnished with depositions of the case, and a model of the bank was prepared for the use of the jury. Bolam had a freehold estate in Hexhamshire, and some other property, all of which he conveyed over to his friends, as in the event of conviction, the whole would fall to the crown.* The greatest excitement prevailed during the period of preparation for the trial, and as the day approached, it greatly increased. March at length arrived. On the morning of Monday the fourth, at half-past six, as a precautionary measure, the prisoner † was conveyed from the gaol to the Guildhall, and lodged in one of the upper rooms of the edifice, to await the opening of the court. Long before the hour of trial the populace had assembled on the Sandhill in immense numbers, and when the doors were opened, a tremendous rush took place, and the court was instantly crowded. The gallery erected for the convenience of the reporters, was filled from end to end, and not a seat or standing place in any part of the court was left unoccupied. Mr. Dundas and Mr. Knowles the prisoner's counsel, occupied the right of the judge's seat. The prosecuting counsel placed themselves on the left. Hard by, were Mr. Swinburne the solicitor for the prisoner, Mr. J. T. Hoyle, the solicitor for the crown, Sir Gregory Lewin, the public prosecutor, Dr. Lynch, the medical adviser, and other functionaries of import. Precisely as the clock of the court struck the hour of nine, Baron Parke, the presiding judge took his seat accompanied by his colleague, Baron Alderson, with the mayor and sheriff of the town. In a few minutes the accused, dressed in a suit of black, was brought into the court, attended by the officers of police. He slowly ascended the steps leading to the bar, where, shrunken, subdued, and attenuated, he bowed low to the tribunal. The prisoner's counsel having applied for the removal of the trial to the county, he, in consequence of the irritation which existed in the public mind against Bolam at the present period, further prayed for its postponement to the summer assizes, when, he stated that the prisoner would have the benefit of a jury selected from various and remote quarters, together with the advantage of the partial subsidence (how little soever) of public opinion, induced by the delay. After a considerable discussion, in which the prosecutors denied many of the conclusions set forth by the counsel for the prisoner in his affidavit, the postponement was at last granted. The prisoner was now removed, and, if anything was found necessary to add

* This statement was publicly denied by Mr. Swinburne, his solicitor.

† As no indictment was preferred against Mary Walker, Bolam's housekeeper, she was discharged.

weight to the objections for trial at the present moment, the yells and hisses with which the prisoner was assailed, as he turned his face to the multitude, would render the matter incontestible. After quitting the court the populace remained on the Sandhall to witness the removal of Bolam. The police afraid to attempt this under present circumstances, thought to tire the multitude by delay, but it was found useless to wait, and hours passed without any material diminution either in numbers or in the patience of those who remained. At last the police adopted an ingenious device: they enveloped, from head to heels, one of their number in a large cloak, and handing him into a vehicle brought for the purpose, rapidly drove off, the crowd rushing tumultuously after, hooting and yelling, to the very gates of the prison. Meanwhile Bolam was conveyed quietly, and almost unnoticed to the cells of the Moot Hall, where he was arraigned, and pleaded "Not Guilty." His trial as postponed, was then confirmed; but subsequently some informality was discovered: the foreman of the grand jury, John Anderson, esq. was a member of the town council—a new foreman was elected—a true bill found, and the whole matter set on a proper footing.

It was thought that the interval which had elapsed since the assizes of March, would have allowed the excitement which then prevailed to an extent to which few instances present a parrallel, to have subsided, and in a certain degree this was the case. The distance to which the prisoner had been removed, having been committed to the county gaol of Morpeth, no doubt contributed to this effect, which however also may be ascribed to the silence maintained on the subject by the public prints, and the absence of any new fact calculated to clear away any part of the mysterious shroud which enveloped the history of the real features of the crime. As the period of the assize drew near, conjecture busied itself with the line of defence which would be taken by the learned counsel for the prisoner. In the course of Sunday night the 28th of July, 1839, Bolam was conveyed from Morpeth and placed in the cells under the Moot hall, in the Castle garth, Newcastle. His demeanour in prison, for some time past had been somewhat of confidence and hope of acquittal, but on the eve of trial his manner became anxious and depressed. The eventful morning came at last, the Moot-hall was densely crowded by anxious multitudes long before the hour, and by the time the trial commenced the hall exhibited an unbroken mass of human beings. Precisely at a quarter past nine, on the morning of the thirtieth of July, Baron Maule entered the court, and, almost immediately afterwards the prisoner was placed at the bar. He bowed respectfully, and then took up a position with both hands resting on the front of the dock. His plain black clothes hung



ARCHIBALD BOLAM.

loosely on him; his countenance was not such as indicated deep mental anxiety, and his features were placid, natural and composed. He appeared to view the multitude around him with a degree of astonishment, and more than once seemed to muse on the great preparations which had been made, and the extensive accommodation for the reporters of the press. During the progress of the trial he took notes, and paid great attention to the progress of the evidence. The counsel engaged were the same as at the preceding trial. The jury * having been sworn, the clerk of arraigns read over the indictment, charging the prisoner with the murder of Joseph Millie, in the parish of St. Nicholas, on the 6th day of December; on the first count, by the use of a poker; the second, by casting the deceased upon an iron fender; the third, by kicking and striking the deceased; and, on the fourth, by a combination of these modes. To this, Bolam, in a distinct and audible, but quiet voice, pleaded "Not Guilty." Sir Gregory Lewin then rose and stated the case for the prosecution, calling upon the jury to divest their minds of every preconceived notion or bias, and to give their verdict truly and solely from the evidence which was about to be brought before them.

The evidence adduced was wholly circumstantial, but it is hardly

* Consisting of gentlemen, yeomen and farmers of Northumberland.

possible even to *imagine* a case of the sort, in which so complete and continuous a body of testimony could be elicited, as in that now before us. In the abstract about to be given, one or two observations are necessary to be made: We have before adverted to the statements of Mary Walker, but as her evidence was extremely prevaricatory and was not received on Bolam's trial, it is hardly necessary to allude thereto. Yet it may be observed that her statements being in the main, fully borne out by other circumstances, it is quite certain she had assisted Bolam in cleaning his coat sleeves from the blood with which they were covered, and subsequently held communication with her master. The absence of any *then* apparent or sufficient cause for the murder of which the prisoner was accused, nay, more, the uniform and almost unexampled kindness displayed towards him by the prisoner, throughout the investigation, formed a fruitful cause for conjecture, doubt and wonder, and the very last time they were seen alive together, this character seems to have been retained to the full. The porter of the bank left about half-past three p.m. on the day of the murder, Bolam and Millie sitting together, as the witness described, "like brothers." Millie never revisited home. Bolam states that he left the bank in order to warn his housekeeper in Gateshead, of threatened injury at his house; that Millie had previously gone to his tea, and that when he entered the house he found therein his housekeeper. Now a pane of glass was heard to be broken about five o'clock, on Thursday evening, and, on examination, it was found to have been done from the outside, as by a person attempting to gain an entrance by the window. On searching Bolam's clothes a key was found which he stated was that of the front door of his house, and on trial it was found to be that of the door of the back yard. Furthermore this door was heard to be opened and shut frequently before ten on the same night; shewing it was probable that he had been to and from his house several times before that hour. Bolam was seen by two persons proceeding in a hurried and dejected manner, up the Side, past the foot of Dean-street, and onward to the higher parts of the Side, a little before seven o'clock. He was clothed as usual, and had a plaid wrapped about the upper part of his person. Such a route to his place of employment was at least an unusual one, and as he was ultimately found there, we must conclude that he had some motive for so unnecessary a circuit. However, he states that on entering the room he observed Millie lying on the hearth rug, but presuming him to be asleep he did not immediately take particular notice of him. Now, it was proved to be impossible that any one could have entered the room without discovering, perhaps *touching*, the ensanguined walls, wainscoting, and door, the

very handle of the door ; even supposing the disorderly state in which the chairs were placed, and the unusual position and appearance of the fire irons had failed to attract his attention. He proceeds to state that while at his desk, he was struck from behind, and on turning round found the blow had been dealt by a man with his face blackened. Bolam ran up towards the Pilgrim-street windows, loudly shouting for assistance, when the man threatened a death like that which he had inflicted on Millie, and getting him on to the floor, he felt him cutting at his neck. Now at the time of night at which it is professed this occurred, the streets would be full of people, and it is certain that two policemen were stationed in the immediate vicinity, and that Mr. Robson was in his shop, adjoining the bank, at the moment alluded to, yet a remarkable noise or outcry was not heard at any time, even so late as midnight, or so early as the first hour of the morning, when the fire was first discovered. Bolam then relates that he heard, at times, the man walking about in the outer room, but that fear prevented him making any attempt either at outcry or escape. He then supposes smoke or some other cause deprived him of sensibility. Passing onward to the discovery of the fire, we learn, that on entrance having been gained to the outer room, the water in the wash bason was found to be very dirty, and two stains of blood were on one of the towels. A large pile of books and papers had been heaped on the hearth in order to originate the fire, by means of which no doubt, the perpetrator had thought to destroy all traces of the crime. But of what was this pile found to consist ? things most readily procured—the books and papers in constant use—lying close by—no,—the lumber and rubbish of the bank—the old and obsolete account books—and loose and useless papers of the society, and private memoranda in Bolam's own handwriting,—which must have been brought from a safe in a remote part of the inner room—gathered with trouble—and in no case likely to prove a hindrance to the business of the bank : in one case only was one of the books of value—but even of this there was a duplicate : was this like the act of an indifferent person, who would seize what lay at hand,—was it not rather that of one intimately acquainted with the history and internal economy of the bank—one who would pause to think of the value of account books in use, and although lying close by, yet would go further for his fuel. We now refer to the evidence of Appleton the fireman :—This man stepped into the waiting room, while the other firemen were playing the water upon the door leading into the large apartment, which he then attempted to open. The door obeyed the impulse, but immediately rushed to. He again pushed it open about two or three inches,

and the door was in like manner driven back. This he tried several times, when losing patience he applied his foot, and the panel, shrunk and half-burnt, fell out,—but strange to say, the force applied proved needless: the resistance was gone and the door flung fully open. He stepped back for a minute or two and then tried to enter the room, but was compelled to return from the presence of stithe. From the noise of the flames, the shouts of the firemen, and the plashing of the water in the waiting room, he could not have heard any noise in the bank itself, and was therefore unable to make any immediate discovery of the cause of the resistance he had felt at the door. The room was perfectly dark, but a few dying embers lay in the fire grate. Groping his way, he stumbled against the body of a prostrate man, and on procuring a light, found it to be that of Millie. Moving onward, he discovered Bolam on the other side of the room, lying on his side, having his hat on his head, his plaid over his shoulders, and supporting his body on his left elbow. On the fireman recognizing him he opened his eyes intelligently, but, without seeming cause, closed them, and let himself fall to the floor. Now where he lay, there was not any blood on the floor, or was there any on the blade of the desk knife which lay on a table within his reach, but there was on that part of the table whereon the knife lay. Water was administered, and on being removed to the house of Mr. Glenton, surgeon, he cast a hurried look at his hands which did not appear bloody. Here the wound on his neck was dressed. This proved entirely superficial, and on the removal of his clothes, his body was found to bear numerous slight scratches, and his clothes were cut in various places. It is further to be remarked that the cuts on one garment did not correspond with those on the one beneath, or did the scratches or cuts on the skin in almost any case correspond with those on the clothing. Furthermore there was blood on the right hand sleeve of his shirt,—thus incontestably proving that his clothes must have been off to have inflicted the numerous and contradictory scratches and cuts—whereas his appearance when found in the bank, was that which he presented when he was observed walking up the Side. Still further it may be remarked that the sleeves of his coat bore evident marks of having been washed from blood, and on opening the lining it was found to be stained with mingled blood and water: Mary Walker indeed at one time allowed that she had “sponged his sleeves,” and a sponge which had lately been in use was found in some part of his dwelling-house at Gateshead. During the trial, the ghastly evidences of the deed were exhibited in court—the fender, poker and tongs. The prisoner followed them with his eyes, and when the ensanguined hearth rug was exhibited, a thrill of horror ran through the audience,

but the prisoner looked on, to all appearance, unmoved. The coals, wrapped in paper, and the plaid were also produced : the latter was neither stained with blood, or were there any cuts in its whole surface. The whole of the evidence having been gone through, the court was adjourned until the following morning at nine o'clock, when the prisoner was again placed at the bar. He seemed to preserve the same appearance of composure which had marked his conduct on the preceding day. He appeared to have slept well and was considerably refreshed. He bowed respectfully and then became seated. Profound silence reigned in the spacious hall while the counsel for the prisoner rose to address the jury on his behalf. This able advocate dwelt principally on the absence of any assignable motive for the deed, the excellent character almost universally assigned to the accused, and the kind demeanour he had at all times shown toward the deceased. He then proceeded to cast doubt on the construction which had been put on some part of the evidence, repeatedly drawing the attention of the jury to the fallible nature of circumstantial evidence, and guarding them against the danger of putting too much stress thereon, or being hurried away by their own first impressions, always remembering that the life of a fellow being was at stake. As might be expected he attempted to refute much, if not all of the evidence—explaining away the presence of blood on his sleeve, hinting that it might be a stain of red-ink ; the want of correspondence of the cuts on the clothes, the effect of random strokes, and the chance of the garments having been shifted from the relative position they held, from the moment of infliction to that of examination, and, among other opinions of a like sort, he did not hesitate to account for the presence of the pieces of coal, wrapped in paper, which were found in Millie's pockets, by supposing that he, being a poor man, had purloined them from the bank, intending to take them home. The learned gentleman concluded by denying the sufficiency of the evidence to convict the prisoner, and in uttering a pointed and pathetic appeal to their feelings as fellow men, earnestly expressing his belief that they would acquit the prisoner of the crime with which he was charged. On the conclusion of the defence, the prisoner seemed much affected, and indeed the impassioned energy of the speaker had not failed to produce very material effect upon every one in the court. Scarcely was there an eye undimmed during the long and eloquent address, which lasted for upwards of two hours and a half. He seemed much exhausted on resuming his seat, but remained in court during the remainder of the trial. The judge then proceeded to sum up, and in so doing, proceeded to strike out all the strong points against the prisoner, accounting for some, assigning plausible reasons for others, and deny-

ing many of the arguments which had been adduced by the public prosecutor. Indeed his whole address was more like a speech for the prisoner than a review of the evidence. He concluded by intimating that if the jury really found him guilty, then could he convict him but of manslaughter, and if they did not think him concerned in the death of Millie—then would they give him a verdict of acquittal. The jury then retired, and after an absence of three hours returned with a verdict of MANSLAUGHTER. The prisoner heard the verdict with great composure, and was directed to stand down. On the third day, Wednesday, he was again brought to the bar to receive the sentence of the court. He appeared to have lost some of his wonted composure, but did not exhibit any symptoms of great distress. The verdict having been pronounced, and the usual question of the clerk of arraigns having elicited from the prisoner a pointed asservation of his innocence, the judge addressed him at some length, stating that as the jury had found him guilty, his protestation of innocence was of no value, and he might think himself fortunate that the suggestion of manslaughter had been confirmed by the jury. The judge concluded by sentencing him to be “transported beyond the sea for the term of his natural life.” On the sentence being pronounced, there was a general expression of approbation in court, indicated by the clapping of hands, which, however, was instantly suppressed. The prisoner, who had attempted to address the judge during this manifestation of feeling, said “My lord, I regard that sentence as my death.” He was then removed from the dock, amid hissing and clapping of hands, and on his way to the cells he was understood to have said that he would rather have been hanged at once. The accommodation for the reporters was on a very extensive scale, a spacious gallery having been erected for their use above the Petty Jury Box, to which access was at all times maintained by the officers of the court. Probably there never was a case which excited so universal an interest: the representatives of most of the metropolitan newspapers were present, and the *Times* went to the expense of *expressing* the trial the whole distance to London. The verdict returned by the jury, created the utmost surprise in Newcastle, and indeed throughout the whole country. Bolam was removed to Morpeth, where he remained until Aug. 31, 1839, when he was placed on board the *Attwood* for the purpose of being conveyed on board the hulks until his sailing for Botany Bay.—*Local Papers, MS. Col., &c.*

1838 (Dec. 19).—One of those dreadful events which have had too frequently to be recorded, occurred at the Russell's Wallsend pit, situate at the village of Wallsend, near Newcastle, on the evening of the above day, Wednesday, by which, eleven lives were lost. Be-

tween six and seven o'clock that evening, the men, who were all what are called "shifters," went down the shaft to prepare the pit for the following day's working. Nothing more was heard of them until the furnace keeper was alarmed, between nine and ten o'clock, by symptoms of fire damp at the shaft. He immediately apprised other workmen of the circumstance, and they began to search the pit, when they discovered one of the bodies about twelve o'clock; another was found at half-past two o'clock, and shortly afterwards, two more were found; being four out of eleven who had unfortunately perished. The cause of the accident was not ascertained. On the morning of the occurrence, the pit appeared to be in a well-ventilated state, so much so, indeed, that it is stated the men could not work without their clothes on, on account of the cold. The pit is the same that fired little more than three years previous, by which one hundred and three unfortunate beings were killed.—*Local Papers*.

1838 (Decem.)—About the middle of this month a person in the employment of Mr. Bedlington, of Ovingham, brewer, was driving his horse, which was a blind one, and cart, from that place to Wylam; the road is close to the river, in some parts dangerously so, and the horse and cart, by some accident or other, were overturned into the river, down a steep bank, the stream running pretty strong at the time; the man, however, did not lose his presence of mind, but perceiving his horse and cart end up, though the barrels were floating in the river, very judiciously began to pilot the blind companion of his toils out of the dangerous position into which he had fallen; this he accomplished as he walked along the bank, simply with the well-known "*heck*" and "*gee*," and after guiding his steps for a quarter of a mile along the river, in the manner we have described, he had the gratification of landing him safely on shore, nothing the worse of his extraordinary adventure. It is remarkable that a little boy, a favourite of the person who was driving the cart, who has children of his own, was riding in it at the time of the accident, and was found amongst the bushes on the bank, having received no injury beyond a few scratches.—*Ibid*.

December 20.—An interesting occurrence took place in Blackett street, Newcastle. A servant girl, while engaged making up the fire, her dress ignited—she rushed to the street door enveloped in flames, alarming the street with her screams, when, the wife of captain Bathines passing at the time, with the greatest self-possession ran to her rescue, and wrapping the girl in a valuable cloak, which she had on at the time, regardless of danger, her own dress becoming ignited, she succeeded in overcoming the flames, and thereby, saved the girl's life.—*Ibid*.

1838.—The foundation stone of the Union Workhouse for Newcastle was laid on a spot of ground at the west turnpike above the cemetery.—*Local Papers*.

There were no fewer than five Quarter Sessions in the county of Durham within the year 1838.—*Ibid*.

After a year's sinking under the direction of Mr. M. R. Elliott, of Etherley, the main coal of West Auckland Colliery, six feet thick, was obtained in 1838.—*Ibid*.

This year a Roman altar was found in the foundations of a house at Hardriding, a mile from Melkridge, on North Tyne, Northumberland: recording that Decimus Caius, (the son of Arellius Victor) præfect of the second cohort of the Nervii, in the free and due performance of a vow, dedicated this altar to the god Cocidius, who was synonymous with Mars. The period is that of Hadrian. It was presented to the Society of Antiquaries, Newcastle, by sir Thomas Clavering, bart.—*Hodgson*.

This year, in the course of draining the church-yard of Long Benton, an ancient sepulchral slab of small size, bearing a cross, was found turned over on an old water channel. The cross was preserved by being inserted in the stone work on building up the chancel door* in the autumn of the same year.—*MS. Col*.

* See engraving on p. 265, vol. iv.



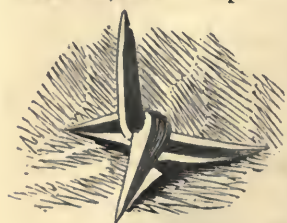
Benton, Northumberland.

CHAPTER IV.



THE year 1839 is rendered memorable by the insurrectionary movements of that section of the people of England professing the political principles set forth in the document entitled "The Peoples' Charter," and, in consequence, obtaining for themselves the appellation of "Chartists" and for their principles, "Chartism." Our business in the following sketch is to record the transactions of that body so far as they relate to the North of England ; but, before entering fully on the task, it may be well to state that for some time previous, occasional meetings had been held in Newcastle and Gateshead, advocating extended suffrage, vote by ballot, triennial parliaments, and other points propounded by the speakers, and that the council of the body entitled the "Northern Political Union" who met in November in the preceding year, pitched upon George Julian Harney as their delegate to the "National Convention," a species of parliament constituted by the supporters of Chartism, as a conclave of persons meeting for deliberation on the measures proposed as the means of establishing the "rights of the people." And now, with the turn of the year, did the Charter strike deep root. Meetings were held without number, in all the towns, villages, and hamlets in the county of Durham and on the coast of Northumberland. Orators travelled from place to place, filling the minds of the people with the result of past endeavours, and inciting them to further exertion. By the month of March, the whole of the district above mentioned was in a perfect ferment, meetings became more and more numerous, and an almost instantaneous outbreak was expected. The Winlaton Chartists, more forward

than their brethren, were active in preparing for the day of ulterior measures, and occupied every leisure moment in the manufacture of



thousands of "caltrops," an iron pronged instrument for the annoyance of cavalry, the use and history of which is too well known, to require being repeated here. These were eagerly bought up, and indeed every preparation was made which precaution would suggest. The excitement continued

to increase, and the tenor of every meeting was the adoption of compulsory measures, should the petition about to be presented to parliament be rejected. Such bold language seems to have startled even its enunciators, for at a meeting of the council of the Union on the 13th of March, 1839, it was resolved to refrain from such language while the fate of the petition was as yet uncertain, and also that the council should decline discussing the differences between Mr. Harney (their lately elected delegate) and the Convention, more especially as the majority of that body were against the conduct of that gentleman. Nevertheless the tide of insurrection continued to increase, and the first meeting of magnitude was held on Pittington hill, co. Durham, on Good Friday. The meeting, which, perhaps in consequence of the unfavourable state of the weather, was not very large, was addressed by Messrs. Knox, (one of the delegates,) Watson, O'Niel, Williams, Binns, Lawson and Batchelor, and a collection being made, the meeting dispersed. Great preparations were now being made for the proposed monster meeting on the town moor, Newcastle, on the 20th of May, but the tone of the speakers at such preparatory meetings was much subdued in consequence of the official announcements made by government, &c. An order too, was issued that sixty rounds of cartridge should be supplied to the troops throughout the country, and in preparation for contingencies, on May 15, a quantity of ammunition was conveyed from the stores at Tynemouth to Newcastle. Whit Monday, May 20, arrived, and being a fine day, a much larger number of persons attended than was expected. The greater bulk of the meeting was from the collieries, Newcastle having furnished very few, and their numbers were calculated at between 10,000 and 15,000. There were in the procession a number of banners, flags and bands of music. The meeting was addressed by Messrs. Hume, Ayre, Hepburn, Charlton, Cooke, Cockburn, Rucastle, Blakey, Harney, Mason, Currie, Knox, Devyr, Duncan, Lowrey, and Taylor. The people were recommended to continue their opposition, withdraw their money from the savings' banks, obtain necessaries by force, to arm themselves in their own defence; cessation from labour, and exclusive

dealing were also strenuously inculcated in the hope of starving the aristocracy and *shopocracy* (as the middle classes were designated) into compliance. In the evening another meeting was held on Sunderland moor. Similar language was spoken by Mr. Cooke at Usworth, co. Durham, on the 15th June, when he exhorted his hearers to further their cause, "peaceably if they could, forcibly if they must." Incited by such advice, many persons, chiefly from Seghill, Cowpen, &c. overstepped the bounds of prudence, and divers found lodgment in the prisons. On the contrary, the pitmen in many of the collieries enrolled themselves as special constables and signalized themselves by the apprehension of several disorderly people. Another large meeting was held on the Town moor, Newcastle, on June 28, being the occasion of the coronation of the Queen. And now the constables special and general, found full employ. By the beginning of July, bands of sturdy beggars were continually prowling about the counties of Northumberland and Durham, committing petty thefts and felonies, accompanying injury with insult. In one instance, four sturdy rogues took down a string of herrings from the wall of a farm house, and entering the kitchen, coolly demanded that they should be cooked. In some instances the most brutal threats were uttered, when not readily assisted with money and provision, and a great degree of alarm was created among the inhabitants of lonely places. Of however little consequence the designs of the Chartists might be considered in the aggregate, yet it was not to be expected that the attempt, how abortive soever, to keep the "sacred month," (as their proposed simultaneous cessation from labour was designated,) would be unproductive of great inconvenience to the public, besides the certainty of mischief accruing from the mere idleness of so many hundreds out of employment for even a short period. Alive to this fact, the magistratès of the district set to work right earnestly in the appointing of special constables. The mayor of Newcastle too, materially augmented the police force, and took immediate measures for the suppression of these alarming meetings which were daily becoming more and more extended, numerous, and inflammatory. Meanwhile, the people were acting on the suggestion of the speakers in every particular; money was withdrawn from the savings' banks, and invested in a manner which they persuaded themselves was more profitable. The manufacture of 'caltrops' was before alluded to, but now that of 'pike heads' was becoming more and more the staple of those whose employment it was. Immense numbers made by the Winlaton men for 4d. and 6d. a piece, were sold by them to brother Chartists for 1s. 6d. and men who formerly made less than 3s. a day, could now obtain 15s. by this illegal calling. The 'begging box' too, as it was called, was carried amongst

the shopkeepers, and those who refused to contribute were soundly threatened, and entered in a black book as 'marked men.' The convention had now acceded to the motion of Lowrey, one of the delegates, that the "sacred month" should commence on the 17th of August "when the corn is ripe, and the potatoes are in a condition to be dug"; but his constituents in Newcastle opposed its delay, and urged its immediate commencement, as many of the manufactories and collieries had struck work in anticipation of its speedy advent. The news of the outbreak at Birmingham arrived on Sunday, the 17th of July, and created a great sensation in the Chartist camp. Before noon it became pretty generally known that Dr. Taylor had been made prisoner; crowds of persons assembled at the corners of the streets, in deep and earnest discussion, and written placards were exhibited, calling a "great public meeting" in the New Lecture Room, Nelson Street, Newcastle, at six in the evening. By the hour of meeting the room was filled, but before the time the speakers arrived, it was crowded to excess, and the heat was intolerable. The speakers inculcated the purchase of arms, robbery, and instantaneous cessation from work. Such language as this, uttered elsewhere, brought Harney under the arm of the law, and near midnight two police officers arrived at Bedlington for his apprehension. He was found in bed, at the house of Mr. Henderson, surgeon, and was quickly conveyed southward, passing through Newcastle at five o'clock A.M. on Monday, and proceeding to Carlisle by the first train. On his arrival, the inn where the officer stopped, whose name was Spittle, (a Birmingham policeman) was speedily surrounded by the populace, who demanded the immediate release of the prisoner. Harney implored them to desist; a chaise was brought to the rear of the inn, and while the people were engaged in the front, Harney and his captor got in and were speedily driven off, out of the reach of opposition. Immediately on the news of Harney's apprehension, the inhabitants of the village wherein he was captured, assembled in numbers, and preceded by a band of music, entered Blyth, where they held a meeting, when the tenor of the language uttered, was so violent, that the magistrates thought it advisable to obtain the assistance of a troop of the 7th dragoons, which arrived in the course of the day. The sight of the military seemed to strike some caution into them, for although subsequent meetings were held on the same day, the language was much less violent. On the same day, pursuant to a resolution made at the meeting in the Lecture room on the preceding night, and in imitation of similar acts in Birmingham, the Chartists determined to meet *every* night for an indefinite period. This night's meeting, consisting chiefly of men from the



The FORTH TAVERN, NEWCASTLE, after the curtailment of the west wall in 1844.

surrounding districts, took place in the Forth. Some of the banners bore "pikes," but it was thought advisable to unship them on entering the town. After the meeting, they paraded the streets. On the afternoon of the next day, (July 9) two delegates (Reeves and Watson) burning with the news of Harney's arrest, arrived at Thornley, co. Durham. For some time past the workmen of this district had been in a most unsettled state, and the harangues of those persons found ready auditors. The arrest of a political leader in times of excitement is always a matter of popular interest, and doubly so when ingeniously embellished by these orators, who related that "he had been torn from bed,—from the arms of his wife, without time being allowed him to dress, and dragged to a gaol." In less than half an hour, they had got a large body of men together, who proceeded to the mouth of the pit, commanding the banksman to go down the pit and call the men to bank. He refused, and on the mob shouting down instead, the enginemen refused the aid of the engines: they then proceeded to the workshops, and despite of the counter endeavours of Mr. Wood, who had just arrived from Cassop (two miles distant), the men left their employ and joined the rabble. They then moved forward through South Hetton, and Haswell, forcing men into their ranks or brutally threatening their being "marked." It was ten p.m. when they arrived, tired and wet, at Sunderland moor, in the expectation of being at the meeting which was held there at night, but all was over when they arrived. Another meeting was to be held at ten on the next morning, but the main body rushed back to the coal waggons on the railway, and by this means arrived at home on the following morn-

ing. The men at Cowpen and Blyth remained off work during the 8th and 9th, when there was much disorderly conduct, but as no positive outrage had been committed, the military returned to Newcastle on the 10th. On the 13th a large body from the district surrounding Blyth, mostly armed, met at Scaffold hill, near Earsdon, and another was held at Fatfield, co. Durham, at which pike heads were publicly sold. Several collieries having been laid in this day, and an inflammatory placard having been circulated in Newcastle, great sensation was produced, and much alarm excited. The mayor, John Fife, esq., who had been in Scotland during the past week, arrived, when further precautionary measures were made for the preservation of peace. The council of the union (which met nightly) continuing to send out lecturers to inflame the populace, rendered such means justly necessary. Every thing was in confusion, and an outbreak was hourly expected. In consequence, a company of the 98th regiment of foot was dispatched to Durham on Sunday the 14th, but probably their presence awed the rioters, for no disturbance took place. This day too, a meeting was held in the Forth, Newcastle, when the people were urged to provide arms, but to keep them secret until they were ordered to use them! Induced by these advices the people were not slow to obey. On Monday the 15th, a man named Jacob Robinson, belonging to Winlaton, was brought up at the police office, Newcastle, charged with being disorderly, and on being searched, two pike heads, each



eighteen inches in length, were found on his person. He was immediately imprisoned. In the evening, another meeting was held in the Forth, which was unusually large, owing, it is said, to the accession of five hundred Irishmen. The people, as usual, were urged to arm, to exercise in small companies, and not to meet again in such overpowering numbers until they were all prepared with pikes to carry out the orders of their leaders. The authorities were complimented on their forbearance; indeed they had so far won the good graces of one of the speakers, that he said they should not be interfered with, so long as the Chartists were allowed to do what they liked! A still larger concourse assembled on the 16th, in expectation of news from the convention, which, however, did not arrive. In consequence of the arrival of news, on the afternoon of the 17th of July, of the recommencement of disturbances at Birmingham, increased excitement was observable, and shortly before the usual hour of meeting, a bill was issued, ordering the discontinuance of the nightly meetings after this evening, and instead, ordered them to meet in trades and

districts. At the meeting, those who had struck work were ordered to resume, until the convention should decide respecting the commencement of the "sacred month." Notwithstanding this placard which had been issued by the council of the N. P. U. recommending that neither the life or property of any person should be interfered with, Newcastle was, on the 20th, (at midnight and a few of the following hours of the next day) the scene of a violent outbreak and destruction of property to a considerable amount, and nearly too of life. A good deal of excitement evidently prevailed in the town during the whole of Saturday, and groups of people were observed at different times assembled at the corners of the principal thoroughfares. Towards evening the neighbourhood of the Side became very active and turbulent. Shortly after midnight a fight occurred at the head of the Side, just mentioned. A great crowd gathered round the pugilists, gradually increasing to several hundreds, who began to manifest indisputable signs of mischief. The policeman on duty, Cuthbert Ridley, interfered and was very roughly handled, he sprang his rattle and displayed his truncheon, in self-defence, but he was soon overpowered, thrown down, and kicked in a savage and brutal manner. Four other policemen came up just at the same time, and most of them shared a similar fate. One of them, an active officer named Leslie, was thrown down, and very much hurt about the head; a prisoner, a person named Bruce, whom he had in custody, and who was rescued by the mob, was the means of preserving his life by getting assistance and having him conveyed home in a state of insensibility. The disturbance continued at other parts of the Head of the Side, and all the persons whom the policemen had apprehended were released by the crowd, the officers all the time enduring showers of blows from the rescuing party. Ridley subsequently conveyed the other, named Southern, to the police office in the Manors. The repulsed police retreated into the open space in front of St. Nicholas' church. What was the reason of the movement, we know not, but about 10 minutes past 1, a large crowd proceeded from the Head of the Side into Queen Street, and ran along the Back Row and up the Postern towards Forth street, yelling and roaring with such uproarious violence as to rouse and terrify the sleeping inhabitants. They appeared to be pursuing some one, probably a policeman, of whom, in all likelihood, they lost sight somewhere about Forth street; and other objects failing on which to vent their excited passion, a disposition to destroy property now manifested itself in the breaking of lamps, and the adoption of the Birmingham system of throwing the streets into darkness. They returned by the Postern, breaking every lamp, and occasionally a window on their way. When they reached Westgate street, a party proceeded along Bailey gate, but the greater



OLD HOUSE, ST. NICHOLAS' SQUARE, NEWCASTLE. Removed 1838.

part pressed onward along the Back Row, which was at one time filled with people from end to end. Meanwhile the mass of the crowd returned to the Head of the Side, (which appears to have been the head quarters of the rioters) and proceeded towards Mosley street, breaking and extinguishing every gas lamp on their route, and hurraing and yelling with terrific energy, as each further approach to darkness gave additional hope of doing mischief with impunity. They stopped at the Union Bank, fronting St. Nicholas' square, and having provided themselves with half bricks from a huge mass lying near the new Corn Exchange, a large number were thrown at the policemen and at the doors and shutters of the bank, and several of the panes and part of the wood work that appeared above the outside shutters were driven in. Just previous to the attack a cry of "The Bank—the Bank" was heard by a person, residing above it, as if an attempt was about to be made to enter it with a view to plunder. Fortunately, however, the breaking of lamps and windows appeared to give the rioters the highest relish, for in a short time, they moved off in a body along Mosley street, breaking as they set off, several panes of glass and part of the window frames in the house of Messrs. Renwick, drapers. From this point scarcely a house escaped altogether uninjured, stones and half bricks being thrown more or less at

nearly all the lower windows along the western portion of Mosley street, and then proceeded to break the gas lamps, not one of which was suffered to escape. The gas was put out and the mob was left at perfect liberty to do what it liked. The respectable inhabitants of these streets were, as will naturally be imagined, dreadfully alarmed, for the triumphant yells set up after each successive act of demolition, were truly appalling. They broke a lamp or two at the foot of Grey street, and turned into Dean street committing greater destruction than before on the lamps and windows in their progress. When opposite the Tyne Mercury office they made a stand, not for a cessation of arms, or from fear of consequences; but seemingly with a determination to deal forth their most signal vengeance on these premises. They sent up a tremendous yell, which was heard at a great distance. This was the signal of attack, and immediately an immense volley of bricks were flung with great force and precision, destroying no less than thirty-eight panes of glass. Charge after charge were dispatched on their destructive mission, smashing in with a loud noise, the sashes and window shutters. Many were employed in carrying bricks from the New Corn Exchange, while the main body discharged them with great effect. Two of the policemen watching a favourable opportunity, effected their escape from the mob, and ran at full speed to the police station in the Manors for assistance. The police force was soon mustered and armed, and marched in a body to the scene of disturbance, headed by Mr. Stephens the superintendent, and inspectors Little and Grey, accompanied by the mayor and Dr. Headlam, who took an active part in directing their movements. It was near two A. M. when the force arrived, and inspector Little and sub-inspector Bell remained at a little distance behind, to see if they could recognize any active rioter, when a man named Divine, who was talking to others, remarked that the police were coming, with the mayor at their head, and said, while attempting to throw a stone at the mayor, "I'll scalp him." Inspector Bell immediately sprung forward and seized his hand while he was going to discharge the stone. The rioters astonished at the force ready to oppose them,—being without a leader, and almost wholly unarmed, fled in all directions; but afterwards began to assemble at the corners of the streets and passages, into which they sometimes retired for safety and shelter; but they were promptly dispersed by the police. During the fray, stones were flying about in all directions, and several individuals had very narrow escapes. An old file, ground down to something like a pike, was thrown at two policemen, but happily it fell between them. Had it not been for the timely arrival of the police from the principal station, Ridley and the policemen first en-

gaged, would have fallen victims to the popular fury. They were all severely wounded, one in particular, had a severe wound on the head and a deep cut on the neck just below the left ear. Several of the rioters were apprehended instantly by order of the magistrates, and a number of others were afterwards taken. After two A. M. tranquility was in a measure restored, but the police continued to perambulate the principal thoroughfares and disperse the people collected in groups. At three A. M. the streets seemed perfectly quiet. Ten prisoners were taken to the station house during the disturbance, and in the course of the day were removed to the gaol for safety. Dean-street and Collingwood-street were visited by thousands of persons in the course of the day, the town being in a state of great excitement. The broken lamps were substituted during the afternoon, and every precaution was taken by the authorities to obviate a repetition of the outrages at night. This riot had an evident effect on a portion of the lower classes, and many who were tipsy towards Sunday evening would be content with nothing but fighting with the police, and threatening that they would soon be all annihilated. It was not found necessary to call out the military, as the police force was well organized and performed their duty manfully; but a messenger had been despatched to the barracks immediately on the outbreak becoming known at the Manors, and the soldiers were all mounted and drawn out in the barrack yard, awaiting the order of the magistrates, who were prepared to act with promptitude had any contingency required additional aid. A number of Mr. Grainger's workmen were paid off on the Saturday, and the conduct of some of them about the Side during the day did not pass unobserved by the police, who, however, had not deemed active interference necessary. There was a strike amongst the shoemakers also, which greatly increased the number of the unemployed.

On Monday July 22nd,* Archibald White, Peter Flannaghan, John Sutherland, John Thompson, William Campbell, Peter Divine, Peter Brown, Barnard Flannaghan, and Thomas Owen, were brought up for examination. Sutherland was discharged as he had only fought

* Messrs. Williams and Binns, of Sunderland, who had for some time distinguished themselves as chartist leaders, were on the afternoon of this day, committed for trial at the then Durham assizes, for holding a seditious meeting a week before. They were liberated on bail, themselves in £300, and two sureties in £200 each. They were further charged with publishing a handbill entitled an "Address to the Middle Classes," for which they were also bailed in precisely the same amounts, and by the same persons. Much excitement was caused by this arrest, and a meeting was held on the same night on Sunderland Town-moor, which two of the magistrates attempted to address but without effect. The meeting separated peaceably.

in self-defence, Peter Flannaghan was ordered to pay a fine of 20s. and 2s. 6d. costs, and in default of payment to be committed for a month. The remainder of the prisoners* were remanded until the day following, when they were brought up, and again remanded, principally on account of the non-attendance of Leslie, who was in a very precarious state. The chief evidence adduced this day, was that of an inhabitant in Dean-street, who stated that having gone near to a group of persons, standing in St. Nicholas' church-yard, he overheard them talking of the facility with which the town could be fired, and the supply of water cut off. No doubt this was seriously meditated at one time, as from the evidence adduced, it appeared that the word "fire" was several times heard among the crowd. None of this could, however, be brought home to the prisoners, though all of them were identified as being concerned in the riot. As the magistrates could not get through with the witnesses they adjourned to the following morning, when the evidence of Leslie and two labourers were taken, and the prisoners were all committed for trial at the ensuing assizes,† on the charge of committing a riot, &c. As was to be expected this outrage, considerably increased the alarm existing among the peaceable inhabitants of the town, and the general opinion was that some decided measures ought immediately to be adopted, to prevent the repetition of such a scene. At night the chartists assembled in considerable numbers in their usual place of meeting; when it was said that "when the working man refused to work, business would be at an end, and the favoured few would find out what they could do without the Chartist. They (the shopocracy) would be reduced to eternal beggary." The meeting was instructed to conduct itself in an orderly manner, and it then marched in procession, in number about 1200, to the Side, where they dispersed. They made incessant shoutings and cheerings, causing the most terrible din heard for some time. A special meeting of the Town Council of Durham was held on July 22, when resolutions were passed for the swearing in of special constables, which on the two following days, was carried into effect before the county magistrates, when most of the respectable inhabitants were duly appointed. The magistrates of Newcastle issued

* A dagger found on one of the prisoners had the imprint of Crowley, Millington, and Co. on the shaft, and the conclusion was that it had been manufactured out of materials belonging to that firm, who have extensive Iron Works on the Tyne.

† At the Assizes held on Tuesday, July 30, before Mr. Justice Coltman,—a verdict of guilty was returned against Flannaghan, Divine, and White. Flannaghan was sentenced to 18 months, Divine 12 months, and White 6 months imprisonment in the house of correction with hard labour. The other prisoners were acquitted.

a placard threatening imprisonment to any one who was found unlawfully obtaining money from the inhabitants,* and the authorities of Gateshead held a meeting in the Town hall, when sixteen additional policemen were appointed, who with their brethren, (in addition to their usual duties) were directed to apprehend all able bodied mendicants. The whole of the gentlemen present, excepting the magistrates enrolled themselves as special constables, and the list remained open. Another meeting was held in the Forth on Tuesday evening, the 23rd of July; but on the 24th, the mayor, John Fife, esq. issued an order for the dispersion of any meetings held within the borough, and that those who were found to take part in such meetings should be punished according to law. On the same day, the mayor also issued a bill inviting the inhabitants who were willing to serve as special constables, to send their names and residences to the police office in the Manors, on or before the 26th, when a day would be appointed for swearing them in. On the 27th another bill was issued, inviting all gentlemen desirous of serving as special constables, and having horses, to attend mounted at the Manors at 5 o'clock P.M. on the same day. The out pensioners too, residing in Newcastle, were requested by the same medium on the 31st to attend at the police office to be sworn in as special constables. By these means upwards of six hundred of the inhabitants were sworn in, and commenced a regular system of discipline under the care of military men, so as to be a body effective on an emergency. On the 29th too, the mayor issued another manifesto, cautioning the members of the N. P. U. or other illegal societies, against holding meetings, inducing others to become members, or levying contributions for their support; threatening a fine of twenty pounds on conviction.† Notwithstanding which, on the 30th of July, a number of individuals from Blaydon and Winton, marched into the town armed with sticks, and preceded by a band of music. They proceeded to Gateshead, and in a short time returned, reinforced on their way toward the Forth for the purpose of holding a meeting pursuant to their often expressed

* The *Newcastle Journal* says—"It has been stated to us, that delegates from the body calling itself the Northern Political Union, have been going about collecting subscriptions for the National rent, and using intimidations to effect that purpose. Two men, one of which carried a deal box, bound with tape, and sealed, with a hole in the lid for the introduction of the receipts, called at the shop of our informant the other day, and, on his refusing to comply with the extortionate demand, he had the satisfaction of beholding his name written down as a marked man. The same thing has been done elsewhere through the town." The above is not the solitary act of the Newcastle chartists; similar proceedings took place in various towns.

† This evening, from a dozen to twenty men were observed privately drilling in a secluded lane in the suburbs of Gateshead.—*G. Obs.*

intention, and in spite of all authority. Shortly afterwards the mayor, accompanied by Dr. Headlam and Mr. John Brown, clerk to the justices, left the Manors, and appeared on horseback in Mosley-street. They were speedily surrounded by a number of individuals from the main body of the mob. To these the mayor spoke respecting the impropriety of their disturbing the peace of the town, and exciting alarm in the minds of the peaceable inhabitants, urging upon them the necessity of returning to their homes. The magistrates then proceeded, and on reaching Collingwood street they came in collision with a body of chartists, when the mayor seized hold of a banner and the banner-bearer, commanding an instant surrender, but he refusing, a sharp struggle ensued, in which, a tailor from Whittingham received a wound from a sword in the abdomen, and was instantly conveyed to the Infirmary. Dr. Headlam, and two gentlemen passing, came up and assisted the mayor; but being overpowered by numbers, the man broke away, and the whole body was suffered to proceed. They went along Collingwood street, part of Westgate street, stopped a short time at the Spital, and then went



The North Side of the CHANCEL of the CHAPEL of the HOSPITAL of S. MARIE: Westgate, Newcastle.
Demolished 1844.

to the Forth. And now the authorities commenced their operations. The whole of Westgate street, the Spital, the Forth, and indeed every piece of ground about the place was densely crowded, with people, witnesses and the witnessed, every available point that offered

itself for a better view was eagerly sought after and fought for—every projection, heap, wall, railing or window in sight were filled. The remains of the ancient and venerable town wall was so covered with human beings that hardly any part of it could be seen, this coupled with the continual noise of voices, the excited faces of the rioters, the approach of the police, and the consternation produced by them, together with the sea of human heads rushing along when successfully charged by the municipal forces, caused a scene such as has seldom been witnessed. Between 8 and 9 o'clock the whole of the special constables, headed by alderman Ridley, alderman Dunn, Robert Plummer, esq., and W. Loraine, esq., marched from the Manors station, and were met by the police who came down Westgate street. The mayor and alderman Headlam then rode along to the Forth in order to induce the people to return home peaceably and orderly. They left the Forth, but followed the mayor back to Westgate street, purposely to parade the streets as they had frequently done before. Dr. Headlam having been left a little in the rear of the authorities, who rode towards Westgate street, the mob assailed him in a most furious and cowardly manner, with stones flung from all sides, one of which struck off his hat, and he was forcibly dragged from his horse, but happily he received no bodily injury. He then joined the mayor, and the chartists followed, but their further progress was arrested by about seventy of the police, armed with cutlasses, who forming into a square, opposed an efficient barrier against their entrance into the town. In this state of affairs the riot act was read, but the people disregarding its salutary caution did not show any disposition to move, and the whole body of police, who were headed by the mayor, were ordered to move forward. The two conflicting parties closed, the banners were seized, the mayor having hold of one, and in a few moments they were all in the hands of the police, but not before one of the banner bearers was severely wounded. The mob—uncommanded and unarmed, at least to any extent—made a precipitate retreat until they reached near to the Forth, where they halted. Several heaps of stones were lying at the side of the road, and arming themselves with quantities of these they assailed the police in turn with repeated volleys; but two or three were made prisoners in the act of discharging these missiles, and upwards of twenty of the rioters were discovered to have pikes in their possession. Meanwhile, information had been sent to the barracks, and a troop of cavalry and some infantry were speedily dispatched, and proceeding to the open space near the Grammar school, offered an effectual barrier to the mob. The chartists not showing any disposition to move off, the cavalry marched along

driving the people before them, who to escape the horses hoofs fled in all directions. Every outlet was crowded with fugitives who each strove to reach a place of safety first—creating a scene of indescribable confusion. The whole or part of the infantry stretched across the street from the Grammar school to the opposite house, facing St. John's church, with their bayonets fixed and pointing to the ground, thus preventing any one from entering the Forth, at least by the broadest passage. While thus employed the police and special constables occupied Westgate-street, which was densely crowded with spectators, and whom they attempted to disperse, but as they were so closely packed, little could be done in that way. Now and then a report arose in the crowd that the infantry were about to fire, and spreading instantaneously, a terrible rush was made to one side to avoid it; but when the military were seen still unmoved, the alarm ceased and they immediately rushed back again, rapidly occupying their former station. After remaining a short time at this point, the infantry marched toward the Forth in the rear of the dragoons. Four prisoners in the custody of the police were at this time taken to the Westgate station house; one of whom, named John Sterling, a shoemaker in the Castle Garth, was subsequently taken to the Infirmary, as he had received a severe wound in the abdomen by a cutlass.

There was now no decided and numerous mob to disperse, but great numbers of people still remained in the streets, seemingly with not the most peaceable intentions. The military were therefore in particular requisition, who assumed their inert duties in this way about ten o'clock. The dragoons were astonishingly effective. Galloping along the streets, up passages and lanes, they spread terror in every direction, the streets were soon cleared, the affrighted people rushing to any place where shelter could be found, and as soon as the danger was passed returned to their homes as quick as possible. One dragoon or artilleryman, whether from design or in the excitement and heedlessness of the moment, rushed down the Arcade at full speed, and without pulling back, flew down, horse and man, the steep and lengthy flight of steps leading into the Manors, and wonderful to relate, neither the horse or his rider received any damage whatever. Mr. Dunn and Mr. Plummer with a strong body of police, proceeded down the Side and other places, clearing the streets as they went on. In the Side they entered a publick house where they found between sixty and seventy persons, chiefly chartists, on one of whom (a man named George Harrison), was found an old bayonet; he was immediately taken into custody. After the riot was supposed to be quelled, a strong guard of soldiers was placed



THE UNION BANK, S. NICHOLAS'S SQUARE, NEWCASTLE. DEMOLISHED AUGUST 1843.

in St. Nicholas' square for the night, the thoroughfares of the neighbourhood were stopped, and no person was allowed to pass unless he could give a good account of his intentions, the town having been placed, in fact, under martial law. The rioters who had been secured were afterwards conveyed from the station house to the gaol, (amounting to about thirty) under a strong escort of soldiers. Colonel Campbell at the request of the magistrates placed a guard over the gaol, and patrols of military occupied the streets till daylight, when peace and quiet having been restored, they were marched off to the barracks.* Early on the next day† (31st) the mayor issued a bill cordially thanking the special constables for their assistance on the preceding night, and strongly recommending that the peaceable inhabitants should

* The riot act was read four times, twice by the mayor in the Scotswood-road, and in St. Nicholas' square; once by Mr. Ald. Dunn in Westgate-street. On the same day on which the riot occurred, the magistracy of Northumberland met during the midsummer General Quarter Session, (adjourned until this date) at the Moot Hall, and passed a series of decisions for the prevention of a strike, the protection of the well-disposed, the punishment of offenders, and requiring the N. N. V. Cavalry to hold themselves in readiness for an emergency. On the 9th of August they issued a bill enforcing these points.

† True bills were found by the Grand Jury at the Assizes for Newcastle, held in the end of July, 1839, against Messrs. O'Brien, Ayre, Mason, Thomason, and Devyr, for using seditious language at the meeting held on Sunday evening, July 7; also against John Bell, for printing and publishing a seditious libel, contained in a bill addressed to the middle classes, and against Robert Blakey, proprietor of the Northern Liberator, for a libel published in that paper. With the exception of O'Brien, the whole of the prisoners had been apprehended, and they entered into sureties to appear and take their trials at the next Assizes. Thomason was apprehended on Thursday, August 1, at Stockton, by Mr. Henderson, superintendent of police there, and was brought into Newcastle on the next day. August 21-23, Thos. Brown, John Tweddale, and Wm. Stephenson, were committed for the like offence, but liberated on bail.

either become special constables or remain in their houses after night-fall, as by swelling the crowd, they exposed themselves to danger, and materially increased the difficulties which the authorities experienced in clearing the streets of disorderly persons. On the 2nd of August, a considerable number of special constables were sworn in, in the neighbourhood of Winlaton, and a similar ceremony took place at North Shields on the next day, when a great number of persons presented themselves. On the 6th of August, the Chartists refrained from their usual assemblages in the Forth, and betook themselves to the Music Hall, when the language was most violent. A meeting of the special constables was held in Newcastle, on Friday afternoon, Aug. 9, John Fife, esq. mayor, in the chair, who stated that the Home Secretary, lord John Russell, would view with satisfaction the formation of a volunteer rifle corps in this locality: the intimation was siezed with honourable avidity, and resolutions were passed to take the necessary steps to organize such a force forthwith, in defence of life and property at this season of excitement and peril.* On Saturday the 10th of August, four individuals of the name of Devyr, Hume, Thomason and Bell, were arrested, the three former for having used seditious language in Newcastle; the latter (Bell), for having printed a highly seditious and inflammatory placard, calling on the industrious classes to observe rigidly, the "sacred month," and by that means to demonstrate to their oppressors, as the middle and higher classes of society were by them designated, their power in the state. The first and the two last of these four, had already been held to bail for contempt of the laws at the time of the assizes, only a fortnight previous. Generally speaking however, an excellent spirit animated the great mass of the operatives of the town. It was the vicinago of the collieries, the iron works at Winlaton, and other places of a like importance and character, that poured into the town the extreme movement men, to the great terror of the peaceable inhabitants; though it must be confessed that the magistrates by their vigorous administration in a great degree put down the agitation in the town, and the capture of these and other prominent individuals would doubtless tend to render their efforts less and less availing in carrying on their designs. About this time a body of military from Newcastle and Tynemouth, and the presence of a number of magistrates, prevented the breaking out of disturbances in the village of Seghill. On the 10th, upwards of 100 pitmen from Seghill came to the justice room at North Shields, with the avowed intent of being made constables, but not more than twenty would take the oath. On the

* In this matter R. M. Glover, Esq., M D., took a prominent part.

same day the magistrates of South Shields attended, (as also on the 12th and 13th) for the same purpose in the Town hall, when upwards of one thousand persons were sworn; consisting of a great number of the inhabitants of the town and vicinity, among whom were several of Messrs Cookson's men, and nearly all the pilots. In compliance with a request from the magistrates, the home secretary had given an order for a supply of arms, and the stationing of a sloop of war at the mouth of the Tyne.* The 12th of August, being the day appointed for the "general strike" ordered by the convention, a good deal of uneasiness was manifested during the morning. It was soon however ascertained that but three or four of the collieries in the district had suspended operations, and that in the town scarcely a single regular labourer was out of employment. In the course of the forenoon, troops were ordered down to Cramlington, Seghill and Winlaton, where the pitmen had "struck," and the whole police force were in readiness to interpose should any disturbance take place. About 11 o'clock a placard was posted at the foot of Dean street, directing "the men of the strike" to meet in the Forth, at two o'clock P.M. but only about thirty persons obeyed the call, thereby plainly and indisputably shewing the way in which the measure was regarded by the working classes generally. It may be proper to state that the resolution of the convention, repudiating the "strike" at the present time, had no effect whatever in checking the movement, as in Newcastle and its vicinity, the chartist leaders made the greatest efforts to organize the men, and effect a general cessation of labour throughout the locality. The most perfect tranquillity reigned in the town during the whole day, and it was not expected that any disturbance would arise.† In consequence of information received late on Tuesday evening, August 13, that it was apprehended some attempt might be made by the chartists from Seghill to lay off the collieries in the neighbourhood of Earsdon, particularly Backworth, (which had been at work that day,) the magistrates of North Shields requested Major Reid, the commander of Tyne-mouth castle, to dispatch a strong column of infantry to the Ears-

* Monday afternoon August 12th a large quantity of cutlasses, pistols, and other arms were brought into North Shields, and several were distributed on the following morning to a number of military and naval pensioners who had previously been sworn to "obey our sovereign lady the Queen." Some of the specials and the police were also provided with weapons, these were drilled in the exercise of the cutlass and pistol every Tuesday and Friday evening, in the yard attached to the house of correction. They were mustered by a man armed with a sword and pistol, who at convenient distances sounded a bugle.

† At night (August 12.) Bronte O'Brien, charged with sedition, was arrested in London, by a Newcastle police officer, upon the warrant of judge Coleridge. He was liberated on bail.

don district, which was so promptly attended to, that within twenty minutes after receiving the requisition, the troops were on their march, and got to Holywell colliery at half-past two in the morning, but finding the men inclined to go to work, and no attempt made to stop Backworth, the troops marched back to Earsdon, and shortly after, one half of them returned to their quarters at Tyne-mouth; the remainder marched forward to Seghill, and took up their quarters there, where they found a party of dragoons, who shortly after took their departure for Newcastle, with some violent chartists whom they had apprehended.* In consequence of the presence of the troops, the village remained perfectly quiet all night, and after some hesitation on the part of the pitmen, about one half of them went to work at the Seghill colliery, and it was expected from the sudden turn of many of them, that the remainder would be at

* A daring attack and attempt to fire was made on Thursday August 16th, or Friday morning August 17th, upon the Barrington colliery, near Bedlington, by several men connected with the Chartists in that neighbourhood, who fired upon the agent of the colliery (Mr. John Carr, an inoffensive and respectable man) and his assistants. Luckily the shot did not take effect, and Mr. Carr and the others defended themselves gallantly. A number of men were sent from the Iron works to protect the colliery, but the villains had made their escape without doing any damage except destroying some of the workmen's tools. The parish of Bedlington was at this time protected by only one policeman, and consequently the chartists carried on their proceedings with impunity, to the terror of the peaceable and well-disposed inhabitants. The owners of the colliery offered a reward of £50 for the apprehension of the person who fired at Mr. Carr.—(*Newc. Jour.*, *Dur. Adv.*) The system of exclusive dealing was carried to a laughable extent in Newcastle, as also in Sunderland, about this time. A gentleman who had long been in the habit of paying a visit to a barber's shop in Blackett-street, Newcastle, on calling one morning as usual, found the "hall deserted" and on looking round the following important announcement, posted in the shaving shop, caught his eye:—"Notice.—Any person frequenting this shop and acting as special constable will refrain from coming here in future. Signed, G. Smith." Having read this wonderful document, and being compelled to own the "soft impeachment" he turned round, and was about to take his departure when he met the shop boy, whom he thus accosted: "Well my lad I need not come here any more it seems?" "Are you a special constable, sir?" was the prompt reply. "Yes," responded the gentleman, rubbing his face significantly. "Then you can't be shaved here" rejoined the lad, with a chuckle of delight which he half attempted to conceal. Our informant urged the necessity of the case and his claim as an old and constant customer, but his entreaties and remonstrances were alike in vain—the chartist fiat had gone forth. "Special constables shall henceforth shave themselves, or be content to wear their beards." (*Newc. Jour.*) August 22nd 1839, Mr. Smith, who refused to shave special constables, was taken to the police station, for being drunk. He was brought up this day, but he was so tipsy, that he was remanded and afterwards liberated on bail. On Friday the 23rd he was again brought up, and complained that he had been badly used by the police in the station house. Mr. Inspector Little described the conduct of Smith as being very aristocratical. The police went through all the cook-shops in the town to get him something to eat, but he refused to eat anything until they got him *roast beef*. Smith was reprimanded and discharged.



The POLICE OFFICE, and the HOSPITAL of the HOLY JESUS, Manors, Newcastle (1843).

work in a day or two. After the swearing in of a number of special constables by the magistrates and taking the necessary steps to prevent any breach of the peace, the troops returned to their quarters at Tynemouth. A party of cavalry and infantry were sent off to Blyth and the neighbourhood on Monday morning the 18th; but before they had proceeded far on the road, they received counter-orders and returned. A number of prisoners were brought into Newcastle from that neighbourhood in the evening, under an escort of police, and lodged in the Moot-hall prison. If the commencement of the "sacred month" was a failure, it might now be said to have been wholly abandoned. During the first week some men were apprehended in the colliery districts for absenting themselves from their employment, and were committed to prison; but generally speaking the work in the collieries had been resumed. Indeed some of them did not hold out longer than one day. It may afford some amusement to the reader, when he is told that an amendment was passed unanimously at a meeting at Kerrimuir in Scotland, recommending that the month should be reduced to *two days*. Such was the way in which the people held the measure.

Chartism was now sensibly on the decline, many of their newspapers altogether ceased or greatly fell off in their circulation, and the tone of the orators, both written and spoken, was much milder. About the 20th, Blyth was visited by a company of the 98th regiment, and a large body of police from Newcastle, who effectually silenced the tumultuous inhabitants, and captured and brought to Newcastle, seven, who were summarily dealt with. Eight others, against whom warrants were issued, had decamped. At Cowpen square too, the colliers had fortified the outlets of their rows of dwellings, which, as the name imports, are in the form of a square, with entrances at the corners, and bodies of men were posted at these points with such arms as they could get; but the alarm of a troop of cavalry suddenly coming by Bebside, threw them into disorder, and a body of police entering at the moment, captured a number of the ringleaders, who were instantly marched off to Newcastle.* In order to carry out the principle of exclusive dealing, the chartists, on Tuesday night August 27, met in the Groat market Newcastle, when and where they established a "Joint Stock Provision Store"† in shares of ten shillings each, payable by instalments of one shilling per week; ‡ and a great number of persons purchased shares. Some of the poor deluded colliers who were languishing in the gaols, besought the pardon and intercession of their respective employers. Dr. John Taylor who had long excited the attention of the police, had announced that he would deliver a lecture in Newcastle on November 12th, but being in Carlisle a few hours previous, the magistrates of that place issued a warrant against him, and two policemen were ordered to proceed to Newcastle in pursuit. These however did not keep their own counsel, and the circumstance being mentioned to Taylor, he forgot his promise to attend the meeting at Newcastle. In the evening a man dressed like Taylor entered the lecture room, and was in a trice siezed by the Carlisle police officers, who were waiting to receive the doctor on his arrival: they very naturally supposed they had secured the object of their solicitude, and conveying him to the Westgate station, he was placed before Mr. Inspector Little, when taking off his hat he pronounced himself to be William Byrne, one of the Chartist orators. He was shortly discharged, affecting a great deal of annoyance at his detention, and resuming his disguise, left the office. Meanwhile the meeting was

* 20th of August the stables of the castle of Durham were converted into barracks in order to accommodate a detachment of military, to be ready on emergencies.

† Suggested by Dr. John Taylor.

‡ This was held in a room in an entry in the Side, near the foot of the Butcher Bank, and existed until February 1842, when quarrels among themselves, put an end to it.

entertained with a description of the means taken to make Byrne personate Taylor, hoping that the scheme would facilitate his escape. On the 14th, however, he was arrested at Melmerby, co. Cumberland, and brought to Carlisle on the same evening. He was charged with the delivery of seditious language at that city on the 24th of August preceding, and was committed for trial at the assizes, but liberated on bail. While in prison, his hair, which was black, was materially shorn of its length, and at a meeting held in Newcastle shortly afterwards, the auditory were informed that "every hair that was cut off would have to be answered for by the head of an oppressor." We have now nearly brought our sketch to a close: there is but little to add. What the Chartists called a Convention for the Northern and Border Counties, was now agitated, and at a meeting held in the Joiner's Hall on Saturday, November 30th, two persons were elected as delegates at the coming meeting: and although the language uttered by one of them (James Ayre) at a meeting held on the 20th of January 1840, exceeded in virulence all that had preceded it, yet the close of the year, or possibly this very speech, seemed to have terminated the *organization*, if it might be so called, of that which had lasted a year; for although the excitement continued for some time afterwards, it was like the gradual subsidence of the troubled sea, after a night of storm, of strife and turmoil.*

* After this period the proceedings of the chartists are almost wholly unworthy of notice, but it may be as well shortly to record the leading incidents: In April there was an attempt to re-organize the N. P. U., and on November 30th a procession of about four hundred persons celebrated the liberation of Messrs. Collins, Byrne and others, who had arrived from Carlisle, after undergoing detention for their past language. The insurrection of 1842 did not pass without imitators in the north, but the prompt dealings of the magistrates effectually prevented even the apprehension of anything serious, and since that period the records are unmarked.



CHAPTER V.



N Monday, the 7th of January, 1839, the town and neighbourhood of Newcastle was visited by a tempest which, as regarded resistless fury and appalling magnitude, had not been equalled in this part of the country, and which bore a closer resemblance to a West Indian tornado than the storms which, however fierce, visit the temperate regions of our globe. The weather for some days previous had been remarkably fine, the skies clear, and evenings frosty. On the evening of Friday preceding there was a slight fall of hail, and on Saturday a storm raged with considerable violence, attended with rain and sleet, which subsided towards evening. The sky was much overcast on Sunday, showers fell during the day, and the weather appeared to get more unsettled as evening approached. Before midnight the wind, which had been exceedingly boisterous during the entire day, increased in violence, and continued to blow in tremendous gusts from the S.S.E. till towards the morning, when it shifted to the Southward, and afterwards to the Westward, increasing in violence as it changed. About three in the morning it returned to about W.N.W., at which point it remained with little variation. It is impossible to describe the sensation felt during this period. Impenetrable darkness veiled the face of nature; and when a sudden crash awoke the inmates of a dwelling, they knew not where to look for shelter amidst the ruin which surrounded them. Many families suffered more from fright occasioned in this way than from personal injury sustained. At length morning dawned on a scene of devastation such as few have witnessed. Bricks, slates, and tiles, in broken fragments, lay scattered over the streets, in every direction, as if the town had stood a siege. No one ventured abroad that could

possibly avoid it, and every thoroughfare was literally deserted. Houses remained closed up, and shops unopened, whilst the work of destruction proceeded with increased fury as the day advanced. Between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, the progress of the storm was arrested, and before night had set in it had entirely subsided. The injury done to public buildings in Newcastle was very considerable, and of these the Infirmary, from its elevated situation, suffered most. Three stacks of chimneys fell, with a tremendous crash, upon the roof, passing through, and carrying with them the tiles and timbers. The roof of the west wing was almost stripped; upwards of thirty panes of glass were broken, the lead on the roof was rolled up, and other damage done, amounting to from £150 to £200. Twelve large trees in the walks and grounds were blown down; and it is not unworthy of notice, as shewing the violence of the storm, that a slate came down with such force that it stuck nearly two inches deep into a door frame, where it remained. The Assembly rooms were also much injured, a stack of chimneys having fallen through the roof into the large room, where its progress was arrested. The hall of the Literary and Philosophical Society did not sustain much injury, but the sheet lead on the roof was torn up with great violence, and carried by the wind more than a hundred yards, where it alighted on a blacksmith's shop, fortunately without further accident. Much apprehension was at one time entertained for the safety of the beautiful steeple of St. Nicholas, but it withstood the tempest admirably. The balustrades of the Royal Arcade were completely destroyed, and the glass domes on the roof were more or less broken. The Grey monument was observed to rock to and fro when the storm was at its height, but it suffered no injury, although the wind had free access through the door at the top of the column, which was open, to the interior of the erection. St Thomas' chapel sustained considerable injury, several of the spires having been broken off and fallen through the roof. One fragment came very near the organ, which, however, escaped unhurt. The primitive methodist chapel, in Nelson street, was injured by the falling of a stack of chimneys, which penetrated the roof, and a few squares of glass were broken by the wind. In the Wesleyan chapel, Blenheim street, twenty three squares were broken. There was scarcely a private building in the town which escaped damage in some degree. The injury done in this way having been from the falling of chimnies, or from the wind tearing off the roof. A tall chimney attached to the brew-house of Mr. Strachan, Barras bridge, between fifty and sixty feet in height, fell with a tremendous crash, upon the work-shops of Messrs. Burnup and Co. The men were all at work at the

time, and had it not been for some large bars of iron which were fortunately lying across the beams of the shop, the consequences might have been of a very serious nature. As it was they escaped uninjured. Two houses at Brandling place were blown to the ground, and the inmates were saved with difficulty. The wands of the Newcastle Subscription Water Company's wind mill, near the Grand Stand, were forced round with such velocity, that by the friction of the machinery, the mill was set on fire. Fortunately by timely assistance, the flames were extinguished without much damage being done. The bark mill of Mr. Beaumont, in Darn Crook, also received much injury, the wands of the mill being torn off with considerable violence, and after hovering a little time in the air, fell into St. Andrew's church yard, adjoining, with a tremendous crash ;



The CHURCH of S. ANDREW : Newcastle upon Tyne: South Porch of the Chancel and the South Transept during the demolition of the latter in October 1844.

a shed for drying skins, upwards of three stories high belonging to Mr. Arundale, skinner, Gallowgate was completely demolished. A little before one o'clock at noon, a sheet of lead weighing 18cwt. 2qrs. 14lb. was torn from the top of Mr. Baird's house, in Northumberland street, and carried off by the violence of the tempest across the street, flying over the head of a man who was passing at the time, and dashing with considerable violence against the parlour windows of Miss Coward's house, opposite, literally shivering the glass, frames and shutters of the two windows to pieces. The inmates, who were in the parlour, providentially perceiving the lead coming, rushed out and escaped unhurt.—The chimney of Mr. M'Cree, at the end of Lisle street, fell down upon the building of Mr. Robson, adjoining, through the roof into the room below. No

one, however, was injured. At the Crown and Thistle inn, in the Groat market, a stack of chimnies fell through the roof and ceiling of three bed-rooms, in one of which a gentleman was in bed, but he fortunately escaped unhurt. The chimnies of the house occupied by Mr. Hodgson Hinde, in Westgate street, fell through the roof of the adjoining house, occupied by Mr. Mossman, part of the materials falling into the bed which the servant had just left. At the Leazes terrace, the chimnies of the house occupied by Miss Davies fell through the roof of the house inhabited by the rev. Dr. Lockhart, directly into the bed from which his two servants had risen a very short time before ; and almost at the same moment the rev. Dr.'s chimnies fell through the roof of the adjoining house. A chimney was blown down at the George inn, and fell through the roof into an apartment where a gentleman was sleeping, but he escaped unhurt. At Mr. Armstrong's, opposite St. Thomas' chapel, a stack of chimnies fell through the roof of an adjoining house, and the roof was completely taken off some apartments which had been recently added to the back of the premises. A stack of chimnies fell from Mr. Bruce's academy, in Percy street, upon the back part of the Cock and Anchor public-house, which it completely demolished. A stack of chimnies at the police-station, Prudhoe street, was thrown down into a yard immediately adjoining. In Northumberland court, several chimnies were blown down ; one belonging to the house of inspector Gray broke through the roof of the adjoining house, breaking the bed in pieces. In Mackford's entry, a stack of chimnies came down upon a house occupied by several tenants, and fell into a room where two children were in bed, but they happily were not hurt. In Elswick terrace, two chimnies belonging to the houses, No. 35 and 36, fell through the roofs into the rooms below, but without doing further damage. In Blackett street, a stack of chimnies fell into the house of Mr. Ryder, and two children had a narrow escape. In the buildings surrounding the Butcher market, a great many stacks of chimnies were blown down, some falling through the roof of the market, and others through the roofs of the adjoining houses, and though no lives were lost, many persons had very narrow escapes. In one of them the chimnies fell close to the side of the bed where a female and a little boy were sleeping. One of the greatest sufferers in this quarter was Mr. Bamford, in Nelson street, in whose house several of his neighbours had taken refuge after their own apartments had been rendered untenable, and when they were sitting down to dinner, a stack of chimnies fell through the roof with a tremendous crash, breaking through the attic floor, carrying every thing with it to the room below, where the party

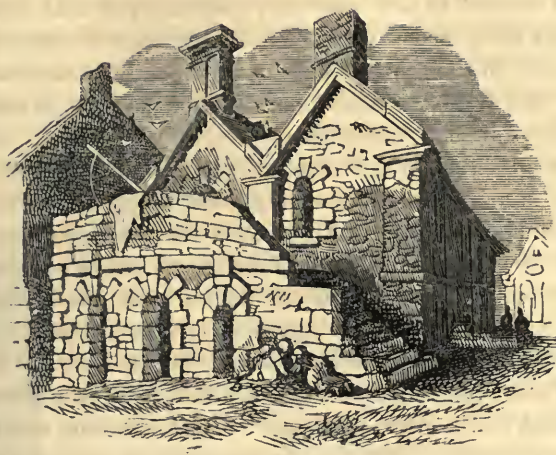
were assembled, but fortunately no person was seriously hurt. The chimney of the house of Mr. Gladstone, in the Cloth Market, fell through the roof of Mr. Pace's house, adjoining, and did considerable damage. At Byker and Byker hill, the houses suffered considerably, and a stack of hay belonging to Mr. Grace, and some stacks of hay and corn belonging to Mr. Clementson, were blown down. The Ouseburn, Tyne street, New road, Sandgate and Quayside, escaped with little injury. Two houses, however, in Pandon-dean were blown to the ground. A large chimney, close adjoining the shot tower of Messrs. Walker, Parker, and Co., Elswick, and belonging to the works, was partly blown down. Several houses in Elswick terrace and Blenheim street, were much injured; two in the latter place, were totally unroofed. The chimney also of Mr. Burt's steam mill, in Thornton street, was partly blown down, but without doing much other damage. At Arthur's hill, the roof of a house was carried off in a body, when the gable fell in; the inmates had just time to save themselves, having been warned of their danger by their opposite neighbours, who saw the roof beginning to move. A chimney fell into the tobacco manufactory of Mr. Davidson, at the head of the Side, and the work people were saved by having been informed of its tottering state by the neighbours. It is truly wonderful that in such a scene of devastation as the town presented, so few injuries should have been sustained by individuals. A female, however, of the name of Hodgson, had her arm broken, in consequence of being driven by the wind against a wall; and a man named Hugh Hutchinson, was thrown down, and rolled over and over like a ball for some distance, and received several cuts and bruises. There were several other persons thrown down during the day in various parts of the town. A female named Nicholson, residing in Silver-street, was sent to the Infirmary, both chimney and roof having fallen in upon the house and buried her in the ruins. The river presented an awful appearance during the continuance of the storm, and much damage was sustained by the various craft afloat. The damage sustained in Gateshead was very considerable. Nearly every house upon the Fell was unroofed or otherwise injured. The beautiful chimney of the Brandling Railway Company, about 115 feet high, fell about half-past six o'clock in the morning, and one man named Henry Hawks, had one of his legs fractured, and one of his sons and another man were slightly injured. The machinery, however, was but slightly damaged. This chimney was considered a beautiful and substantial piece of masonry, and was erected only a short time previous at great cost. Between nine and ten o'clock, another accident of a still more disastrous nature occurred at the works of Messrs. Abbot and Co., by one of the chimnies in

their extensive works, about 75 feet high, falling, when one of the workmen was buried in the ruins. The name of the unfortunate man was John Errick, who usually worked near the engine, cleaning metal studs for chain cables; and it appears from the situation in which he was found that he had made an attempt to escape, but had failed. He presented a shocking spectacle, being dreadfully shattered, and only lived a few minutes after he was got out. Another workman had a narrow escape at the same time; he was wheeling a barrow, which was struck from his hands by the bricks, which fortunately missed him. There were at the moment of the accident nearly 100 men at work in the foundry adjoining. The destruction in other parts of Gateshead was very considerable, especially in the Bottle Bank, where three or four houses were completely unroofed. At Barn Close several houses were blown down, and on the Windmill Hills many chimnies fell, and one mill had its wands completely blown off. Trees and fence railings in all directions were levelled. Considerable damage was done to the plantations of Col. Bell, Fenham-hall; about 50 large and valuable trees were uprooted, also a quantity of shrubs. Several of the lights in the vinery were blown off, two of which were carried about fifteen yards. Some of the chimnies in the hall were partially down, and a quantity of lead carried to a great distance. One of the wands in Cowgate Mill was blown off, and the roof partially damaged. Hamsterley Hall was much injured, and many large and valuable trees in the plantations torn up by the roots, and the roofs of the houses in the neighbourhood were destroyed. Considerable damage was done at Minsteracres. A shed at Blaydon, belonging to the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway Company was blown down, and a few metal pillars broken. The Houses at Byker Hill, from their elevated situation, were much injured. At Wallsend, Mr. Lownds' house had both the chimnies blown down; as had Mr. Davison's near the church, also one of the erections at the village and church pit. At Walker the storm was felt very severely. Losh, Wilson and Bell's manufactory suffered to the extent of £156. A mill at Ponteland, was very much injured and several of the houses more or less damaged. A number of trees in the park of M. Bell, esq., M.P. at Woollington were torn up. Blagdon, the residence of Sir M. W. Ridley, Bart. suffered, and many trees were blown down. The dock wall, and most of the property near the water at Howden Pans was much injured. At White Hill Point, situated upon the north side of the river Tyne; the vast space and long reach in the river, caused the hurricane to extend its fury to open destruction upon the property occupied by Mr. John Sadler, levelling the tile shades with brick pillars to the ground, three hundred feet in length, also the hovel and cart-house. A chim-

ney, thirty feet high, fell through the roof of the dwelling-house occupied by that gentleman, down through the floor, into the kitchen, breaking every thing in its way. The servants had not left one minute before it fell, otherwise they must inevitably have been killed. The stable, granary, dwelling-house, and cottages were sadly injured; the loss could not be estimated at a less sum than £400. Between the hours of twelve and one o'clock the hurricane continued with such destruction as to blow down the vinery chimney upon the slides, breaking the whole of the glass and injuring the plants. At South Shields several houses in King-street and other parts of the town not only were unroofed, but otherwise suffered greatly, and a great number of chimnies fell down. The lead was torn off the Trinity Church, and many slates carried away and broken to atoms—in short, the streets were literally filled with bricks, tiles, &c. Many of the shops were closed during the day, and business was in a great measure suspended. North Shields also suffered materially from the storm, almost every house being left in a state of dilapidation. The most distressing accident occurred at the house of Mr Orange, bookseller, fronting Union Street and Bedford Street. Mrs. Orange and her servant were in the kitchen,—the servant near the door and Mrs. O, engaged near the window, preparing for dinner; and what is remarkable, almost an instant before the catastrophe, she inquired whether the servant remembered the wind that occasioned the fall of Mr. Spence's chimney, three years ago; and before an answer could be given to the question, a stack of chimnies fell upon the roof, carrying down the upper story, and burying Mrs. O, in the ruins. The servant was preserved by a beam preventing the rubbish and furniture from falling on her, but though help was procured immediately to save Mrs. Orange, when got out she was quite dead. The storm commenced at Sunderland in the course of Sunday night, accompanied by hail and rain, and continued without intermission till Monday morning, when its effects became alarmingly visible. In all parts of the town the streets were strewed more or less with tiles, slates, bricks and stones, and it became evident that considerable danger attended persons as they passed along. The damage done to property was to a great extent. Many houses were totally unroofed. In some instances, the affrighted inhabitants had to quit their houses during the night of Sunday. In the forenoon of Monday the storm reached its utmost fury, blowing about in all directions, slates, tiles, bricks, and stones. The streets became deserted, few ventured to show themselves, most of the shops were closed and business seemed entirely at a stand. In some of the back streets the fall of bricks and tiles was immense, and it was really a wonder that more accidents did not

occur in those parts. The chimney attached to the Northumberland and Durham District Bank, in High-street was blown down, and fell upon the roof of Mr. Smart's house, and from thence into the street, no one fortunately being hurt by it. A great portion of the roof of Bishop-Wearmouth church was blown off, and also part of the roof of the residence of the hon. and rev. Dr. Wellesley, the rector. Fortunately no personal injury was sustained. Much damage also occurred to the shipping in the river; many of them broke from their moorings, and came in contact with each other. In the midst of this dreadful storm, a chimney fell through the roof of a house in Monkwearmouth, and lodged on the floor of a bedroom, in which a bedridden old woman, deemed by the faculty incurable, had lain for the last twelve years. The poor creature as if galvanized by the shock, sprung to her legs, and rushed down the stairs like a lamp-lighter. In the city of Durham a scene of devastation was presented. The engine chimney erected at the carpet manufactory of Messrs. Henderson, fell with a tremendous crash on the roof of one of their warehouses, which it totally demolished, but otherwise doing no harm, as the workmen and others usually employed in that establishment were not suffered to work for fear of any serious accident happening. The large chimney at the glass works also fell, but without doing much damage except to the adjoining garden. Two large trees standing on the Palace green, were completely torn up by the roots; the whole of the houses in the college were more or less injured, and the damage done to the cathedral was estimated at £100. All the shops in the town were either wholly or partially closed, and business of all kinds put a stop to. In the town of Hexham, the Catholic chapel was the only building which was injured to any great extent; the pinnacles or turrets which surmounted the north entrance, and those on the bell-tower on the south end were prostrated. Those on the north having fallen upon the porch, did considerable damage. In the Seal, one of those fine old elms, whose spreading branches extended over an area of several hundred square yards, was torn up by the roots, and others suffered partial injury. In the vicinity, Mrs. Crawford, of Warden paper-mill, was the greatest sufferer; the chimney of the engine-house, recently erected, was blown down, which falling amongst the machinery, did considerable damage. The loss was estimated at from £200 to £500. The chain bridge at West Boat was rendered impassible for a few days by the injury sustained. In some young plantations in Hexhamshire, there was scarcely a tree left standing, and in others, the damage was immense. Several large trees were uprooted at Beaufront.

At Morpeth the hurricane did considerable damage, partly unroof-



OLD MILL by the Bridge of Morpeth. 1844.

ing many houses, blowing down chimnies, garden walls, &c. The Royal Victoria Pavillion, belonging to "Billy Purvis," standing in Oldgate-street, was shivered to pieces, the scenery, dresses, &c., blowing about the street in all directions. In the vicinity of Morpeth much damage was sustained. Longhirst house suffered in the glass; Cresswell hall and Cresswell church were much damaged; at Mitford hall a good many squares were broken, and nearly all the lead was blown off the roof. Upwards of 250 trees were blown down in the park and grounds about Alnwick castle. A stack of chimnies, belonging to Mr. Anderson, post office, was blown down, and did considerable damage to the adjoining premises.—A great many other chimnies and roofs suffered more or less. At Alnmouth, half of the houses in the place were unroofed. At Lilburn tower, two large stacks of chimnies fell upon the roof, which they broke in, and forced their way down to the saloon. At Togston, the residence of Thomas Smith, esq., a chimney fell through the roof and into the bed-room of Mr. Smith, who had a narrow escape. It is impossible to enumerate the whole of the disasters which occurred. The greatest destruction amongst the shipping, took place on the Western coast. Such an awful visitation has not been witnessed in this part of the country for many years; and several weeks elapsed before the whole of the repairs were completed.—*Local Papers.*

1839 (January 7.)—The storm had scarcely ceased to vent its fury on the town of Newcastle, when a fire broke out in the shop of Mr. Cowper, Grocer, Grainger-street, which, though restrained in its progress by the exertions of the firemen, completely destroyed the entire stock of goods in the place at the time. The inmates of the houses,

above had retired to bed, and they received the first intimation of danger from the police. The North British and Newcastle Engines were speedily on the spot, as were also two others stationed at the Barracks, and from the active exertions of the firemen and the military, the fire was soon extinguished.

At Quarry Houses, in the county of Durham, a fire burst out on the same night in one of a row of cottages belonging to Mr. C. Johnson, which would undoubtedly have destroyed the whole property, had not timely aid been afforded by the inhabitants of Winlaton and the neighbourhood, by whose means the flames were put down, but not before the cottage was entirely consumed.—*Local Papers*.

1839 (Jan. 7).—Died at his residence, Old Brathay, Windermere, aged 70, Thos. Stamp, esq. post-captain in her Majesty's Royal Navy, after a painful and protracted illness. Captain Stamp, was a native of Sunderland; a gallant officer, and conspicuous in most of the engagements during the late war. Whilst on a cruise for two or three years, in the Mediterranean, he had a tamed lion on board, which used to follow him in his walks on the quarter-deck like a lap-dog, without any apprehension of danger by the crew. This lion was subsequently presented to Lady Collingwood.—*Ibid*.

January 9.—St James's Church Alnwick, in connexion with the Church of Scotland, was opened.—*Ibid*.

January 15.—Tuesday, an alarming fire took place at the Wear Glass Works, Sunderland, Messrs Hartley's manufactory, which destroyed one of the pot rooms, and large packing room, and consumed about £2000 worth of property in glass and pots. The fire was first discovered between twelve and one o'clock at noon whilst most of the workmen were at their dinners, by an apprentice who was working in the adjoining building and who preceiving smoke issuing from the packing room, immediately gave the alarm, and called the glassmen from the glass-house. The fire soon broke out with tremendous fury, about six tons of straw all blazing at once; the fire bells were rung, and the steam engine was immediately set to work, to supply water from the well on the premises, and the fire engines from Sunderland and Bishopwearmouth parishes, the barracks, Mr. Grimshaw's, and Vint, Hutton, and Co.'s were soon on the spot. Mr. Grimshaw's engine, which was a most excellent one, arrived first, and was of most essential service, and with the assistance of the other engines, in about an hour and a half, succeeded in extinguishing the fire. The working part of the manufactory was uninjured.—*Ibid*.

January 15.—That portion of the Brandling Junction Railway, extending from Redheugh to the depot at the east-end of Hillgate, Gateshead, was opened, amidst a large concourse of spectators.

Thirty-one chaldrons of coals from the Low Moor Colliery, called the South Beaumont Main, belonging to lord Ravensworth and partners, were drawn along the line, and transferred on board the Eclipse for Dundee, from the new staith which had just been erected by the company at the foot of Hillgate. The directors and their friends afterwards dined together at the Brandling Arms Hotel, in honour of the auspicious event.—*Local Papers.*



1839 (January 20).—Sunday,—This morning the bishop of Durham preached before a large congregation in the church of St. Mary, Gateshead, which was now opened for the first time since the extensive undertaking of general and necessary alterations and repairs, throughout the structure, which commenced on the 6th of May, 1838. The collections during the day amounted to £65. 11s. 2½d. This premature opening had been arranged in order to avail the funds of the church of the presence and preaching of the bishop, who was shortly to repair to his seat in the House of Lords. The churchwardens, under whose care the repairs had been brought thus far to a conclusion, effected their resumption by again closing the edifice until about the middle of March. There were found two sepulchral slabs bearing the usual devices. They are now preserved in the walls of the south porch. There were also found a silver halfpenny of one of the earlier of the six kings Edward, several monastic jettons or counters, and other copper coins in a rude stone coffin.—*Ibid.*



January 27.—The parish church of Doddington, Northumberland, was re-opened for divine service, after having undergone a thorough reparation, and considerable enlargement, by means of which one of the most comfortless and dilapidated churches in the diocese of Durham, has been converted into an exceedingly handsome and comfortable one, in thorough and substantial repair, and the inhabitants of the parish have obtained free and comfortable accommodation in the house of God, to nearly three times the number that could be formerly accommodated. Towards this good work the Duke of Northumberland, the patron, contributed £100, and the late Mrs. St. Paul, of Ewart Park, and her family, £106, 10s.—*Ibid.*

February 15.—An explosion of gunpowder took place in the ancient keep of the castle of Newcastle. It appeared that the occupier,

Mr. Shipley, had been casting bullets for an acquaintance, when the powder, which was a short distance from him, became ignited, as is supposed from a spark, and exploded with considerable violence, knocking down a partition wall, and setting fire to a number of old muskets belonging to the Yeomanry Corps deposited there, and other things in the apartment. By the assistance of the police, who were speedily on the spot, the fire was got under, without much damage being done. Mr. Shipley escaped comparatively unhurt.—*Local Papers.*

1839 (Feb. 22).—Friday, the workmen employed in removing the ballast heap at Howdon, for the purposes of the Newcastle and Shields railway, discovered a quantity of jewellery, consisting of gold and silver watches, snuff-boxes, dessert spoons and knives, rings, ear-rings, and other articles. They had been wrapped in brown paper, which however was burst by a spade, so that while part of the property was left at the heap, a considerable portion had been conveyed to where the ballast was depositing. The men lost no time in setting off with their treasure to the neighbouring village and North Shields, where the greatest part was soon disposed of at low prices. On information being given at the police station some of that body went down on Saturday morning to investigate the matter. They succeeded in obtaining possession of several articles; but nothing like the quantity that had been found. From the remains of a box, which, though nearly decayed, had the appearance of being of the kind carried by travelling jewellers, it is likely the property had belonged to a person of that description, but how it came there is unknown.—*Ibid.*

March 4.—On Monday night, about half-past eleven o'clock, a dreadful alarm of fire was created in the neighbourhood of East Percy Street, North Shields. A lady was retiring to rest, when she saw the flames ascending, and supposing it to proceed from a garden house, the property of Mr. Robinson, brewer, she sent her servant out, who awoke several of the neighbours, and amongst them some of Mr. Robinson's men. By this time the flames had risen to a great height, and many from the lower parts of the town were attracted to the spot, when it was discovered that a stack of hay, about thirteen tons, standing in a field near Percy Street, the property of Messrs. Pow and Fawcus, was on fire, which burnt with unabated fury until it was all consumed. The fire was supposed to be the act of an incendiary.—*Ibid.*

About this period the ruins of the fine old Norman cathedral at Holy Island suffered much from the effects of the severe gales, and a considerable portion of the north-west tower fell during the month.

J. S. Donaldson, esq., of Cheswick, who had just succeeded to the manor and estate of Holy Island, gave orders for the repair of the building, and took measures for the conservation of one of the finest specimens of Norman architecture to be found upon the borders.—

Local Papers.

1839 (March 11).—The brig Progress, of the port of Newcastle, in attempting to take the harbour at Shields, struck upon the bar, and the wind blowing heavy from the south east, she was driven upon the rocks at the foot of the Spanish Battery. It was near 11 o'clock, the night was dark, cold, and stormy, and the sea very high. The alarm was given, the apparatus for saving life from shipwreck was immediately carried down, three rockets were fired, each of which carried the line over the ship in a most beautiful manner; but such was the darkness, only the last one was found by those on board. A communication was then opened with the shore, and four men landed, the rest of the crew, confident of the strength of the ship, remaining until daylight. On the night following, between eight and nine o'clock, another vessel, the Delaval, also of that port, came on shore close by the former. Again the apparatus was in readiness, and the tide being out when she struck, it was necessary to carry it over the rocks, and it being deemed advisable in this case to use Manby's mortar, the lines attached to the rocket apparatus having been injured the night before, and not yet put in order, this service was performed with no little difficulty—however the first shot threw a line right “a mid-ship,” and two of the crew were speedily on shore. The other three, the captain, the cook, and a boy remained, believing the ship would stand out the next tide. However, during the night, they were perfectly aware she was breaking up, and their cries for assistance were loud and frequent. About four o'clock the next morning, another line was sent to the ship, by the help of the mortar, but those on board, who had betaken themselves to the rigging, were so much benumbed, that persons were obliged to go from the land to assist them. The captain was brought ashore in a state of great exhaustion, and the boy was apparently dead. A warm bath was instantly prepared by the superintendent of the Tynemouth baths, and the poor boy, after being treated in this way for an hour, was removed to a warm bed, where he gradually recovered. In the morning, it was a curious and melancholy sight to see the wreck of the vessel—she broke completely in two, and her deck being gone, her stores, and a multifarious collection of casks, boxes, crates, &c. were strowed upon the rocks.—*Ibid.*

March 18.—The opening of the Great North of England Clarence and Hartlepool Junction Railway, and the first shipment of coals at

Hartlepool, from T. R. G. Braddyll, esq. and Co's new colliery at Kelloe, took place on this day, Monday, on which occasion splendid entertainments were given by the spirited proprietors. No less than 141 vessels were in the harbour of Hartlepool on Tuesday, and on Saturday 86 vessels sailed at one tide; 19 feet water at the tide gauge, and 21 feet on the bar. The above named railway connects the Great Western Coal-field with the port of Hartlepool.—*Local Papers.*



BISHOP MIDDLEHAM CHURCH. 1844.

March 19.—A dreadful accident occurred on the Clarence railway, The coach-train from Crow-Trees to Stockton, drawn by the Norton engine, in going down to the latter place, had reached the curve on Mainsforth Carrs, near Bishop-Middleham, when the engine was thrown off the line and precipitated over the embankment. The train consisted of two coaches; the former of which was dragged half way down the embankment, when the connecting bar fortunately broke. The passengers got out, and escaped wholly unhurt. But three men connected with the train—viz., the engineman, the fireman, and the guard, after being thrown over the embankment, were killed by the engine, weighing between nine and ten tons, rolling upon them. Assistance had to be obtained, to dig the sufferers out from beneath the ponderous machine; when their bodies were found so horribly mutilated as to render it a task of considerable difficulty to remove them.—*Ibid.*

March 20.—This day the banking house of sir Matthew White Ridley, bart. and Co., was incorporated with the Northumberland and Durham District Banking Company. The Newcastle bank was, the

second provincial bank established in England, having followed that of Pease, Liddell, and Co., of Hull, just eighty-four years ago. Few institutions of the kind have obtained a higher degree of public favour and confidence.—*Local Papers.*

1839 March 22.—One of the boats belonging to the Grenville bay, whaling vessel, of Newcastle, was manned under the direction of captain Taylor, and proceeded to the narrows, at the mouth of the Tyne, to make experiments with some guns which were constructed by Mr. William Greener, of Newcastle, for the purpose of harpooning whales. The result of the experiment showed that a harpoon of 12½ lbs. weight, can be propelled to a distance of 40 yards with certainty, having a $\frac{3}{4}$ inch rope attached, consequently a fish may thus be secured when it would be impossible to strike it with the hand.—*Ibid.*

March 29.—The “ Wesleyan Centenary Chapel,” at Bell’s Close, near Newcastle, was opened, and on Easter Sunday the 31st. The erection of the chapel, including sacramental service, bible, &c. amounted to £400. 14s. 8d. The chapel stands on a part of lord Rokeby’s estate; it will seat nearly three hundred persons, and is one of the most beautiful places of public worship erected by the Wesleyan Methodists in the north of England.—*Ibid.*

April 8.—Died, in the Circus-lane, Forth, Newcastle, sergeant William Fraser, who had served 23 years in the 6th Dragoon guards, and 20 years in the Newcastle and Northumberland volunteer cavalry. He was interred with military honours in the burial ground of St. Andrew’s church. The deceased claimed, apparently with reason, to be heir male of Simon Frazer, lord Lovat, beheaded in the Scotch rebellion. Had his claim been taken up in time, and by influential parties, it is possible that the title might have been obtained for him.—*Ibid.*

April 10.—Wednesday as the train on the Newcastle and Carlisle railway was passing Hallowell dean, near Hexham, about eleven o’clock in the forenoon, a cinder from the chimney of the steam engine fell down on a thatched cattle shed belonging to Mr. Bell, of that place, and although immediate assistance was given by several people he had at work, the shed was completely destroyed. Fortunately no further injury was suffered.—*Ibid.*

April 17.—The duke of Cleveland was invested with the order of the garter after the levee, held at St. James’s palace on this day. His grace took rank next to the junior knight, the earl of Derby, recently elected to the place of the duke of Leeds.—*Ibid.*

April 19.—The following order of sessions was addressed to George Silvertop, esq. of Minster-Acres, by the clerk of the peace for the county of Northumberland, in respect to a splendid bridge

which has just been erected across the river Tyne at Bywell, for the benefit of the public, at the sole cost (some fifteen or sixteen thousand pounds) of our munificent-minded neighbour, Thomas Wentworth Beaumont, esq.:—"T. W. Beaumont, Esq. having, at his own expense, erected a Bridge over the River Tyne at Bywell, and being desirous of having the same made a County Bridge, and to have the same kept in repair at the expence of the County—It is Ordered, that the Bridge Surveyor of the County do inspect the said Bridge, and report his opinion to the next Quarter Sessions, with a view of making the said Bridge a County Bridge, in compliance with the wishes expressed in the Petition of 785 Rate-payers, presented by George Silvertop, Esq.—By the Court, THORP."—*Local Papers*.

1839 (April 19).—A fire broke out in the ship-building yard of Mr. Potts, of Monkwearmouth shore, which, in the first instance, threatened to produce very fatal effects. About ten minutes to ten at night, a blacksmith's shop, situated in one part of the yard, was discovered to be in flames; and the engines in every part of the town were immediately sent for. By the active exertions of the firemen, it was speedily extinguished.—*Ibid*.

April 19.—Was published at No. 7, Dean-street, South Shields, the first number of a Newspaper, entitled "The Port of Tyne Pilot, and Counties of Durham and Northumberland Courier."—*Ibid*.

April 20.—Two stacks of hay and one of straw, belonging to the rev. Robt. Goodenough, vicar of Whittingham, were destroyed by fire, and there was every reason to believe that it was the act of an incendiary.—*Ibid*.

April 22.—An explosion of fire-damp took place at Whitley colliery, at noon, and one man, named Thomas Harding, was severely burnt. It appeared that Harding had been working near a "grove," which was standing foul, and by some means his candle had ignited the inflammable gas, and produced the explosion. As soon as the alarm was given, the men and boys, to the number of about 150, fled with the greatest precipitation towards the shaft, and were drawn to bank all well, except Harding who was burnt about the shoulders and face. The mine not being considered in a very precarious state, the horses were allowed to remain down until the next day, when, towards the evening, two blasts took place, and Messrs. John George, and Benjamin Clavering, entering the pit, met with the after-damp, and were obliged to make a hasty retreat, in which John Clavering injured his foot and leg. Six of the workmen, Joseph Elliot, John Scott, A. Gillon, Edward Charlton, W. Studdy, and Robert Robinson, manfully and generously volunteered to save the horses, and with the assistance of the men at bank, had them drawn

up, to the number of 18 (being all that were in the mine) in less than an hour and a half.—*Local Papers.*

1839 (April 24).—Two sawyers engaged in cutting an American oak, in the dock at Blyth, found a living toad about eleven feet from the root, in the middle of the solid timber.—*Ibid.*

April 26.—The merchant vessel *Ida*, captain John Currie, the property of Messrs. Johnson and Cargill, of Newcastle, arrived in the river Tyne, from the East Indies, with a valuable cargo of sugar, sulphur, hides, rice, &c. She sailed from Newcastle for Calcutta, on the 5th of May, 1838, taking out a general cargo, the produce of the district. She left Calcutta on her return on the 19th of November. This was the first vessel that had ever been bound direct from India to Newcastle, and her arrival excited much interest among the mercantile community. The bells of St. Nicholas' rung a merry peal in honour of the event.—*Ibid.*

April 30.—As police constable No. 17, Robert Bartran, was on duty near the Postern, about 3 o'clock in the morning, he heard cries as of a female in distress, and on approaching the grate of a common sewer, to his astonishment he saw a female underneath; on trying the grate it was found to be quite fast. Implements were procured and the grate lifted, and the female taken out. She was in a most awful condition; restoratives were applied, and she recovered. Had she advanced a little further she would have fallen a distance of 18 feet, and must inevitably have perished. Her name was Margaret Scott, an unfortunate female. She could give no account how she came there, but admitted she had been very drunk, and the probability is that she must have fallen through a privy, and then wandered to the grate where the constable saw her.—*Ibid.*

This month was established a new steam shipping company entitled "The Newcastle and Hamburgh Steam Shipping Company." One of the companies' vessels, named the *Clyde*, the first steam-vessel direct to Hamburgh and Rotterdam, from Newcastle, sailed from the Tyne on Monday evening May 6.—*Ibid.*

There was living at North Shields at this time, an ancient dame, named Hannah Corner, within three weeks of her hundredth year, and yet possessing her memory, and enjoying tolerably good health.—*Ibid.*

May 5.—Died, in Hallgarth-street, Durham, Mrs. Margaret Gent, in her 100th year.—*Ibid.*

May 21.—Tuesday, that portion of the line of the Newcastle and Carlisle railway, between Blaydon and the company's depot near the Shot Tower, Newcastle, was opened for traffic. The procession moved from Blaydon a little before twelve o'clock, drawn by one of

the company's beautiful locomotive engines, followed by a band of music in carriages fitted up for the purpose, close and open carriages contained the directors, John Blackmore, esq. the engineer of the company, the principal contractors of the works, and several passengers who had arrived by the train from Carlisle and other places, also waggons with merchandize, &c. The train moved slowly and majestically along the line, crossing the river Tyne by the new bridge at Seotswood, and arrived at the company's station in the borough of Newcastle about one o'clock. The train was greeted in its passage by many a hearty cheer from the spectators, with the firing of cannon. The engine, coaches, and stations were decorated with colours, and the bells of St. Nicholas and St. John's rang many merry peals during the day.—*Local Papers.*



1839 (May 22).—Died, at Denton Hall, Northumberland, in his 60th year, Richard Hoyle, esq., a considerable merchant of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Mr. Hoyle was a native of Ripponden, in the west riding of Yorkshire, where his family had been settled for many centuries, and enjoyed extensive possessions. He was educated at Emanuel college, Cambridge, and pursued the study of Chemistry with some success. In 1801, in conjunction with the late Dr. Stancliffe, he prepared a course of lectures on that subject, for the new institution of the Literary and Philosophical Society at Newcastle, and his attainments in this branch of science, enabled him to adopt many improvements in the processes of various manufactures in which he was engaged. Mr. Hoyle was much esteemed in private life, and his acquirements were of no mean order.—*MS. Col.*

May 23.—Thursday, a fire broke out in one of the cottages on Mr. Younghusband's farm at Elwick, which, owing to being thatched threatened destruction to the whole of the buildings; but by the kind assistance of his neighbours, Messrs. Berwick, Hall, Bromfield, Bolam, Scott. and others, he was enabled to get the fire reduced, though not until four of the cottages were entirely destroyed.—*Local Papers.*

May 28.—The first coals from Garmondsway Moor colliery, the property of Thomas Richmond Gale Braddyll, esq. and partners, arrived at Hartlepool, and were shipped from the coast on board the brig Anna Maria.—*Ibid.*

May 31.—A most destructive fire occurred on the premises of Mr. John Atkinson, an eminent coach builder, in Newcastle, situated between Pilgrim-street on the one side, to the west, and Erick-street

on the other, the former, being one of the principal streets of the town, and the latter, a back street, running parallel thereto; and they covered altogether little less than two acres of ground. The fire appeared to have originated in the rear of the premises where four flues united, and the fire in one of which, being what is termed the "spring fire," (from its use in the construction of carriage springs), had been burning day and night for nearly a month. It is supposed that the flue having become too much heated, had caused a beam in its vicinity to take fire, and thence spread the conflagration. The fire must have been burning for some time previous to its having been discovered. Shortly before one o'clock, however, flames were observed issuing from the "fitting-up shop," and before any alarm could be given, the whole place was enveloped in a mass of flame, which shed a vivid glare in every direction, and in this way communicated the intelligence to a distance. In less than half an hour every street in the neighbourhood was crowded with persons, the greater part of whom stood watching in utter amazement the destructive progress of the devouring element, few daring to venture so near as to render assistance in the exigency. No sooner had the alarm been given than a strong detachment of the police, under the superintendence of Mr. Stephens, was speedily on the spot, and under the direction of their various inspectors and sub-inspectors, rendered most efficient service during the whole time of the conflagration. The Newcastle Fire engine was first at the place, and then the North British, but more than half an hour elapsed before a supply of water could be obtained, the fire all this time having been raging furiously, especially in the front or western part of the workshops. A water plug had been opened at the top of Erick-street, the engine manned, the hose ready, and the pipe pointed, but scarcely a drop of water could be obtained; at length, inspector Gray, having ascertained the state of the premises in the interior of the yard, which could be approached by a large archway from Pilgrim-street, directed the removal of the engine thither, in order to bring it to play upon that quarter, where it was expected that at any rate an adequate supply of water would be obtained. However unaccountable it may appear, no water could be obtained even in Pilgrim-street, one of the principal streets in the town, and the consequence was, that during all this time, the fire was left to pursue its destructive career unchecked. The hose of the Newcastle engine had in the meantime been attached to a plug at the top of Carloli-street, the engine itself having been stationed at Erick-street; and, a partial supply of water having been at length obtained, the engine was brought to play upon the burning pile of buildings in that part, but with very

little effect. The destruction of the workshops now appeared inevitable, and the utmost exertions of the men were consequently directed to the adjoining premises, in order to prevent the fire from spreading. The houses on the east side of Erick-street, were very dangerously situated, owing to the narrowness of the street ; and the flames several times communicated with the rain spouts and window shutters, but were prevented extending further by the firemen, who, under the direction of Mr. ald. Dunn, who was on the spot almost from the commencement, brought the engines to play upon those parts with complete effect. It was now advancing towards two o'clock ; the fire had been raging for above an hour ; most of the tiles had fallen from the roof, the skeleton of which still supported itself among the sheets of lurid flame which shot upwards, or expanded themselves before the breeze. The sight at this moment was truly terrific. The roof of one of the buildings about this time fell in with a tremendous crash, and the burning embers were thrown upwards with great force, as if from the crater of a volcano, the wind, which was blowing a stiff breeze from the N.N.E. carrying them over the adjacent buildings in a south westerly direction, even as far as Mosley-street and Dean-street. The wind at the time the fire broke out was blowing from the south-west, but about half-past one it had partially subsided, and almost immediately afterwards came away strong from the opposite quarter. Much damage was at one time apprehended from the flying fire, for as each portion of the extensive premises fell in, the wind got the more hold of the burning rafters, and carried the sparks and splinters into the adjoining premises. Happily, the efforts of the firemen to stay the progress of the devouring element were completely successful. Numberless were the dangers braved and hair-breadth escapes by those who had undertaken this fearful and difficult task. Immediately adjoining the burning premises, Mr. Fenwick's dye-house was situated, and though every effort was made to restrain the operation of the fire at this point, the entire place soon became mingled in the general wreck. The dye-house communicated with other premises leading up into Pilgrim-street, but fortunately the flames were prevented from spreading further in this direction. St. Andrew's-court joins Vine-court, and here the fire broke out with considerable fury, communicated, it is supposed, by a burning splinter from the general mass ; but by the efforts of the firemen, who with matchless intrepidity placed themselves in situations of the utmost danger, the flames in this direction were speedily subdued. Had the fire spread two yards further in this part, it would have communicated with the extensive wine and spirit vaults of Mr. A. G. Gray, in which case there is no calculating the extent of damage that would

have been sustained. Indeed, the greatest exertions were necessary in order to preserve Mr. Gray's premises, for in one part of them a great quantity of straw, used for packages, had been deposited, and the burning splinters fell thickly within a few inches of the spot. Mr. Gray having been alarmed, was speedily on the ground, and for some time was engaged with his assistants in throwing buckets full of water on the place, in order to prevent ignition. Immediately adjoining Mr. Gray's premises was a hay-loft belonging to Mrs. Forsyth and Son, and here again similar exertions were required, in order to prevent the conflagration extending. The loft had been partly unroofed and one side was completely exposed, so that the smallest portion of fire would have ignited the whole mass, and consumed the entire premises. Fortunately every precaution was taken to prevent so dreadful a calamity. Carpets, blankets, and counterpanes were torn from their usual places and spread over the ignitable materials, and water in profusion, obtained from the pump on the premises, was poured on the whole. By these means only were the flames prevented from extending the work of destruction in this direction. Several sparks fell into the yard of Mr. James, which is separated from that of Mrs. Forsyth and Son, only by a narrow passage leading to the Wire Manufactory of Messrs. Mountain and Sons; and so rapid was the progress of ignition, that several of the spouts here suffered materially from the fire. Even as far as Hill's Court the danger extended, and the premises occupied by Mrs. Corbett, in this part, were at one time, completely in a blaze. The materials on the premises of Mr. Atkinson were highly combustible, consisting of paints and varnishes, with a large quantity of oil, and when these had once become ignited, it was evident that no effort which could be made by the firemen would save them. From the workshops at the lower part of the yard, the fire spread to the show room, on the south side, where a great number of carriages were placed for convenience of inspection; and had it not been for the timely arrival of the artillerymen from the barracks, with two efficient engines, the whole of this part must have fallen a victim to the flames. The firemen belonging to the Newcastle engine had obtained access to this part of the premises from Vine Court, and had commenced pouring a volume of water on the fire, when the artillerymen, headed by one of the officers, entered on the opposite side, and proceeded to throw down a partition which divided the show room from the painting room, in which the fire was raging most furiously. Saws, handspikes, and crowbars were called into requisition, and in a few minutes the engines had full play through the opening thus effected. The immense body of water thus thrown on one spot by the two engines, soon subdued the fire, and ultimately

restrained its progress in this direction. The whole of the workshops, including the painting room, fitting room, and smiths' shop soon exhibited a mass of burning ruins, but the show room was preserved from further injury. By three o'clock, the fire had been nearly subdued, and by half-past three all danger of its spreading further had ceased. It is impossible to describe the scene of distress that presented itself on every hand during the progress of the conflagration. Every house in the neighbourhood was deserted; beds, bedding, and furniture of all descriptions were piled together in the middle of Pilgrim-street and along Hood-street and Market-street, even extending into Grey-street and Blackett-street. Women and children were to be seen escaping in their night-clothes, and taking shelter beside their little all, whilst fathers and husbands rushed into the apartments they had quitted the moment before in order, if possible, to save something out of the general wreck. One aged widow was with difficulty made sensible of the danger that surrounded her, and on her becoming acquainted with her situation she fell into hysterical fits, and was conveyed away to a place of safety. As to the extent of the damage sustained, there is much difficulty in forming an adequate estimate. Mr. Atkinson's loss was immense. The entire destruction of property, including the whole of the workmen's tools, was little short of twenty thousand pounds, the greater part of which fell upon the proprietor himself.—*Local Papers, &c.*



The Tower of CORBRIDGE. 1820.

CHAPTER VI.



ON Sunday the 9th of June, 1839, two boys, who were misemployed in birdnesting in the Hall hill, near Alston, the property of Greenwich hospital, perceived something singular, slightly visible above the surface of the ground, in a plantation, and dug out two culinary utensils, of brass or copper, which had apparently lain in the earth some centuries. One

was a vessel, shaped something like our modern kail-pot, and would contain about two gallons. The other, which will hold about three pints, was like a coffee-pot. Hall-hill, it is supposed, was a Roman station; and the people of Alston moor, among whom there are many traditions connected with the spot, have long been impressed with the idea that great riches are buried there.—*Local Papers.*

June 10.—A man and his wife were employed in cutting “bents” on Hartley Links, and at the same time enjoying a pipe of tobacco. Some of the ashes fell from one of the pipes, and set the “bent” on fire; nor could the flames be extinguished till extensive damage had been done.—*Ibid.*

June 13.—The body of a man was found in the river Wear, at Sunderland, attached by a rope to a large stone, weighing nearly an hundred weight. The body was removed to the workhouse of Monkwearmouth, where it was identified by two of the crew of the schooner Phoenix, as that of their captain, Johann Friedrich Berckholtz, who was about fifty-five years of age. Several marks of violence were discovered on the body, particularly a deep cut on the right side of the forehead, and a fracture of the skull. No doubt being held as to the deceased having met his death unfairly, instant search was made, and the cabin was found to bear evident marks of the deed. On this, the crew were taken into custody, and the coroners inquest held

on the next day, led to the committal of Jacob Friedrich Ehlert the mate, and Daniel Mueller, one of the boys employed in the working of the vessel. Both of these parties admitted being accomplices to some extent, but while the boy accused Ehlert of bribing his assistance, the mate insisted on the guilt of his companion, and that commiseration alone induced him to give his assistance in the concealment of the body. At the ensuing assizes at Durham, the same assertions were reiterated, but from the evidence of the crew and others concerned in the matter, the jury found Ehlert guilty. He suffered the penalty of death on the morning of August 9th, persisting in his innocence to the last. He was a native of Barth, Pomerania, and had his trial and sentence translated as spoken.—*Local Papers.*

1839 (June).—About the middle of this month, a curious discovery was made in the old tower, or keep, of Durham castle, which was then being restored for the purposes of the University. Amongst the rubbish in two rooms of the lower story or crypt, several bones of a whale were dug out, consisting of about 15 vertebrae and 20 ribs in one room—and on the opposite side of the tower, in another room, the lower jaw bones were laid bare. From a letter written by bishop Cosin to his steward, Miles Stapylton, dated in London, 20th June, 1661, in the possession of the rev. James Raine, of Durham, the particulars of this discovery are clearly made out, as it there appears that this animal being cast ashore near Easington, the bishop ordered the skeleton to be prepared, and placed in the old tower, where it was now found. From the form of the jaws, the species was conjectured to be the Great Spermaceti Whale, which has seldom been observed on the British shores, only one, taken in the Frith of Forth, in 1769, being distinctly recorded.—*Ibid.*

June 17.—Monday, the Newcastle Central Exchange and News Room, one of Mr. Grainger's most splendid productions, was opened by a public dinner. The magnificent interior of the Exchange was tastefully fitted up on the occasion. Seven large tables were laid out on the promenade for the dinner—an excellent band played appropriate airs in the space within the columns, bouquets of flowers, and several fine plants, were placed between the pillars—an admirable bust, in marble, of the duke of Northumberland, by Tate, and several other busts, presented by Messrs. Robson, Farrington, Barrow, Dodds, &c., were placed in various parts of the spacious building—and the dinner party consisted of upwards of 350 gentlemen—forming, altogether, a scene of the most gratifying description. The chair was ably filled by the mayor of Newcastle (John Fife, esq.); and the vice-presidents were Dr. Headlam, and John Brandling, John Clayton, and Armorer Donkin, esqrs.—*Ibid.*

1839 (June 17).—The Queen Victoria steamer, the property of Mrs. Strong, of Milburn-place, left Shields at five o'clock on Monday morning, on a pleasure trip to Warkworth, with a numerous party on board, principally consisting of young men and women from Shields, but there were a few from Sunderland and other places. The morning proving thick and foggy, the vessel made but slow progress, the men in charge of the boat taking every precaution their limited knowledge of the coast would admit of. At about half-past eleven o'clock in the forenoon, when a hearty country dance was in progress, the vessel with great violence struck on Hauxley Head, a rock which runs out into the sea, two or three miles before you reach Warkworth from the south. The effect of the shock was tremendous. Many were thrown upon their faces, and all was confusion on board. The steersman shook his head when questioned by the passengers as to their perilous situation; and such a scene of terror was presented as may be conceived better than described. The yells and cries of the women were truly heartrending; while some of the men (believing from the rapid manner in which the boat was filling, that all hope of escape was idle,) were calmly imploring for mercy. Others were giving full vent to their anguish by calling vehemently toward the shore to any that might chance to hear them. One gentleman had seized a piece of timber, with which to spring into the sea. Some two or three young men were standing waiting the "*parting heave*" which vessels frequently give before they go down, with their clothes unbuttoned, ready to throw off, ere they jumped into the deep, and attempted to swim to the shore. The boat by this time had nearly filled: the helm was seized by one of the passengers, and the boat now pushed as high upon the perilous rock as she would go. The water had reached the fire; and at this awful moment, six fishing boats, manned with fishermen, came in sight, and were in a minute or two alongside the steamer. It would be superfluous to state the joy that beamed from every face, on the approach of these boats. Soon the passengers were out of the steamer, and, in a short while, landed safe upon the shore, within three or four miles of Warkworth. The fishermen, when first they descried the situation of the Queen Victoria on the rock, beckoned to the passengers to keep from one side of the boat, being afraid that the steamer, from the position in which she lay, would upset; and in that case, every soul would have perished. In speaking of the gratitude of the party to the fishermen, one creature deserves notice, who had been most lusty in the expression of woe in the hour of peril. He demurred to give his preservers (as the others did) one shilling—observing that sixpence from each was plenty! But possibly he estimated himself at his proper value. The

passengers were brought home in six carts, and reached Shields at five o'clock on Tuesday morning, in a miserable condition. The managers of the steamer were perfectly sober when the accident occurred, and were doing their best for the passengers under their care. Another boat, soon after the Queen Victoria, touched upon the same rock, but slightly, and was enabled to proceed.—*Local Papers.*

1839 (June 18).—Being the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, that portion of the Brandling Junction Railway, which connects South Shields and Monkwearmouth, was opened with due ceremony and rejoicing. At a quarter to eleven o'clock in the morning, the Lily steamboat (which had been engaged for the occasion) started from the Brandling Drops in Gateshead, with a company of ladies and gentlemen on board, who had been invited to "the opening;" and the fine vessel performed her task in good style, conveying her passengers to South Shields within an hour. A salute of guns, and the music of a good band, greeted her arrival; and the party from Newcastle and Gateshead marched in procession to the railway-station, where they were joined by a party from Sunderland. At 12 o'clock (the appointed hour), the train quitted the station in good order; and after a safe and pleasant trip, the company were hospitably entertained by the directors at Mr. Crowe's, the Wheat Sheaf inn, Monkwearmouth.—*Local Papers.*

Same day, the Newcastle and North Shields railway was opened. There was a procession of railway-carriages on the occasion, and the usual demonstrations of rejoicing—the ringing of bells, the firing of cannon, the display of flags, &c. The ladies and gentlemen invited by the directors were conveyed to Tynemouth in two trips; and a liberal entertainment was given to the company in a tent at the rear of the residence of Abraham Dawson, esq., who had kindly lent his mansion and grounds for the day. Upwards of six hundred persons partook of the dejeuner—Richard Spoor, esq., of Sunderland, in the chair, with John Fife, esq., mayor of Newcastle, on his right. The day was so inviting, that Tynemouth was thronged with visitors. There were arrangements made, under the direction of captain Potts, for races on the sands, and the banks were thickly clad with spectators at the appointed hour; but it was found impossible to adhere to punctuality, and the people were induced by symptoms of a storm to return to the village. A few there were who disregarded the threats of the heavens—and these paid the penalty of their audacity. The thunder began to peal, and big drops of rain to fall. The sporting lingerers fled for refuge to niches in the rocks, which afforded so little refuge from the storm, that in a short time they were wet to the skin, with a delightful compound of soft water and yellow sand.

Meanwhile, the inveterate racers—three in number—ran the race,—the spectators looking from their holes in the cliffs on the “sport” afforded by three jockeys on race-horses, splashing through torrents of rain, in the midst of thunder and lightning! The publicans of course profited largely by the flux of cold water.—



AUSTIN TOWER, Newcastle. Demolished in order to the erection of the first Station of the Newcastle and North Shields Railway.

At Newcastle, the storm commenced between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, and the rain came down in torrents for upwards of two hours, accompanied by thunder, lightning, and hail. In many of the streets, even in elevated situations, the water flowed to the depth of between three and four feet, and rushed forward where it found vent with all the impetuosity of a cascade. The rush of waters through Dean-street, the Side, Butcher-bank, and the narrow gorge leading thence to the Sandhill, was tremendous; and to add to the flood, the waters rushing through the large conduit underground, burst their way into the street at the latter point, casting the pavement upward with great violence. Three or four persons, who were carried off their feet, were washed a considerable distance, and narrowly escaped being floated into the Tyne. When the rain abated, a fire engine was brought to the Side, and employed in emptying the cellars of tradesmen. The lower part of Gateshead (Pipewellgate, Hillgate, &c.) was flooded to a great depth. The water poured down Bottle-bank like a cataract; and near the bridge,

chairs, tables, cradles, &c., were floating to and fro, having escaped from the houses of their owners, in some of which the water was nearly as high as the clock-face ! Cellars were filled ; and in that of Mr. Atkinson, grocer, damage was done (chiefly in the melting of sugar) to the extent of at least £60. At Redheugh gardens, the lightning struck the chimney of a hot-house—descended, and broke open the flue—destroyed several valuable plants—and made its exit at the hot-house door, which stood open. Walls were thrown down by accumulated water in various places ; and at Tantoby, John and Catherine Teasdale, and one of their children, were killed in their house by the lightning : another child was injured—while a third, which lay in a cradle, was unhurt. At Beamish, six or seven men, who had been working in a stone-quarry, were thrown upon their backs by the lightning, but escaped without injury. An excavator named James Taylor, employed on the railway, then forming near to Byer's Green, was struck dead by the lightning, while running with a companion to obtain shelter from the storm in a neighbouring barn. The lightning set fire to an oat-stack at Shadfin, belonging to Mr. Thos. Swan ; but by the timely arrival of the fire engine from Morpeth, and plenty of assistance, further damage was prevented.—*Local Papers.*

1839 (June 24).—The foundation stone of a new Wesleyan chapel was laid by Mr. Robt. Clemitson, at Allendale Town.—*Ibid.*

June 26.—The opening of the new Catholic chapel at Bellingham took place. High Mass was sung by the rev. Mr. Brown, of Carmel House, near Darlington ; and a series of musical pieces, consisting of selections from Mozart, Handel, and other celebrated composers, was executed in a very creditable manner, by a part of the Hexham choir, under the direction of their able organist, Mr. J. Armstrong. The chapel, which is a very neat structure, is in the Gothic style, after a design by Mr. Dobson, architect, of Newcastle, and stands at the north end of the handsome stone bridge, recently erected across the Tyne, a little above Bellingham.—*Ibid.*

June 28.—A dreadful explosion took place at the St. Hilda pit, the property of Messrs. John and Robt. Wm. Brandling, at South Shields. The first intimation of this sad event was given between eight and nine o'clock on the morning, by a rush of smoke mixed with small coals from the down-cast shaft, which was observed by the banksmen. Soon after this, men and boys, to the number of 100, were brought to the mouth of the pit ; but all they were capable of explaining was, that there was an explosion in the west working of the mine. Several of these were nearly exhausted from the effects of "choke damp," but in a short time many of them rallied, and, at-

tended by some other men who had not been in the pit at the time of the explosion, courageously went down again to make what exertions they could to rescue their unfortunate fellow-workmen and relatives, who were in the immediate scene of danger and death. Melancholy to relate, not a solitary being was found alive ! About eleven o'clock the dead bodies of the unfortunate sufferers began to be brought to bank, to the indescribable grief and anguish of their afflicted relatives and friends, who had crowded to the scene of danger, and made it one of misery, confusion, and appalling distress. The pit being situated within the town of South Shields, an immense number of persons were quickly collected on the spot, and all seemed struck with dismay at the suddenness of the distressing event, which had brought sorrow and death to the homes of so many of their humble and industrious neighbours. It was a distressing spectacle to behold the groups of people assembled in the immediate vicinity of the pit, amongst whom could be easily recognised relatives of all ages of the unfortunate creatures who had been exposed to the appalling danger of this frightful explosion. The viewer of the pit, William Anderson, esq. was at the scene of destruction soon after its occurrence, and went down into the mine, where he remained till nearly one o'clock, when he came up for a brief interval for respiration, and then returned to the dismal scene of death, to help and encourage in the rescue of the unfortunate sufferers. Shortly after noon, Mr. Jobling, the viewer of Jarrow Colliery, one of the overmen, and the viewer of Heworth Colliery went down in order to render assistance. Mr. Mather, wine-merchant, also descended the pit at an early hour, and administered to the brave fellows engaged in searching for the dead bodies, such remedies as they stood in need of from prolonged exertion in the suffocating atmosphere. An eye witness of the scene below has given a graphic and eloquent description of the awful sight which the colliery presented. He says, the appearance below was as that of the grave itself. The men were moving about like spectres in a thick darkness, with indistinct glimmerings from more than usually bedimmed lamps, seldom uttering a word, except in suppressed tones, and doing their duty to the dying and the dead in a solemn manner that was truly affecting. After passing into the colliery eight or nine hundred yards, the ravages of the explosion were apparent. Proceeding further from the shaft, the air began to assume the peculiarity of smell that came from the chests of the bodies that had been inflated. The deadly gas became stronger and stronger as the locality of the explosion was approached. In one place five dead bodies were met with, which had apparently yielded up the spirit with placid calmness, without one muscle of the face being discomposed.

Further on were three more that had been killed by the explosion—their clothes were burnt and torn—the hair singed off—the skin and flesh torn away in several places, with an expression as if the soul had passed away in agony. On going further, what is called “a fall,” a large mass of the roof and sides, blocking up the passage, arrested the onward course, which, with difficulty, having been surmounted, several bodies were found, as if, in their attempts to escape, this barrier had stopped them, and conceiving it impassable, they had apparently lain down and died. In another place we suddenly encountered two men, one with a light, the other bearing something on his shoulders: it was a blackened mass—a poor, dead, burnt boy. Further on, waggons that had been loaded were met with, turned bottom upwards, and scattered about in various directions. There was also a horse lying dead directly in the passage, with his head turned over his shoulder, as if, in falling, he had made a last effort at escape; he was swollen in an extraordinary manner. At one point we suddenly came among twelve or fifteen men, who had been driven back by the surcharged atmosphere. One poor man being sick and ill, something was given to him to assist his recovery. When asked where he felt most oppressed, he said in a broken suppressed agony, “I am not well, Sir, I have two sons in there,” pointing to the place he had been driven from in his attempt to recover his children—one was 16, the other 22 years of age. In the demeanour of the men, there was a self-devotion and courage that would have ennobled human nature in any rank of life. Their companions were brought out ill, sick, stupified, and were struck down at their feet with an uncertainty of recovering; yet it produced no hesitation, not a doubt, no flinching, but at once fearlessly the brave fellows moved into the same situation, to go on with the performance of their melancholy exertions. One brave man, sick and insensible, was borne out on the shoulders of his comrades, and after he had been a little relieved by medicine that was given to him, as soon as he could articulate, he desired all to go back directly and leave him lying, “for now,” said he, “I am quite well, and no time should be lost.” Another noble fellow, who had been relieved by his friends, as soon as his strength was a little restored, started to his feet and said, “Come now, let us in again; our place is there, we are of no use sitting here!” and he would have rushed back to the danger he had narrowly escaped, but was prevented. One by one the sufferers were brought out from the shaft, presenting in their relaxed frames, dull eyes, and features in which life seemed still lingering, objects of deep interest. As they were carried by their comrades down to the carts which were in waiting to convey them away, they were recognised by a brother, a wife,

or a child ; and the terrible agony that was exhibited it is impossible to describe. The most earnest and unremitting exertions were made by the medical men present, but generally in vain ; not one instance having occurred, in which inflation of the lungs was successfully resorted to. The judicious application of the proper remedies were, however, useful in some cases, which might otherwise have terminated fatally. As the scene of the explosion was nearly two miles from the shaft, and the choke-damp must have extended to a considerable distance from the point where it occurred, the difficulty of reaching the sufferers, and the danger and gallantry of those who sought for them, will be in some measure evident to the common reader. It is true, most of those engaged in the arduous duty were influenced by parental, fraternal, or filial affection in their dangerous task ; but many of the noble fellows were instigated only by common humanity and sympathy, and we saw many of them, after having been brought almost lifeless to the pit-mouth, and being revived a little by the fresh air, again descend to the scene of death. We saw brothers, pale and quivering, stagger from the corf to the outside of the crowd for fresh air, and with a few brief and simple words of affection and agony, again, scarcely yet recovered, enter the vehicle, and return in search of him they had lost. A father, an old man, whose three sons were missing, who had been twice brought up to the light of day almost dead, and who, in his pale features, feeble frame, and quivering lips, displayed the effects of the poison he had been inhaling, and the insupportable grief that preyed upon him, again attempt to rush to the fatal spot, whence, as from the tomb, he had just issued, and he was forcibly detained. Carts containing three or four dead bodies left the yard from time to time, surrounded by groups of agonised mothers, sisters, wives, and daughters, screaming, and blind with grief. One poor woman—the wife of the poor man of whom we have just spoken, as being detained from risking his life for the third time down the pit—attracted particular attention. Three of her children had been at the fatal spot, and one of them lay dead before her. Her grief for a time over this poor little boy was terrible. But gradually she stole up to the door near the pit-mouth, through which the dead bodies were borne. She still had another boy, whose fate was doubtful, and she left the dead to inquire after him who might still be living. Hope was stronger than Despair. It was, therefore, with feelings of exquisite distress that those who saw her, beheld her other little boy borne lifeless past her. The sight of her utter misery, and the agonizing shriek which burst from her heart was terrible. Among the sufferers, fifty in number, was Joseph Argyle, aged 45 years. He descended the pit to look for his son and was brought up a corpse :

he left a wife and eight children. The brother of this poor fellow was with him when they were overtaken by the choke-damp, and urged him to retire, but he persevered in seeking for his son, and fell a sacrifice to his parental affection. No human efforts were wanting to rescue the unfortunate sufferers. Everything that courage could accomplish was done. Mr. Anderson, the viewer, aided by the advice of the most experienced of his own officers, and the exertions of the viewers from other collieries, was calm, collected, and decided; and, although apparently deeply suffering from anxiety and exertion, gave his orders with a clearness and precision that did him great credit. The St. Hilda Pit had been worked about fifteen or sixteen years, during the whole of which time there had been no explosions of any serious consequence. The houses in which the pitmen and their families live, are situated about half a mile from the mouth of the pit, near a laid-in colliery, also the property of Messrs. Brandling, from which were formerly obtained the coals known by the name of "Manor Wallsend." The funeral took place in the course of the afternoon, amidst thousands of spectators, who seemed deeply affected by the melancholy scene. Some of the coffins were placed in hearses, but in many instances where more than one victim had fallen in a family, two, three, or even four, were placed in one cart, to be conveyed to their respective places of interment. A part of the procession took the road to Jarrow, where five corpses were conveyed; but the greater joined the cavalcade which proceeded to the Market-place. Fifteen were left at Trinity church, which appeared next in sight—whilst the minute-bell tolling, fell deeply and heavily on the ear. The Rev. T. Dixon was at the door, and read the burial service over these bodies, but the bulk of the procession went over to the Market-place. The Rev. James Carr officiated at St. Hilda's, where twenty-five were interred; five were conveyed to North Shields; and the crowd speedily began to disperse. The graves which were dug for the remains of the unfortunates reminded the spectator, by their size, of the desolation of the plague. As many as nine and ten individuals were placed in one common sepulchre. At the inquest a verdict of "accidental death," was returned, caused by the incautious and it is believed needless presence of a candle in a part of the mine disused and seriously surcharged with impure gas. It is doubtful, however, whether blame can be attached to the *system* of lighting, as the use of the candle was general, and the mine, under such treatment was considered unusually safe. A large subscription was raised for the relief of the unfortunate widows and orphans, in number more than sixty.—

Local Papers.

1839 (June).—The colliery at Iveston, near Annfield, was success-

fully won by Messrs. Black, Ray, and Co. The seam of coal is four feet seven inches thick, hard, and of excellent quality.—*Local Papers.*

1839 (July 1).—The foundation stone of a new chapel for the use of the Wesleyan Association was laid at Seaham.—*Ibid.*

July 2.—Tuesday afternoon, a fire broke out in one of the tan-yards belonging to Mr. John Ridley, Hexham. It originated in the overheating of a stove for drying bark. A thick body of bark lay immediately above, separated by a metal plate, among which the fire was thought to have made considerable progress before any discovery was made, as, on smoke being perceived, and the stove door being driven in, and a current of air thereby admitted, the roof and entire building was almost instantaneously in a blaze. A smell of burning was felt by persons in the neighbourhood throughout the afternoon, though not by those in the tan-yard, no discovery being made before five o'clock, and by seven, the premises were reduced to a heap of ruins. Every thing possible was done by the inhabitants to extinguish the flames. Many gentlemen and tradesmen seemed to vie with each other, and with the working classes, who should be the most useful on the occasion. The premises joined the gas-works, for the safety of which serious apprehensions were for some time entertained. The operations of the fire-engine were mainly directed to the junction of the buildings, and the latter were saved.—*Ibid.*

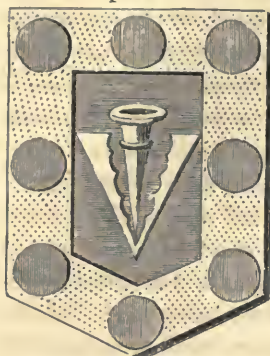
July 4.—The West Durham railway bill received the royal assent.—*Ibid.*

July 8.—A fire broke out at Kelloe, near Haltwhistle. It originated with an old woman, who was baking bread in what is called a "hanging-on oven," and thus set fire to the chimney. There were eleven farm and cottage houses in the village (mostly the latter); eight of which were entirely consumed, with most of their contents. There were few persons and little water, and the roofs being of thatch, the work of destruction was speedy. Some poor families lost all their goods.—*Ibid.*

July 10.—The foundation of the new bridge over the river Tweed at Norham, was laid by Mrs. Robertson of Ladykirk, in the presence of a great number of spectators.—*Ibid.*

July 18.—Thursday, a cargo of first-rate coals, the produce of a new and valuable colliery at Cornforth, belonging to Messrs. Rippon, of Water-Ville, North Shields, was shipped at Hartlepool for Bridport, amidst suitable rejoicings. Cornforth is thirteen miles from Stockton and Hartlepool, and the present cargo is the first that has been shipped from the Hartlepool junction railway. Many of the waggons were filled with specimens of coal so large that they would

not "run," but had to be hoisted by ropes out of the waggons. All the ships in the harbour displayed their colours on the occasion, and the owners and their friends dined together after the ceremony.—*Local Papers.*



1839 (July).—A monument of great beauty and simplicity, executed by sir Francis Chantry, was placed in the parish church of Bamborough. The inscription purports that it is erected by Catherine Sharp, the sole survivor of that name, to the memory of four members of her family, who were successively trustees of lord Crewe's charities, or incumbents of Bamborough. The monument is mural, resting on the floor of the chancel; and consists principally of a female figure of Faith, nearly as large as life, sitting, and supporting a cross. The hands are clasped upon the breast, and the countenance expresses firmness and sweetness inspired by holy meditation. In the back ground is a terminal bust of John Sharp, D. D., well known in that neighbourhood for acts of singular and extensive benevolence. The family of Sharp have filled a considerable space in the public eye from the time of the Archbishop to the latter end of the last century—a venerable race, doing much good in their generation, of whom nothing but good is recorded—"blameless and pure, and such is their renown!"—*Ibid.*

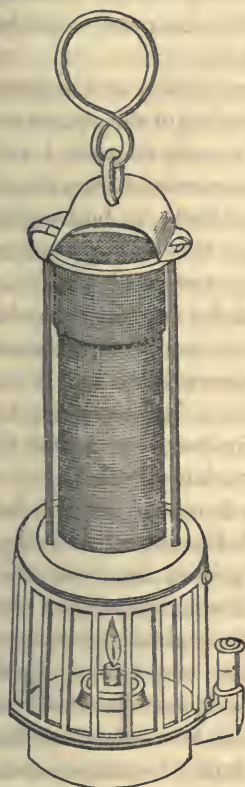
August 3.—A seam of coal, three feet ten inches in thickness, was come at in Wingate pit, the property of lord Howden, in the early part of last week. The seam is at a depth of 66 fathoms from the surface, and of first-rate quality.—*Ibid.*

August 5.—Monday, the new church at Shadforth, in the parish of Pittington, co. Durham, was consecrated by the lord bishop of Durham. The church is named after St. Cuthbert. The prayers were read by the rev. Dr. Miller, and a sermon from the venerable archdeacon Thorp was listened to by an attentive and respectable congregation. The church is a chaste and elegant structure.—*Ibid.*

August 7.—Died, at Alnwick, suddenly, Edward B. Blackburn, esq., many years chief judge in the Maurtins, and late, the first commissioner to his grace the duke of Northumberland. This melancholy and most sudden event was deeply felt and deplored by all classes of society, although his residence in the neighbourhood had been of short duration.—*Ibid.*

August 15.—The sinking of the first pit of Whitworth colliery, of which the Durham County Coal Company are lessees, was commene-

ed about the beginning of July, and the five-quarter coal—two feet six inches clean—was reached on the above day, at 18 fathoms. The diameter of the shaft is $12\frac{1}{2}$ feet.—*Local Papers.*



1839 (Aug 19).—Monday, Dr. Clanny, of Sunderland, read an important paper in the hall of the Mechanics' Institution, South Shields, to the members of the Committee for the Investigation of Accidents in Mines, and their friends. It is due to this talented and scientific gentleman to state, that he was the very first to meet the difficulties of the mines by human ingenuity, and a lamp of his was in existence, and used in some of the mines on the Wear, long ere any attempt was made by any other person. The principle of construction may be readily understood by the annexed engraving. The flame is preserved in an upright state at all times, being surrounded by a strong cylinder of glass, through which five times the quantity of light is transmitted than that of the common Davy. The glass cylinder is guarded by a grill of polished brass. The great principle of this safety lamp is, that the admission of air is wholly from above the flame, and by this means the influence of currents acting laterally is in a great measure prevented.

Another source of safety is that the wire gauze cylinder contains 1296 meshes whilst the Davy contains only 700 meshes to the square inch. The cylinder of glass is so cool that the safety lamp may be plunged into water after it has been giving out flame for hours—as has been repeatedly proved. This is truly a *safety lamp*.—*MS. Col. &c.*

August 20.—Tuesday morning, a fire broke out in the work-rooms of Mr. Earle, straw-bonnet manufacturer, Dowell-place, Bishopwearmouth. Four engines were soon in attendance, but the fire was not extinguished till the roof had fallen in, and the whole of the premises had been destroyed.—*Local Papers.*

August 29.—Thursday, four convicted felons, who had been sentenced to undergo imprisonment for various terms, made their escape out of the prison at Durham, by letting themselves out at one of the

gates, at the back part of the prison, the key of which one of them had taken from the pocket of the turnkey, whose coat had been left in the ward. John Elliot, Thomas Parker, and Thomas Smith, three of the prisoners were re-taken early on the following Sunday morning, at a lodging house at Hylton, near Sunderland, when they were immediately conveyed back to prison.—*Local Papers*.

1839 (Aug. 29).—The railway from the new colliery at Sacriston, was opened, on which occasion a procession, consisting of the owners and workmen, accompanied by a numerous body of people connected with the colliery, several waggons, and a band of music, moved from the pit towards Waldrige Fell, and thence to Pelton Fell; at both which places refreshments were liberally supplied by the colliery owners. The proprietors ultimately proceeded to the junctions with the Stanhope and Tyne Railway, where they halted, and the waggons went forward to South Shields. After the return of the waggons, the workmen, attended by the overmen of the colliery, were regaled with a substantial and comfortable dinner. In the evening, a number of females, wives and daughters of the workmen, were invited to tea, and the amusements of the day terminated with a merry dance.—*Ibid*.

August 30.—The opening of the Brandling Junction railway took place. A number of waggons containing South Beaumont coals, from the colliery of lord Ravensworth and partners, were conveyed along the line from Gateshead to Monkwearmouth docks, where they were shipped on board a vessel lying to receive them, amidst the firing of guns and other demonstrations of rejoicing. This vessel, the "Jane" of Aberdeen, captain Goldie, about seven or eight keels burthen, was placed along the wharf, under the drop at the Wearmouth docks; she was most fantastically dressed out with flags of various colours and designs which floated on the breeze, giving an air of much animation and rejoicing to the scene. A party of directors and their friends joined the procession in an open carriage. Immediately after the arrival of the waggons at the incline leading to the drop, one of them was carefully taken down and shipped on board of the vessel amidst the hearty and protracted cheers of the spectators. A second was shipped in like manner, when these two were connected with the incline rope, and started forth to the bank top, being dragged up by two laden waggons in their progress to the vessel. The whole cargo was shipped in the same manner, and the vessel ready, to proceed to sea on her voyage by the same night's tide. No accident occurred to mar the pleasures of the day. On Thursday, the 6th of September following, the general opening of the line from Gateshead to South Shields and Sunderland, took place without the pomp and circumstance usually witnessed on such occasions. The train for the

conveyance of passengers was in readiness at the station in Gateshead about one o'clock, when several of the directors, and their ladies, and a number of passengers, all of whom paid the regular fare, were in readiness to proceed. The company's splendid engine "The Wear," having been attached, the train moved forward amidst general cheering. On arriving at Brockley Whins, the Shields carriages were detached from the Wearmouth train, and were drawn to their destination by the "Brandling" engine, which was waiting to receive them. The distance to Monkwearmouth was performed in forty-six minutes, and the return passage in forty-three minutes. The weather was rather unfavourable, but upon the whole the excursion was highly satisfactory.—*Local Papers.*

1839.—About five minutes past eleven P.M. on the night of August 31st, a man named John Henry Mooney, was seen falling head foremost from a sashless window in the third story of a house of ill-fame in Silver-street, Newcastle, and striking with a dreadful crash on the sharp edges of a flight of stone steps beneath, fractured his right thigh in several places, and severely bruised his head. A concussion so tremendous could not fail in producing the most disastrous effects, and although every medical aid which the Infirmary could afford was applied without reserve, the unfortunate sufferer expired on the night of October 3rd, leaving a wife and family to mourn his wretched end. This outrage had it seems been committed by two men named Dwyer and Spark, who with the aid, and counsel of some abandoned females of the house, had given rise to a quarrel, and during the scuffle which ensued, he had been thrown out. Dwyer and Spark, at the ensuing assizes, were found guilty of manslaughter, and received sentence of transportation for fifteen years.—*Ibid.*

September 1.—The danger attending the practice of young and inexperienced persons going out to sea in small boats, from the haven at Tynemouth, or from the Tyne, on parties of pleasure, was strikingly exemplified on this day, when, but for the humane exertions and bravery of an individual who had on former occasions distinguished himself in a similar manner, the lives of the party, consisting of three boys, would have been sacrificed. The situation of the boys was first observed from the heights at Tynemouth; they were a long way out at sea, with a strong south-west wind, an ebb tide, and a good deal of lipper on the bar. Every moment increased their peril, as they drifted further off, and as no means of rescue appeared at hand, Mr. James Mather, of South Shields, the gentleman before alluded to, hastened down into the haven, where having found a pilot coble and two men in it, and having succeeded in prevailing on another man to join them, he caused the boat to be put to sea; after running



RUINS OF TYNEMOUTH PRIORY.

for about three miles out, they got sight of the poor little fellows, who yet appeared about two miles further off. The coble bore down upon them, and on nearing the boat, the cries of the boys who had given themselves up for lost, were truly heart-rending. An attempt was made to tow the boat, but it was found impossible to do so with safety, and the boys were taken into the coble, and the boat abandoned. After great exertion, and a good wetting, a landing was effected at Hartley Baits, from whence they returned to Tynemouth with the flood tide, which place they reached about nine o'clock at night. Much praise is due to Mr. Mather, who liberally remunerated the men for their exertions, and also to his intrepid companions, as there can be little doubt that they were the means of rescuing the boys from a watery grave. The thanks of the committee of the Royal Humane Society, inscribed on vellum, was shortly afterwards presented to Mr. Mather, for the good example he so promptly set to the boatmen who accompanied him. The committee also awarded the bronze medal of the Society to each of these men, who well deserved the honour for their steady determination, courage, and perseverance. The resolution of the Society was communicated through the president, his grace the duke of Northumberland.—*Local Papers.*

1839 (Sep. 7).—Saturday, a carter in the employment of Mr. Dawson, farmer, Wark, crossed the Tweed from Wark, on the south side, with a horse and cart, in the afternoon, at which time the water, though partially flooded, had not risen to such a height as to threaten

risk to any one crossing. In consequence of the heavy rain which subsequently fell, however, the river became tremendously swollen, and on his return, about ten o'clock at night, in order to recross to Wark, being unable in the dark to perceive the danger he incurred, he rode fearlessly into the water. Finding the horse, which was a powerful and valuable animal, to be unable to contend against the force of the current, he tried to turn it towards the shore again, but in so doing, the axles and wheels became disengaged from the body of the cart, which, with the horse and driver, was thereupon in an instant swept down the river. In this dreadful situation, immersed in the rushing flood, and in the midst of darkness, he would inevitably have perished, had not his cries reached the ears of a fisherman on the river side, who, with praise-worthy intrepidity, launched his coble, and with some difficulty succeeded in reaching the drowning man, whom he found clinging by the cart in the last extremity, being almost entirely submerged, and under circumstances of the greatest danger to himself, brought him ashore. On the following morning the cart and dead horse were found in the water beside Paxton plantation.—*Local Papers.*

1839 (Sep. 9).—Monday, the foundation stone of a new church was laid at Tynemouth, by M. Bell, esq., M. P., who appeared as the representative of his grace the duke of Northumberland, who was unavoidably absent through indisposition. The site on which the church is built was presented by his grace, together with a donation of £200 towards the endowment. Between twelve and one o'clock the procession formed opposite the Crown inn, and proceeded towards the place. The band of the 33rd regiment was in attendance, and headed the procession. Mr. Green, the architect, carrying the silver trowel, accompanied by Mr. C. U. Laws, bailiff of the manor, with the plans of the church, and the churchwardens and vestry clerk (Mr. Tinley,) carrying the other implements of masonry, &c., followed the band; and immediately after these gentlemen were Matthew Bell, esq. M. P., J. Fenwick, esq., one of the magistrates, and a numerous body of the clergy of the diocese. Having arrived at the building, part of the 132nd Psalm was sung, after which Mr. Wardle, one of the churchwardens, holding a frame, containing a brass plate in the form of a shield, on which was engraved a Latin inscription, addressed the honourable gentleman. The plate being deposited in the stone by Mr. Bell, Mr. Green handed him the silver trowel, which, as well as the other implements of masonry, he used with great dexterity in formally laying the stone; and the vicar, when it was being lowered to its place, invoked the blessing of the Almighty upon the undertaking. Prayers were then read, and part of the 122nd psalm sung;

after which the procession returned, in the same order as before, to the Crown inn, where a cold refection was prepared for the numerous ladies and gentlemen, who, notwithstanding the gloomy appearance of the day, were present to witness the ceremony. Commodious hustings were erected for the use of the ladies, which gave great satisfaction. Messrs. John and Benjamin Green of Newcastle were the architects for the building, which is a great ornament to the village of Tynemouth. The style of architecture is of the 15th century. The plan is in the form of a cross, with transepts, and a chancel, beyond which is a vestry. There is a tower at the west end, surmounted by a spire 95 feet in height. The length of the church is 83 feet, and the breadth 41 feet inside. There are 500 sittings on the ground floor, 250 of which are free, and the church is so arranged, that a gallery may be hereafter introduced when it is found necessary to increase the accommodation.—*Local Papers.*



SUNDAY the 15th September, 1839, the rivers of Northumberland were flooded to a fearful extent in consequence of the very heavy rain which fell on the preceding day, and especially during the whole of the night, when it came down in torrents, and without intermission. As early as five o'clock in the morning, a number of families residing on the banks of the Wansbeck, were roused from their beds by the water rushing into their houses. In Morpeth East Mill and dwelling-house the water nearly reached the first story. A wooden bridge at Morpeth Quarry was swept away, and several walls levelled to the ground. A quantity of hay, sheaves of corn, wooden bridges, felled trees, and others torn up by the roots, gates, and wreck of every description were swept down the river, with many sheep. Mr. Aynsley, of Witton-shiel, lost twenty-five lambs. The dam-head at Netherwitton was partly carried away, as well as the battlement of the new bridge. Mr. Spearman, of Bothal Mill, suffered the loss of a great deal of corn in the sheaf, a stack of straw, stack stands, and various other effects. Mr. Leightley, of Bothal Haughs, had a heavy loss, including a pig, and a stack of hay, about three tons of which were taken down the river, and landed upon Newbiggin sands, quite whole, the top only taken off in passing the ferry rope at Cambois boat. It was viewed as a curiosity when about four miles out at sea. In some houses at Sheepwash, the water flowed into the second story. There never was a flood in this river which caused so much damage, but no lives were lost.

The Coquet presented such a scene as the oldest living man never witnessed. The rain, to use a common saying, "fell whole water;" and a strong gale from the east gave it a character of the most

fearful description, and created well-grounded suspicion that the corn would be completely destroyed ; yet no apprehensions were entertained, by those who had corn standing out upon the banks of the Coquet, that the river would so far overflow its boundaries as to cause that destruction which was done. So rapidly did it rise about nine o'clock on Sunday morning, that in twenty minutes whole fields were completely swept off. The appearance of the majestic stream from Felton-bridge was singularly picturesque, rushing from the deep woody recesses of Felton park, covered with autumnal spoils, and bidding defiance to the puny arm of man to strip it of its trophies. For two hours it presented an unbroken stream of sheaves of corn, hay, trees, gates ; and several sheep were amongst the tributes which the river had to offer to the ocean. Mr. Spearman, of Warton, lost most—about twenty-six. Mr. Story, of Caistron, and Mr. Armstrong, of Thorney-haugh, each lost about ten or twelve. The loss of corn, between Harbottle and Warkworth, was about seventy acres. Many had narrow escapes in attempting to remove property out of the wild career of the flood. A poor hare was seen below Weldon bridge, sailing down on a barley-sheaf. Her frail bark was cast upon a savage shore, and the timid navigator fell a prey to barbarians. The corn grounds upon the Till were inundated and the vale of Wooler, was one sheet of water.

The river Tweed, on Sunday forenoon, rose to an unusual height, and, when not confined by the banks, spread itself over a wide extent of land ; the increased expanse of water, and its impetuous rush to the ocean, giving the river an appearance of novel and imposing grandeur. In the course of the day the devastating effects of the flood upon property situated higher up the stream became strikingly visible in the singular and indeed melancholy spectacle which the river presented, its whole surface, from side to side, in Berwick harbour and above the bridge, being thickly strewn with sheaves of corn, large beams, trunks of trees, fences, &c., and the carcasses of two or three pigs, as also that of a deer, were observed on the water. Some slight attempts were made to save part of the property thus carried down, but they were only successful to a very limited extent. A considerable quantity of wood was saved by being washed ashore, and next day a bar of iron, fifteen feet long, was found in the salmon nets of one of the fishings beside Berwick bridge. The value of the grain which was carried down, independent of any other kind of property, must have been very considerable. The damage sustained by Norham bridge was of serious character. When the river first assumed a threatening appearance on Sunday morning, people were engaged in removing a flock

of sheep from an island, of about fifteen acres of extent, on the eastern point of which the central pillar of the bridge is placed. About ten o'clock the river was much swollen and waxing rapidly; apprehensions were then entertained of the work sustaining damage. It was not, however, till between two and three o'clock in the afternoon that the temporary structure, partly supporting the immense wooden arch on the south side gave way before the force of the reckless current, which by this time was pursuing its heedless course with an awfully majestic grandeur. This accident was wholly owing to the quantity of corn, trees, &c., which was being carried down the stream, collected in a body against it; a similar structure supporting the north arch remained uninjured. Great fear was now entertained for the safety of the arch, which was nearly completed, having a span of 190 feet. The river continued to increase in size, and about two o'clock on Monday morning the entire arch was driven with indescribable violence from the masonry work, and was almost instantaneously borne away by the impetuous stream—fragments of it were cast on the sides of the river, and others floated out to sea, and were cast on the coast about Spittal, Cheswick, &c. The damage done was estimated at about £2,000 or £3,000.

The river Reed was swelled to a tremendous size, overflowing its banks, and carrying away with it considerable quantities of corn and hay, which were standing cut in the fields adjoining its boundaries, and spoiling completely the standing corn and turnips over which it came, constituting the greatest part of the loss. Of the villages in the vicinity, none suffered so much as that of Otterburn, but the damage done to it was not done by the river Reed, (as it stands near a quarter of a mile from it,) but by a small rivulet that winds its course close past the eastern side of the village, and which by the oldest inhabitant never was known to be so large as at this time. The village consists of two rows of houses, each of about 110 yards long, with a bridge at the eastern extremity over the rivulet; about four o'clock in the morning the water was exceedingly high, being half way up the village, the houses nearest the rivulet were half full of water, in the low stories, causing the inhabitants to take shelter in the upper parts; but about half-past four, it rose two feet higher in the course of five minutes, and spread itself much more extensively; it was at its height at a quarter to five, at which time the bridge would have been swept off had it not been for the giving way of a massy wall near the bridge, which gave a new channel to the current. The water was in all the houses excepting two, the under stories of those nearest the rivulet being nearly full of water; much property was of course damaged. All in the village suffered excepting two or three

individuals, and several horses had a narrow escape. This extraordinary swell in the rivulet was caused by the bursting of two fish ponds, one occupying about six acres, and of considerable depth, the other much smaller; these gave way, sweeping everything before them.

Although the flood in the Tyne was not so high as on many former occasions, the plantations at Styford, the residence of Charles Bacon Grey, esq., were quite under water, as were all the low lands in the vicinity; and at Hexham, the tan-yard of Mr. John Ridley, situate in Gilesgate, was completely overflowed, and considerable damage done to the bark liquor in the pits. The houses in the neighbourhood were so much flooded that the chairs and tables floated in the rooms. Among the various articles washed down the Tyne during the flood, were large quantities of bobbins of cotton thread. Many of these were picked up at Blyth.—*Local Papers.*

1839 (September 17).—The port of Seaton Sluice was a scene of great rejoicing, in consequence of the welcome dinner given to Mr. James Thompson, the landlord of the Melton Constable Hotel, lately erected there, it being more than half a century since any buildings or other improvements had been made in that town. The harbour here is one of great curiosity, having been cut through a solid rock, the entrance into the harbour being fifty-two feet deep, thirty feet broad, and nine hundred feet long, and is well worthy of the attention of the stranger. Seaton Sluice is situated about five and a half miles north from North Shields. The manor of Seaton comprised a part of the barony of Delaval, and has continued in that family to the present time. The haven here was formed by sir Ralph Delaval, and was originally a short distance to the north, of small extent, dry at low water, and difficult at the entrance. The river also made its course due east, until it was within a little way of the sea, and then, by a sudden turn, discharged itself due north. The sea-banks at this point were bold and lofty, and formed an angle, one side facing the north, and the other almost due east. At the point of this angle the haven was made, in the construction of which, sir Ralph Delaval found enough to exercise his skill and patience. The stone pier which covered it from the north-east wind was carried away by the sea more than once; and when he had overcome this difficulty, a new inconvenience arose, by his port filling up with mud and sand, though a pretty sharp rill ran through it. In order to remove this mischief, he placed a strong sluice, with flood-gates, upon the brook, and these being shut by the coming in of the tide, the back-water collected into a body, and forcing a passage at the ebb, carried all before it, which, twice in 24 hours, scoured the bed of the haven. The cut through the solid freestone-rock, above mentioned,

and forming the present entrance to the harbour was effected by the late lord Delaval. The word *Sluice* was added to the name of this place, from the the sluice and flood-gates at the mouth of the port. The newly erected hotel contains every convenience, and will be of considerable advantage to the port and neighbourhood.—*Local Papers, &c.*

1839.—The Wesleyan Methodists of Hexham, having purchased the large double house opposite the Abbey-gate, took down the rear of the building, and erected a splendid chapel; the front being appropriated as the preacher's house and vestry, whilst an infant school, common to all denominations, is conducted on the ground floor of the new erection. This house, long occupied by the Messrs. Stokoe, surgeons, and previously by the eccentric Bobby Lowes, has not escaped the charge of being haunted—founded it may be supposed, on an incident elsewhere recorded in the life of the lawyer. The situation is commanding, and the chapel attracts a numerous congregation. The itinerant preachers at present (1845) on the Hexham circuit, are Messrs. Cooke and Owen.—*J. R's. MS.*

September 19.—The steam engine, on Sunderland Moor, belonging to the Sunderland and Durham Railway, burst with a terrific explosion about eight o'clock on the morning, and completely destroyed the building in which it was placed. The roof and side walls were blown into the air and scattered over the ground to a great distance, surrounding the engine, doing considerable damage to other parts of the works on which they were thrown. Several coal waggons standing near the engine were also considerably damaged. The boiler which burst was about six tons weight, and on leaving the place where it was fixed it is described as having the appearance, at a distance, of a balloon ascending into the air. So great was the force of the explosion that the greater part of this massive boiler was carried through the air to a distance of seventy or eighty yards, where it finally fell upon the moor. Another part of the boiler, which was expanded nearly into a flat sheet, fell close by the ruined building. Two firemen were severely scalded and otherwise injured by the falling fragments of the buildings.—*Local Papers.*

1839 (Sept 22).—A commodious chapel, built by Mr. Coulthard, at Bill Quay, for the use of the Wesleyan Methodists, was opened, and collections made in aid of the Missionary funds.—*Ibid.*

Same day, the new Relief chapel, Alnwick, a remarkably neat and commodious building, elegantly fitted up, and capable of seating 600 people, was opened for religious worship.—*Ibid.*

September 23.—Monday, the new burial ground at Barnard-castle was consecrated by the Right rev. the lord bishop of Durham: his

lordship preached a sermon on the occasion, after which a collection was made, amounting to £15., in aid of the funds raised for purchasing the ground.—*Local Papers.*

1839 (Sept. 23).—A club was formed under the appellation of the Godric Club, * having for its object the removal of the rubbish which concealed many of the beauties of the internal architecture of Finchale abbey, near Durham; and to preserve the remains of that ancient pile from premature decay. This desirable object was proposed to be accomplished by the trifling subscription of five shillings yearly from each member, in addition to a liberal contribution from the rev. H. Douglas, prebendary of Durham, on whose property the ruins of the venerable monastery stand. The first annual meeting of the club was held at Finchale on the above day, when the members present proceeded to the examination of the nave, the choir, and the place formerly occupied by the high altar, which had been so far cleared as to expose their original flooring. The party next examined the refectory, dormitory, cloisters, and other parts of the ancient priory; and afterwards adjourned to the neighbouring farm-house, where a president, secretary, treasurer, and committee of management were appointed.—*Gent's Mag.*

September 26.—The foundation stone of an Episcopal chapel at West Herrington, in the parish of Houghton-le-Spring, was laid, in the presence of a large concourse of spectators, by the rev. R. Shepherd, curate of Houghton. The site for the chapel and the ground for the burial of the dead was the gift of the earl of Durham, and the rev. E. S. Thurlow, rector of Houghton, erected the sacred edifice at his own expence, and pays the clergyman who ministers in this part of the parish. This was the third chapel erected in the parish by Mr. Thurlow in less than fifteen years.—*Local Papers.*

This month, in working a limestone quarry, at Rock, a stone was discovered, bearing upon it all the marks of a petrified nest of snakes. *Ibid.*

September.—This month, the town council of Gateshead, on the motion of Mr. alderman Pollock, seconded by Mr. Brockett, resolved that the clock of St. Mary's church should "be repaired and maintained, minute hands attached, and the faces illuminated with gas, out of the borough-rate, as a public convenience."—*Ibid.*

September 28.—Died, at Witton Gilbert, near Durham, the very rev. Richard Richardson, D.D. in the 88th year of his age. He had held the perpetual curacy of Witton Gilbert for upwards of fifty-nine years, and was also precentor of St. David's, rector of Brancepath

* St Godric was the patron Saint of the priory of Finchale,

in the county of Durham, and chancellor of St. Paul's cathedral. The benevolence of his disposition endeared him to his friends; and his charities were numerous, though unostentatious.—*Local Papers*.

1839.—The walls of Long Benton church were observed to be affected by the workings of Heaton colliery: at first a mere crack appeared in the head of the north window, which continued gradually to widen, and on Sunday the 29th of September, the congregation were thrown into confusion by the fall of a portion of the ornamental plaster over that window during divine service. The subsidence of the ground continuing, at length the arch towards the chancel and the heads of all the windows were so cracked as to be deemed insecure and they were shored up with timber. A considerable rent took place also in the solid wall at the north west angle and extended down the side of the gallery to the vestry door. At length the ground appearing to have settled, a permanent repair was commenced by the colliery owners, new arches were turned over the windows, and the walls substantially restored in the August and September of 1842.—*Desultory Notices*.



BRANCEPATH CASTLE (1840).

CHAPTER VII.



ON the night of Friday, the 4th of October, 1839, a fire was discovered in the engine-house attached to Cramlington colliery, for drawing up the waggons, which extended to the annexed premises and before it could be extinguished, it totally destroyed the joiners' fitting up shop, and the saw mill, and threatened an adjoining dwelling house; fortunately the fire engines belonging the colliery and Seghill were speedily got into play, and there being a good supply of water on the spot, by about three o'clock the conflagration was got under.—*Local Papers.*

October 4.—This day was published by Messrs. Marwood and Co., High street, Sunderland, the first number of a newspaper, entitled "The Northern Times," which, it was announced, would be incorporated with a then existing paper called "The Sunderland Beacon."—*Ibid.*

October 5.—The first number of "Another Newspaper for the North of England;" was published on this day by Mr. Proctor, bookseller, Hartlepool. It was called "The Hartlepool, Stranton, and Seaton Herald."—*Ibid.*

October 14.—Monday, a fire broke out in the house of Mr. Bowhill, brewer, Laygate street, North Shields, the greater part of whose furniture was destroyed. Fortunately, however, no lives were lost.—*Ibid.*

Died, same day, in East Holborn, South Shields, at the advanced age of 103, Mrs. Jane Brown; she retained the use of her faculties to the last.—*Ibid.*

October 16.—The workshop of Mr. James Dowey, boat-builder, Limekiln-shore, North Shields, was discovered to be on fire about four o'clock on the morning; and before any assistance could be got, the whole was consumed.—*Ibid.*

1839 (Oct. 18).—Friday afternoon, the *Betsy*, of London, lying at Shields, was discovered to be on fire. She was towed clear of the other ships, and her masts cut away, at which time the flames were rushing up the hatches, and it was not till she was very much injured, that the fire was got under. She had about 5 keels of coals on board, part of her cargo, when the accident transpired.—*Local Papers*.

October 19.—Saturday at night, about eleven o'clock, a frightful accident occurred at an ironstone pit on the farm of Handieswood, a few miles distant from Whitburn. Six of the workmen employed about the place were sitting in the engine-room of the works, when the boiler in the adjoining room exploded with a terrible crash, bursting the walls of the building, and burying the men beneath the ruins. Owing to the darkness and confusion which prevailed, about an hour and a half elapsed before the bodies could be dug out. One man was found in the bottom of the pit with his head shockingly mangled. Only one of the number was got out alive, but so severely injured that his recovery was doubtful. Two of the deceased were brothers of the name of Russell; another was named William Hine, and left a widow and family. The explosion shattered the whole building, with the exception of the chimney-stalk.—*Ibid.*

October 21.—Monday, the railway from Newcastle to Blaydon, on the north side of the river Tyne, commencing from the station west of the Infirmary, and forming part of the Newcastle and Carlisle railway, was opened. Nothing remarkable transpired except that three very elegant and commodious omnibusses were to be seen plying for the first time between the station and three of the principal inns in the town.—*Ibid.*

October 22.—Holy Island was the scene of unusual bustle and hilarity, in consequence of John S. Donaldson Selby, esq., perambulating the boundaries for the first time as lord of the manor. Labour was generally suspended throughout the day—the islanders having agreed to celebrate the occasion with a holiday. Mr. Selby and his lady arrived on the island early in the morning, and were shortly afterwards joined by several of the resident gentry from the adjoining districts. At eleven o'clock a large company assembled at the Cross, and afterwards a procession was formed in the following order:—a band of music (the Coldstream band); two javelin men, bearing their ancient weapons; four splendid silk banners, beautifully ornamented (one bore the royal arms, and another the arms of Selby); these were followed by Mr. Selby and his friends, all the gentlemen displaying favours in their breasts. The business of traversing the boundaries, which was most minutely prosecuted, occupied about four hours, at the termination of which Mr. Selby enter-

tained about forty of his friends at a sumptuous dinner, in an elegant pavilion erected expressly for the occasion. The residents on the island were not overlooked; all the taverns were "open houses" throughout the afternoon, and late in the evening the pleasures of the day were wound up with a ball amongst the youth of the place. The wetness of the weather detracted somewhat from the pleasures of the day, as well as prevented many persons from being present.—*Local Papers.*

1839 (Oct. 23).—His royal highness the duke of Sussex arrived at Lambton Castle, on a visit to Lord Durham. On Monday, November 4th. the duke, accompanied by lady Cecilia Underwood, the earl and countess of Durham, and the ladies Lambton, visited the city of Durham, when he received an address of congratulation from the corporation, and was entertained in the college by the rev. prebendary Ogle. After attending divine service at the cathedral in the evening, the distinguished party returned to Lambton Castle. On the following day, a provincial Lodge was held at Chester-le-Street, presided over by the earl of Durham, Pro-Grand Master of England, and Provincial Grand Master of Durham and Northumberland, for the appointment of officers and other business connected with the province. The lodge was numerously attended by Masons from all parts of the province. His royal highness, the Grand Master of England, arrived about two o'clock, and was received with every mark of respect, and all the honours of Masonry. On his arrival, the earl of Durham presented an address, which had been adopted by acclamation: His royal highness in reply, expressed himself sensibly affected with this address, as well as gratified with the state of masonry in this province. He delivered his sentiments on many subjects relating to the craft, with great clearness and energy; and after remaining in the lodge nearly an hour, he took leave of the brethren. On Thursday, November 7, his royal highness honoured Newcastle with a visit. A few minutes before twelve o'clock on that day, a salute from the castle announced the arrival of the duke. He was accompanied by the earl of Durham in a carriage drawn by four splendid greys, and preceded by an outrider. The lady Cecilia Underwood, the countess of Durham, the ladies Mary and Emily Lambton, and lord Lambton, followed in another carriage drawn by four, and some distance in the rear were Mr. Hutt, Mr. Hawes, Mr. N. Buller, and Mr. Easthope. His royal highness and his friends proceeded at a quick pace to the Assembly Rooms, where they were received by a guard of honour, composed of the officers of the garrison, and the splendid band of the 98th regiment, then stationed at the barracks. Immediately after alighting, his royal highness, as

Grand Master of the ancient order of Free-Masons, proceeded to hold a lodge, and was met by about three hundred Free-Masons of the united lodges of the town and neighbourhood. After closing the lodge, his royal highness proceeded into the "Shakespeare Room," when an address agreed to by the town council of the borough, and another from the town council of Gateshead, were presented to him, and to each of which he gave an appropriate reply. His royal highness next proceeded to the small Assembly Room, where the anniversary meeting of the Society for the Promotion of the Fine Arts was held. The earl of Durham presided, with the royal duke on his right, and was supported by a number of distinguished individuals of both sexes. Mr. Lockey Harle, one of the secretaries, read the committee's report; and the meeting was subsequently addressed by William Ord, esq. M. P., Mr. Easthope, M. P., Mr. Hutt, M. P. Mr. Hawes, M. P., Mr. Charles Buller, M. P., the duke of Sussex, the earl of Durham, and others. After the proceedings of the meeting had terminated, his royal highness proceeded to the Large Assembly Room, where a splendid *dejeuner a la fourchette* was prepared by Mr. Haigh, the keeper of the rooms, in a style of magnificence corresponding with the occasion. The mayor of Newcastle occupied the chair, and was supported by his royal highness, and the distinguished persons present. After justice had been done to the culinary part of the entertainment, a number of toasts and complimentary speeches were delivered, and the company separated. His royal highness and the distinguished party by whom he was attended, in the course of the afternoon, paid a visit to the Central Exchange News Rooms, where he was received by John Brandling, esq. as chairman of the committee, who also introduced Mr. Grainger to the royal visitor. His royal highness subsequently inspected Mr. Grainger's plans, and expressed himself in highly complimentary terms of the ability of that gentleman. Mr. Benj. Green had also the honour of being presented to his royal highness, for the purpose of explaining his plan of a projected high-level bridge from Newcastle to Gateshead. The royal visitor, accompanied by the other distinguished individuals of his party, soon afterwards took their departure for Lambton castle.

On Tuesday November 12th, his royal highness paid a visit to the town of Sunderland, when he performed the interesting ceremony of laying the foundation stone of a building dedicated to literature and science, and erected by public subscription—the Athenæum. His royal highness was received at the Exchange buildings by the members of the town council, who presented him with an address, to which his royal highness returned a suitable reply. His royal high-

ness then proceeded to the Phœnix lodge, and thence in grand masonic procession to the Athenæum ground, where every thing was in readiness for the ceremony. A plate, with an inscription recording the date and object of the building, the names of the committee, and a printed list of subscribers, were placed in the cavity of the stone, which was then lowered down and adjusted by his royal highness, the band in attendance playing the "National Anthem." His royal highness pronounced a suitable benediction, and then called for "three cheers and one cheer more" for the success of the institution. An address from the members of the Athenæum was then presented to his royal highness, after which the procession returned to the Phœnix Lodge, where the proceedings were closed.—*Local Papers.*

1839 (Nov. 9).—The following gentlemen were elected mayors and sheriffs :—

NEWCASTLE—John Carr, esq. mayor ; Robt. Boyd, esq. sheriff.

GATESHEAD—Wm. Henry Brockett, esq.

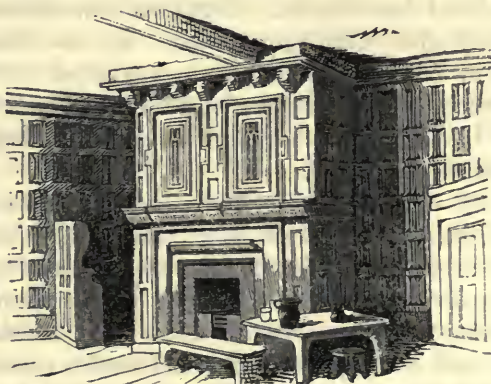
DURHAM—A. W. Hutchinson, esq.

SUNDERLAND—Joseph Brown, esq. M.D.

STOCKTON—Thomas Jennet, esq.

MORPETH—John Creighton, esq.

BERWICK—George Gilchrist, esq. mayor ; John Miller Dickson, esq. sheriff.—*Ibid.*



The "CROSS ROOM" in the WHITE HART INN, NEWCASTLE.
Stripped of the Oak Carvings, June, 1845.

This month, the port of Sunderland was declared by an order in council, to be a fit and proper place for the importation of goods from parts within the limits of the East India Company's Charter.—*Ibid.*

November 10.—The mayor and corporation occupied for the first time, the new pew which had been erected against the north wall of

the chancel of St. Nicholas Church, Newcastle, in place of the unsightly nuisance which formerly occupied the middle aisle, a change the more desirable as it afforded room for several private sittings.—*MS. Col.*

1839 (Nov. 12).—Tuesday, which was Hexham hiring day, Joseph Chicken, a young man about 18 years of age, (belonging the place, but serving his time as a tailor at Whittington) had gone with other people to the hiring. According to his late father's will he was entitled (with another brother) to some little furniture, which was kept according to agreement in the house of his brother-in-law, George Barns, ostler and pig-jobber, till needed. Chicken having thoughts of marrying, thought proper to claim his share, which led to a quarrel and open fight with Barns. After which the two met in a neighbour's house, where Barns, if not both, had made use of offensive language, which irritated Chicken afresh; Barns then went home, and being disordered by drink, he lay down in bed. The other followed him home soon after, saying he would be revenged on him. On Barns seeing Chicken by his fireside, he ordered him out of his house, but he refused to go. He then got up, and laying hold of the poker, struck Chicken a severe blow on the temple, which brought him to the ground. He then took his butcher's knife, and stabbed him in the lower part of the belly, so that his bowels protruded, and he died almost immediately. Barns made no attempt to escape, and was shortly after taken into custody. At the Northumberland assizes, held in February 1840, he was convicted of manslaughter, and received sentence of transportation for life.—*Local Papers.*

November 15.—The construction of the new harbour at Warkworth was commenced.—*Ibid.*

November 15.—At a meeting of the magistrates of Castle ward, east and west, held in the Moot hall, Newcastle, to take into consideration the propriety of adopting the provision of the rural police bill for those divisions of the county of Northumberland, it was agreed to appoint one superintendent and twelve Constables for the west division, and one superintendent and twelve constables for the east division, the superior officers to be mounted. Meetings for the same purpose were also held in Alnwick and Morpeth, but it was not considered expedient to establish any new constabulary force in either of those districts.—*Ibid.*

November 16.—A gold noble of Richard the Second was dredged out of the river Tyne, by the workmen engaged in the operations connected with the extension of Newcastle quay. On the obverse the king is represented standing on the deck of a vessel of war, with a drawn sword in his right hand, and his shield on his left arm—

the inscription is RICARD DI GRA REX ANGL ET FRANC DNS HYR ET AQT. On the reverse is a double tressure, beautifully ornamented with *fleurs de lis* and crowns, and inscribed IHC (Jesus) AUTEM TRANSCIENS R (PER) MEDIUM ILLORUM IBAT—with the letter R in the middle of the cross. The coin is in good preservation.—*Local Papers.*

1839 (Nov. 19).—At the adjourned sessions at Durham, the magistrates (captain Dinsdale only dissenting, on the ground of expense), resolved to adopt the provisions of the county constables bill for the entire county. The number of constables fixed upon was 81, (being at the rate of one to every 2,000 inhabitants)—including a chief constable and five inspectors.—*Ibid.*

November 24.—Sunday morning, William Cain, a chimney-sweep, about 40 years of age, employed by Mr. Foster, of Union-lane, Sunderland, was slain on his master's premises. The deceased and a brother sweep, named William Hamilton, aged 28, slept together in an outhouse, situated in Mr. Foster's back yard. The former had been only five days in Mr. Foster's service. He was a native of Dublin, and lately resided in Church-street, in that city, but more recently in Liverpool. His wife, a native of Cork, had not joined him in Sunderland. Hamilton served his apprenticeship in Durham, and was lately in the service of Mrs. Marshall, Pandon, Newcastle. He came home to Mr. Foster's at one o'clock on Sunday morning, and was heard to swear repeatedly in the yard leading to his bed room. After a short time, he knocked at the window of the room, and cried to Mrs. Foster, "Hannah, will you not get up, and see a murdered man?" Foster and his wife at once rose from bed, and proceeded to the yard, where they found Cain lying, moaning, and profusely bleeding—Hamilton being in their joint-bedroom. Dr. C. Embleton was called, and the existence of a deep wound in the stomach was ascertained. In about three hours Cain died. He was unable, from the time he was found, to utter more than that he was cold, and to say, "Oh! lay me down, and let me go to rest!" A pocket knife, covered with blood, was picked up in the yard, and identified as having belonged to the deceased. Suspicion of murder fell upon Hamilton, and he was taken into custody. On Monday, an inquest was held before Mr Maynard, and a respectable jury, when, according to the evidence adduced it appeared that the prisoner was drunk on Saturday night; and was heard to say, "there was a ——— Irish ——— had cheated him out of a shilling or two, and he would be one with him before the following night." At the time of his return home, he was still very drunk, and conducted himself in a disorderly manner in his bedroom. Cain's voice was never heard. In a few minutes, the prisoner was heard to trail something heavily across the floor, as though it

was a soot bag ; and then he gave the alarm to Mrs. Forster. The bloody knife found near the dying man was closed ; and the deceased it was considered, was not in a condition to have shut it himself. It was Cain's property, but had been seen in Hamilton's possession. There was blood on the nose, eyebrow, and left wrist of the prisoner. Some hours after his apprehension, he was asked if he knew why he was detained : he replied in the negative, and was apparently astonished when he was told that it was on suspicion of murder. At the inquest, he stated that "he was so sore in liquor, that he did not know what had been done." To this and other statements (which were of little importance), he was unable to sign his name, but attached his mark. The jury returned a verdict against him of "Willful Murder," and he was committed for trial at the next Durham spring assizes, when he was found guilty of Manslaughter and transported for the term of his natural life.—*Local Papers*.

1839 (Nov. 29).—On the morning of this day a horrible event was discovered on board a vessel lying at Berwick quay—the Martha, schooner, of Cockenzie, William Ovens, master, which arrived there on the previous morning. During the day the crew had been engaged in discharging her ballast, and, for the purpose of drying the hold preparatory to her taking in her cargo, a small fire was kept lighted throughout the day. At night, the crew after putting the hatches on, went to bed, the captain and mate in the cabin, and three seamen (the remainder of the crew) in the fore-castle. In the morning about 8 o'clock the mate, seeing none of the men stirring, went to the fore-castle to call them, where he was horrified at discovering two of them, who occupied the same bed, lying dead, and the third nearly so. They had been suffocated by the fumes of the stove. Surgical assistance was instantly procured, and the man still in life was removed to the dispensary, where means for his restoration were successfully applied. Dr. Edgar attempted to bleed the other two, but in vain.—*Ibid*.

November 29-30.—Friday and Saturday, the river Tyne was swollen to an unusual height. Several ships, steam-boats, and other craft, were driven from their moorings both at Newcastle, and at Shields, and sustained more or less damage.—*Ibid*.

November 30.—The foundation-stone of "The Corporation Hall," Stockton-upon-Tees, was laid by Thomas Jennett, esq., mayor. His worship walked in procession from the town-hall, with the magistrates, aldermen, councillors, town clerk, &c., to the site of the intended building, on the north side of Dovecot-street—a band of music being in attendance, to enliven the proceedings. Under the foundation-stone, there were deposited several coins, and an inscription ; also, a

copy of the county-newspapers of the week. Mr. Robert Wilson, who placed the latter in their appointed recess, jocosely remarked, that he had had the honour of committing the first newspapers to the new post-office.—*Local Papers.*

1839 (November).—A. G. Potter, esq., of Walbottle house, with his brothers, presented to God and his Church, at Newburn, a beautiful and elegant painted window, executed by Mr. Wailes, of Newcastle, in a style which does great credit to his taste and skill, and which was placed in the north transept of that sacred edifice. The window is of the Tudor date of architecture, in the upper tracery of which are the emblems of the holy evangelists, with the monograms of A.Q. and I.H.S. In these representations the judicious combination of subdued and rich tone of colouring powerfully reminds us of those beautiful specimens which are now only to be found in those monuments of ancient piety, our noble cathedrals. The lower part of this beautiful work of art is filled up with a rich and ornamental device of the period; in which are introduced the crest and arms of the Potter family, together with the following inscription;—*Deo et Ecclesiae Fratres Potter, dicaverunt A.D. MDCCCXXXIX.* ‘Remember them, O Lord, concerning this; and wipe not out the good deeds which they have done for the house of their God.’—*Ibid.*

This month, died at Cowpen colliery, aged 102, Mrs. Scott.—*Ibid.*

December 2.—A very fine specimen of the “Maigre,” *Sciæna Aquila*, Cuv., one of the largest of scaly fishes, was caught in the river Tyne, by one of the men on board a steam-tug, with a boat hook. The specimen measured five feet two inches in length, and was purchased for the Natural History Society. This is the fifth specimen recorded as having been taken on the British shores.—*Ibid.*

December 8.—Sunday afternoon, during the celebration of divine service in Alnwick church, a part of the roof of that building was discovered to be on fire. The congregation was immediately dismissed, and the fire, which had been communicated from the flue of the stove to the adjoining timbers, was fortunately extinguished with little damage. The engine of the corporation, and another, belonging to his grace the duke of Northumberland, were promptly on the spot, but their services were scarcely required.—*Ibid.*

December 9.—Monday, the persons near the Wear, at Sunderland, were horror-struck at perceiving a man in the act of falling from the bridge; but their feelings were soon reversed, on seeing the poor fellow emerge from the water, and walk home, apparently little the worse for his perilous descent; for, soon after leaving the bridge, he returned for his monkey-jacket, which he had taken off while engaged in painting the under part of the arch.—*Ibid.*

1839 (Dec. 14).—Saturday night, about nine o'clock, a man in the employ of Mr. Gallon, coach-proprietor, Gateshead, adopted the somewhat dangerous plan of driving a chariot and four into the river at Skinnerburn, for the purpose of washing them, when the force of the current swept the horses and vehicle towards Tyne-bridge; and if they had not fortunately been jammed between two keels, they would in all probability have been carried through one of the arches into deep water, and the horses drowned. As it was, they were in the water till twelve o'clock, while the carriage was not extricated till some hours afterwards. The same man drowned a horse under similar circumstances some time previous.—*Local Papers*.

December 16.—Monday evening, a fire broke out about nine o'clock, in a stable on the farm of West Brunton, in the occupation of Mrs. Barbara Younger. It appeared that two persons had gone into the stable about foddering time with a lantern, where there was a young colt, and that a short time after they had come into the house, a smell of burning was discovered, and on their returning to the stable it was found to be on fire. Expresses were instantly despatched to the barracks and to Newcastle for the fire engines, and in the mean time the communication was broken down between the stable and the other farm buildings, so as to prevent the fire spreading. The North British engine was first on the ground, and the others shortly followed. The artillery men from the barracks were also very active, but from the nature of the materials, and the distance the engines had to travel, they could render but little assistance in saving the building where the fire originated. The extent of the damage consisted in the destruction of the stable, the young horse, and a straw hemmel, upon which an insurance had been effected in the Union office.—*Ibid*.

December 19.—A fire broke out in a stable belonging to Mrs. Gibson, of the Blue Posts, in Pilgrim-street, but the Newcastle and North British fire engines were speedily on the spot, and by the exertions of the firemen it was soon extinguished. The fire was confined to the hay loft, where it is supposed it had originated, and the principal damage done was the destruction of the materials for a large tent. The currier shops of Mr. Sillick, which were above the stables, had a narrow escape, the boards and joists of which were partly burnt through. Mr. Stephens, and a strong body of police were present, and rendered every assistance.—*Ibid*.

December 24.—Tuesday morning early, the premises of Mr. Vincent, cutler, Low-street, North Shields, were discovered to be on fire; and it was not till the stock had been destroyed that the flames were extinguished.—*Ibid*.

1839.—During this year, no fewer than 310 vessels were built and registered at the port of Sunderland. Many of them were from 300 to upwards of 600 tons burden.—*Local Papers.*

December 30.—A new colliery was opened at Medomsley, by the Derwent Coal Company, and a flag placed on the works, announcing that every thing was ready for the sale of coals. Operations were commenced about the beginning of August preceding.—*Ibid.*

1840 (Jan. 1).—Wednesday, a public meeting was held in the Long Room, Commercial hotel, Howard-street, North Shields, to take into consideration the propriety of incorporating the borough of Tynemouth. The room was crowded with the most influential individuals of the borough. T. Young, esq. was called to the chair, who briefly stated the object for which the meeting was called, and was followed by A. Crighton, esq., who moved the first resolution; Dr. Lietch seconded it, and in an able address showed the necessity, importance, and advantage to be derived by the town being incorporated. Several other resolutions were passed unanimously, amongst which a petition to the queen was agreed to, praying her majesty to grant a charter for the borough. Several of the speakers congratulated the meeting on the unanimity which had prevailed throughout.—*Ibid.*

Jan. 1.—A public meeting of the rate-payers within the borough of South Shields, was held in the Town hall of that place, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, to consider the propriety of procuring for the said borough a charter of incorporation; when a resolution in favour of that object was proposed, seconded, and carried, by forty-six for, and forty-one against the motion.—*Ibid.*

January 3.—The Slaley hounds on Saturday last, found two foxes at Bromley Fell, one of which the pack got away with, excepting a bitch of the name of Blossom. This extraordinary little hound, the smallest of the pack, went away with the other fox, and, after a severe chase, actually ran into him alone, and when some foot people who had joined her towards the latter part of the run got up, they found the fox in a ditch, and Blossom lying upon him, both completely exhausted, so much so, that neither of them could injure the other. The fox was taken alive, but died during the night. Blossom, after a little careful treatment, soon came round again. This same hound, about two years previously, got away alone with a fox, and after a run similar to the preceding, pressed her fox so gallantly, that he took refuge on the top of a stone wall, when a boy accidentally coming up, and finding her in vain attempting to jump up to the fox, took up a stone, approached Reynard, knocked him off the wall, and stunned him, and so rendered his dispatch an easy matter to himself and Blossom.—*Ibid.*

1840 (Jan. 4).—The committee of the Central Exchange News Room, Newcastle, upon a requisition of a numerous body of subscribers, ordered that an exchange for business, should be held for one hour on the Saturday in every week throughout the year, in the area or circle, within the building, on the outside of the news room, and that the 'hour of business should commence at one o'clock in the afternoon, and continue till two o'clock. Non-subscribers having business with subscribers, to be admitted to the exchange during that hour, for the purpose of transacting business. This desirable arrangement commenced on the above day. 'The time of business is now (1845) from 3 o'clock till half-past four.—*Local Papers, &c.*

January 5.—Sunday afternoon, as Mr. John Chisman, of Blackwell mill, and Mr. Rutter, were walking on the shore of the river Skerne, about three hundred yards from the mill, on the way to Darlington, they observed something in the water like a flannel petticoat. A fork was procured, and a substance raised, which proved to be the body of a female. It was carefully removed, with further assistance, to a granary at the mill, where an inquest was held, before Wm. Trotter, esq., coroner for Darlington ward, on the following day, and by adjournment on the day succeeding. The evidence went to show that the deceased was a young woman named Susan Dagley, a native of Coventry, who had worked at Messrs. Pease's mill for about nine months, and was missed from her lodging at Priestgate, in Darlington about five weeks previous; since which period every effort for her discovery had been unsuccessful. Thomas Brownrigg, a fellow-lodger, had been taken into custody on the suspicion arising from the circumstance that on the night of Friday the 29th of November, about half past seven in the evening, she threw her tea-tin on the table of her lodgings, and went out without speaking a word to any one. Brownrigg, who lodged in the same house, went out about seven, and returned at half-past nine o'clock the same evening, when he said to another lodger, named Woodhams,—“Woodhams, have you seen any thing of Susan?” and before he had time to reply, he asked the same question of the old woman, Jane Scott, who kept the lodging house. On the Sunday, Brownrigg told Woodhams he had been seeking all over for her; and a female named Margery Newton deposed that about seven o'clock that morning, she saw Brownrigg, coming up from the water in a stooping position. Mr. Arthur Strotter, had examined the body and found the head, arms, and hips, to be very much bruised; the lungs healthy, the brain much gorged with blood, no appearance of pregnancy, and considered that the murder must have been committed before the body was thrown into the water. The deposition of Brownrigg went to account for the use he

made of his time on the night in question, the particulars of which coincided with the statements which two or three other witnesses made as to the times when they saw him. Verdict of "wilful murder against some person or persons unknown."—*Local Papers*.

1840 (Jan. 6).—Monday, an inquest was held at Paston, in the parish of Kirknewton, on the bodies of two fine boys, one named Ralph, aged about 8 years, and the other William, aged about 4 years, sons of Ralph Turnbull, hind to Mr. Thompson, of Paston, who were unfortunately drowned in the river Beaumont on the preceding day. It appeared that the deceased and another boy named William Martin, aged about seven years, had gone down the river side, where a plank, about fifteen inches in breadth, is laid across the river, for the farm servants to pass over to their work, and that the three children having hold of each other's hands, attempting to go along the plank, all fell into the river, which runs with a rapid course; the two Turnbulls were carried a considerable way down the river, but the other boy providentially got out. On returning home, he told what had happened, and the bodies of the deceased were soon afterwards found, but life was quite extinct. Verdict,—Accidentally drowned.—*Ibid*.

January 14.—Shortly after five o'clock on the morning of this day, Friday, a fire broke out in the printing office of Mr. M. S. Dodds, on the Quay, Newcastle, which did considerable damage, but by the



Doorways of an OLD MANSION in Byker Chare, Quayside, Newcastle. Removed 1843.

timely assistance of the engines, the flames were prevented from extending to the other parts of the building, which are occupied as merchants' and brokers' offices. Mr. Dodd's office was at the top of the building, and, with almost all the materials, was totally destroyed. How it originated is not known.—*Local Papers.*

1840 (January 23).—A chimney which was erected in a field near Winlaton, in the county of Durham, in 1833, fell with a tremendous crash. It was about 220 feet high, and unfinished. Being situated on an eminence, it could be seen from a great distance. The arches near the base had been taken away a day or two previous, and a strong wind completed its downfall. It was built for the purpose of carrying off the muriatic acid gas from an intended alkali work, but was never used.—*Ibid.*

January 29.—Died, at Bedlington, Northumberland, at the advanced age of 110 years, Mrs. Mary Lorimer. She perfectly remembered the rebellion 1745, at which time she was in service at the High church, Morpeth.—*Ibid.*

February 1.—A dreadful collision took place in the river Tyne, near Friar's Goose. The London Merchant steamer was going down the river from Newcastle on her voyage to London, about two o'clock, and the brig Good Intent from Lynn, laden with flour, barley, &c., was sailing up towed by the steam-tug Margaret, when they came violently in contact with each other. The Good Intent was struck on her larboard bow, and in a few minutes went down. The crew had just time to save their lives. There were upwards of three hundred sacks of flour on board the Good Intent. The shock is described by the men on board the Margaret steamer, as having been most terrific. A dense cloud of smoke from the chimnies of Clapham's alkali works alongside the river, covered at the moment, the three vessels. The towing steamer had only time to port her helm, when the powerful London Merchant glided close past her; if she had struck the Margaret, the latter and her crew would have perished.—*Ibid.*

February 1.—Saturday, between ten and eleven o'clock at night, a fire was discovered in one of the new and unoccupied houses in Granger-street, Newcastle, next to the entrance to the Central Exchange. It was in a front room, on what is called the first floor. On being observed, it was found that a quantity of wood and shavings were in a blaze, piled up in the middle of the floor. No doubt was entertained that it was the work of an incendiary.—*Ibid.*

February 9.—Died, at Newcastle, aged 59 years, Luke Clennell, the celebrated painter and engraver. As a practical wood engraver Clennell possessed great abilities; but it is to his works as a designer and painter that we are to look more especially for the evidences of

his genius. His powers in delineating rustic, as well as marine scenery, were very great—and it is only necessary to advert to his painting of the allied sovereigns when in England, and the great price it brought in an unfinished state through his lamented indisposition, to class him as a first-rate artist, and to shew to what extent his talents were appreciated. In his youth he evinced unwearied industry, and was indefatigable in his exertions to attain that excellence in the higher walks of his profession, to which he ultimately arrived; yet however praise-worthy emulation may be, it is perhaps, to be lamented that deep study and over exertion of thought, forced his talents into precocious maturity, and that, like the great Tasso, they shone but like a meteor to be ever after obscured in darkness. His disposition was pleasing and open, and he had a heart at once kind, tender, and sincere. His remains were followed to the grave by most of the artists of the town.—*Local Papers*.

1840 (Feb. 8).—The largest vessel ever built at Blyth was launched on the above day. She was named the Robert and George, of 500 tons register, and carried 24 keels.—*Ibid*.

February 25.—J. C. Jobling, esq. of Newton Hall, chosen chairman of the Quarter Sessions of Northumberland in the place of C. W. Bigge, esq.—*Ibid*.

March 1.—Early in the morning of this day, Sunday, a fire was discovered in the store house of Mr. Wm. Craig, rope-maker, at Southwick, near Sunderland. The house was destroyed, together with the materials, consisting of hemp, tar, rope, &c., to upwards of £200. value. There had been no fire in the premises for three days previous, and it was considered to be the work of an incendiary.—*Ibid*.

March 4.—The windows of a house at the Ballast Hills were blown out, and a person much injured, in consequence of some gunpowder having been put into the fire by mistake.—*Ibid*.

March 5.—The foundation stone of a Wesleyan chapel, with sittings for upwards of 500 persons, was laid at St. Lawrence, near Newcastle, by Mr. John Reay, of Carville. After the religious services, Mr. Reay gave some interesting accounts of the rise and progress of Methodism on the banks of the Tyne, from which it appeared that there were, within half a mile of each side of the river, between Tyne-mouth and Hexham, 38 chapels, capable of accommodating 17,270 persons, which cost in building £28,300.—*Ibid*.

March 6.—At the queen's levee the mayor of Newcastle presented an address of congratulation from the mayor, aldermen, and council, on her majesty's marriage. Similar addresses were presented from Sunderland and Durham.—*Ibid*.

Same day, a new patent was granted W. I. Cookson, esq., for

certain improved processes or operations for obtaining copper and other metals from metallic ores.—*Local Papers.*

1840 (March) 7.—Sunday, about seven o'clock in the evening, the house and shop, occupied by Mr. Wm. Cousins, tailor, Long-row, South Shields, was discovered to be on fire, and such was the rapidity with which the flames spread, that the whole of the premises, as well as the adjoining house, occupied by Mr. Samuel Yates, publican, were completely destroyed, and some other houses received considerable damage. Fortunately, however, the wind was calm, and by the aid of the engines, the assistance of the inhabitants, police, and the military and engines, from Tynemouth barracks, the fire was got under about twelve o'clock. In addition to this calamity, a little girl, six years of age, belonging to Francis Place, perished in the flames, and was buried in the ruins of the building, her father not knowing but that she had made her escape. The stock of Mr. Cousins was totally consumed, and the unfortunate sufferers of both houses lost nearly the whole of their furniture and other effects. The remains of the body of the child were found some weeks afterwards on the removal of the rubbish. A public meeting of the inhabitants of South Shields was held on March 11th, at which it was resolved to raise a sum by subscription for the relief of the sufferers, and to endeavour to make arrangements for putting down fire plugs in the principal streets.—*Ibid.*

March 9.—Three men were killed at Springwell colliery, in consequence of the chain breaking when they were descending.—*Ibid.*

March 13.—Between 12 o'clock at night, and 1 o'clock on the following morning (Saturday), the cabinet workshops of Mr. John James, situated between Pilgrim street and Erick street, Newcastle, were discovered to be on fire. An immediate alarm was given, but the workshops, which were formed of three stories, being filled with furniture and dry wood of various descriptions, the flames spread with great rapidity. The engine of the Newcastle, North British, and York and London Insurance companies, as well as small engines from the glass houses, arrived in the course of a few minutes after they were sent for; and having obtained an abundant supply of water, the progress of the fire was fortunately checked, but not until the workshops and their contents were entirely destroyed. A part of the stock of veneers and other wood in the yard was consumed, and, considering the mass of property close to the place where the fire commenced, it was matter of astonishment that the flames did not extend much further than they did. The workshops are situated between Messrs. Mountain and Son's wire-work manufactory, on the one side, and Mr. Renwick's cabinet workshops and Mr. Hutton's farriery on the other, and though the fire may be said to have

touched them at intervals, they escaped almost entirely uninjured. The fire was in a great measure extinguished by two o'clock, and soon afterwards was got under entirely.—*Local Papers*.

1840 (March 15).—Jane White, an unfortunate girl of the town, aged 20 years, was burnt to death by a man named James Moore. It appeared by the evidence given on the coroners' inquest, that the deceased lodged with three other girls, in an infamous house, kept by Margaret Reay, in Cellar's entry, in Sandgate, Newcastle, and on the night of the above day (Sunday), about twelve o'clock, one of the girls named Martha Miller brought James Moore into the house, but after remaining only a short time a dispute arose between them; and on the deceased coming into the room where they were she was immediately ordered out. Some words, however, ensued, when Moore snatched up the candle, which was burning on the table, and set fire to two shawls which she had on at the time. The consequence was that she was so dreadfully burnt on the breast, back, and face, that after lingering at the infirmary until the 17th she expired. Verdict—Man-slaughter against James Moore. He was tried at the Newcastle summer assizes, found guilty, and sentenced to four months' imprisonment with hard labour.—*Ibid*.

March 17.—As some beasts which had been purchased at the cattle market, Newcastle, on the morning of this day, were proceeding along the Close on their road to Sunderland, one of them, a young bull, being a little in advance of the drove, took a fancy to enter the public-house, called the Close Gate house, and not content with stopping in the passage, deliberately walked up stairs, and had ascended two flights, and was proceeding up the third when he was checked in his course by a person above. The animal not being able to turn, was urged backwards down one pair of the stairs, but, unfortunately, on reaching the landing below, the flooring gave way, and the bull falling against a thin partition wall, burst through it, and fell into the tap-room covered with bricks and dust. The poor animal, however, instead of being injured by the descent, immediately turned over, and to the astonishment of all quietly walked out at the door, and joined its comrades.—*Ibid*.

March 19.—Thursday, the students resident in the castle at Durham, were aroused from their slumbers at an early hour by the cry of fire. On examination it was found that two large beams connected with the students' apartments and the kitchen were on fire. Two engines being brought into play upon the part, the fire was soon put out, but not without doing some damage to the furniture and books.—*Ibid*.

March 20.—The John Garrow, capt. J. Wilson, an iron vessel of

800 tons, calculated to carry 40 keels of coals, arrived in the river Tyne; when she entered the narrows she was drawing ten feet water. From the time of her arrival she continued to excite much curiosity; part of her standing rigging was made of wire, and except her top and decks, she was exclusively made of iron. Captain Wilson ordered, that parties visiting her should pay one shilling each, which should be given to the "Shipwreck society." The vessel is named after the principal in the firm in Liverpool, who are her owners. The John Garrow loaded in the Tyne for Bombay, and was the first iron vessel which had entered the port.—*Local Papers*.

1840 (March 20).—A dinner was given at the Blue Bell inn, Newcastle, to Mr. Peter Gibson, Dean-street, commemorative of his having rescued three persons from drowning. A silver snuff-box, and a memorial narrating the circumstances handsomely framed and glazed, were also presented to Mr. Gibson.—*Ibid*.

March 21.—The Thornley Coal company (co. of Durham) completed a sinking to a seam of coal never before worked in the district. It lies at a distance of eighty fathoms below the five-quarter seam, and turned out to be of first-rate quality, closely resembling the Hutton seam, in the neighbourhood, and is four feet in thickness. The discovery of this seam is of great importance, not only to the owners of this colliery, but to all the neighbouring collieries and to the country generally, affording, as there is reason to believe, a supply of excellent fuel for several generations.—*Ibid*.

March 27.—A fire broke out in the workshop of Mr. Hewett, joiner, Dovecot-street, Stockton, which consumed the whole of the interior, and damaged the adjoining buildings. The two engines belonging the town were extremely well-worked, and the neighbours freely gave a good supply of water; otherwise, the damage might have extended to many very valuable adjacent houses.—*Ibid*.

March 30.—Monday, an explosion occurred in the Old Willington pit, by which three men and five boys were much burnt, one of them so severely that he died within a few hours after he was got out. At the time of the accident there were 130 men and boys in the mine, so that had not the explosion been confined to one place, the consequences might have been very destructive. The accident was caused by blasting the coal.—*Ibid*.

April 1.—A melancholy accident happened at St. Anthony's Oil Mill, near Newcastle, by which two young men, named Robert Wilson and Benjamin Giles, lost their lives. They were both employed at the works, and had that morning come a little before five o'clock, but previous to commencing they sat down in the boiler-shed, as was supposed to warm themselves, but while there, the engine (which had

not that morning been working) was set to work, when, unfortunately, no sooner was this done than one of the boilers burst, carrying away the door and part of the shed-front with the two poor fellows into the river, a distance of fourteen yards. Assistance being at hand, immediate search was made for the bodies which were not got until about a quarter of an hour after the explosion. The engineman happily escaped with trifling injury.—*Local Papers.*

1840 (April 2).—The largest and one of the finest vessels ever built on the river Tyne, was launched from the dock-yard of Messrs. Smith, at St. Peter's, near Newcastle. She is called the *Bucephalus*, is frigate-built, and destined for the East India trade. Her extreme length is 179 feet, her gun deck 152 feet, and her breadth 34 feet, and her register 985 tons, new measurement. She has six cabins in her poop, fifteen between decks, which are all fitted up with every convenience for the accommodation and comfort of passengers. At her bows is a figure-head of a beautifully carved horse, representing Alexander's celebrated *Bucephalus*; and her stern, quarter galleries, and other parts are tastefully ornamented with appropriate carved work; indeed so finished and complete a vessel had not been sent off the stocks for a long time, and she was considered by practical men to be one of the best East Indiaman afloat. Great interest was excited on this occasion, and previous to her going off, the dock-yard (which was thrown open to the public) was crowded with spectators, while the banks of the river on both sides were lined with thousands as far as the eye could command a view of the vessel. The river also presented a gay and animated appearance, numerous steam-boats with their streamers flying, and other craft crowded with passengers, contributed in no small degree to heighten the interest of the scene. A little after four o'clock, every thing being ready, the signal was given, and in a moment this splendid vessel glided beautifully and majestically into the river, amidst the firing of cannon and the cheers of the immense multitude. The vessel was named by Miss Werge, in the company of several ladies and gentleman.—*Ibid.*

In the course of this and the preceding year, extensive repairs and improvements were effected in the church of St. Andrew, Newcastle. The fine old roof of the centre aisle of the nave, which had been hid for many years, was exposed to view by the judicious removal of the flat white-washed ceiling by which the church has so long been disfigured. The roof which is of oak, and of good, though late, design, was thoroughly cleaned and varnished. The chancel was cleared of the whole of the old pews, and entirely refitted with stalls of imitation oak. By this arrangement a considerable number of additional sittings were obtained. The space within

the rails of the communion was likewise considerably elevated, and the altar furnished with a handsome new altar-cloth. The south porch of the chancel was restored to its original use, its south front rebuilt, a doorway placed therein, and the modern entrance, on its eastern side, walled up. The western porch at the same period, was laid open by the removal of a partition wall, and an additional doorway was opened to the north, under the staircase leading to the long gallery. Among the minor matters may be noticed, the erection of several new pews near the font, the removal of the glazed partition at the back of the pew (formerly that of alderman Hedley), and the discovery of two vaults under the floor of the communion, the one belonging the Ogles of Causey Park, the other to the Ryott family.—*MS. Col.*



The TOWER of the CHURCH of S. ANDREW, Newcastle. 1845.

CHAPTER VIII.



THE Newcastle-upon-Tyne Polytechnic exhibition for the benefit of the North of England Society for the Promotion of the Fine Arts, and the Mechanics' Institutes of Newcastle and Gateshead, was opened on the 7th of April in a number of apartments situate between the south side of Blackett-street and Nelson-street, comprising in the whole, a suite of no less than eleven rooms, some of them of considerable size. This magnificent exhibition of every branch of art, science, manufacture, and articles of vertu—every species of machinery, apparatus, and experiment—every kind of handiwork, civilized or savage—every production of nature whether terrene or marine, forming a concatenation of objects of value, interest, rarity or curiosity, perhaps never before brought together,—was mainly established by the exertions of a number of gentlemen noted for their efforts in advancing the intellectual interests of the town and neighbourhood, too numerous to mention individually—nevertheless we cannot risk the charge of invidiousness, when we state that to the continued and extraordinary exertions of Messrs. Thomas Burnet, and Henry Brady, the secretaries, Mr. John Hancock the eminent naturalist, Mr. Albany Hancock his brother, Mr. Joshua Alder, Mr. Geo. Burnet, junr., Mr. Joseph Watson and others, the public were indebted for much of the surpassing interest and brilliancy of the exhibition. Nor must we forget to pay a just tribute of praise to the exceeding great liberality of the nobility, gentry, and inhabitants throughout the whole of the North of England, for the readiness with which they lent for public benefit the objects of interest in their possession, and last, not least, the uniform excellence of behaviour evinced, and the care bestowed, by the numerous visitors, who sometimes amounted to many thousands at a time.

So completely did the exhibition ensure the purpose for which it was intended, and so fully did the inhabitants appreciate the boon which had been conferred, that the exhibition, originally opened for three months, lasted for five, closing in the midst of its popularity, and boasting in the aggregate little short of two hundred and fifty thousand visits by holders of season tickets and others. *

At the entrance from Blakett-street, the visitor was introduced to the larger room of the "Academy of Arts," in which were hung a choice and magnificent collection of paintings chiefly by the old masters. On the left of the academy was the entrance to the "microscope room," containing a magic lantern, pyrotechnicon, oxhydrogen microscope, &c. Returning from this apartment, and going forward, the visitors ascended and traversed a gallery crossing High Friar street, and connecting the apartments already described with the Victoria Room, Music Hall, &c., on the south side of the street which it crossed. This gallery contained a variety of objects of interest, chiefly consisting of pictures, relics, models, and articles of costume of different nations. The visitors shortly entered the "Victoria Room," an apartment of indescribable magnificence, containing articles of immense value and importance, in the way of luxurious ornament, utility and instruction. This room contained specimens of almost every imaginable branch of art and manufacture. Mr. Orde's racing cups occupied the one extremity, and mailed figures, mirrors, vases, and other ornaments, the other. The sides were covered with immense

* FIRST SEASON.—THIRTEEN WEEKS.

Season Tickets sold at 2s. 6d. each	8268
Admitted at 2s. 6d. Soirees	771
Admitted at 10s. Soirees	1942
Admitted at 6d. each	72,285

SECOND SEASON.—SEVEN WEEKS.

Season Tickets sold, 1s. 6d. each	1078
Admitted at Shilling Soirees	3402
Admitted at Sixpence each	23,963
Children at Threepence	1524
Charity Scholars at Twopence.....	1955

Total Admissions, 1st Season	192,713
Do. 2nd Season	43,619

Total 236,323

The receipts amounted to £4458. 15s. 1d. and after the liquidation of the necessary expences left a sum for division, of no less than £1500. On Tuesday, September 1, was held what was to have been the *final* soiree, but the crowd for admission was so much greater than on any previous occasion, that to pacify the multitudes unable to gain access, the Committee were obliged to promise another "last night." On Wednesday (Sept. 2.) therefore, there was a further soiree—and the exhibition closed.

tiers of glass cases, &c., containing ornithological and other specimens in natural history, and of rare matters in manufactures, &c. Thence the visitors entered the "New Music Hall," an immense room devoted to practical and experimental science and machinery. To attempt any thing like a detail of its varied and wondrous contents would be in vain. A few of the more remarkable can only be mentioned: the centre of the hall was occupied by a large fountain and circular canal, in, and by the sides of which, swam shoals of gold and silver fishes, and worked mills, syphons, pumps, steam-boats, locomotives, screws, diving bells, rams; air, forcing, and water pumps, and indeed every imaginable appliance of pneumatic, acoustic, hydrostatic, and electric science. On one side of the fountain and canal, stood a beautifully polished steam-engine of four horse power, manufactured on improved principles by Messrs. Hawthorn of Newcastle, driving, by means of bands, a power loom for weaving merino, another for ribbon, and an iron planing machine. Hard by, was a complicated machine for making braid worked by a boy. Then Mr. Buddle's ingenious model of a method of bringing coals to bank in iron boxes and frame work; models of gates, bridges, buildings, without end. There were also telescopes, lenses, microscopes, and all kinds of mathematical, geographical, and astronomical apparatus, and the room rang with the ceaseless din and clatter of engines, machines, looms, and printing presses. Other rooms presented, among a multiplicity of objects of still life, several of the inmates of the blind asylum engaged in varied manufactures, and another performing on the piano-forte at stated intervals.

After the inspection of an exhibition of the most interesting, varied, and intellectual character, the visiter, at last, by passing through an ingenious revolving door placed on the staircase of the Music Hall, found himself in Nelson-street, the extremity of the exhibition. It is pleasing to contemplate the positive happiness administered to so many thousands for twenty weeks—the rich and varied intellectual feast provided by the committee, and the liberal contributors who supported that committee, will long be the theme of earnest description and commendation.—*MS. Col.*

1840 (April 10).—The meet of the Northumberland and North Durham fox-hounds was, at the request of several farmers in the neighbourhood, fixed for Old Heton, on the banks of the Till. A fox, it was reported, had for some days previously killed a number of lambs on that and some adjoining farms; and to prevent further mischief, it was resolved to hunt down the destroyer. While waiting the arrival of the gentlemen connected with the hunt, in a field adjoining the house, the huntsman and whipper-in were surprised to observe a large

dog seize and carry off a lamb, with which it escaped into a plantation. In a short time afterwards, the dog again made its appearance ; but by this time, the whole field having been assembled, its retreat was cut off, and it was captured. It turned out to be a large blue greyhound bitch, which had lately whelped ; and when captured, her nose and fore paws were covered with mud, having just buried the lamb which she had previously carried off.—*Local Papers*.

1840.—Mr. A. Spoor, builder, having obtained the consent of the corporation of Newcastle for the removal of White Friar tower and a portion of the town-wall adjoining it on the south, in order to the formation of a new street,—the first act of demolition took place early in April, by the breaking of a large hole in the wall immediately beneath the tower, for the purpose of obtaining a passage for carts, which has since formed the roadway of Hanover street, extending from the brow of the hill, near Hanover square, to the Skinner's burn.—*MS. Col.*



WHITE FRIAR TOWER, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, as seen in April, 1840.

April 25.—Saturday, a fire broke out at Mr. Ogle's, Fallion farm, near Rothbury, about two o'clock on the morning and notwithstanding every effort being made to stop the flames, a barn and straw-house, thrashing machine, a byer in which were four cows, and five stacks of barley in the stack-yard, were entirely destroyed.—*Local Papers*.

April 27.—Monday, at South Hetton, a boy named Elliott, aged 12 years, the son of a farmer, was leading a cow by means of a halter, which he had incautiously coiled round his arm, when the animal

started to run with great fury, dragging the poor lad at her heels, and springing over a high fence whilst he was in this situation. He was picked up dead.—*Local Papers.*

1840 (April 27).—The roof of the Tyne Glass House took fire in consequence of a spark communicating with a quantity of soot which had lodged there. The fire was discovered almost immediately, and the workmen of the establishment, as well as Messrs. Hawks and Co's. men, having been promptly summoned, succeeded in preventing the fire from spreading, and it was fortunately extinguished before any considerable damage was done.—*Ibid.*

April 28.—The first steeple chase ever run in the county of Northumberland came off at Morpeth. The interest excited was beyond expression. The ground selected was in the immediate neighbourhood of the town, and exceedingly well adapted for the sport. There were about thirty-five leaps, most of which were good hunting fences, with the exception of perhaps four or five, which were regular "raspers." From an early hour in the morning the hills in the neighbourhood of the course were crowded, and throughout the day presented a scene of great animation. The principal part of the company, assembled at the Old Phoenix inn, at Morpeth, where an ordinary had been provided by Mr. Braithwaite, and about sixty gentlemen after dining together, proceeded, the horsemen in procession, with a band of music, to the starting post, where every due preparation had been made. The following is an accurate return of the running:—

Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with £50 added. Distance not exceeding four miles: four-year-olds to carry 10st. 9lb.; five, 11st. 2lb.; six and aged, 12st. Thorough bred Horses, or the winner of a steeple chase, to carry 5lb. extra. The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake. Gentlemen riders

Mr. Lamplugh's Mischief, by Magnet, 12st. 5lb. 1

Mr. R. Crawford's b. m. Norna, aged, 12st. 2

Mr. J. Fawcus's b. h. Locksley, 12st. 0

Mr. Watson's br. g. Donald Caird, 12st. 0

Though there were four started, the first two only were placed.

All started together. Mischief made her first leap, a regular rasper, in fine style, and afterwards took the lead at a slashing pace, with Norna following at a respectable distance, and the others well up. At the second fence, a high hedge and a broad ditch at the far side, Mischief, still leading, got well over, and Norna and Donald Caird followed; Locksley refused and unshipped his rider, who, however, soon resumed his position, and set to work to regain the ground he had lost. After a few fair hunting leaps, another stiff fence was to be surmounted, and here Donald Caird fell and threw his rider, got

loose, and consequently was out of the race. The others got over in fine style, the mare still leading. In this way it continued to the end, the mare making all the leaps in grand style, and coming to the winning post at least fifty yards a-head, running easy. Locksley, although not placed, was third, but a long way behind. Mischief was rode by her owner, Mr. Lamplugh, of Driffild, who shewed his superior dexterity and skill as regards steeple chasing, and, at the same time, came in in that cool and deliberate manner which all sporting characters ought to do, amidst the acclamations of the assembled multitude.—*Local Papers*.

1840 (April 28).—Tuesday morning, about 10 o'clock, a fire broke out on the farm of Mr. Joseph Anderson, of Benton North Farm, near Newcastle, by which the thrashing shed and machine were nearly destroyed, along with a quantity of hay and tstraw. The wind was blowing rather fresh, and a spark of fire from the hind's chimney, falling upon the roof of the shed, which was straw thatched, it ignited, and the whole was soon on fire. Information having been given at the Killingworth colliery, the engine was quickly dragged off by the pitmen, and by their praiseworthy exertions, the flames were soon extinguished. The Newcastle fire engines were soon on the spot, but their services were not required.—*Ibid*.

On the evening of the same day, another fire occurred at the farm yard of Mr. Joseph Robson, Gateshead Park, by which a stack of corn was destroyed. The farm yard is situated close to the Brandling Junction Railway, and on the 6 o'clock train passing, a spark of fire from the chimney was blown on to the stack, which set it on fire. There were seven or eight other stacks in the garth, and the one burnt was farthest to leeward, and but for this circumstance the destruction of the whole must have been inevitable. The Newcastle and Gateshead engines, and likewise two tenders from the railway station with water, were soon on the spot, and rendered their assistance.—*Ibid*.

Same night, about half-past ten o'clock, a fire broke out in a detached part of the premises of Messrs. Miller, Cradock, and Co., rope-makers, Darlington, supposed to originate from one of the workmen carelessly fixing a candle to part of the building for his convenience. As the men had not left work, the fire-engine was speedily procured, which soon extinguished the flames.—*Ibid*.

May 3.—Sunday, a neat and commodious music gallery was opened in the chapel of ease, at Allenheads, which was erected at the expense of T. W. Beaumont, esq., for the accommodation of the choral society of that place. The choir, assisted by an excellent full band, comprising about sixty voices, and twenty instrumental performers,

gave a selection of sacred music with great taste and effect. An impressive discourse, adapted to the occasion, was delivered by the rev. Mr. Walton, the resident clergyman.—*Local Papers*.

1840 (May 7).—The supervisor of the Morpeth district, and the riding officers of the Long Framlington preventive stations, accompanied by the officers of the Felton and Rothbury stations were on the route across the Tosson and Simonside hills and moors, when they discovered an illicit distillery, with all the utensils, in a complete state for carrying on extensive operations. It was most artfully constructed in a sort of cavern, at the foot of the Tosson hills, on the north east side, on a level with the ground, the cover being made to resemble the ground immediately surrounding it. There was a small hole for the ingress and egress of the smugglers, and a spring of water running from the hills into the cave, served for the purpose of distillation, there being a drain constructed for letting off the water and spent wash. The distillery was capable of making a hundred gallons of spirit per week. The cave was constructed with great artfulness, and it was quite impossible to discover it till the officers were close upon it.—*Ibid*.

May 10.—Died, at Bishop Auckland, aged 100 years, Mrs. Ann Richlieu, widow.—*Ibid*.

May 10.—The Milo steamer of the port of Sunderland took fire while lying near the bridge, from some ashes which had not been properly extinguished. As soon as the flames was descried, every effort was used to put it out, but they proved fruitless, and it was deemed advisable to sink her.—*Ibid*.

May 12.—The workmen of Messrs. Cookson and co. having to convey a casting metal plate, of about sixteen tons weight, from Gateshead to South Shields, had it laid upon a waggon, drawn by twenty four horses, and as they were passing through a viaduct beneath the Brandling Junction railway, near the Fell gate, the fore wheel of the waggon struck upon and forced out a prop which supported a beam under the archway. The beam falling down upon Edward Smith, who was leading one of the shaft horses, struck him upon the back part of his head so severely as to cause his death in about three quarters of an hour after the accident. A joiner, also who was repairing the viaduct, had a leg broken, and was immediately removed to the Newcastle infirmary.—*Ibid*.

May 12.—Tuesday, the foundation stone of the Wesleyan association chapel, Darlington, was laid in the presence of a vast concourse of persons assembled to witness the ceremony.—*Ibid*.

May 14.—The ceremony of laying the foundation stone of a chapel of ease to the church of St. John, on Arthur's hill, New-

castle upon Tyne, took place. The stone was laid by the rev. H. W. Wright, incumbent of St. John's, in the absence of the rev. the vicar, who had been appointed by the lord bishop of Durham to officiate in his stead. A number of the clergy of the district having met in the national school room, at Westgate hill, a procession was formed, which proceeded to the building in the following order:—the scholars of St. John's national schools; the architect, with plans of the chapel; the churchwardens of St. John's; the clergy; several of the trustees of the chapel. Having arrived at the building, the rev. Mr. Wright read a communication from the bishop, expressive of his lordship's regret at being precluded by other public duties from attending on the occasion, and appointing the rev. the vicar to officiate, and after stating the reasons of the absence of the vicar, part of the 132nd psalm was sung by the scholars, when a number of coins of the present reign, together with the following inscription, with plans of the chapel, having been deposited, the rev. Mr. Wright proceeded to lay the stone, after which a portion of the 132nd psalm was sung by the children, and a solemn prayer offered up for the Divine blessing on the work. Inscription—"D. O. M. Hujus Ædis Sancto Paulo Dicatæ Reverendus Johannes Dodd Novi Castellî Sacerdos Vicarius Personam Reverendi admodum Edwardi Episcopi Dunelmensis sustinens primum lapidem posuit, Prid: Id: Mai: A. D. MDCCCXL. John Dodd, Vicar of Newcastle; Henry Wildey Wright, incumbent, James Radford, John Gardner, John Myers, Churchwardens, of the parish of St. John, Newcastle; Andrew Oliver, Architect." The chapel, which is dedicated to St. Paul, is 62 feet long inside, including the lobby, and 40 feet wide, and is calculated to accommodate 700 sittings, viz. 360 on the ground floor, and 340 in the gallery.—*Local Papers.*

1840 (May 15).—A new Wesleyan chapel was opened at Hartley, near North Shields.—*Ibid.*

May 17.—Sunday, a neat little chapel was opened for divine worship, in the village of Whitley, near North Shields, by the Methodist New Connexion.—*Ibid.*

Same day, a new organ, built by Mr. Nicholson, of Rochdale, was opened in the Wesleyan chapel, in Old Elvet Durham.—*Ibid.*

May 19.—Died, in Eldon-place, Newcastle, suddenly, of angina pectoris, aged 73, deeply regretted by a large circle of friends, Mr. Richard Farrington, one of the firm of "Richard Farrington and Brothers." He was a man of great attainments as a sculptor, modeller, and draughtsman, and had been engaged upon a monumental design to the memory of his late brother a few hours before his death. *Ibid.*



Part of the BLACK FRIARY, Newcastle upon Tyne. The CORDWAINERS' OLD HALL.
Inner Face. Removed Sept.—Nov. 1843.

1840 (May 22).—Died, aged 58, Charles Newby Wawn, esq., of Newcastle upon Tyne. Mr. Wawn for many years practised with distinguished ability and success, the profession of a surgeon dentist; and at one time spread the influence of his name as a most skilful and talented operator, from York to Edinburgh, and from the German ocean to the Irish sea. His manners were highly polished and refined—his intelligence varied and extensive—his benevolence unbounded—and his whole life regulated by the pure principles of religion. He was eminently skilled in mechanical science and most happy in its application, under a singular correct judgement, to the relief of suffering humanity. He cultivated music and the languages. He was extensively conversant with the Hebrew, and its cognate tongues, with those of the two polite nations of antiquity, and with most of the languages and dialects of modern Europe. He wrote and spoke with great fluency. His style was rather ornate, distinguished by sweeping and accumulated epithet. Notwithstanding the extent of his practice, his labours in the cause of religion and humanity were untired and multitudinous, and to his piety and zeal we owe, among other kindred institutions, the formation of the Newcastle Bible and Tract Societies, and also the Sunday School Union, and the Auxilliary Church and Jewish Missionary Societies. His labours were very considerable in that great work of national righteousness, the abolition of colonial slavery. He published a series of well-written papers under the signature “Eleutheros,” on that important subject, which produced a considerable impression upon the public mind. Mr.

Wawn occasionally courted the Muses, and some beautiful poetical effusions are the product of his pen. His writings, which are very numerous, are principally anonymous, and scattered over the reports of the different institutions with which he was connected, and in the monthly and other periodicals of the time. Mr. Wawn died rather suddenly at Tynemouth, to which village he had retired about two years previous.—*Local Papers.*

1840 (May 25.)—During a fearful gale, the *Ann* and *Elizabeth*, of Sunderland, captain Hall, laden with lime for Peterhead, took fire off the *Girdleness*. Fortunately the *Volunteer* of Charleston, capt White, came up in time to take off the crew, consisting of three men and three boys, as the ship was going down.—*Ibid.*

May.—A patent was granted to James Allison, of Monkwearmouth, Durham, ironmaster, and Roger Lumsden, of the same place, chain and anchor manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of iron knees for ships and vessels.—Sealed 30th May.—*Ibid.*

June 1.—Monday, the owners of Seghill colliery opened their new line of railway from Seghill to Howdon, which has since become a passenger line. On the above occasion, the owners and a party of friends dined together at the Blake Arms, Seghill, John Carr, esq., mayor of Newcastle, in the chair.—*Ibid.*

Same day, as a workman was removing the pavement in Silverstreet, Sunderland, the skeleton of a human body was discovered by some boys. They carried it away in pieces to amuse themselves, thus preventing any further inquiries being instituted as to how long the body may have been lying in that somewhat singular sepulchre.—*Ibid.*

Same day, between nine and ten o'clock, at night, a railway-coach, drawn by a horse, and crowded with passengers, (proceeding from a missionary meeting at Stockton to Middlesbro',) came into collision with an engine and train, which were coming up the same line. The engineman, on perceiving the coach, had checked the velocity of his train as far as he possibly could, but the collision was nevertheless very violent, and the passengers were thrown in all directions in a most appalling manner. The horse, having seen the engine approach, sagaciously stepped aside before the collision; and being thrown down, it fell upon a lady, who was in consequence severely injured. Happily, the other passengers escaped comparatively unhurt.—*Ibid.*

June 2.—As a fishing boat, having two men and a boy on board, was returning from crab and lobster-fishing, she was struck by a heavy sea at Emmanuel Head, off Holy Island, and being but a frail craft, immediately went to pieces, and all hands perished.—*Ibid.*

June 2.—Tuesday, coals from Cassop pit were shipped at Hartlepool for the first time.—*Ibid.*

1840 (June 4).—Thursday morning, about half-past one o'clock, the police of South Shields heard a crash of glass near the Market-place ; and on proceeding to the back of the house occupied by Mr. John Shotton, grocer, Milldam, they discovered the premises to be on fire. The family, on being aroused, made their escape ; and by vigorous efforts, persisted in for some time, the flames were subdued.—*Local Papers.*

June 7.—The new church at Seaham harbour, which is a neat Gothic structure, calculated to seat 400, was opened under the authority of the bishop's license, when the rev. J. H. Brown preached an appropriate sermon, and the rev. C. O. Skinner read prayers.—*Ibid.*

June 8.—The foundation stone of a New Wesleyan Tabernacle was laid in Brougham-street, Bishopwearmouth, on Monday, in the presence of some thousands of spectators.—*Ibid.*

June 9.—An accident occurred in the High Bridge, Newcastle, during the process of excavating the foundations of a dwelling house. The earth had been removed to the depth of several feet, and a horse and cart, which were employed in removing the soil, were brought so near to the edge that it gave way, and both were precipitated into the excavation. The hole being but small, the cart became completely jammed against the sides, and the poor horse was thrown into a most dangerous position, from which it was only removed after sawing the cart to pieces, and cutting the trappings. Nearly half an hour elapsed before this was done, and then it was found necessary to cut away the bank, in order to bring the animal to the surface.—*Ibid.*

June 12.—Friday morning, about half-past nine o'clock, one of the steam-engine boilers at the Birtley iron-works, about five miles distant from Newcastle, on the Durham road, burst with a tremendous explosion, and destroyed one of the workmen. Two others were severely wounded—one of them, dangerously. Four of the workmen were slightly injured. The deceased was a single man, and only commenced his engagement on the previous Monday. The boiler (which was connected with the rolling-mill) lay between two others, both of which were thrown aside by the shock ; and the exploded boiler (weighing no less than 50 cwt.) rose in the air, one portion of it being carried to the distance of 200, and the other 150 yards. Several flag-stones, which lay between the boilers, were hurled into the middle of a field on the opposite side of the road, clearing the houses which line the road on both sides. Few of the houses of the village, escaped injury from the explosion. The cause of the accident is not known.—*Ibid.*

Same day, the opening of the West Durham railway, which commences at Byer's Green, near Bishop Auckland, and joins the C

railway near Black Gate, took place, with an imposing procession, consisting of several waggons of coal from different collieries in the neighbourhood, a number of carriages filled with the proprietors of the railway and other gentlemen, and headed by a band of music from Stockton. Numerous banners and flags, with suitable inscriptions, were displayed on the occasion, and large groups of spectators, at various places on the line of road, enlivened the scene by loud cheers as the procession moved along—*Local Papers*.

1840 (June 12).—Was married at Alnham church, by the rev. G. Wood, William, second son of Mr. Michael Thompson, of Alnham Moor, long shepherd and topsman to Adam Atkinson, esq., of Lorbottle House, to Ann, third daughter of Wm. Taylor, head shepherd to the late Mr. Chrisp, of Prendwick, and then holding the same situation under his nephew, Mr. H. Chrisp. Mr. Chrisp regaled the bridal party, consisting of upwards of twenty couples, to breakfast, and after the ceremony a keenly-contested race for the "SPURS" took place from the church to the house of the bridegroom, which was won in grand style by a lady, although matched against some of the most celebrated sportsmen of the county.—*Ibid*.

June 16.—Tuesday morning, about eight o'clock, a merchandize-train, including four waggons, laden with teas, coffees, silks, flax, stationery, soap, passengers' luggage, &c., which had arrived from London by steam-vessel, was dispatched from Middlesbro' to Stockton; and ere it reached the latter place, it was discovered that the valuable load was on fire. An alarm was given, and a fire-engine was soon brought to the spot; but the devouring flames, fanned by a strong breeze, consumed nearly the whole of the costly merchandize, in spite of every exertion that could be made; and in a short time, produce safely brought thus far from all quarters of the world, was reduced to worthless ashes. Charts, nutmegs, bibles, boxes of pills, teas, silks, gold leaf, &c. &c., were blown and strewn in all directions. The loss was estimated at little short of £1000.—*Ibid*.

June 18.—Thursday, a melancholy and fatal accident occurred at Hartley colliery, one of the boilers exploding at the Mill pit, whereby two lives were lost, and one of the workmen slightly scalded. The boiler had been "off" for two or three days, for the customary cleansing and inspection; and on Thursday, the usual hands pumped the water into her, and the furnace-man fired her. A strong southerly wind had been blowing all the morning, and caused the fire to burn more briskly than common. The consequence was, the steam "ball-ed off" sooner than the engine-man anticipated. He ascended the ladder for the purpose of opening the steam valve, but ere he reached it, the boiler (weighing from six to seven tons) was forced into the

air to a height of from forty to fifty feet, and alighted in an easterly direction, about twenty yards from its former position, completely rent asunder at the bottom. The boiler being thrown to this height and distance, proved satisfactorily the strength of the plate; for had it been weak in any place, the force of the steam would have burst it at once, without moving the boiler from its situation. Showers of bricks, broken pipes, metal, and scalding water fell in all directions; and the furnace-man, John Wilson, was so severely scalded and bruised, that he died in a few hours afterwards. James Taylor, the engine-man, from being so close to the boiler, was thrown amongst the ruins with great violence, and was invisible to the anxious spectators for a few minutes, and when the steam had cleared away, he was seen crawling out from amongst the hot bricks, completely disfigured. It is a matter of surprise that he was not killed on the spot, but, as it was, he was carried home, nearly insensible, by his brother, and lingered in great agony until the Monday following, when he died. Verdict, accidental death.—*Local Papers*.

1840 (June 18).—Brierdean bridge, near Seghill, on the line of road between North Shields and Morpeth, was opened with great *clat*. The proceedings included a public entertainment given in a tent tastefully fitted up for the purpose on the south side of the bridge.—*Ibid*.

June 18.—Thursday evening a frightful accident occurred to the first class train from Stockton. It appeared that a man named Prest was driving a laden wood waggon on the turnpike-road from Stockton, and was at the point where the railway crosses the Haughton road, near Darlington, just at the time when the train was coming up. The gates were closed when the man came up; but, notwithstanding the engine was in sight, and the whistle was sounding, he persisted in opening the gate, and attempted to cross the line. The person in charge of the gate endeavoured to prevent him opening it; but he got through, and was partly across, when the train came up, and a dreadful concussion took place. The three horses in the waggon were killed; the vehicle itself was smashed to pieces, and the timber with which it was laden scattered in all directions. The engine and tender, and several of the carriages, were thrown off the rails, and much damaged; the waggoner as well as the men on the engine and the passengers, escaped uninjured.—*Yorkshireman*.

June 20.—At the ebbing tide on the morning of this day, Saturday, there was seen floundering near the Church rocks, Newbiggin, a specimen of that rare and beautiful fish, the Opah or King-fish. Its weight was about 70lb; the colours on its being first taken out of the water and alive, were most brilliant. The vermillion of its head,

a portion of the body above the tail, the tail itself, (large and forked) and the fins were brightly dazzling; the upper part of the back was of a greenish violet colour; the sides and belly had a greenish silvery appearance; the whole being studded with french-white patches of the size of a shilling. The mouth, which would admit a moderate-sized hand, was as smooth within as polished marble; there were short prickles on the tongue, inclining inwards, but no teeth. The numerous bathers at Newbiggin, and the fishermen flocked to see the gaudy sight, and many and curious were the conjectures what it could be. It was in the course of the day taken by boat to Tyne-mouth, and exhibited there as a show. It was certainly one of nature's most gorgeous marine productions.—*Local Papers*.

About the middle of this month, a workman connected with the St. Helen's colliery, in the county of Durham, repaired to the bottom of the shaft, after the labour of the day was over. Not finding the rope at the bottom he actually commenced ascending the conductors in the shaft, which is 130 yards deep, and in a very short time gained the bank! The individual who performed this rash and daring act was named Nixon; and although of dwarfish stature, effected what probably not one man in a thousand would dare to attempt. It need hardly be added that he received a severe reprimand for his conduct. Had the engineer arrived at the top of the shaft, he would instantly have sent the cages down, which would have dashed the daring aspirant to the bottom and killed him immediately, as he could not possibly have escaped, there being but enough room for the cages to pass and repass.—*Ibid*.

June 26.—Friday, lord and lady Ravensworth gave a *fete champetre* at their villa, Percy's cross, Fulham, to her majesty the queen and his royal highness prince Albert. The company included about eight hundred of the nobility.—*Ibid*.

June 26.—On the evening of this day, Friday, a murder was committed in the White House entry, in Sandgate, Newcastle, by William Blagburn, keelman, on his wife, who was far advanced in pregnancy. Blagburn (who was a sober man) had for some time lived apart from his wife, on account of her frequent inebriety, and on this day they met for the first time since their separation, when he quietly requested to be informed of the sum of money for which she had pawned his clothes, but, opposing him, and making an effort to shirk the question, and spitting in his face, Blagburn, exasperated at her conduct, struck her in the chest, causing her death in the space of about an hour and a half. On his wife falling to the ground, Blagburn ran for a surgeon, and on being informed of her death rushed out toward the river, it was believed to commit suicide. He, however, it

seems had plunged into the labyrinth of chares and alleys near the river, and was proceeding up Pandon bank, in a dejected manner, with his hand thrust into his breast, when his unusual appearance attracted the attention of one of his comrades, to whose enquiries respecting his disordered look, he gave a deceptive reply, and hurriedly strode onward by the Shield-field to the Ouseburn, when, in an agony of desperation he rushed into Heaton wood, with the intent of putting an end to his existence, but his resolution failed him, and he wandered among the solitudes of the place until three A.M. on the following morning, when, impelled by an ungovernable impulse, he delivered himself into the hands of justice. At the assizes he was sentenced to 10 months hard labour and imprisonment.—*Local Papers*.

1840 (June 29).—At the sessions held at Durham on this day, Robert Taylor, *alias* lord Kennedy, described as aged 19, was tried and convicted on a charge of bigamy. He was sentenced to $2\frac{1}{2}$ years imprisonment and hard labour. Up to the period of his trial, six of his marriages had come the knowledge of the police of the north of England, and it was believed that the number was much larger.—*Ibid*.

June 29.—While an old man, servant of Mr. Collingwood, of Murton farm-house, near North Shields, was in the act of directing a bull belonging to that farm to its stable, it turned furiously upon him and mutilated him in a shocking manner, and such was the furious state of the bull after the old man had been rescued from its grasp as to bid defiance to all attempts to secure it. At length a chain and rope was let down upon its neck in the stable, by which it was chained down.—*Ibid*.

June 30.—Died at his house in Brandling place, Newcastle, aged thirty-two, George Richardson, artist and son of T. M. Richardson, sen., of the like profession. He had attained a high degree of excellence in landscape painting, and rising higher in fame, when he was seized with a consumptive disorder which removed him from the living. He was buried in the Jesmond cemetery.—*Ibid*.

This month, the "floating light" at the entrance to the Tees was brought to Mr. Mellanby's building-yard, to be coppered; and when hauled upon the patent slipway, upwards of seven tons of small muscles were found adhering to the bottom. They were disposed of for manure.—*Ibid*.

July 1.—At the queen's levee, held this day, Wednesday, John Fife, esq., who filled the office of mayor of Newcastle in 1839, was presented to her majesty by the marquis of Normanby—and received the honour of knighthood, as a mark of approbation of the manner in which he acted as chief magistrate of that borough during the chartist agitation.—*Ibid*.

1840 (July 2).—Thursday evening, about six o'clock, the Archimedes steam ship, propelled by Mr. Francis S. Smith's new patent screw, arrived in the Tyne from Leith, performing the passage in thirteen hours against a strong head wind. As the vessel proceeded up the river she attracted considerable notice from her very novel appearance, being rigged as a three-masted schooner, with not a sail set, nor paddle wheel cases, and yet she was winding her way steadily and with great speed, easily passing numerous craft in her course. On Friday she moored near to the bridge in order to allow the public to inspect her, where she was visited during the day by numerous parties, who were kindly conducted through every department of the vessel by the patentee and captain Chappell, R. N., who explained the principle and the operation of the screw, from a model which was on board for that purpose.—*Local Papers*.

July 6.—Died, at Great Malvern, Worcestershire, the right rev. John Banks Jenkinson, D.D., lord bishop of St. David's, and dean of Durham, aged 58. His lordship was son of col. John Jenkinson, brother of the first earl of Liverpool. He was formerly of Christ Church, Oxford, and was presented several years ago to the living of Laverington, in the Isle of Ely. He became bishop of St. David's and a prebendary of Durham in the year 1825, and was appointed to the deanery of Durham on the death of Dr. Hall, in 1827. He was much beloved by those who were admitted to his intimacy; his habits, however, were generally retired and recluse. He was learned, amiable, and courteous; his conversation was varied and instructive. He was kind to all, and was never known to offend. His knowledge of books was extensive, and he lived mostly in his well chosen library, to which he was principally devoted.—*Ibid*.

July 7.—Tuesday, at the mouth of the Tees, the Vulcan steam-tug came in contact with another steam-tug, the John and Ann. The parties in charge of the latter vessel, provoked at the collision, rashly and culpably attempted to retaliate. The Vulcan took to flight, and was chased by the John and Ann, which steamed round the Express, steam-vessel, then entering the river from London. The contending vessels twice or thrice circumnavigated the Express, till at length the Vulcan, which had kept a-head, put her helm about. A second collision took place, and the John and Ann, to save herself from sinking, made for shore, but did not succeed in her object: she went down ere she had proceeded many yards. The men on board were saved by a boat from the land.—*Ibid*.

July 8.—Died, James Charlton, a gentleman who honourably and creditably discharged, for a great number of years, the arduous duties of master of the Anchorage school in Gateshead. Mr.



The Eastern Extremity of PIPEWELLGATE, GATESHEAD. Aug. 1845.

Charlton, though deprived of life at a comparatively early age, had been, nevertheless, an enthusiastic labourer in the cause of education, private and public, for a period of not less than forty years, during which exemplary employment of his time and talent, he still contrived to render other services to his fellow-countrymen of no common order. Not only as the author of various elementary works, which rank deservedly high in the public schools, and as a teacher, has Mr. Charlton secured a place in the affections of his neighbours, but his name will long be associated with other and equally-pleasing recollections. He descends to the grave, the founder of the Gateshead Dispensary, one of the greatest blessings which the hand of man could confer upon the poor. He will be remembered also by many a sorrowing survivor, as the able and indefatigable vestry-clerk of that parish—as one of the most active officers of the Schoolmasters' Association—as an intelligent and useful member of the Literary and Philosophical society's committee—as the valuable auditor of the Corporation and Poor Law Union of Gateshead—and as one of the foremost promoters and supporters of every good and generous work. He succeeded the rev. John Tyson, as Master of the Anchorage school, on the 14th of December, 1814, and had but recently resigned the situation in

consequence of declining health. His pupils presented him with a silver snuff-box, in testimony of their esteem, on the 21st December, 1837; and on the 8th of June, in the same year, he received an elegant silver inkstand, together with a purse of gold, from several of his fellow-parishioners, to mark their sense of the efficient performance of his various public duties; and, in addition to these compliments, his portrait was painted by an eminent artist (Mr Ramsay), at the expense of the Member for that borough, for the purpose of presentation to the Town Council. Until his very death-stroke (the bursting of a blood-vessel), he was employed in the compilation of a work of public usefulness—a “companion” to the several railways in this immediate district. Mr. Charlton expired at his residence in Ellison-street, in the borough of Gateshead, in the 60th year of his age, leaving a memory behind him, to which the most fastidious may safely pay the tribute of a tear.—*Local Papers*.

1840 (July 12).—The Oliver, two-mast ship, and measuring 96 feet over all, captain John Lamke, from Bremen, laden with oak timber, entered the Don, a tributary of the Tyne, which embouches in Jarrow Slake, and was piloted up by Matthew Rutledge, of Howdon. On reaching the eastern boundary of Messrs. Hindhaugh and Co's quay and timber dock, which is upwards of 1000 feet of deep water frontage, averaging fifteen feet at spring tides, and enclosing a dock for timber of nearly six acres, she was drawn to her berth by the numerous spectators amid much cheering. Some years ago, two vessels, the King and the Don, of about 300 tons burthen each, were built in this river, and consequently sailed down the Don; but it is not on record that any vessel had sailed up the Don since the anchoring of king Egfrid's fleet up the “river Donne,” in the year 671-2. During the whole of the afternoon, hundreds came to look at the vessel, and it was with great difficulty the captain could restrain the curious crowd from getting on board.—*Ibid*.

July 15.—Wednesday, as George and William Jones, of Sunderland, were fishing in a coble in Whitburn-bay, about half a mile from the land, and in about three fathoms water, they were surprised by a man, who appeared at the side of the boat with his head only above the surface. They caught hold of him, and dragged him on board. He had all his clothes on, and a carpenter's auger in his hand. They inquired who he was, and how he came there; to which he replied, he was taking a walk. He proved to be a man named Swanston, who was many years in the employment of the river Wear commissioners, at the works of Sunderland pier, and had for some time previous been suffering under mental derangement. He was landed at Whitburn, and given in charge of the rural police.—*Ibid*.

1840 (July 19).—The Queen steam-boat left Newcastle, on a pleasure trip to Warkworth, with a large number of persons on board. After spending a few hours amid the surrounding scenery, the party returned, at three o'clock, to take their passage home, and they had to be put on board in two small boats. Three boat loads were conveyed to the vessel in safety, and on going the fourth time, eighteen persons got in, which overloaded her. Before they reached the steam-boat she was in motion, but was stopped when the small boat approached. A young man, named Matthews, who was sitting at the head of the small boat, was desired by William Reay to "fend off," but before he could do so, the steam-boat gave a lurch, struck him on the shoulder, and knocked him into the water, his head being in the water and his feet in the boat. A boy, named McQueen, who was next to Matthews, tried to assist him, but in the attempt, he also went overboard. William Reay then made a rush to render assistance, when the boat went over, and the remaining sixteen were precipitated into deep water. The scene which ensued was of a very distressing nature. Ropes were thrown from the steam-boat, by which several were kept above water, and a fishing boat from Craster was passing sufficiently near for those on board to deservy their danger, and the Craster boatmen rowed to the assistance of the sufferers. By their well-timed and active exertions, twelve persons were saved, and recovered by the usual restoratives. A coble from the beach rescued three more from their perilous situation, after being half an hour in the water. We regret to add, however, that William Reay, and a girl named Sarah Rutherford whose father was also in the water, were unfortunately drowned. One young woman was preserved by clinging to the fireman of the steam-boat, who swung himself over the vessel's side. The remainder of the party reached Newcastle about half-past eight in the evening, sufficiently depressed by the calamitous event.—*Local Papers.*

July 20.—Monday, the first cargo of coals from the Andrew House colliery were conveyed along the Brandling Junction railway. A number of ladies and gentlemen, with the Wickham band, met by appointment at the company's station in Greene's field, at 10 o'clock, where the *Brandling* engine, and several passenger carriages, with upwards of 40 waggons of coal from the new colliery, were ready to receive them, the whole decorated with a variety of flags, &c. At about a quarter past ten, the train started, amid the cheers of the spectators, and reached Shields a little before 11 o'clock, where the schooner Lochiel, of Inverness, was stationed under the drop, ready to receive her cargo. Everything being arranged, the first waggon was let down amid the firing of cannon, and her loading (upwards of

4 keels) was completed in about an hour! The captain of the Lochiel proceeded to Newcastle by the two o'clock train, for the custom-house—cleared his vessel—and proceeded to sea by the evening tide. Thus, the coal which had left the pit-mouth in the morning, was conveyed fourteen miles along the railway—shipped—and taken to sea on the same day. At two o'clock, the company returned with perhaps the largest train that ever passed along the line, consisting of upwards of seventy waggons and carriages, extending considerably more than a quarter of a mile.—*Local Papers.*

1840 (July 21).—The ancient court baron of the manor of Sunderland—revived by the earl of Durham at the request of the town council—was opened on this day, at the Exchange, when the steward, A. J. Moore, esq., explained the powers of the court, and its utility to the trading public—and afterwards as judge, proceeded, with the assistance of a highly intelligent jury of freeholders, to try the few cases which (out of a 100 for which summonses had been issued,) remained unsettled.—*Ibid.*

July 21.—One of those remarkable natural phenomena, a *water spout*, was seen by a great number of the inhabitants of Barnard Castle, about noon on this day, apparently about a mile distant in a southerly direction. The air seemed to be much charged with electricity at the time, and the rain descended in torrents during the remainder of the day.—Stockton, with its neighbourhood, was also visited with one of the heaviest falls of rain within the memory of the “oldest inhabitant.” It commenced about 9 o'clock at night, and fell in torrents for three or four hours: the occupiers of low lands in the district suffering greatly. At Stokesley, ale-barrels, full and empty, were washed out of a brewhouse, and carried down the river. At Newcastle, Gateshead, &c., there was also a heavy fall of rain on the same night.—*Ibid.*



The earl of Durham, who had been for many months previous in a declining state of health, closed his earthly career on Tuesday morning, the 28th July, 1840, in the presence of his family, at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, whither he had gone in the vain hope of recovering his long shattered health. From the hour of his lordship's arrival at Cowes there appeared no hopes of his recovery, and he had been daily getting weaker; but his medical attendants considered he was not in immediate danger, and that the acute disease with which he was afflicted had been changed into chronic; indeed he

had had no medical man in attendance for some days, and his family had consequently been lulled into a false security. His lordship had not eaten anything for a week past, excepting a little fruit, and had taken only beef tea. On the preceding Sunday and Monday he did not rise, even to have his bed made. His lady was his sole and constant attendant night and day; no one else even went into his room. In the delusive prospect of returning health, he had been making arrangements for the purchase or lease of a residence in Cowes, to which town he had formed a liking, but at five o'clock on Tuesday morning, he was taken worse, and Mr. Day, of Cowes, was for the first time called in; he attended immediately, and pronounced him dying—that he could not live five hours. At ten minutes past nine his lordship expired. The young viscount Lambton was sent for to his father a few minutes before he died. His lordship's three daughters were also with lady Durham. The only member of the family absent was his brother, Mr. Hedworth Lambton, M.P. The body of the earl was removed from his residence at Cowes, and put on board his lordship's yacht, which sailed on Thursday the 30th, for Sunderland. She entered the Wear on the following Monday, and the remains of the departed nobleman were conveyed privately in a small steamer, up the river, to Lambton. The greatest sorrow pervaded the town of Sunderland—almost every shop had its shutters half closed, and the ships in the river also exhibited their ensigns of mourning in honour of the deceased, in whom so many a survivor had lost a friend. The earl of Durham was born on April 12, 1792, and had entered his 49th year. On attaining his majority in 1813, he stood for his native county, and came into public life with powerful recommendations, from the memory of his father, who represented the city of Durham in parliament, and was the associate of Mr. Fox, earl Grey, and other distinguished patriots of the day, and died at the early age of thirty-three. When he lost his father the earl of Durham was only five years of age. His lordship married, first, the 1st of January, 1812, Miss Harriet Cholmondeley, who died in May, 1815; and, secondly, lady Louisa Elizabeth Grey, eldest daughter of the earl and countess Grey. He had issue by his first marriage three daughters, all of whom are dead; and by his second, five children, two sons and three daughters. His second son, George Frederick, viscount Lambton (the hon. Charles William, his eldest son, having died at the age of 13), succeeded to the family honours. The ladies Mary, Emily, and Alice Lambton, were born the 8th of May, 1819, the 17th of May, 1823, and the 16th of April, 1831. The deceased earl was son of the late Mr. William Henry Lambton and lady Ann Villiers, daughter of the fourth earl of Jersey. His lordship has two brothers and one

sister—namely, Mr. W. H. Lambton, married to Miss C. Ellison in 1824; Mrs. Cavendish, lady of the hon. col. Cavendish, equerry to her Majesty; and Mr. Hedworth Lambton, M.P., married in 1835, to Miss Bushe. The deceased was lord Privy Seal from 1830 to 1833, and was subsequently ambassador to the court of St. Petersburg, and lord high Commissioner of Canada in 1838. He was a privy councillor, a G.C.B. and knight of the foreign orders of St. Andrew, St. Alexander Newsky, St. Anne, and the White Eagle, of Russia; Leopold, of Belgium; and the Saviour, of Greece. In addition to the above, he was High Steward of Hull. Monday, the 10th August, being the day fixed for the interment of his lordship's remains, a deep and melancholy interest was excited. At Chester-le-Street every house was closed, and from several black flags were suspended; at Durham and South Shields all the shops were closed at one o'clock; at Newcastle, the ships in the river had their colours hoisted half staff high, as was also the flag on the castle, and the bells of Newcastle and Gateshead, tolled from eleven to three o'clock. At an early hour crowds of people were seen making their way to Lambton Castle, attired in deep mourning, all anxious to pay the last tribute of respect to the memory of the deceased nobleman. The preparations at the castle for the sad event were on the most ample scale. Refreshments were set out in the great saloon, and in some of the minor apartments, and as the company entered through the great hall, hatbands and gloves were presented to them. The principal part of the company assembled in the saloon and drawing room. In the great dining room on the left of the entrance hall, the remains of the noble earl lay in state.—This apartment presented a most impressive appearance, and great numbers were admitted to view the solemn scene. The outer coffin was of the richest description, being formed of the finest Genoa crimson velvet, relieved with gold ornaments. The coffin bore the following inscription:—

JOHN GEORGE LAMBTON,
Earl of Durham,
Viscount Lambton, Baron Durham,
G. C. B.

Born, 12th April, 1792;

Died, 28th July, 1840.

The necessary preparations having been completed, at half-past two the procession began to be formed in the following order:—

Mute.

Mute.

The Tenants, Colliery Agents, Clerks, &c., on horseback, (amounting to 140) two and two.

Mute.

The Undertaker.

Mute.

The Plume of Black Feathers.

THE CORONET,

Led by { On a crimson velvet cushion, borne by a Groom of { Led by
 a { the Chambers, on horseback, with sumpter cloth, { a
 Groom { feathers, &c. &c. { Groom

Pall Bearers.

The Marquis of Londonderry.

Sir Hedworth William-son, Bart.

C. W. Bigge, Esq.

H. T. M. Witham, Esq.

4 Underbearers

THE
HEARSE
drawn by
six horses.

4 Underbearers

Pall Bearers.

Lord Ravensworth.

W. T. Salvin, Esq.

Dr. Headlam.

Colonel Tower.

FIRST MOURNING COACH.

Henry William Lambton, Esq.; Hedworth Lambton, Esq. and Mr. Wm. Lambton.

SECOND MOURNING COACH.

Lord Howick; the Hon. J. Ponsonby: Hon. Capt. F. W. Grey, R.N.; and Hon. Capt. George Grey, R.N.

THIRD MOURNING COACH.

Hon. Col. Cavendish; F. Howard, Esq., M.P.; and Hon. Wm. Grey.

FOURTH MOURNING COACH.

Mr. Stephenson and Mr. Morton.

The late Earl's Carriage, drawn by four horses.

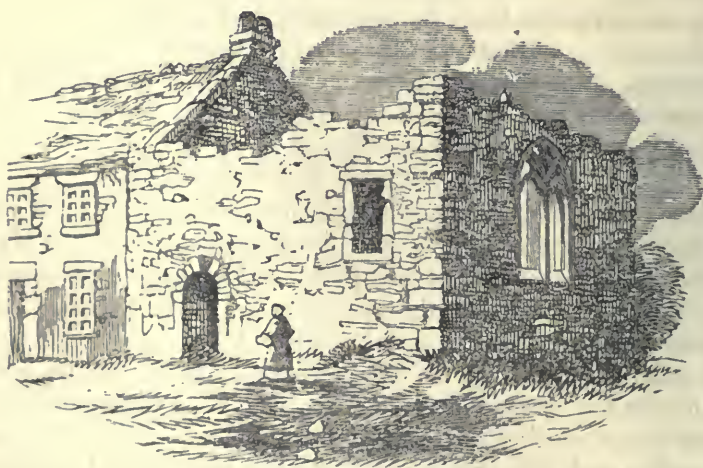
The House Steward on Horseback.

Freemasons, in number about three hundred, who had, uninvited, attended to pay the last public tribute of respect to their esteemed and lamented Grand Master.

The Tenantry of the late Earl on Horseback.

There were one hundred and seventy-five carriages and other vehicles in the procession, which extended upwards of a mile. It is calculated that there were not less than one thousand persons in the procession, and including the spectators at Chester-le-Street and elsewhere on the route, that there were not less than twenty thousand congregated on this sorrowful occasion. A few minutes before four o'clock the procession reached the church at Chester-le-Street, on one side of which is the family vault of the noble Earl. The pulpit, reading desk, altar table, and the pew of the deceased nobleman, were covered with black cloth, tastefully arranged. The impressive services in the church and at the vault were performed by the Hon. and Rev. Francis Grey, brother to the countess of Durham. Among the distinguished individuals in the church and at the vault, were lady Mary Lambton, the eldest daughter of the lamented earl, and the lady Georgiana Grey. When the obsequies were concluded the pro-

cession left the scene, and a portion of it returned to the castle. In the course of the afternoon an address of condolence to the countess of Durham was signed by a great number of the individuals present. Most of the shops in the city of Durham, as well as at Sunderland, South Shields, Chester-le-street, and Gateshead, were closed during the afternoon of Monday; the bells were tolled in some of the churches, and mourning peals were rung at others; flags were hoisted half-mast high on board the ships in Sunderland harbour, and in the river Tyne, as well as on the church steeples in Chester-le-Street, Sunderland and Shields, and on the castle at Newcastle. The earl made his will in September, 1837, previous to his leaving this country for Canada, bequeathing the whole of his property of every description to the countess of Durham, and at her free disposal, leaving her also sole executrix; a striking proof of his affectionate esteem and confidence in her. George Frederick D'Arcy Lambton, now earl of Durham, the only surviving son of the late earl, was born on the 5th September, 1828, and was at the time of his accession to the earldom, in the twelfth year of his age.—*Local Papers*.



The Chapel of LAMBTON: sketched A. D. 1800.

CHAPTER IX.



THE Wesleyan Methodist Conference commenced its sittings in Brunswick place chapel, Newcastle, on the morning of Wednesday, July 29th, 1840, being the 97th annual assembly of this body of ministers, and the first ever held in that town. The previous week, from Tuesday had been fully occupied with committees, whose business it was to prepare each section and department of work to which the conference would have to direct its attention. The religious services connected with the assembly began on the preceding Sunday (July 19) at Brunswick place, New road, and Blenheim street chapels, Newcastle, at Gateshead, Sunderland, Durham, North and South Shields, and in most of the villages in the district, commencing at 7, 10½, 2½, and 6. On Wednesday the 29th, the conference was formally assembled. The doors of the chapel were thrown open at seven o'clock in the morning, for the admission of the members, &c., in order to unite in prayer to supplicate the Divine blessing, on which occasion the lower part of the chapel was appropriated entirely to the ministers—at one end of which was erected a large platform for the accommodation of the president and other official persons—and the whole of the gallery for the visitors. This service continued for an hour, after which the affairs of conference were proceeded with. There was a second prayer-meeting from twelve to one o'clock. The gallery was crowded to excess on both occasions. The first business in conference was to make up the "legal hundred," according to Mr. Wesley's poll deed. The members then proceeded to the election of a president for the ensuing year, which is always by ballot, and the

rev. Robert Newton was almost unanimously chosen. The rev. Dr. Hannah, was elected secretary; after which the sub-secretaries and other officers were appointed. The proceedings of the conference included the investigation of the results of the past year in the several circuits, and in making the necessary arrangements for the future. It was stated that the connection had increased in number about 24,600, viz:—19,000 in Great Britain; 5,000 in the foreign stations; and 600 in Ireland. It appeared that twenty-nine preachers had died during the year, viz., nineteen in England, five in Ireland, and five in the missionary field. Fifty-four young preachers, having passed their four years of probation, were admitted into full connection, after examinations in private as to their characters and qualifications for the work of the ministry, and in public as to their conversion to God and call to the sacred office. On Wednesday evening they were solemnly devoted to the work by the laying on of hands of the Presbytery. This was done by the president, assisted by Dr. Hannah and twelve of the senior ministers. On Thursday evening an impressive charge was delivered to them by Dr. Hannah, as Christians, students, preachers, and pastors. The whole of these public services were deeply interesting to overflowing congregations. 114 others were recommended to the conference as candidates. Several new circuits were formed; one of them being at Shotley Bridge. From the returns it appeared that the centenary year of the body had been most signally owned of God in the success of the Wesleyan ministry, there being an increase of 16,110 members in Great Britain, 665 in Ireland, (notwithstanding a loss of 600 by emigration,) and 5777 in the foreign stations, besides 19,603 on trial for admission into the societies.* Two Ashantee princes who were then in this country, under the care of the rev. Mr. Pyne, were introduced to the conference. The rev. J. B. Freeman, a Wesleyan missionary at Cape Coast Castle, a man of colour, gave a deeply affecting account of a visit he had lately made to Coomassié the capital of Ashantee, and a mission in that country was determined upon. From the report of the book steward, it appeared that the total number of hymn books,

* The resources of the Wesleyan Methodists are immense, and the fact that upwards of three hundred thousand pounds were subscribed as a centenary oblation by the various congregations will be recorded by the Christian historian in after ages, as an example for the imitation of posterity. During the sittings of the conference, Mr. H. P. Parker, artist, of Newcastle, presented to that body, by letter, his valuable and splendid historical Wesleyan centenary picture, representing the rescue of the founder of Methodism from the fire of the parsonage house at Epworth, which was gratefully accepted by them; and a vote of thanks, cordially and unanimously adopted by the conference, for his valuable gift, was conveyed by letter to Mr. Parker.

of every size and kind, sold during the year, amounted to 110,985. The business of the assembly was brought to a final close on Friday, August 14, and its sittings throughout the whole period were conducted with the greatest harmony, and the arrangements, which were under the direction of the superintendent and others of the Newcastle district, added to the hospitable reception of ministers by the members gave great and general satisfaction.—*Local Papers*.

1840 (July 29).—Wednesday morning, a fire broke out in Messrs. Garrett and Co's flax-warehouse, opposite the old church, High street, Stockton-upon-Tees. A large quantity of flax was removed from the premises; and by the industrious application of the fire-engines, the flames were subdued before any great amount of property was destroyed.—*Ibid*.

July 30.—Mr. J. Walker, the landlord of the railway tavern, Darlington, having lost a valuable young sow in farrowing, and wishful to save the breed if possible, kept the young ones to bring up with pan and spoon; singular to say, a bull bitch took charge of two young grunterns, and suckled them regularly.—*Ibid*.

July 31.—Died at Tweedmouth, Steven Grahame, aged 77, one of the last survivors of the Berwickshire heroes who volunteered with colonel Renton to embark for Ireland to suppress the rebellion of '68. The deceased was highly respected through life for his amiable qualities and upright character.—*Ibid*.

About this period, the rev. Henry Percy, second son of the lord bishop of Carlisle, was appointed to the vicarage of Warkworth.—*Ibid*.

July.—About this period the Heaton estate was purchased by A. L. Potter, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, esq. under whose direction the ruined chapel of Heaton, supposed to have formed part of the ancient castle of the same name, long since demolished, was cleared from some unsightly erections. A stable had been erected within the three remaining walls, and this and other parts, were removed, thereby exposing to view the building from the summit of the walls to the floor. The broad stone sill of a window or loop hole on the ground floor, had been fitted up as a manger, and the opening as well as a large flat arched window and two others on each side walled up. Farm erections abut on the east and west sides of the building; but only one end of the chapel now remains: formerly however, it was much longer; for on digging up the ground in the interior, the foundations of the walls to the southward were exposed and cleared out. The only other remains worthy of notice were some stones which bore evident marks of fire, and were turned up in clearing the soil on the floor for the formation of a neat garden which now occupies the space

within, but of course no certain inference can be drawn from them. The end which faces the north has had a buttress at each corner, but that on the north-west corner alone remains. The walls are of considerable thickness, and are coarsely but strongly built of very small stones of various shapes and colours.—*Ed. MSS.*

1840 (August 5).—Wednesday, a train of laden coal waggons ran amain down the inclined bank at Lambton coal staiths, Sunderland, and fell upon the deck of the brig Tagus. Fortunately no person was injured, but the waggons were entirely destroyed, and the deck, &c., of the vessel received some damage.—*Local Papers.*

August 7.—The foundation stone of a new bridge about to be erected by Miss Boswell over the Whitadder, at Allanton, was laid. Coins to the amount of £6 deposited in the stone, were afterwards stolen by three of the workmen, who absconded. One of them was so honest as to pay his lodgings with one of the half-crowns before he left.—*Ibid.*

August 10.—The sloop King Fisher, of Sunderland, M'Kenzie, with a cargo of lime for Blyth, took fire while at sea. With much difficulty the crew contrived to get her into the port of Lybster; and having run her on shore on the beach, it not being deemed advisable to allow her to enter the harbour, the fore part of her decks were promptly cut away, and the fire fortunately got under by means of water and large quantities of sand being heaped on it.—*Ibid.*

August 19.—At a meeting of the town-council of Newcastle, Mr. alderman Donkin, on behalf of admiral Thomas, presented to that body a lock of lord Collingwood's hair, enclosed in the lid of a snuff-box made from the transom of the Royal Sovereign.—*Ibid.*

August 23.—Horton oratory, near South Shields, having been considerably enlarged, was re-opened, when multitudes flocked to listen to their highly-respected incumbent, the rev. W. Coward. A liberal collection was made, in aid of the funds for defraying the expenses of its enlargement.—*Ibid.*

August 24.—Monday, the foundation stone of a chapel, for the Methodist New Connexion, was laid at Jarrow, on a piece of ground presented by W. Brown, esq. A large party of friends from North and South Shields were present, and the stone was laid by Mr. Isaac Pearson, of North Shields.—*Ibid.*

August 24.—The queen was pleased to present the rev. George Waddington, M.A., to the deanery of the cathedral church of Durham, void by the death of Dr. John Banks Jenkinson, late bishop of St. David's. On the 23rd of September following, at a special convocation, held at the Durham University the rev. Mr. Waddington received the degree of D.D., and on the 25th he was formally installed

at the cathedral. Immediately upon his entering upon the duties of his high office at Durham, the rev. Doctor was told (on the Saturday) by certain official persons that on the Monday he would have to sign some leases to the amount of £2,000 or £3,000. He asked, why on the Monday? He was told that, if he signed them before, Mrs. Jenkinson, the widow of the late dean, would get the money. He immediately said, "I shall sign them now; she ought to have the money, as the leases might have been signed by my predecessor." With the death of Dr. Waddington's predecessor, terminated a system which had continued from the reformation. The fixed income of the deanery under the new law is £3,000., and the dean required to be in residence eight months in the year. The surplus revenues of the deanery are now appropriated to other purposes by the ecclesiastical commissioners.—*Local Papers*.



OLD MANSION in Malcolm's Chare, Sandgate, Newcastle, 1845.

1840 (August 25).—This day, Tuesday, the new Quay, extending from near the Broad-chare, along Sandgate-shore, Newcastle, was opened to the public by John Carr, esq. mayor, accompanied by the members of the borough, William Ord, and John Hodgson Hinde, esqrs., the members of the river committee, other members of the corporation, Trinity-house, Chamber of Commerce, and leading mer-

chants of the town, walking in procession from the Guildhall to the termination of the works at the North-shore. The procession was preceded by banners and a band of music, playing several national and appropriate local airs, including "God save the Queen," "the Keel Row," "the Bonnie Pit Laddie," &c. On reaching the newly erected quay, and while passing along and returning, it was greeted by the firing of guns; and there appeared to be but one feeling of satisfaction as to the magnitude, extent and utility of the undertaking. The length of the new Quay is about 1500 feet; being about 45 feet more than the length of the previous old Quay, and the whole of these extensive works had been completed to their then state, in about thirteen months, under the directions of W. D. Anderson, esq., engineer to the corporation. The area of the space gained from the river, amounts to upwards of 8,000 square yards, which, including the whole extent of Quay, a bridge 30 feet wide for the landing place at the Swirle, sewers, mooring-posts, fenders, &c., cost little more than £4,000. The corporation were greatly facilitated by the contemporaneous removal of Bill Point, from whence the material for forming the embankments, and filling up the quay, were obtained. The occasion was celebrated by a public dinner at the Turk's Head, in the evening. John Carr, esq., mayor of Newcastle, occupied the chair, and was supported by Wm. Ord, esq. M.P., John Hodgson Hinde, esq. M.P., the sheriff, the collector of the customs, the town-clerk, and several members of the corporation. A number of appropriate toasts were proposed, and the proceedings upon the whole were exceedingly interesting.—*Local Papers*.

1840 (August).—During this and the preceding month, Tyne bridge was effectually repaired—two-thirds by the corporation of Newcastle, and the remaining third by the lord bishop of Durham.—*Ibid*.

August 25.—Tuesday, an immense quantity of herrings were taken by the Cullercoats fishermen. The shoal was found close in with the coast. One boat caught 16,000 and was obliged to give up three nets to some other boats. The take on the following night was likewise so considerable that they were called through the streets of Newcastle at six for a penny.—*Ibid*.

August 26.—Wednesday afternoon, an affray of rather a serious nature took place between the crew of the French fishing lugger Josephine, of Fecamp, Desjardins master, lying in the Tweed at Spittal, and a party of fishermen of that place. It appeared that the crews of the French vessels had been in the habit of accommodating the Spittal fishermen by taking them off from the shore in the small boats belonging to their vessels, to their own fishing boats, which are

generally moored near the middle of the river. On the present occasion a boat belonging to the above-named lugger, with two Frenchmen and a boy in it, was about putting off from the jetty to the lugger, which was stationed at the distance of a hundred yards or more from the shore, when a fisherman of Spittal, named Lough, and another, prepared to get into the boat beside the Frenchmen, thinking that the latter would be willing to put them aboard their own boat which lay at an intermediate distance between the French lugger and the beach. The Frenchmen, however, were disinclined to do so, although it would not have cost them the slightest trouble, in consequence of which a disagreement took place between the parties; and it appears that after Lough had got into the boat, his companion, who remained upon the jetty, slightly plashed some water upon the Frenchmen, who immediately pushed off towards the lugger; but on reaching Lough's boat, instead of allowing him to get into it, they insisted on going past it, carrying him with them towards their own vessel. Lough resisted this, and, it appears, took hold of one of their oars to stay the boat in its course, when the Frenchmen became enraged, and taking up a wooden scoop which was in the boat, they belaboured him unmercifully with it, and he had his arms severely bruised in endeavouring to protect his head from their blows. A party of the native fishermen on the shore, seeing Lough abused in this manner, immediately armed themselves with stones, and, launching a boat, put off towards the lugger, against the crew of which they directed their missiles with good effect, and on their coming close alongside a regular boarding fight took place, accompanied with much noise. The Frenchmen had provided themselves for resistance with the loose instruments which lay on deck, one of them bearing an axe, the others boat hooks and poles, and it is said that some of them brandished knives. Their assailants, however, were too determined to be frightened by demonstrations, and easily gained a footing on board, and had scarcely dealt a blow, when the whole crew, with the exception of one man, betook themselves in all haste below the hatches. The native fishermen, with commendable prudence and moderation, refrained from any further acts of retaliation, and left the vessel, taking Lough with them, whom they had thus spiritedly rescued from the hands of the foreigners; and thus the affair ended. None of the Frenchmen were seriously hurt, and the injuries sustained by Lough did not prevent him going off in pursuit of his occupation on the same evening.—*Berwick Warder*.

1840 (August).—This month, the queen granted her royal license and authority to A. J. Cresswell Baker, of Cresswell, esq., to resume the surname of Cresswell after that of Baker.—*Local Papers*.

September 2.—Wednesday, the county of Durham from the Tyne to the Tees, was visited by a tremendous thunder-storm, attended with heavy rain. At five o'clock in the afternoon, a thunderbolt struck a field of corn at Tynemouth, in front of Tynemouth-place; and, had it not been for the rain, would have set it on fire. As it was, there was much smoke. The noise resembled a discharge of artillery.—*Local Papers.*



“BOTERYE, AULE, and KETCHYN,” Castle of Tynemouth, 1845.

September 3.—At Stockton-upon-Tees, two girls, aged 7 and 14, daughters of Thomas Wilson, brickmaker, were sent to a pond for water; and not returning in due time, their mother went in search of them. She found the pail, full of water, standing by the side of the pond, but could see nothing of the children. Shortly afterwards, however, a labourer, who had heard of the circumstances, looked into the pond, and there saw the bodies of the poor woman's daughters; who were immediately taken out, but life was extinct.—*Ibid.*

September 6.—Sunday, a Wesleyan chapel was opened at Wingate Grange colliery, in the county of Durham, and a collection made to aid in the formation of a Sabbath School.—*Ibid.*

September 7.—Monday, the beautiful bridge across the Tweed at Norham, was opened for the use of the public. There was service in the church at eight o'clock, in token of thankfulness for the completion of the undertaking: at twelve o'clock Dr. Gilly, accompanied by Mr. Wilkie of Ladythorne, Mr. Scott of Beal, and other gentlemen, proceeded to the bridge, and having declared it to be now open, Mr. Wilkie's carriage passed over and returned. Dr. Gilly then bestowed a handsome gratuity on the workmen, to enable them to enjoy themselves on the occasion, for which purpose Mr. Wilkie of Ladythorne, also contributed.—*Ibid.*

September 8.—The bishop of Durham consecrated the chapel of ease recently erected at West Herrington, on ground presented for that purpose by the late earl of Durham. On the same day, his

lordship consecrated the new burial ground at Hylton Ferry.—*Local Papers.*

1840 (Sept. 10).—Thursday night, a fire broke out in the leather shop and warehouse of Mr. Bentham, currier, Grey street, Sunderland. An alarm was instantly given, and by the praiseworthy exertions of two of the waiters at the George inn, it was extinguished before further assistance could be procured. A part of the stock of leather, &c., was destroyed, and the rest much damaged. The interior of the shop was also considerably injured.—*Ibid.*

September 11.—The Robert and George, a fine new vessel, which had just discharged her first cargo of timber from America, fell over in the river Tyne, at Shields, nearly opposite the new (Mr. Young's) dock on the north side. She fell upon the Conquest steamer, which was lying on the inside of her at a little distance; and had it not been for the great exertions of the crews of the steam-boat, and the ready and able assistance of the Prince Albert and Cyrus steamers, there is no doubt she would have sunk also. The Prince and the Cyrus were attached to the Conquest, and fairly dragged her from the oppressive weight of the sinking vessel. As it was, the stern of the steam-boat was completely carried away; and a keel lying alongside of the Robert and George was likewise sunk. Happily none of the crew were drowned, though they had a very narrow escape. The mate's wife was on board, and had to be dragged through the cabin window, after the vessel was partly immersed. The amount of damage which the vessel received was very considerable.—*Ibid.*

September 13.—The first attempt to establish a fair, for the sale of horses, at Durham, was made on this and the following day, two days previous to the great cattle fair, and at a season of the year when horses are mostly taken from the grass, and can be brought to market at a very trifling expense. Subscriptions were freely entered into by various residents in the town, and most of the neighbouring gentlemen and agriculturalists. A committee having been chosen, and judges appointed, premiums were awarded to the best harness, hunting, and draught horses brought *bona fide* for sale, as an inducement to the furtherance of this great object.—*Ibid.*

September 15.—Tuesday, the foundation-stone of a new church at Annfield plain was laid by John Clavering, esq., in the absence of his grandfather, sir T. J. Clavering, bart., of Greencroft. Three coins of the present queen's reign were placed in a bottle, which was deposited in a cavity of the stone. After a suitable service, performed by the rev. Moorhouse Thompson, a collection was made by Miss Innis, daughter of General Innis, of Bath, and the rev. Joseph Thompson, jun., which amounted to £5. 0s. 6d.—*Ibid.*

1840 (Sept. 16).—At the Thompson's arms hotel, Sunderland, during the serving of the dinner given to Mr. Alderman Thompson, the novel sight was witnessed of a table, covered with viands, rising from the kitchen to a level with the dining room; and the contents being removed, the table descended, and again rose with a fresh supply, until the entire dinner was served up.—*Local Papers*.

September 18.—The banks in Newcastle having unanimously resolved upon closing their establishments every Friday afternoon at one o'clock, the arrangement commenced on the above day.—*Ibid*.

September 18.—The line of the Newcastle and North Shields railway was inspected by the crown commissioners, sir Frederick Smith, and professor Barlow, and by Mr. Alderman Thompson, M.P. The directors, with marked courtesy, fitted out a special train for the occasion, and the distinguished strangers were pleased to express their unqualified approbation of the works, as well as with all the arrangements of the line.—*Ibid*.

September 21.—As the forenoon train of the Brandling Junction railway, from Sunderland, was proceeding to Gateshead and had arrived to near where the Park lane crosses the line, about half a mile from the Gateshead station, a cart and horse belonging to Mr. Mould, driven by a very deaf old man, came up; the man not perceiving the train approaching, and not being able to hear the whistle, which was blown as loud as possible, drove his cart across, when, before the engine could be stopped, they came in contact: the old man had his leg broken, the cart was destroyed, and the horse killed. The old man died on the following day.—*Ibid*.

September 23.—Wednesday, an inquest was held at South Shields, on the body of Robert Burns aged 17, an apprentice on board the ship *Voyager*, of the port of Newcastle. The vessel sailed, coal laden, for London, from the Tyne, on the 21st, Monday, and when of Whitby on Tuesday morning, all hands were called for the purpose of reefing the sails; the deceased accordingly went upon the foretopmast yard for that purpose, when, from the sails filling, he was thrown therefrom and fell upon the deck, a distance of 20 feet, and received a severe concussion on the brain. About ten minutes after the accident the *Voyager* was run on board of by a Prussian galliot, which was light. The whole of the crew of the *Voyager*, except deceased, jumped on board the galliot, supposing their own vessel was going down; but they had only been there a few minutes, when they found the galliot was sinking, and twelve of the crews of both vessels got into a small boat, and were picked up by the *Yarico*, of Sunderland. The mate and cook of the *Voyager* and three of the Prussians, went down with the galliot, and were lost. About three hours after being

picked up, the men belonging the *Voyager* were put on board that vessel, and immediately bore up for Shields, off which place she arrived about four o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, when deceased was sent on shore in a steam boat. He lingered till nine o'clock that evening, when he died. Verdict, accidental death.—*Local Papers*.

September 26.—Sunday morning, an old woman named Martha Williams came by her death under the following circumstances. The deceased lived along with her daughter and son-in-law William Cowley, in Pandon bank, Newcastle, and a quarrel having ensued between them, she attempted to reconcile them, but without effect. At length Cowley flung a pot of coffee at his wife, which she threw back again, and this exciting him, he snatched up the poker, when the unfortunate deceased, stepping in between them to save her daughter, received a violent blow on the head which felled her to the ground. The poor woman was taken up covered with blood, and on a surgeon being sent for she was ordered to the Infirmary, where she lingered until the following Sunday, when she expired. An inquest was held on Monday, October 5, and by adjournment on Wednesday the 7th, when Mr. Walker, surgeon, deposed to having been called in to see the deceased, and to her having a large wound on the head with a corresponding portion of the bone removed, leaving a complete opening to the brain. He considered that wound sufficient to cause death. Mr. Taylor, house surgeon to the Infirmary, also attributed her death to the fracture of the skull. The poker with which the fatal wound had been inflicted, was stated by one of the witnesses, to have gone about three inches into the old woman's head, and that it actually "stood in it until pulled out by Cowley himself." The coroner briefly summed up, after which the jury returned a verdict of manslaughter against William Cowley, who was tried at the Newcastle spring assizes, 1841, found guilty, and sentenced to ten years transportation.—*Ibid*.

September 27.—The ceremony of adult baptism was performed on Miss Speciall, late a member of the society of Friends, at the new church at Stockton, by the rev. H. K. Collinson; the lady having attained her majority, the usual forms were dispensed with.—*Ibid*.

This month, as two men, Edward Henderson, and John Robson, were making a drain upon the farm of Mr. Forster Charlton, of Bog hall, in the chapelry of Kirkheaton, Northumberland, the property of Calverly B. Bewicke, esq., they found, about two feet below the surface, under some large flat stones, the bones of a human body, which had been partly deposited in a large earthen jar. The remains must have lain for a great number of years, as the bones, on being exposed to the air, immediately mouldered into dust. Three

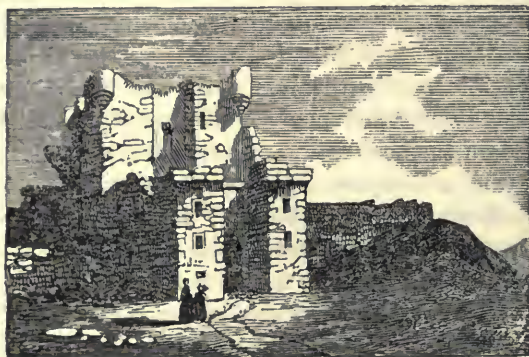
long black beads were also found, which were in a fine state of preservation.—*Local Papers.*

1840 (September).—This month, the commissioners of the Wear, established a river-police, and determined to procure a floating fire engine, for the protection of the shipping.—*Ibid.*

This month, the old and highly respectable banking-house of Lambton and Co. Newcastle, made arrangements to withdraw their own notes from circulation, and to issue no paper but that of the bank of England.—*Ibid.*

This month, the authorities of Darlington commenced flagging the footpaths in two of the streets, Northgate and Skinnergate.—*Ibid.*

About this period the light-house at Tynemouth, which from its first construction had been private property, passed, under the powers of an act of parliament, into the hands of the corporation of the Trinity-house, London.—*Ibid.*



The MAIN GATE of the CASTLE of TYNEMOUTH, circa 1780. From an old drawing by Waters.

Near the end of this month, a singular circumstance transpired in Sunderland. A man of the name of Thomas Burn, or Byrne, who was in a public house in that town, asked another person, whose name was Thomas Cadell, to drink with him. The latter, on recognizing the person who addressed him, exclaimed—"What! drink with my brother's murderer?" Burn immediately threw the contents of his glass in Cadell's face, and would have escaped, had Cadell not readily obtained the help of a policeman, by whom he was apprehended, and conveyed to the town where the murder was committed.—*Ibid.*

October 1.—A very large hay stack, belonging to Mr. Grahamsley, standing near the Sunderland road-end, Gateshead, was discovered to be on fire about two o'clock on the morning; and though the engines from Newcastle and the neighbourhood were speedily on the spot, full two thirds of the hay was destroyed. The length of the stack was

upwards of 36 yards, and it contained between 250 and 260 tons of hay.—*Local Papers.*

1840 (Oct 1).—The rev. R. H. Williamson, the rector, having with great liberality to his parishioners, enlarged and improved the church-yard at Hurworth. The interesting and impressive ceremony of consecration of the portion thus added took place on the morning of the above day, after which the bishop of Durham, a number of the clergy, and others, partook of lunch at the rectory.—*Ibid.*

October 1.—Five lads, named John Preston, Frederick Hindle, James Hindle, Alfred Hindle, and John Watson, all of Darlington were fined 5s. each for attaching a fiery rope to a cat's tail, and thereby causing it to play divers pranks in the stable-yard of Warren Maud, esq., of Green bank. Had it got into the hay chamber, the consequence might have been serious.—*Ibid.*

October 4.—The organ at Tynemouth church having been closed for repairs during a period of ten weeks, was re-opened on the above day, Sunday. A new diapason stop had been added to the full organ, three notes had also been put in, viz:—double B flat, double B and double C sharp. A copula stop had been inserted, which couples the swell with the great organ. A new Venetian front had been put to the swell; 17 pedals for the feet, and 4 composition pedals, which afford the organist increased facilities in the combination of the stops.—*Ibid.*

On the same day a new chapel was opened for divine service (in connection with the congregational church at Haydon bridge), at the Moss Kennel, a place on the north road about four miles north-west of Haydon bridge; when Messrs Ward and Boyd of Hexham, and Mr. Smith of Haydon bridge, preached suitable discourses to crowded congregations. Mr. Dryden of the Kennel, farmer, gave the ground, and, with other neighbours, liberally contributed to the erection.—*Ibid.*

October 8.—Died, at London, in Brook street, Grosvenor square, aged 65, colonel sir Horace David Cholwell St. Paul, bart. of Ewart park, near Wooler, Northumberland. The lamented baronet is succeeded in his titles and estates by his only son, Horace St. Paul, esq., one of the members for East Worcestershire, in which county the family had large possessions through the marriage of the late sir Horace into the ancient and distinguished house of Dudley and Ward. The late baronet was the grandson of Horace St. Paul, esq., who was an officer of distinction in the service of Austria during the seven year's war, and was created a count of the holy Roman Empire.—*Ibid.*

October 8.—The foundation-stone of a new Wesleyan chapel

and Sunday-school was laid at New Whitley, near North Shields, the site for which was kindly granted by his grace the duke of Northumberland.—*Port of Tyne Pilot*.

1840 (Oct. 9).—Friday morning, the keepers of the dock yard of Woolwich, were all on the alert in consequence of a convict making his escape over the palings near the rise of the hill, about a quarter of a mile from the dock yard gates, on the Greenwich side. John Ogle, who was a convict on board the *Warrior*, escaped from his labour at nine o'clock in the morning through the railings at the top of a high boarding, and within a few paces of a sentinel belonging to the 61st regiment. As he dropped in the road several feet below the sentinel he had no opportunity of firing at him until he had got some distance into a field opposite, when he did, but without effect. Information was immediately given, when in addition to the convict keepers, the dock-yard police and a detachment of the 61st and royal artillery, were sent out in quest of him. The only tidings they received was from a labourer of Charlton, who said he saw a man in the Hanging-wood-lane, which divides the beautiful domains of Sir Thomas Wilson and sir Thomas Hislop, barts, of the description of the convict, and these gentlemen's parks and pleasure grounds were most minutely searched, but without finding the delinquent. On the following Sunday evening, about seven o'clock, policeman Daniel Riordan, 207, R, of the Woolwich division, when on duty on the lower road betwixt Woolwich and Greenwich, near to the chalk pits, observed a person in his shirt sleeves inside a hedge having the appearance of a beggar. On inquiring what he wanted there, the person to whom he put the question replied that he was searching for a knife which he had lost. There was something so suspicious in the movements of the party, and evident desire to elude observation, that Riordan was induced to examine him more minutely, when the appearance of an iron ring round his leg showed that he was an escaped convict. The policeman immediately gave chase, and after crossing several fields, overtook him while endeavouring to force his way through a hedge. The seizure of each other by the throat was simultaneous, and a severe struggle took place, which lasted for upwards of twenty minutes. The convict, although he had been three days without food, made a most desperate resistance, and at one time nearly overpowered the policeman, having succeeded in breaking the string which secured his staff to his wrist, and having obtained possession of it, gave him some very severe blows. Notwithstanding there were several persons who witnessed this trial of strength, not one would render any assistance, although called upon to do so, and it was only owing to the superior strength of Riordan, a powerful

man, above six feet high, that he ultimately succeeded in securing the convict, whom he brought, followed by a great crowd, to the Dock-yard, and handed him over to the authorities there. The convict, whose name was John Ogle, was 38 years of age, had a wife and five children. He was convicted at the Northumberland assizes in July, and sentenced to 14 years' transportation. He was found guilty of stealing six sides of bacon and a barn sheet, the property of Mr. Geo. Taylor, of Bilton Barns, near Hexham, with whom he had previously worked as a husbandman; he was further found guilty of stealing four shifts, two frocks, and a slip, the property of Mrs. Mary Leybourn, near the same place. The prisoner was committed to close custody on board the Warrior hulk.—*Daily Papers*.

October 10.—So dense was the fog at the mouth of the Tyne, on the morning of this day, Saturday, that the postman in charge of the mail made three ineffectual attempts to pass from South to North Shields, in consequence of which the letters and papers for the latter town were delayed several hours beyond the usual time of delivery.—*Local Papers*.

October 12.—Monday, the bishop of Durham consecrated a piece of ground, which has been presented by the marquis of Londonderry, for the purpose of enlarging the burial ground of the parish church of St. Giles, in that city.—*Ibid*.

October 13.—A fancy, and full dress ball, upon a scale of unusual magnitude and splendour, was given by the mayoress of Newcastle, on Tuesday evening, at the Assembly Rooms, in that town. Upwards of a thousand cards of invitation were issued, and the brilliant assembly was graced by the presence of nearly eight hundred ladies and gentlemen, including a great proportion of the leading families of Newcastle and the neighbourhood, as well as most of the naval and military officers stationed in the district. The carriages began to arrive soon after nine o'clock, and continued to pour in till near midnight, the most admirable order being preserved through the well-conducted regulations of the Police. The excellent and efficient band of the 98th regiment was placed in the lobby, and welcomed the company on their entrance, by performing many of the most popular airs, whilst the right worshipful the mayor, John Carr, esq., and Mrs. mayoress, stood at the entrance of the principal room, and received their guests with marked courtesy. The splendid suite of rooms were well filled at ten o'clock, at which hour the master of the ceremonies, capt. Ellis, gave the accustomed signal, and the ball was led off in a country dance, to the popular tune of "The Keel Row," by the recorder, Geo. H. Wilkinson, esq., and Mrs. Mayoress. To this succeeded quadrilles, waltzes, and gallopades, which were maintained

with great spirit until past four o'clock in the morning, and with a degree of order, propriety of conduct, and harmony of feeling, which reflected infinite credit on the great number of persons assembled. At midnight the refreshment rooms were thrown open, and the provisions made for the company, under the care and superintendence of Mr. Haigh, was at once ample and elegant, embracing tea, coffee, fruits, sandwiches, confectionery, jellies, wines, liquors, and almost every other delicacy, suitable to the occasion. The whole affair passed off in the most admirable manner. All appeared delighted with the amusements of the evening, and all felt no less obliged to the worthy mayor and mayoress for having provided so splendid an entertainment, than for the marked politeness and attention which they exhibited throughout the occasion to the company. The fancy dresses were numerous, splendid, and, upon the whole, interesting. They embraced the costumes of France, Switzerland, Spain, Italy, Germany, Tyrol, Naples, Poland, Albania, Turkey, Greece, Hungary, Persia, China, Carcassia, Arabia, Canada, and Africa. Nor were Highlanders, Brigand Chiefs, Courtiers, Robin Hoods, Huntsmen, Hamlets, Old English Gentlemen, Deputy-Lieutenants, Consuls, and Monarchs and Nobles, of various ages allowed to be forgotten.—*Local Papers.*



WHITE FRIAR TOWER, from the site of the CLOSE GATE, Newcastle. 1826.

1840 (Oct).—The workmen engaged in the removal of some further portion of the town wall of Newcastle, adjoining White Friar Tower

on the south, found many Roman and other coins, a mason's setting-pinch in the heart of the masonry, the remains of a skeleton beneath the wall, another at a little distance, cannon-balls, &c.—*MS. Col.*

1840 (Oct. 13).—Tuesday, Mr. Carte gave a public display, at Sunderland, of the capabilities of his system of communication between a vessel at sea (in danger of shipwreck) and the shore, by an alteration in the method of firing rockets, having a line attached. About 3 P. M. Mr. C. and a party of gentlemen proceeded in a steamer from the head of the South Pier to the east end of the North Pier, from whence two rockets were fired at a distance of about 150 yards from the end of the South Pier. The first rocket fell short of the South Pier, but the second carried the line across the end of it. The steamer next proceeded round the South Pier, and fired two rockets at a distance of about 180 yards, to two boats moored together; the first rocket passed within a few yards of the stern of one boat, and the second rocket touched the bow of the other boat, and carried the line on board. The life buoy was next exhibited; it consisted of a hooped tube formed of cork, and covered with canvass, having lines attached, and is capable of sustaining four men in the water. The life belt also was exhibited; it is made of cloth, doubled and divided into six cells, each of which is filled with cork, and being girt round the body, prevents the wearer from sinking. The practical use of both was shown by a person named Chilton, who plunged into the water, and was kept floating by their support. They appeared to be very efficient for the purpose. The experiments were witnessed by many thousands of spectators, amongst whom were the Master and several of the Elder Brethren of the Trinity-house, Newcastle, together with many nautical visitors from Newcastle, Shields, Stockton, &c. The weather was very favourable, and the company retired highly gratified.—*Local Papers.*

About this period, the longest rope on record, in one unspliced piece was finished in Sunderland. It was upwards of four thousand yards long, seven inches in circumference, twelve tons in weight, and cost about £400. It was for the use of the London and Birmingham railway.—*Ibid.*

October 19.—Monday morning about eight o'clock, a fire broke out in the workshop of Mr. Michael Windle, builder, Darlington (during the absence of the workmen at breakfast), by some sparks from the stove setting fire to the shavings. With the aid of the town's engine, the fire was soon extinguished.—*Ibid.*

October 20.—Tuesday morning, a black kyloe heifer had been driven out of a field at Elswick, near Newcastle, but having become infuriated, and being hotly pressed by dogs, it sought refuge in a passage in Edward-street, Arthur's hill. Unfortunately a boy was

passing at the time, when the beast rushed out upon him, struck him with one of its horns in the cheek, and carried him on it some yards, when he fell to the ground, his cheek being nearly torn off. The animal then took towards the town, and in its course knocked down two men, but who were not much hurt. It was finally secured near the cattle market without doing any further injury. The poor boy was conveyed home in a very precarious state.—*Local Papers.*

1840 (Oct. 21).—Wednesday, his grace the duke of Northumberland, K. G., was unanimously elected Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, vacant by the death of marquess Camden. His grace is a member of St. John's College, and took the degree of hon. M. A., in 1805. In 1834, on the death of the earl of Hardwicke, he was appointed high steward of the University. The installation of the Chancellor took place at Northumberland-House, London, on Saturday, October 31st.—*Ibid.*

October 22.—Thursday, the justices of the peace for the county of Northumberland assembled at Alnwick, being the first day of the sessions, for the purpose of paying the highest tribute in their power to Chas. Wm. Bigge, esq., late chairman of the court of Quarter Sessions, for the able and impartial discharge of his duties in that onerous situation, during the time he presided over the court and the official business of the county. The testimonial consisted of a beautifully bound copy of that truly valuable work, the Parliamentary edition of the Statutes, a text book of constitutional law down to the reign of queen Anne, containing notes and references, fac-similies of statute books in each reign, from the earliest period to that time. The binding of the work is of pale Russia, gilt, with the arms of the county on one side, Mr. Bigge's on the other, and his crest on the back. In the inside of each volume is a book-plate, beautifully illuminated with an embossed border, containing at each corner the arms of Burrell, Monck, Wallace, and Brandling, the four senior resident justices, and within the border the following inscription:—"Presented A.D. 1840, to Charles William Bigge, esquire, late chairman of the court of Quarter Sessions for the county of Northumberland, upon his retirement from that office, by her majesty's justices of the peace for the county, in testimony of their admiration of his public and private character." In the first volume is a letter presented to Mr. Bigge, on his retirement, with the autographs of the parties appended. Thirty-five of the acting magistrates of the county assembled on this interesting occasion, when J. C. Jobling, esq., as chairman of the justices, presented the testimonial to Mr. Bigge in appropriate terms, which were feelingly responded to by Mr. Bigge.—*Ibid.*

1840 (Oct. 22).—A splendid bazaar was opened at Alnwick under distinguished patronage, to defray the expense of repairing and enlarging Whittingham church. The Room was crowded during the whole of the day. Her grace the duchess of Northumberland was an early visitor, accompanied by a numerous party of her distinguished guests, who made many purchases. The proceeds amounted to upwards of £800.—*Local Papers.*

October 23.—The Corporation Hall at Stockton was opened by a brilliant fête given by the Mayor, Thos. Jennet, esq. to the principal inhabitants of the town, who attended by special invitation. The Hall, which is a very elegant building, comprises a justice room, news room, post office, and other apartments for the convenience of the public.—*Ibid.*

On the same day, a fatal accident occurred at Farnacres colliery, adjoining the Ravensworth estate, and within a short distance of Gateshead. The banksman, shortly before one o'clock in the morning, hearing a loud noise in the pit, threw a stone down the shaft, and found that it fell amongst water. He then shouted, but received no answer, and in a few seconds, the shaft—which is twenty fathoms deep—was completely filled. Five men were in the pit, all of whom perished. A powerful steam-engine was almost immediately put into operation, but so great was the flow of water, that notwithstanding the engine being worked continually, and capable of pumping 740 gallons in a minute, it did not prove effectual in clearing the mine so as to lead to the recovery of the bodies of the unfortunate sufferers for nearly a month afterwards. The first body—that of William Wilkinson—was found on the 20th November, and an inquest was held upon it on the following day. It appeared from the evidence, that, at the time of the accident, the pit was never considered in a better state, and there was not the least apprehension of danger by any one, the men considering themselves as safe as in their own houses. About two hours before the accident occurred, there was a shift of men, and the pit was reported at bank to be in a much drier state than usual. There were only two witnesses examined, the jury being satisfied that the deceased met his death by the sudden inundation of the pit with water. Verdict—Accidental death. Mr. Forster, colliery viewer of Bishopwearmouth, explained the mode in which the pit had been worked, and shewed that every proper precaution had been used to prevent the loss of life; but since the accident, he had come to the conclusion, that as the Farnacres flats had been worked some eighty years previous, and as there were neither plans nor memoranda preserved to ascertain the nature of the workings, the present shaft had been sunk on a pillar of coal, and in conse-

quence the water had suddenly rushed from the old workings and overwhelmed the unfortunate men. The bodies of the other sufferers,—James Rankin, James Heslop, William Wetherby, and Andrew Evans, were not recovered till some months after the accident, when (an inquest having been held upon Wilkinson) it was not considered necessary that any further inquiry should be made.—

Local Papers.

1840 (Nov. 1).—Died, in Ridley place, Newcastle, Robert Robinson Greenwell, esq., brother of major general sir Leonard Greenwell, K. C. B., K. C. H., and of William Greenwell, of Kibblesworth, in the county of Durham, esq.; the deceased in early life, and for several years, was the managing partner in one of the first commercial firms in Newcastle, and was in every respect a most amiable and estimable man; he filled the office of Danish Vice-Consul at that port for many years, and was regarded with affection by all foreigners and others who had official intercourse with him, for the great suavity of his manners and his truly friendly deportment. He was in the 63rd year of his age, and left an only son, William Greenwell, esq.—*Ibid.*

November 1.—Saturday afternoon, a fire was discovered in the house occupied by Miss Daglish, New Bridge-street, Newcastle. The appearance was at first rather alarming, as the flames were observed bursting out at the roof. A supply of water having been promptly obtained, the fire was extinguished with little damage.—*Ibid.*

November 2.—A fine hare was overtaken and killed on the Newcastle and Carlisle railway, by the Durham engine, at the Alton-side curve, within half a mile of Haydon Bridge. The engineman observed the side-rod strike something, and a person named Brown was sent to see what it could be, and found poor puss dead by the side of the rail without any external marks of injury. Not long previous, a hare was killed near Ridley-hall by the engine passing over her head.—*Ibid.*

November 7.—Saturday morning, a fire broke out in the premises of Mr. J. Greene, grocer, High-street, Gateshead. Between twelve and one, sparks were observed issuing from one of a stack of chimneys, and it was shortly ascertained that they proceeded from Mr. Greene's wareroom, under which was the shop of Mr. Robson, saddler. The flames extended to some wood work, and were thence communicated to some bundles of rope. The police, and several of the neighbours, repaired immediately to the spot, and, by the application of large quantities of water, conveyed in buckets, soon effectually subdued the fire. But little damage was done by the fire, although much of the room was pulled down, before the whole of the smouldering wood work could be reached. The accident is supposed to have

originated in a flue, which passed through Mr. Greene's house, from the shop below.—*Local Papers.*

1840 (Nov. 9).—The following gentlemen were elected mayors and sheriffs :—

NEWCASTLE.—John Ridley, esq., mayor; James Archbold, esq., sheriff.

GATESHEAD.—William Hymers, esq. mayor.

DURHAM.—John Bramwell, esq. mayor.

SUNDERLAND.—Richard White, esq. mayor.

STOCKTON.—William Skinner, jun., esq. mayor.

MORPETH.—Thomas Bowser, esq. mayor.

BERWICK.—George Johnston, esq. mayor; Thomas Hogarth, esq. sheriff.—*Ibid.*



Ancient Buildings, Walker-Gate, ALNWICK. 1826.

November 13.—Died, at Alnwick, aged 93, Mr. Thomas Bam-
burgh, blacksmith; he was deprived of a leg by the bursting of one
of the cannon, fired on the occasion of the duke of Northumber-
land's birth day in 1785, and the Percy family liberally made pro-
vision for him from the time of the accident till his death.—*Ibid.*

November 13.—The coasts of Durham and Northumberland were
visited by a violent storm, attended by fatal and disastrous conse-
quences to the ports of Sunderland and Newcastle. On the pre-
ceding day (the 12th,) several vessels, coal laden, had sailed from
Sunderland, amongst which were the brigs Helen, Bowman; and the
Syria, Minikin; the latter an entire new vessel, which had been
launched during the preceding week from the building-yard of Mr.
Crone, and was the property of Messrs. William Nicholson and Sons.

The gale came on about midnight, and the wind shifted to the E., which being quite against them, they hove round and stood for the north. The sea became very high, and the vessels above mentioned were found to make water, from which they were induced to return to the port. About 9 A.M. on the 13th, they were both seen off the harbour, which they were unable to enter, being then ebb tide. They were both driven behind the north pier. The Helen cleared the north rocks, and drove a great way up the shore on a sandy part of the beach. The north life boat was instantly manned and put off, and after a severe struggle for about a hour and a half, the whole of the Helen's crew were brought safe on shore; in half an hour afterwards the vessel was an entire wreck; part of her materials were washed on shore and saved. The Syria struck on the S. E. extremity of the north rocks, being less than a quarter of a mile north of the North Pier end; she fell over nearly on to her starboard side, when her masts were carried away and every thing swept by the deck, after which she righted. The north side life-boat being manned with a fresh crew, put off, and in about an hour reached the vessel with great difficulty. Three of the Syria's crew jumped into the boat altogether, and at the same instant she was driven (from the vessel) amongst the rigging, yards, and other wreck which were hanging alongside, and in which she became completely entangled, so that the crew had to lie down in the boat for fear of being dragged overboard. Part of the rigging, sails, &c., became warped or looped round the handles of the oars, which, being secured to the gunwale of the boat by rope-straps, technically "grummits," caused the boat to be at times suspended from the rigging, as the vessel rose to the surge of the sea. In this state she was dashed with great violence and much endangered. Several of the oars and grummits were broken by the excessive strain, jerking, and other violent pressure to which they were exposed; after which, the boat was extricated, being then about a ship's length from the vessel. Having but three oars left whole, and the wind and sea driving them from the vessel towards the shore, it was considered impossible to pull the boat back to the vessel under those disadvantages; they therefore called out to the remainder of the Syria's crew, four in number, who were still on board of the vessel, not to be disheartened, as they would soon obtain a fresh supply of oars—the boat then proceeded to the shore, and the crew, who were completely exhausted, together with the three of the Syria's crew, who were saved, were landed in safety. While the above praise-worthy exertions were making with the north boat, the south boat had also put off, and had rounded the North Pier end, where they had full view of the distressed vessel at a

short distance. Part of the boat's crew, however, lost heart, and would not continue their exertions any longer, notwithstanding the remonstrance of Mr. Wm. Davison, master of the boat, and others of the crew, who bravely wished to proceed to the vessel. The men in question insisted that the boat should return into the harbour, which was done, and their places were supplied by other persons. A rope was then made fast to the boat, and she was dragged down the harbour by the people on the South Pier, and the rope cast off at the Pier end. They contended for some time with wind and sea, endeavouring to round the North Pier end, during which the accident occurred to the oars of the north boat, which returned to the shore for fresh oars as before mentioned. The south boat was then hailed from the North Pier, and the crew informed that their oars were wanted; they proceeded up the harbour to the north dock, where they landed; each man took his oar and ran to the north sand, where the north boat was again manned, supplied with the south boat's oars, and again put off. Another effort was then made to reach the distressed vessel. During this detention the tide had risen considerably, and the violence of the sea became more powerful upon the ship, which drove round so that her head, which had hitherto stood to the land, was caused to stand out to the sea, and every wave made a complete breach over her. After a few heavy seas, the four poor fellows, who had so long clung to the vessel with extraordinary tenacity, and who must have been completely exhausted, were washed overboard and perished. The lamentable scene was witnessed by many thousands of spectators, amongst whom a thrill of horror was produced at the moment which is indescribable. The life boat returned to the shore, and the vessel drove over the rocks and became a total wreck. About 2 P.M. the Rover, Sawyer, of Goole, from Whitby for Newcastle, principally laden with iron stone, foundered one mile south of the bar at Tynemouth. A large number of individuals witnessed the melancholy occurrence; she was struck by a heavy sea, which threw her on her broadside, carrying every human being off her deck. Five minutes after, she was buried beneath a sea as terrific as any remembered for many years to have visited the coast. The boat and several things belonging the Rover were subsequently washed on shore. This unfortunate schooner had been in the habit for some time previous of trading to Newcastle. Many other vessels from the Tyne and Wear appear to have been lost during this tremendous gale, it having been ascertained that upwards of a hundred seamen connected with the two ports unhappily perished, many of them leaving wives and children in a lamentable state of destitution.—*Local Papers.*

1840 (Nov. 15).—A fire was discovered in the shipbuilding yard of Mr. Dixon, at Southwick, near Sunderland. It originated on board of a new vessel, where were lying a quantity of shavings, and in which a person had been with a lighted candle on the previous evening. The flames were extinguished before much mischief was effected.—*Ibid.*

November 15.—Sunday, a commodious chapel, built for the use of the Methodist New Connexion, was opened at Jarrow.—*Ibid.*

November 16.—Monday, the *Malton*, Fox, proceeded from the Tyne for Bombay, when a most disgraceful scene occurred with a part of the crew, who, having got beastly drunk, refused to join their vessel while she was riding off Tynemouth bar. After every entreaty had been resorted to, to induce those men to proceed, it was found necessary to send for the police, when, after they had been two or three times immersed in the water, they were coerced to enter a steamer which was waiting for them, and ultimately to join the *Malton*, when she proceeded on her long voyage.—*Ibid.*



Cell in the "South Court" of the Castle and Priory of TYNEMOUTH. 1845.

CHAPTER X.



MONDAY afternoon, November 16, 1840, Selby Morton, aged 16, son of Mr. Selby Morton, of Wooler brick-sheds, attempted to take a ford in Wooler water, near Turveylaws, with two single-horse carts. The river being flooded by late rains, and the ford much deepened, (or, as it is locally termed, "lined into holes," the horses lost their footing; and the young man, in endeavouring to save the two animals, lost his own life. It is remarkable that the two horses both extricated themselves from the carts, and were saved. The carts were taken out of the water considerably below the ford, and the body of young Morton was found in the afternoon of the same day about 300 yards distant from the spot at which he entered the stream.—*Local Papers.*

November 16.—A young woman named Angas, belonging to Blyth, but who was in service at Murton, near North Shields, was accidentally shot by a boy who was playing with a gun, not knowing it to be loaded, when he fired it at the young woman, and the contents lodging in her face and breast, she was so much hurt that she died almost immediately.—Verdict, "Chance Medley."—*Ibid.*

November 17.—Tuesday, the Tees, a Stockton steam-tug, whilst lying at Middlesbro', was discovered to be on fire. Prompt measures having been adopted, the flames were subdued before much damage was done.—*Ibid.*

November.—About the 17th of this month a small terrier dog which was seen worrying the cattle in a field of Mr. Joseph Rain, farmer near Hawthorne, a few miles from Sunderland, afterwards made its way into the house and bit the man servant, who immediately killed it. It had been seen to bite two beasts, an ass, and a large fat pig; one of the beasts died in a completely rabid state

about four weeks afterwards; and on Sunday, January 10th, 1841, the other, after tearing down the byre, was with great difficulty secured by ropes and killed. The pig having also evinced symptoms of hydrophobia, was shot on the following day. The bodies of all these animals were buried. The dogs in the village and neighbourhood were, in consequence, nearly all destroyed.—*Sunderland Herald*.

1840 (Nov. 18).—Wednesday, the new Roman Catholic church at Cowpen was consecrated by the right rev. Dr. Briggs, bishop of York, and vicar apostolic of the Yorkshire district. The edifice, built and endowed by Marlow Sydney, esq., is of the early English style. The interior is not more admirable for its chaste simplicity, and just proportions, than for the beautiful carving of its massive pulpit, altar rails, rood-loft, and stone altar. It is capable of accommodating between three and four thousand persons—is entered by a very superior porch—and has attached, a spacious burial-ground. On Thursday, the 19th, divine service was performed in it for the first time, with the wonted splendour of the Roman Catholic ritual upon such occasions. The procession moved from the priest's residence, and turning into the entrance gates from the Blyth road, was received at the porch by a numerous body of vergers, with white wands. The procession was headed by a cross-bearer, carrying an antique silver crucifix of splendid workmanship. Then came a thurifer, scenting the air with fumes of frankincense from his silver thurible; and close behind him, two youthful acolyths, in red cassocks and white surplices having each a gigantic candlestick and candle. To these succeeded a long line of priests, two deep, in gowns, surplices, and caps. These again were followed by the sub-deacon, deacon, and priest, arrayed in rich vestments of cloth of gold, inimitably interwoven with choicest flowers. And, lastly, the rear was closed by the right rev. bishop, clothed in a capacious cope of rich material, with mitre and crosier, attended by the prior of the Benedictine college of Ampleforth, on one hand, and by his vicar on the other. The rev. Mr. Thomas, incumbent of the new church, bore his train. As the lengthened procession proceeded, in measured pace, along the crowded aisle, the choir lent the aid of its harmony to heighten the effect of the scene. Mass was begun amidst strains of music, which scarcely yielded to any interruption, till after the chanting of the Gospel; when a short, but eloquent exhortation was addressed to the audience by the very rev. Mr. Brewer, provincial of the Benedictine body; at the conclusion of which, the service of the mass recommenced with the creed, and terminated about one o'clock. The music, chiefly selected from the admired compositions of Haydn and Mozart, was excellently executed by the Catholic choir of Hartlepool, under the

superintendence of the rev. Mr. Knight. In the afternoon, between sixty and seventy persons sat down to a sumptuous dinner, at the Ridley Arms, Blyth, in commemoration of the occasion, and at the charge of their munificent host.—*Local Papers.*

1840 (Nov. 20).—This day (Friday), four of the harpooners belonging to the whale ships of the port of Newcastle, met at Shields to contend for a handsome single gun, given by Mr. William Greener, (inventor of the improved harpoon gun,) to the fortunate individual who would capture the most whales with the said guns at Davies Straits during the previous season. Unfortunately there were only five fish amongst the five ships, four of which were killed by Mr. Greener's guns, and each of the above individuals got one. It thus became necessary to contend who should carry off the trophy, and, after firing two shots each with the harpoons at a small floating target, eight inches in diameter, it was awarded to John Wheatley, mate of the Lord Gambier, he putting the harpoon through the target within an inch of the bull's eye.—*Ibid.*

November 23.—The intelligence of the safe and happy delivery of her majesty of the princess royal reached Newcastle. The bells immediately rang several joyous peals, and on the following morning the flag was hoisted on the castle, the ships on the river displayed their colours, the bells of the several churches were rung throughout the day, and a royal salute was fired from the castle in honour of the auspicious event. At Alnwick castle, the seat of his grace the duke of Northumberland, a royal salute was fired from the battlements, and the bells of the parish church were rung through the day. At North and South Shields, Tynemouth, Stockton, Sunderland, Gateshead, Durham, Morpeth, Hexham, and in almost every town and village in the counties of Northumberland and Durham, similar loyal and joyous demonstrations were observed. On Friday the 28th, addresses of congratulation to her majesty and prince Albert were also voted by the town councils of Newcastle and Gateshead respectively.—*Ibid.*

November 23.—Died in London, the hon. Mrs. Cavendish, after a distressing illness of two months, which latterly assumed a dropsical form. The deceased lady who was sister to the late earl of Durham, was born in the year 1794. and was twice married—first in 1811, to the hon. Henry Frederick Howard, (younger brother of the present earl of Carlisle,) who was killed at Waterloo—and secondly in 1819, to the hon. Henry Frederick Compton Cavendish, a widower, and second son of the earl of Burlington.—*Ibid.*

November 28.—On the evening of this day, Saturday, the railway station at Carville, half-way between Newcastle and North Shields

was lighted up with "spontaneous gas" generated in the coal mines at Wallsend.—*Local Papers*.

1840 (Nov).—Died, this month, at South Shields, in Hancock's Square, aged 103, Mrs. Ann Forrest, widow.—*Ibid*.

This month, a silver communion paten and two silver communion cups were presented to St. Paul's chapel, Westgate-hill, Newcastle: the former by Mrs. Laidler, the latter by Mr. William Laidler Dunn, and Miss Mary B. Dunn.—*Ibid*.

In the list of new patents for this month is one to Charles Parker, of Darlington, flax-spinner, for improvements in looms for weaving linen and other fabrics, to be worked by hand, steam, or any other motive power.—*Ibid*.

December 1.—An event displaying the extreme point to which certain impressions can be carried, took place within a few miles of Haydon Bridge. On the preceding evening, about ten o'clock, a woman of the name of Ann Laing, housekeeper with Thomas Errington, a workman under the lessees of Stublick colliery, retired to rest, nothing being perceived in her appearance denoting that she was labouring under any mental infirmity. Her master went to bed about midnight, and was shortly fast asleep. Between two and three in the morning, he was awoke by his housekeeper coming to his bed-side, and shaking him very violently by the shoulders, telling him that she could not succeed in cutting her legs off with the axe, and that he must get up and take them off with the saw. On leaving his bed he found the house in total darkness. However he contrived to arouse his nearest neighbour, who came with a lighted candle, and discovered the floor of the cottage completely deluged with blood, and the woman herself standing almost naked, with the axe in her hand greatly besmeared. On examination, it was seen that the unfortunate woman had inflicted on one of her legs no fewer than thirteen cuts, many of them presented dreadful appearances, the bone in several places being splintered, whilst the other leg was severely injured, though not to so great an extent. It is strange to say, that whilst the wounds were being sewed up, and the sinews attempted to be united, she never seemed conscious of the slightest pain. On enquiring into the cause of her so injuring herself, the only reason which she assigned was, that she could not enter heaven with her legs on.—*Ibid*.

December 2.—The workshop of Mr. John Hogg, upholsterer and cabinet maker, in Heath's yard, Pilgrim street, Newcastle, was discovered to be on fire at an early hour on the morning, but by the timely arrival of the engines, it was fortunately confined to the place where it originated, but not without doing much damage. Mr. Jack-

son, a turner, whose premises adjoined this workshop, had many of his tools destroyed by the crowd, who forced an entrance, under the apprehension that the fire had reached there.—*Local Papers*.

1840 (Dec. 4).—Friday, a traveller for a Newcastle house lost his pocket book, containing £300., between Hexham and Alston; and, on missing it, he returned, in the hope that it might be recovered. On the road he met a person named Baty, and enquired if he had seen the pocket book. Baty replied in the affirmative, and produced it, with the money safe. £5. having been offered to him for its restoration, he inquired if the traveller were a principal in the firm; and on finding that he was not, he refused to accept the offered reward.—*Ibid.*



THE town of Hartlepool was on Monday December 7th, the scene of great rejoicing, in consequence of the opening of the West Dock. The works had been completed at the cost of a public company, under act of parliament, the capital stock being held in shares, about 230 in number. The works were commenced in the autumn of 1838.

It was first intended, that a tide harbour, of 20 acres area, and two wet docks connected with it, one of $7\frac{3}{4}$ acres, and the other $7\frac{1}{4}$, should proceed and be completed simultaneously; but before the next meeting of proprietors in June, 1839, the directors had thought it expedient that the tide harbour should be completed first, in order that the works might be brought into beneficial operation as early as possible. The Tidal harbour having been completed, the outer works were then proceeded with. The wall which surrounds this excavation, except at some places on the east side, where there are sloped embankments for landing timber, is about 30 feet high, and composed of 24 courses of masonry. On the side next the tide harbour it is 2,000 feet in length, at the north end 271, and at the south-east 493. The area is nearly 20 acres, and the depth of water will at all times be from 20 to 23 feet; along three sides is ample room for quays, warehouses, &c., while the fourth is to be occupied by coal-drops. Seven drops were at work on the tide harbour, and two on the dock at the time of opening. The entrance lock to it is 45 feet in width, and 210 feet in length; and the dock itself will constantly contain from 23 to 25 feet depth of water, being ample for permitting vessels of all burthens to lie afloat. The tide harbour is of equal area; and behind that, is the great scouring reservoir of the slake, which covers about 180 acres. Along the wet dock is a line of nine mooring-buoys, besides a buoy opposite the entrance from the tide harbour. It is calculated that each acre of water will amply accommodate at least ten ships of average size. By an early hour in the morning, numbers of persons

of all ranks had assembled to witness the ceremonies connected with the opening. The tide, which began to flow at about ten o'clock, continued to rise till between twelve and one, when the new basin was sufficiently filled to exhibit a splendid surface of water, of upwards of seven hundred yards in length. It had been arranged that a stout brig, named the Thomas Rowell, should be the first to enter the new dock, but as part of the coffer-dam, which had been thrown down by the flood, remained in the entrance, it was feared that she would draw too much water, and a smart little vessel named the Regina put forward her pretensions to the honour. Just as her Majesty was preparing to enter, the crew of the other vessel discovered that they had three inches of water to spare, and unceremoniously shoving poor Regina aside, the Thomas Rowell safely entered the dock with flying colours, and under a salute of musketry and cannon, the Stranton band on board playing "Weel may the keel row," and all the people shouting "Hurrah!" Regina slipped in immediately after her ungallant competitor, and after a smart race achieved the distinction of being first at the drop. The races commenced at two o'clock, and came off as follows:—

FIRST RACE.—Men in cibles—1st prize, £2; 2nd ditto, 10s.—Anne 1st, Jenny 2nd, Jane 3rd. Winner's names—Thomas Hunter, Robert Horsly, Thomas Horsley, and John Rowntree.

SECOND RACE.—Ship's boats, manned by one hand each—1st prize, 7s. 6d.; 2nd ditto, 2s. 6d.—Concord's boat 1st, Canada's ditto, 2nd, Monarch's 3rd. Winner—Andrew May.

THIRD RACE.—Boy's under 18 years of age, in cibles—1st prize, 10s.; 2nd ditto, 5s.—Jenny 1st, Jane 2nd, No 10 H 3rd.—Winners—W. Hodgson, James Moor, Thomas Marshall and F. Watt.

FOURTH RACE.—Ship's boats—1st prize, £1; 2nd ditto, 5s.—Canada's boat 1st, Monarch's boat 2nd. Winners—D. Follard, R. Rainer, J. Bell, James Hall, and their captain, the coxswain.

Upwards of four hundred men in the employ of the company were regaled by order of the directors, with plum-pudding, roast beef, and ale, at the different inns of the town. About four o'clock, a party of the directors and their friends dined together at Sotheran's hotel, Hartlepool. George Hutton Wilkinson, esq. of Harperley park, was in the chair, and Robert Henry Allan, esq. of Durham, in the vice-chair.—*Local Papers.*

1840.—About the 8th of December, a fellow, who gave himself an assumed name, applied to inspector Clarke, of Sunderland, to obtain a situation as a police officer for that town. Mr. Clarke who had never seen him before, immediately perceived that he answered the description of a notorious offender, who was advertised some time

previous as having escaped from custody, while under a charge of house-breaking at North Walsham, in Norfolk. He desired the applicant to follow him to the station-house, where, on their arrival the man was measured, and his height also found to accord with the description, when Mr. C. charged him with being the offender in question, named Jeremiah Hunt, which he at first denied, but afterwards acknowledged that he was the person. He was detained and information sent to the authorities of the place from whence he had absconded. An officer arrived in Sunderland, who recognised him to be the offender, and reported that the fellow belonged to a gang who were notorious for house-breaking and sheap-stealing in that neighbourhood. He shortly returned south, in charge of the officer.—*Local Papers.*

1840 (Dec. 12).—The first market at the enterprising town of Middlesbro' was held on this day, Saturday. The weather was particularly favourable, and at an early hour there were many arrivals. The market-place, a spacious square in the centre of the town, was well filled with stalls of various kinds. Meat, corn, poultry and fruit, were excellent in quality as well as ample in quantity. The demand for these articles was great, and during the day considerable business was transacted. About eighty gentlemen partook of a good dinner provided by Mr. Whittaker, of the exchange hotel. The chair was filled by Mr. Otley; Mr. Fallows acted as vice.—*Ibid.*

The arrangements for lighting Hartlepool with gas, were completed early in this month.—*Ibid.*

December 14.—As a girl about thirteen years of age, the daughter of Thomas Scott, a chain maker, employed at Bishopwearmouth iron works, was engaged in carrying her father's dinner, and while crossing the railway at Bishopwearmouth, she was hit on the face with a snowball, thrown at her by a boy, and fell between the rails. A train of twenty-four laden waggons was approaching, and passed over the place where she was lying, but providentially did not injure her.—*Ibid.*

December 14.—An eagle was shot on the sands near Hadstone, by Samuel Taylor, gamekeeper to A. J. Baker Cresswell, esq., which measured from tip to tip eight feet; in height three feet two inches, and weighed 9lbs.—*Ibid.*

December 17.—Thursday morning about nine o'clock, an explosion of hydrogen gas took place in the western part of the workings of the new colliery at Shincliffe, near Durham, by which four men and boys were seriously burnt and otherwise injured.—*Ibid.*

December 19.—The Northern Liberator, a newspaper which had been published for rather more than three years, in Newcastle, and

had advocated the political opinions of the chartists terminated its existence on the above day.—*Local Papers.*

1840 (December 21).—Monday, being the feast of St. Thomas the Apostle, Dr. Mostyn was consecrated at Ushaw college, Durham, as the bishop of the new Roman Catholic see, comprising the four counties of Durham, Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmoreland. He is a man of eminent talents and virtues, and extensive learning. By birth he is highly connected, being the uncle of lord Vaux, and cousin to sir Edward Mostyn, bart. The ceremonial lasted four hours.—*Ibid.*

December 22.—Tuesday morning, when the Vesta steam vessel was off Newbiggin, Northumberland, the wife of Mr. George Campbell, an enginwright at Messrs. Abbot and Co's, Gateshead, was safely delivered of a daughter. A medical gentlemen was fortunately on board.—*Ibid.*



WESTMORELAND PLACE, WESTGATE STREET, NEWCASTLE. 1826.

Considerable excitement was created in Newcastle about this period in consequence of a rumour that some surgeons had, by surreptitious means, got possession of the dead body of a woman. The case formed a long investigation before the sitting magistrates at the police office on Saturday December 26th, which resulted in the committal of three individuals, William Brown, porter of the Surgeon's hall, and George Simpson and John Naylor, two house carpenters, on a charge of illegally obtaining possession of a dead body. The circumstances were thus detailed by the principal witness,

Rosanna Rox, wife of Daniel Rox, an Irish labourer. She stated that she lived in the Clogger's entry at the head of the Side, with her husband, and Sophia Quin her mother. About a fortnight previous her mother took very ill, and on making her case known to Mr. Heslop, the relieving officer of the parish of St. John, he sent Mr. Turner, surgeon, to attend to her, but who on seeing her, said she was dying. On Thursday, the 17th, her mother having died, she again applied to the relieving officer for a coffin, &c., upon which she was told a coffin would be sent to her on the Saturday, and the ground and every other thing requisite would be prepared for her mother's interment; and while waiting for them on Saturday afternoon, five men with a coffin and pall came in, about four o'clock, and stated that they were authorised by the parish officer to come and take the body and bury it immediately, for everything was ready, and the priest and the clerk were waiting to perform the service. Witness, however, objected to her mother being buried that day, as it was then dark, and desired that the men should leave the coffin, and she would get her buried on the Sunday following, but the men refused to comply, placed the body in the coffin, and forcibly carried it away. Witness and a friend then followed them, thinking they were going to take it to the Ballast-hills burial ground, but instead of that they carried it to the Surgeon's hall, Manor chare, where, on their arrival, the gate was opened, the body taken in, and witness and her friend pushed outside, one of the men saying at the same time, that 'they had nothing more to do with the body.' Witness then was told by a person standing by that they were going to dissect her, upon which she informed the police, who, after a fruitless endeavour to obtain admittance into the hall, informed the mayor, when his worship went personally and demanded an entrance. The door having been opened, witness went in, and the first thing she saw was the shavings which had been in the coffin, lying on the floor, and the lid of the coffin standing against one side of the room. She also saw the dead clothes lying under a table, all torn, and upon her brother, who was with her, taking up the lid off a place, she saw the body of her mother lying in warm water, but she was so much overcome by the sight that she fainted and fell. When she recovered herself, the body was replaced in the coffin, and taken home, and on the next day she was decently buried. The defendants were called upon to find bail to answer the charge at the ensuing sessions, themselves in £40. each, and two sureties in £20. each. At the sessions, on Wednesday, January 6, 1841, the case was tried before G. H. Wilkinson, esq. recorder of Newcastle, when the prisoners were found guilty and adjudged each in the penalty of £20.—*Local Papers.*

On Thursday morning the 24th December, 1840, was published at 89, Side, Newcastle, the first number of "A Journal, unconnected with Politics, for the exclusive benefit of Advertisers, under the title of The Great Northern Advertiser and Commercial Herald." This was an advertising sheet, distributed gratuitously till March 25, 1841, when it was made double its original size and charged 3d., the gratuitous distribution of the advertising portion being continued till June 30 of the same year, when it ceased. From this period till February 1842, the paper was charged 4½d. It was then reduced in size and price, viz. to 3d. It was enlarged soon after, and again enlarged, the price continuing the same, till October, when it had all the sporting intelligence excluded from its columns, and was again raised to 4½d. on the 13th October 1842, after which no alteration in size or price. On Sept. 30, 1843, it came to be the Newcastle Advertiser.—*MS. Col.*

1840 (Dec. 24.)—A cruel outrage, which ended in death, was perpetrated on a man named Robt. Hannay, the unfortunate deceased was a stone-mason, and resided in Morpeth, but had been working at Stannington, and on his going home from work on Saturday night about ten o'clock he had fallen in with three men, supposed to be pitmen, near Morpeth church, with whom it is probable he had quarrelled, as he stated when he was found that he had been ill used by three men. The injuries appeared to have been inflicted by a pick. An inquest was held on the body, and a verdict returned of 'Wilful Murder against some person or persons unknown.'—*Local Papers.*

December 27.—The parish church of St. Oswald, in the city of Durham, was in considerable danger from an alarming accident. The flue of a stove, which is conducted through the flooring of the belfry, into the tower, had been overheated, and had ignited the wood-work by which it was encircled. Flames had already begun to appear, when, providentially, the sexton coming to ring the bell at eight o'clock, discovered the accident, and the fire was soon put out.—*Ibid.*

December 29.—Died of hydrophobia, Mr. William Bell Brown, foreman to Messrs. Middleton, curriers, Sunderland. On the 9th of November preceding, his thumb was bitten by a cocker dog; but the wound having been dressed, and no alarming symptoms presenting themselves, nothing more was thought of the matter, until the 26th of that month, when he complained of a stiffness of the hand. On Sunday and Monday, December 27th and 28th, he was indisposed; still, however, so little apprehension was entertained for his safety, that his sister, who lived in the house with him, was married on the latter day. On Tuesday morning he died; and on Wednesday an inquest was held, when Mr. Thompson, surgeon, by whom (and by

Dr. Brown) he had been attended, deposed that death was undoubtedly the result of hydrophobia. Verdict accordingly.—*Local Papers.*

1840 (Dec. 29).—An inquest was held at Hetton-le-hole, on view of the body of William Frazer, who died very suddenly, on the preceding night. Verdict, "Died of apoplexy." The deceased was only married on the morning before he died, to a second wife, his first wife being then in existence, and living at Newbottle. The latter was a consenting party to the second wedding, assuring her husband that she would never trouble him for any thing. What is almost equally revolting is, that the second wife did not know but her first husband was alive, and in America !—*Ibid.*

December 30.—Wednesday night, about ten o'clock, as the Hero coach was entering the city of Durham, by the new north road, on its way from Newcastle, the leaders came in contact with the shafts of a waggon, belonging to a west-country carrier, which was proceeding in the opposite direction, and the driver of which was absent from his team. The off-side leader received one of the shafts in his chest: the blood spouted out in a torrent, and the poor animal fell and died almost instantly. Fortunately no other accident was sustained.—*Ibid.*

The ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the new District church at Deptford, near Bishopwearmouth, took place on Thursday the 31st of December, 1840. The stone was laid by the hon. and rev. G. V. Wellesley, D.D., assisted by the rev. Richard Skipsey, and Mr. Thomas Moore, the architect, in the presence of a highly respectable and numerous assemblage. In the foundation stone was deposited a leaden case, containing several coins of the present reign, together with a sheet of parchment bearing the following inscription:—"On Thursday, Dec. 31st, 1840, this Foundation Stone of a New Church, in the township and parish of Bishop-Wearmouth, was laid by the Hon. and Rev. G. V. Wellesley, D.D., Rector of the parish. The means of building this sacred edifice have been procured by the united and benevolent subscriptions of the rector and inhabitants, under the sanction and liberal aid of Dr. Maltby, bishop of Durham, the Durham and London Church Building Society, and the munificent donation of the trustees required for the building of the church, by the most noble the marquess of Londonderry. The ground being the liberal gift of Mrs. Anne Aylmer, of Walworth castle, Durham," &c. The stone being laid, Dr. Wellesley offered a suitable prayer, and terminated the interesting proceedings by pronouncing the benediction. The site on which the church is built is in the midst of a very populous district, where the want of one had been long and deeply felt by the inhabitants. The edifice is in the

style of architecture which prevailed towards the close of the thirteenth century. The greatest length of the building is 109 feet, the width 60 feet, and it has a handsome spire 100 feet high. The whole exhibits considerable taste and elegance, and reflects great credit upon the architect. The marquess of Londonderry gave the freestone required for the building.—*Local Papers.*

1840 (Dec 31).—Died, at the Vicarage house, Newcastle, in the 72nd year of his age, the rev. John Dodd, for sixteen years vicar of that town, during which period he evinced an unvarying zeal for the spiritual interests of the flock committed to him. Amid the many and laborious duties of his responsible charge, his anxiety for erecting new churches and schools is particularly deserving of notice. On Wednesday, January 6th, the last solemn offices were performed towards the remains of the deceased in St. Nicholas' church, on which mournful occasion every mark of respect was paid to departed worth by the clergy of the town and neighbourhood, as well as by the public at large. At an early hour in the forenoon the bells of the several churches commenced tolling, and a little after one, the time appointed for the burial, the procession moved from the vicarage, in Westgate street, in the following order:—

Undertaker.

The Boys and Girls of the Parish Schools.

Two Beadles, with Staffs.

St. Nicholas' Parish Officers.

All Saints' Ditto.

The Sunday School Teachers of the Parish Schools.

Three	}	The Hearse, containing	}	Three
Underbearers.		the body.		Underbearers.

First Mourning Coach, with Mourners.

Second Mourning Coach, with six Clergymen, as Pall Bearers, viz.:

Rev. Mr. Manners.

Rev. Mr. Wright.

Rev. Mr. Reed.

Rev. Mr. Clayton.

Rev. Mr. Ridley.

Rev. Mr. Simpson.

Two Beadles, with Staffs.

The Clergy of the several Parishes and Neighbourhood, two abreast.

The Authorities of the Town.

Private Gentlemen.

St. John's Parish Officers.

St. Andrew's Parish Officers.

The body was received at the entrance of the church by the rev. Robt. Green and the rev. R. W. L. Jones, as officiating ministers, who preceded it to the pulpit, the choir at the same time singing Clark's Anthem, "I am the resurrection and the life," &c. On ar-



The Western Entrance of the Church of St. NICHOLAS, Newcastle, 1845.

iving at St. Nicholas' church, the parish officers of St. Nicholas and All Saints, with the Sunday school teachers, halted and divided, to suffer the procession to pass between, when they fell in, and passed with the whole into the church, the children of the several schools moving forward into the church, and taking up their place on each side of the middle aisle, so that the body was borne between them, to a position near the front of the pulpit, where the clergy took up their position during the service; after which the body was removed to the place of interment, and followed by the parties in the same order as on entering the church. The rev. Mr. Jones read the service in the church, and the rev. Mr. Green at the vault, outside the church. The pulpit, the corporation pew, the choir gallery, and the organ, were hung with black, and during the service the church was crowded with persons of all classes. As the procession passed, the shops in the line were partially closed, as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and throughout the whole solemn ceremonial the utmost order and decorum prevailed.—*Local Papers*.

In the list of new patents for December, 1840, is the name of John Brumell Gregson, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, soda water manufacturer, for improvements in pigments, used in the preparation of the sulphates of iron and magnesia.—*Ibid*.

Died this year, at Norton, near Stockton, aged 105, Mrs. Mary Wilkinson.—*Ibid*.

1840 (December.).—This month, the bishop of Durham announced his intention of giving prizes during his incumbency to the amount of thirty guineas annually, for the encouragement of literature and science. The following prizes were proposed for the year 1841:—

1. A prize of ten guineas for the student who should pass the last examination at the end of the Academical year, in the Hebrew Text and Septuagint Version of the book of Genesis, beginning with the twelfth chapter, and of the first twenty chapters of the book of Exodus; and in the gospel of St. Matthew in Greek, with especial reference to Hellenistic phraseology and expression. 2. A prize of ten guineas for the best Latin prose essay on the following subject, "Quænam fuerit, Romanæ reipublicæ sub Augusto constitutio?" The essays to be sent to the Warden on or before the 30th of April, 1841. 3. A prize of ten guineas for the best proficient in mathematics at the final examination of Students in Arts and in Civil Engineering. No prize to be adjudged, except in cases of positive merit.—

Local Papers.

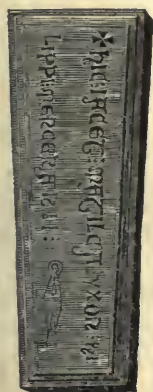
The hen-roosts in the village of Dalton-le-Dale and neighbourhood, having been visited about this period by an intruder, who had taken away and killed almost all the cocks and hens about the place, a person was determined to watch his hen-house, and had not waited long before a large tom-cat made his appearance. The prowling depredator entered the hen-house, where he killed a game-cock, and was trying to make his escape, when he was shot, after having run wild about three or four years. He was found to measure 2 feet 10 inches from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, and weighed three-quarters of a stone!—*Ibid.*

The coals shipped on the river Wear during the year 1840 were 497,546 chaldrons, being an increase of 13,589 chaldrons over the previous year.—*Ibid.*

The gross customs revenue of the year 1840, for the port of Sunderland, was nearly £120,000; being an increase of £8,000 over that of 1839. In 1839, the number of vessels was 836, with a measurement of 170,057 tons; at the close of 1840, the number was 927 vessels, measuring 190,122 tons; showing an increase on the year, of 91 ships, and 20,072 tons. The tonnage of Sunderland at this period was exceeded by three ports only, namely, London, Newcastle, and Liverpool. Forty-nine vessels belonging to the port were lost during this year.—*Ibid.*

1841 (Jan. 1).—A shoemaker of Hexham, named Robert Atkinson, about 50 years of age, who was much addicted to drinking, began the year by "getting on the fuddle," and indulged in drinking till Tuesday morning, when, after calling up a publican, and request-

ing more drink, he fell a victim to the destructive drug, before another dose could be administered.—*Local Papers*.



1841 (Jan. 1).—While the sexton was digging a grave a little to the west of the north transept of the church of Hexham, within a few feet of the spot where the Saxon stycæ were found, he discovered imbedded beneath the excavation, a remarkably perfect incised monumental slab, in length about 5ft. 4 in.; breadth at the head and foot, respectively 1ft. 9 in. and 1ft. 3 in. and 6 inches in thickness. The stone, which is beautifully perfect and may have been buried almost immediately after being laid, is inscribed “HIC JACET MATILDA UXOR HILIPPI MERCERARII.” Perhaps the letter P has been omitted before “HILIPPI”; sed quære.—*Information of*

Joseph Ridley.

January 2.—Saturday, five men, all potters at Middlesbro’, being off work on account of the holidays, engaged a boat to go to the cockle bed to *scratch* for cockles. None of the party were acquainted with the river; by mere chance, however, they reached the cockle bed, on which they landed, leaving their boat attached to one of the buoys. While thus engaged the tide began to flow, and with some difficulty the unskilful mariners succeeded in reaching their barque, in which they were tossed and knocked about all night, exposed to the inclemency of the weather, which was on that night remarkably severe. In the morning one of the party had breathed his last, and another, in endeavouring to reach the shore, experienced a similar fate. While in the perilous situation we have described, several steamers and traders passed them, to whom the poor fellows held up their handkerchiefs as signals of distress, to which were appended their watches, as a reward to those who would take them on board. No assistance was however rendered; charity induces the belief that their signals were not observed.—*Local Papers*.

January 3.—Sunday morning soon after nine o’clock, a fire broke out in Ponteland church, which threatened to involve the venerable old fabric in ruins; but from the very praiseworthy exertions of the inhabitants of the village, the flames were subdued, not however, until some of the pews were destroyed, and the interior otherwise damaged. Four engines from Newcastle were within two hours upon the spot, but happily their services were not required. Two engines from the barracks were, with the greatest alacrity, turned out, and would have been at the scene of action in a very short time, but returned on being informed of the danger being over.—*Ibid*.

1841 (Jan. 3.)—A lamentable accident occurred at Seaham; whilst the ship Cowslip, of the port of Tyne, Scott master, was on her passage to Havannah, the carpenter fell from the anchor stock into the sea, captain Scott perceiving this sprang into a small boat which went down with him. Thus did Mr. Scott sacrifice his life in attempting to rescue that of his shipmate. Mr. Scott was a young married man, and much esteemed by those who knew him. He was a resident of Newcastle.—*Local Papers*.

January 4.—That portion of the Great North of England railway which extends from Darlington to the city of York was formally opened on Monday last for the conveyance of coals. At about four o'clock in the afternoon, four engines were seen approaching York, dragging a length of two hundred waggons, containing above seven hundred and fifty tons of coals from the Auckland valley. In a few minutes they were placed at the company's depôts. In the foremost engines were Messrs. Plews and Oxley, directors, Mr. Storey, engineer, and Capt. O'Brien, secretary; and amongst those who welcomed the arrival at York were Messrs. Smales and Backhouse, directors of the Great North of England railway, and sir John Simpson, Mr. Hudson, Mr. Cabrey, and other gentlemen connected with the York and North Midland railway. During the whole of the day, engines drawing long trains of waggons, continued to arrive at every one of the depôts, with stores of coals of various kinds from the most celebrated mines in the county of Durham; and on Tuesday morning the sale of coals commenced at all the depôts: at an early hour each depot was completely crowded with carts and waggons from all the neighbouring towns and villages adjoining to the line of railway. Notwithstanding the day was a continued storm of snow and sleet, immense numbers of persons were assembled at all the stations and high grounds adjoining the line, to witness the first entrance of coals by the railway from the county of Durham into the North Riding of Yorkshire. Every thing passed off in the most satisfactory way, without any accident.—*Ibid*.

January 4.—Monday, at Shipley Hall, near Alnwick, Mary Cook, a girl about 17 years of age, was employed in feeding the thrashing machine, when the rollers became warped with straw, which it was necessary to divide with a knife. To accomplish this, she rested her left hand upon the wooden part of the machine above the rollers, and was using the knife with the other, when the rollers dragged her left hand and arm between them, and so dreadfully shattered the limb to within a short distance of the shoulder joint, that Mr. John Davison, surgeon, of Alnwick, who was shortly afterwards in attendance, considered it necessary immediately to amputate the arm in order to

save the poor girl's life. On subsequent examination the bones were found crushed to atoms, the elbow joint was dislocated, and the upper bone of the arm was broken close above the elbow and at its middle. The unfortunate girl is a native of Dumfermline, without relations to assist her, and entirely dependent on her own labour for a livelihood. Shortly after the accident she was taken under the truly maternal care of the duchess of Northumberland, and every means that could be devised were adopted to restore her to wonted health and to impart to her such instructions, mental and manual, as might enable her to earn a decent and honest livelihood.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (Jan. 5).—The extraordinary occurrence, at this season of the year, of a storm of thunder and lightning took place in Newcastle and the neighbourhood on the morning of this day, between eight and nine o'clock. The thunder was loud and the lightning very vivid, but neither continued beyond a few minutes.—*Ibid.*

On the same day, Tuesday, the Osnaburg, of London, 130 tons burthen, Snook, master, laden with pig iron, was driven ashore on the beach at North Sunderland, between the outer and the inner car. The Osnaburg left Inverness on the 1st for Newcastle, and had an unfavourable voyage from the commencement, Edward Snook, the master, being at the mast head for hours together, unable to track out the channel, in consequence of the thick weather and tempestuous seas. Finding he could not clear the land, he came to, when near the Fern Islands on the afternoon of the 4th, the vessel rolling desperately in a tremendous sea. The mast, which appeared to go, was cut away, and struck the hull of the vessel several times, stove the boats, and rendered them useless. The mainsail, rigging, &c., were all cut away to clear the hull of the vessel. In this desperate situation the crew consulted on the means of safety, and they determined to remain till daylight, when they prepared to run for the land, and on the afternoon of the 5th, the vessel struck the shore with a dreadful shock, about a quarter of a mile from North Sunderland. Her condition and progress were observed from the shore, which was quickly lined with spectators, and the life boat was manned and launched before the vessel struck. A fishing coble from North Sunderland, was also brought opposite, and both the life boat and the coble made for the wreck. The sea was running mountains high, the coble was repeatedly tossed on end, but still the men gallantly persevered, till the crew called to the men in the coble not further to risk their lives. The life boat neared and got a line from the wreck, but the boat was swung so violently backwards and forwards, that it was found impracticable to get into it, and, after a severe struggle it came to the shore. It was then fresh manned, and returned to the wreck,

when another line was thrown, but still the crew could not succeed in getting into the boat. The boatmen then advised the crew to go below to avoid being washed overboard by the heavy sea; and they did so for above an hour, during which the life boat went ashore. The life boat returned a third time to the wreck, and after much exertion, the boatmen succeeded in saving the lives of all on board. The captain and the crew expressed their gratitude to the men, who successively manned the life boat, and to the gallant little crew of the coble, who had encountered peril so desperate, to save the lives of strangers; and also to the people on shore, many of them running up to their necks in the sea, to carry the shipwrecked ashore, and the conduct of all who exerted themselves on this occasion, reflected the highest credit on them for their bravery and humanity. The vessel was a total wreck.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (Jan 5).—An accident, which might have been attended with fatal consequences, occurred on this day, at Elvet colliery, Durham. The mine, which is ventilated by a shaft which rises to day in a field situated above Elvet Banks, is liable to be flooded with water. To prevent such an occurrence, an engine is constantly at work to draw off the water. It sometimes, notwithstanding, happens that the water escapes, and the ventilation of the mine becomes impeded. When this takes place, men are sent to the spot to set matters right, and to make a passage for the water in a proper direction, so that the engines may act upon it. An occurrence of this kind took place at this time, when two men were sent to remove the obstruction. This was done, and a sudden gust of air extinguished their lights. The situation of the poor men was now perilous in the extreme; they dared not to change their position, as they might have fallen into the water, or have been dashed to pieces in the dangerous parts of the mine. They were therefore, compelled to remain where they were without moving from the spot. The distance from the pit's mouth, and the depth from the surface—they were just below the ventilating shaft mentioned above—prevented their cries from being heard, and several hours elapsed before they were missed. At length, lights being procured, a search was made, and they were released from their perilous situation, much exhausted with fatigue and alarm, and chilled with the damp atmosphere of their dreary prison.—*Ibid.*

January 7.—From accounts submitted to the magistrates at the Quarter Sessions of the Peace on the above day, it appeared that the prisoners in Morpeth gaol were at that time able to maintain themselves without any expense to the county. Mr. Cousins, the governor, was the first to introduce prison labour, and the profits realized thereby, during the year 1840, amounted to considerably above two hundred

pounds. The articles manufactured were hearth rugs and carpeting of worsted, of various patterns; cocoa-nut fibre, Manilla, and Indian grass mats, of all sizes, the whole of which were sold at exceedingly moderate prices. As a proof of the great benefit derived by the prisoners themselves from the plan then in operation at Morpeth, it may be stated that instances have occurred of young men being sent to prison, having served no apprenticeship, and being unable to follow any regular profession for a livelihood, and at the termination of their imprisonment, the same individuals have left the prison with the means of earning, at the regular rate of wages, nearly four pounds a week.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (Jan. 7).—The opening festival of the Middlesbro' Mechanics' Institute, which then numbered about a hundred members, took place in the Exchange Hotel. The evening was pleasantly spent, and the meeting passed off in the best spirit.—*Ibid.*



Same day, Died, at Chirton House, Northumberland, aged 91, John Collingwood, esq., brother of the late lord Collingwood. He had reached the great age of 91 years; and until within his last two or three years, he was a daily visitor to Shields, and would walk down to the town-clock—regulate his watch—and return. His manners were frequently eccentric. He was seldom seen in his carriage, being a great pedestrian. Mr. Collingwood was much esteemed for his personal character,

besides which, his near relationship to the gallant admiral necessarily made him an object of popular respect. He was interred in the family vault, below Tynemouth church. The service was read by the rev. John Reed, vicar of Newburn. The chief mourners were:—Mr. Edward John Collingwood, only son of the deceased; rev. Christopher Reed, vicar of Tynemouth, and Mr. Collingwood, formerly of Glanton Pike. The two latter gentlemen married the deceased's daughters. A vast concourse of persons, of all ranks, attended the ceremony.—*Ibid.*

January 9.—Saturday a valuable pointer dog, was immersed in the river below Elvet Bridge, Durham, in consequence of the breaking of some thin ice on which he was running. His owner made several ineffectual attempts to reach the dog, whose loss seemed inevitable, when it occurred to him as a last chance, to throw a cord across the ice in the hope that the drowning animal might possibly avail himself of it as a means of safety. He was not mistaken, the dog seized the

cord and was drawn ashore to the delight of his owner and the gratification of all who witnessed the interesting fact.—*Local Papers*.

1841 (Jan. 10).—Sunday, a dog got into a field, at the Dovecot, Hartley, Northumberland, in possession of Mr. Roger Bell, farmer, and pursued one of his sheep, which it bit severely—so much so as to draw blood. Mr. Bell's hind was near with his sheep-dog, which he sent to the intruder; and after a few courses, the latter left the field, and made for shelter to the Methodist meeting-house, which was open. The hind and his dog followed, and succeeded in making the fugitive a prisoner, to the no small astonishment of the good people at worship.—*Ibid*.



The "GOLDEN LION," Bigg-Market, Newcastle. 1845.

Mr. sub-inspector Beattie of the Newcastle police, when going his rounds on Sunday evening, January 10th, between six and seven o'clock, discovered a stable belonging to Mr. Carr, of the Golden Lion inn, Bigg-market, to be on fire. The fire was speedily got out by the application of a few buckets of water. Another fire was discovered in the hay-loft of Mr. Adam Thwaites, brewer, Bird in Bush yard, about half-past seven o'clock on the following Wednesday evening, the 13th, and had an alarming appearance, but the timely arrival of the fire engines, and a plentiful supply of water, prevented

the fire extending, and it was got under with comparatively little damage. This was the fourth time within a few years that these premises had been on fire; originating on the last two occasions at precisely the same place, viz., a loft in which hay and straw is kept, and to which access is gained by a flight of stone steps between two buildings, and in the door of the loft is a hole for the admission of cats, through which it is supposed the place had been wilfully set on fire; as, especially since the previous fire, Mr. Thwaites had not allowed a light of any description to be taken into the premises, the hay and straw required for the evening being always taken out during the day. These and similar other fires were evidently acts of incendiarism, and the sum of £70. was offered as the reward of discovery.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (Jan 12).—Tuesday morning, one of the workmen at Seaton Sluice had a most miraculous escape, while attending the ballast-crane. The workman, John Lillico, while on the top of the scaffolding, and just over where the contents of the ballast-tub are teemed into the waggons underneath, in pulling at the chain that the tub might be easier managed, hauled through a little slack, the bight of which, it seems, got hold of him, and swung him off the stage, suspending him for an instant by the heels, a height of about forty feet from the quay-side, over which he was hanging, and upon which he was precipitated, after having his fall broken twice in his descent by cross-ropes. He fell upon a metal ballast-tub, which fortunately was lying on its side, and thus his body fell on the round. He was taken up, and carried home—as the people thought, dead; but in the course of two or three hours, he was able to speak a little. No bones were broken, but he was much bruised.—*Ibid.*

The right worshipful the mayor of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, (John Ridley, esq.) gave his first ball at the Assembly Rooms on Tuesday evening, January 12th, which was attended by nearly six hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen connected with that town and neighbourhood. The company began to arrive about nine o'clock and dancing commenced at ten, the ball being led off by the Sheriff of Newcastle, James Archbold, esq., and Miss Ridley. The amusements of the evening were kept up till a late hour, and afforded great satisfaction to the company, who received the utmost courtesy and attention from the mayor and Miss Ridley. The excellent band of the 98th, Regiment was in attendance.—*Ibid.*

An oratorio, under the patronage of lord and lady Ravensworth, and the families resident in the neighbourhood, for the benefit of the Gateshead Dispensary, took place in St. John's church, Gateshead Fell, the bishop of Durham having kindly granted his permission

for the use of the edifice on the occasion. The charitable experiment was attended with complete success. The church was filled—the performances gave the greatest satisfaction—and the funds of the charity received a considerable augmentation. The choir of the church were ably assisted by those of St. Nicholas, Newcastle. The church was extremely comfortable, well lighted, and tastefully decorated with evergreens, according to the custom of the place.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (Jan. 14).—Thursday evening, about 11 o'clock, the brig Halcyon, lying at the lime kilns, above the bridge, on the north side of the river Wear, at Sunderland, was discovered to be on fire. The circumstances were such as to leave no doubt that it was the work of an incendiary. A cask with pitch and other inflammable materials, were set on fire in the after hold. The cabin deck was burnt through, and other damage done. It was discovered by one of the boys, who had gone on board to go to bed. An alarm was instantly given, and by prompt assistance the fire was extinguished. A reward of £100 was offered for the apprehension of the offender. From the peculiar situation of the vessel, and her relative position with regard to other ships, if the fire had become general it might easily have done damage to the amount of £20,000.—*Ibid.*

On the same night a most remarkable and destructive fire occurred at the St. Hilda colliery, South Shields. It broke out between eleven and twelve o'clock, and burnt with great fury. Alarm was speedily given, and the fire-engines from both North and South Shields were quickly on the spot. The whole of the engine-shed was destroyed, and other things near the place. The flames ascended the shaft, a portion of the wood-work of which was destroyed. By great exertion the fire was extinguished about four o'clock. Twenty-two men and boys were at work in the pit, but were all safely got up without injury. The police of both North and South Shields were early at the scene of conflagration, and rendered much service in working the engines, &c. The fire commenced in the shaft of the pit, and is supposed to have originated at the mouth of the pit-furnace.—*Ibid.*

January 17.—Died, at Sedgfield, aged 101, Mrs. Mary Craggs: she retained her faculties, and was able to walk and visit her neighbours until within a few days of her decease.—*Ibid.*

January 18.—Died at Morden near Sedgfield, aged 102. Mrs. Hannah Hall.—*Ibid.*

1841.—In the middle of January, this year, while the workmen were engaged at White Friar Tower, Newcastle on Tyne, in clearing away what they considered to be merely the side of the hill, or at the most, the rubble foundation of the structure, they came, quite unexpectedly upon the lower apartment of the tower, which must have

been buried ever since about 1780, when Isaac Cookson, esq. who rented the place of the corporation, converted the basement story into an ice-house. This part of the structure which proved to be of an octangular figure (while the superstructure was circular) was soon disinterred from the soil and rubbish with which it was filled. At the same time, a flight of steps were discovered, which, winding around the north east quarter of the outside of the tower, led to the summit of the curtain wall which connects this with the next tower in northward progression. The incorporated company of masons appear to have occupied the upper apartment as a meeting house, while the lower was used conjointly by the fraternity of Mettors, and that of the Wallers, Bricklayers, and Plasterers. It is uncertain when the Masons first occupied this apartment, but it is extremely probable that it had been used by them as a meeting house so early as 1614, in which year the two aforementioned companies occur as convening. In 1673 they are recorded as receiving of their fellow occupants, the Wallers, the sum of forty-four shillings for "repairing the tower and ingaging to keepe the same waterthight for seaven [years] according to the Magistrates order." According to the Warburton MS. there was written on this tower, "Timothy Davison, esq. mayor, Geo. Morton, esq. sheriff, 1674." This, no doubt, records the repair required by the magistrates. It is probable that the masons left the tower in 1742, as in that year they had granted to them, Plummer Tower in the Carliol Croft.

As before stated, the company of Wallers, Bricklayers, and Plasterers occur, 1614, as meeting in the lower apartment of the tower—the names of the stewards for that year being discovered about 1780, raised on the plaster of the room :—"..... Armstrong, Robson, 1614." In 1652, the following entry occurs in their books, "Item y^e daye of bargaining with y^e Mettors about y^e Tower." This probably refers to some re-arrangement, either as to rent or privileges : whatever may have been the precise object of the meeting, it is evident that it was made the occasion of some merriment for they record, "Spent 1s." It is probable the company vacated the tower in 1711, as in that year they removed the ruinous superstructure of Nevil Tower, and erected thereon a meeting house of red brick.

At the same period, (1614), the Mettors occur as joint occupants of this same lower apartment, as the following inscription of a like character to that previously alluded to, also discovered in 1780, exhibits :—"RALPH . ROGERSON THOMAS . FOSTER ROBERT . JACKSON ROBERT . TODD STEWARDS OF THE COMPAN.YOF METTERS." It is quite uncertain when this fraternity left the tower, although it must have been previous to 1776, when the tower was leased to Mr. Cookson.

On examining the interior, the ceiling of the apartment (probably originally vaulted like that of the other) was found to have had oaken joists, long since rotted or removed. On the plaster of the walls, immediately opposite the entrance (which was placed on the east side of the tower) the Metters inscription again met the view after a lapse of more than fifty years, as also the date on a separate piece, but the other inscription was no where to be seen. Just within the door on the left hand on entering, there was a fire place without a grate, and on the right was a sunken part of the wall, probably having fulfilled the purpose of a safe for the companies' books and papers. Everything remained undisturbed until May or June, in the same year, when in order to obtain a place for drying bricks, all the newly discovered parts were removed, except the western wall from top to bottom, which for a period was allowed to remain untouched.—*MS. Col.*



WHITE FRIAR TOWER, Newcastle on Tyne, as seen in Jan. 1841.

CHAPTER XI.



NONE of the heaviest disasters that ever befel the shipping of the river Wear occurred on the morning of Monday, January 18th, 1841. For some time previous the river had been frozen over in various places above Sunderland harbour. The frost continued till Saturday the 16th, when a thaw commenced, the wind being then from S. to S. W. On that and the following day great quantities of rain fell, by which the river was much swollen and the ice loosened before any considerable portion of it had time to be dissolved with the thaw; the consequence was, that several floating fields of ice were carried down the river, at succeeding intervals, during the ebb tides of Saturday and Sunday, until it arrived at Deptford, which is the high end of Sunderland harbour, where the progress of the ice was stopped. On Sunday afternoon the Wear above Sunderland bridge presented one sheet of ice, as far as the eye could reach. Shortly after that hour, the day, which had been remarkably bright, began to lower, and very soon the rain came down in torrents; the river rose rapidly, and the pressure of the ice, urged on by the flood, carried away some ships from near the patent ropery at Deptford before five o'clock. At six, some others went adrift from the tiers above, but these were brought up and moored. Soon after seven, the inhabitants of the borough were alarmed by hearing the bellman summoning all masters and mates of ships in the harbour, to look after their vessels; and, in most instances, this injunction was promptly obeyed, though there then appeared to be no imminent danger. It seems, however, that the ice which had come down, was only that formed in the neighbourhood of Hylton, and being thin, it passed easily over the shallows. But about midnight, large pieces, several inches in thickness, that had covered the river some miles above, were

observed to be floating down past Hylton. As the front sheets came down, they met with obstacles at every turn of the river; the pieces behind were driven either under or upon them, and thus, huge, unwieldy masses were cemented together to the depth of several feet, which so far impeded the free flow of the downward current, that about Pallion the water at one time stood six feet higher than at the Mark Quay! This continued till about four in the morning, when the barrier of ice formed below Pallion yielded to the increasing pressure of the water, and the mingled torrent rushing down with irresistible force, tore away whole tiers of ships from their moorings at the Hetton and Lambton staiths, hurried them rapidly under the bridge, breaking their masts in the passage, and then dashing them against the vessels below, swept away tier after tier, and huddled them into a mass of wrecks extending from one side of the river to the other, opposite the Durham and Sunderland railway staiths. All who witnessed this scene of destruction admit their utter inability to convey anything like an adequate idea of its terrors. The shouting of men, the shrieks of terrified sea-boys, who had been aroused from their sleep, the noise of the ice rushing up against the ships' sides, the breaking of bowsprits, masts, and bulwarks,—and all in darkness,—formed a chaos of horrors enough to appal the stoutest heart. When morning broke, it revealed such a picture of havoc as only such a night could have made. Several ships had been driven out to sea; another, the *Newby*, of Sunderland, lay on her broadside at the mouth of the harbour, heaving and lurching in the waves, and at intervals spouting out water like a huge whale: higher up, near what is called the Caunch, was the deplorable sight of three sunken vessels—the *Pilgrim*, of Lynn, with only her stern above water, the *Rosebud*, of Sunderland, crushed down by the heel of the *Cornelius*, and the *Kirton*, of Sunderland, a total wreck. These unfortunate vessels, were all coal-laden, had taken the ground in drifting down; other ships coming away at the rate of five knots an hour, ran into them and sunk them instantly, thus at once closing the channel of the river, and stopping the further progress of a large fleet of all sizes that were hurrying away to sea. Besides these, there were sunk about the same place the *Seaflower* and *Queen Victoria*, of Sunderland, a French vessel, the *Deux Amis*, and the *Caroline*, Korff, of Altona, laden with coals and earthenware. The spectacle presented by the crowd of vessels immediately above the more unfortunate craft just named, literally beggared all description. Truly, the ships at this part of the river looked much more like an enemy's fleet after a sea-fight with a *Nelson* or a *Napier*, than British merchantmen in harbour. The river, above this barrier of ships, was a “sea of ice,”

block piled on block in every variety of fantastic form, and throughout besprinkled with wreck of every conceivable description—keels, timber, ships' boats, and brushwood, all frozen into a solid mass. Going upwards to the Hetton coal staiths, where the mischief commenced, it was astonishing to witness the amount of damage. Out of eight drops for the delivery of coal, seven were rendered unserviceable, one of them being absolutely torn away altogether, and a part of it carried down as far as the Durham and Sunderland railway drops, in the rigging of a ship. The mooring-posts for ships at this place stood full ten feet from the edge of the quay, which was supported by a stout wall of masonry; but so heavy was the strain at the breaking up of the ice, that not a single post retained its position, much of the wall was seriously shaken, and in one part full sixty yards length of solid quay was pulled into river! The cost to the Hetton company was estimated by a practical engineer at not much less than five thousand pounds, which sum was shortly demanded from the commissioners of the Wear, on the plea that their moorings were insufficient. The Lambton drops suffered less; the brunt of the onset having fallen on their less fortunate neighbours, although out of eleven drops, eight were damaged, six of them very seriously. Considering their position, as immediately overlooking the very vortex of destruction, the Durham and Sunderland railway staiths had a remarkable escape. It is hardly necessary to enumerate all the ships that suffered damage, for scarcely a ship in the harbour escaped. During the whole of Monday, the ordinary business of the town was at a stand-still. This is true to the very letter, for, in the afternoon of the day, many of the shops were closed, the population thronged in its thousands to the pier and the river banks, to behold the scene of desolation. So sudden and tremendous a blow to the very vitals of the commerce of the port seemed almost to have stupified for awhile those most deeply interested; but, rapidly arousing themselves from their temporary lethargy, the ship-owners applied themselves vigourously to the rescue of their property, and with the aid of steam-boats, which had luckily taken shelter in the Wearmouth dock, by half-past four on Tuesday afternoon a passage was effected, and the ice went to sea, but unfortunately carrying along with it a large quantity of most valuable timber, not less, it is calculated, than about 250 loads. The following ships were picked up at sea, and taken into Hartlepool:—Era, of Rochester, which drove out of this harbour with no hands on board; the Jean, of Sunderland, with three boys and the captain of a French vessel on board; and the Gamma, of Sunderland. The Seaham pilots picked up the Young, of Sunderland, without a hand on board; the Beatitude, Lamb, of London,

with the mate, a man, and boy worked herself into Seaham harbour ; a French schooner, with an English boy on board, was picked up by Morley, the pilot ; 100 planks, 73 pieces of timber, two boats, and three keels, one loaded with bottles from Ayre's quay, were secured at Seaham, and at the Black Halls, Hawthorn Hythe, and Old Seaham, large quantities of timber were ashore. The Wear commissioners' valuable steamer, the *Utility*, was almost a wreck ; and the steam-tugs—*Safety*, *Hare*, *Earl of Durham*, *George and Ann*, and *Neptune*, were either sunk, wrecked or missing. About thirty keels were sunk or destroyed, and almost all the harbour boats and other small craft disappeared from the river. Had it not been for the shelter of the north dock, in which twenty-five valuable ships, and about half that number of steamers took refuge, the loss to the port must have been fearfully augmented. The contrast between the tight and trim ships in the dock, and the wretched wrecks on the stream, was most striking. It could scarcely be expected that so frightful a destruction of property would occur without the loss of life ; and a poor boy belonging to the *Richard*, in endeavouring to make his escape into the *Canova*, fell into the river and was drowned. Another life was lost in the *Newby* : when she took the ground to the North Pier, the boom swung over to leeward and carried overboard a smart young running fitter, named *Davison*. The rest of the people on board, seven in number, took refuge in the chains, and were rescued from the very jaws of death by Mr. Garthwaite, of the Wearmouth dock, assisted by two of the dock watchmen, named *Henry Robson* and *Arthur Urquhart*.—*Local Papers*.

About this period the queen of Portugal forwarded to John Adamson, esq., of Newcastle, member of several literary societies, the orders of the Tower and Sword, and that of Christ, as an acknowledgment for his successful illustrations of Portuguese literature. These distinctions were announced in a letter from the duke of Palmella, as follows :—

“MOST ILLUSTRIOUS SENIOR, J. ADAMSON,—At last I have the satisfaction to be able to send you the diploma of knighthood, so long ago announced ; to expedite which it became difficult, by reason of a series of complications which it is unnecessary to unfold.

“Now, I have to ask you to discharge me from blame for the prolonged silence, since I was not desirous to break it, until I could send you the royal grant, which I had had the honour to announce to you, and to expedite which I have not ceased to work.

“I am persuaded that this proof which her faithful Majesty gives of the appreciation of your literary labours, will be an incentive to you to continue to dedicate them to illustrate Portuguese literature.

"On my part, I judge myself happy to have this propitious occasion to make to you the profession of the consideration and appreciation with which I have the honour to be your faithful servant,

"PALMELLA."



Part of the VICARAGE. S. John's Lane, Newcastle.

1841 (January).—This month, the vicarage of Newcastle-upon-Tyne was conferred by the patron, the lord bishop of Carlisle, upon the rev. Richard Charles Coxe, M.A. incumbent of archbishop Tennyson's chapel, Regent-street, London. Mr. Coxe arrived in Newcastle on Wednesday evening, the 24th of March, and was greeted with peals from the bells of the several churches. The reverend gentleman preached for the first time in St. Nicholas' church on Sunday morning, March 28, and under circumstances which excited the liveliest interest throughout the whole community. The venerable fabric was crowded in every part with a most respectable and attentive audience, and it was observed that the magistrates and corporate officers of the borough were present in more than usual numbers. The vicar took formal possession of the living on Monday, April 12, by demanding, of the churchwardens, the keys of St. Nicholas' church, and by observing the usual formalities.—*Local Papers*.

January 20.—Died, at the Grove, near Durham, aged 78, Elizabeth, relict of Stephen George Kemble, esq. In early life Mrs. Kemble, formerly Miss Satchell, was one of the first actresses of her

day, and was decidedly the greatest favourite ever attached to the Newcastle stage. In almost every range of character she was eminently successful; she was allowed to be the best "Ophelia" on the stage, and she was equally excellent in the difficult and very opposite characters of Mrs. Haller, Portia, Nell, Beatrice, Cowslip, Cicely Homespun, &c. Her remains were interred on Thursday, the 28th, by the side of her late husband, at the Nine Altars, in Durham Cathedral.—*Local Papers.*

1841, (Jan. 24.)—Sunday afternoon, during a heavy squall of wind, then veering to the E., accompanied by a severe drifting fall of snow, the schooner *Mariner*, of Perth, which had sailed from the Tyne on Friday, the 22nd, made her appearance again at the bar, and, as is too frequently the case in such emergencies, to escape from the danger of Tynemouth rocks, she kept too far south and ran upon the Herd. The steamer *Advance* attempted to approach the schooner to render assistance; the sea at this time was dashing half-mast high over the vessel, when a sea swept the decks of the steamer, putting out her fire, and carrying two men overboard; one was got back, but the other, George Goolock, was drowned: he attempted to swim to the schooner, and approached near to her, but there the crew had taken to the rigging, and no one could throw a rope to the perishing man, whose yells and cries in the agonies of death were audible to the crowds of spectators on both sides of the river, but his appeals were all in vain: he evidently had been accustomed to swim, and buffeted for some minutes with the furious sea; nature at last became helpless, his piercing cries became less audible, and he sunk to rise no more. Meantime this disaster was enacting, the South Shields life boat was speedily manned, and proceeded to the Herd; the crew of the schooner were taken from the rigging, and soon after landed safe in the harbour. The schooner was afterwards got off the Herd and brought into the harbour.—*Ibid.*

An attempt was made in Sunderland churchyard, on Thursday night, January 28, to exhume the corpse of a female which had been interred there the day previous. The parties who made the attempt were fired at by a son of the deceased, who had kept watch. The shot grazed one of the party (a young man a surgeon in the neighbourhood), who did not, however, receive any serious injury. He was assisted by two or three other persons.—*Ibid.*

January 29.—This morning, about one o'clock, a fire broke out in the naphtha-manufactory of Mr. Thorburn, at the Felling Shore, on the Tyne, near Gateshead, and the premises were nearly destroyed. The fire originated in the accidental ignition of the naphtha, through the incaution of a workman.—*Ibid.*

1841. (Feb. 1.)—Monday, a fire occurred at the house of Mr. Ralph Simpson, innkeeper, Dinnington, Northumberland, which was completely burnt to the ground. It was supposed to have originated from a candle being left inadvertently too near some bags in an upper room by some of the junior members of the family, where it soon communicated with the thatched roof, and was instantly in a complete blaze; but by the spirited and manly exertions of the inhabitants the fire was prevented from spreading to the adjoining houses.—*Local Papers.*

February 6.—The Gateshead Observer of this date has the following: A young woman, travelling from Sedgefield, was stopped by two men, who submitted to her consideration the highwayman's alternative—"her money or her life." The girl preferred the surrender of her money, amounting to fifteen shillings, three of which she begged might be returned, having borrowed them from a neighbour. The thieves complied with her request, and she proceeded on her way. Shortly afterwards, hearing footsteps behind her, she hid herself by the road-side, nor ventured out until some time after the sound of footsteps had died away. Then, quitting her concealment, she took refuge in the nearest cottage; where, on examining her money, she found that the robbers had given her sovereigns in mistake for shillings! It is supposed (says our informant), that the men had discovered their blunder, and were in pursuit of her when she hid herself in the ditch.

A severe snow storm prevailed at this period, during which the rivers Wansbeck and Blyth were visited by flocks of aquatic birds. On Saturday, Feb. 6th, at the High Pans, North Blyth, Mr. William Curry shot a swan, which was 5 feet long, and (from tip to tip of the wings) 8 feet broad. The length of the neck was 2 feet 10 inches. The weight of the bird, 28lb. Great numbers of geese and ducks were also shot at and near to Cambois.—*Local Papers.*

February 7.—A black Newfoundland dog made its appearance in Hylton, in the county of Durham, having come, it is supposed from some place near Newcastle. He entered the house of a poor woman and sat down by the fire; and she, alarmed by his angry looks, retreated, leaving behind her a gown which she had been mending, and which he seized and tore into fragments. He then proceeded to the stable of Mr. Johnson, innkeeper, and was shut in. The damage he did there, in a short space of time was incredible. He destroyed all before him—and was at length destroyed himself.—*Ibid.*

February 8.—An inquest was held at the Star and Garter inn, South Shields, before Michael Hall, esq. on the body of Sarah Maddison, aged eight years. It appeared, from the evidence ad-

duced, that the deceased lived with her mother, (a widow), her aunt, three sisters, and a brother, in a small room in a court near the bottle works. The principal employment of the family was to pick or tease oakum, and before they went to bed on Friday night, the oakum they had been working at that day was hung about the room, and spread on the floor, to dry, so that it might be delivered the next day. About five o'clock on Saturday morning one of the girls got up, made on the fire, and went to bed again, and it is supposed that a spark from the fire had ignited the oakum, as the family was shortly afterwards alarmed, and, on starting from their beds, they found the room in flames. In the confusion they could not find the key of the door, and some minutes elapsed before the neighbours were able to break it open, when they found the whole of the family severely burnt. Through the kindness of Mr. John Martin, agent to the Bottle Works, a room was immediately provided to which the poor sufferers were speedily removed, and medical aid procured. The deceased died about eight o'clock on Sunday evening. Three of the other children were not expected to recover. The fire was soon extinguished, and little or no damage was done, except to the furniture, which was destroyed. The jury, after hearing the afflicting details, returned a verdict of accidental death.—*Local Papers.*

1841, (Feb. 8.)—Monday afternoon, the body of Mr. John Wingate, of Newcastle, who had been missing for six weeks, was found in the Team, near Dunston; and on Tuesday, an inquest was held before Mr. Michael Hall, coroner, at the Low Team public house, when there being no evidence to show how he got into the water, the jury returned a verdict of "Found drowned." Previous to the body being found, a remarkable instance of the sagacity of a Newfoundland dog, belonging to the iron works near the place, occurred. For two or three days before the body was found, the animal had been observed running to and from the place to the iron works, barking and howling each time, but no one was induced to follow it. At length it was supposed the dog was mad, and in consequence it was shot, and in about an hour afterwards the body was discovered, when the cause of the poor animal's excitement was made apparent.—*Ibid.*

February 9.—Tuesday, the line of railway from Stockton to Hartlepool was formally opened by the directors of the company and their friends. About half-past twelve, the gentlemen took their seats in two trains; each consisting of a very beautiful new locomotive, with one elegant first-class, and two second-class carriages. On starting they were much cheered. They proceeded along the Clarence line, and by the Norton Junction, until they arrived at the Billingham

Junction, where the new line leading from Hartlepool commences, and which is about three miles distance from Stockton, and about nine miles from Hartlepool, the distance between the two towns by the railway, being about twelve miles. On various parts of the line the trains stopped, and the gentlemen inspected the works; particularly the viaduct, which is thrown across a piece of marshy ground called the Greatham Bottoms. The viaduct is about half a mile in length, and contains ninety-two arches; they also inspected the several bridges and other erections. At Greatham, the party were received with immense cheers. A band of music was in attendance, which was taken into one of the carriages, and accompanied them the remainder of their journey, playing enlivening airs. On various other parts of the line as the trains passed, they were saluted with cheers, and numerous colours were hoisted on various eminences. A little before two o'clock, the trains arrived at the Middleton station, at the south side of Hartlepool, where they were received by a number of friends. Soon after three o'clock the party again took their seats, and about four they arrived safe at the Stockton station, from whence they started, and where they were again saluted with the cheers of a numerous assembly. The day was favourable for the season, being fair but very cold, and the ride on the railway one of the most pleasant, as regards scenery and prospect, in this part of the country. On leaving Stockton, and after passing the junctions, a beautiful view is presented of the villages of Billingham, Cowpen, Wolviston, Middlesbro', and Seaton Carew, a distant view of the Cleveland hills, and of a great part of the river Tees, the towns of Redcar and Coatham. The country is particularly open, there being scarcely an intervening hill for many miles to obstruct the prospect. On proceeding north, a fine view of the villages of Old and New Stranton on the west, and of the mouth of the river Tees and of the open sea on the east, is presented. There are few embankments on the line, and being a complete level, its claims as a passenger line, both on account of safety and pleasure, are very superior.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (Feb. 19.)—Friday, about 10 A.M., a fire broke out in the ship-building yard of Messrs. J. and C. Alcock, at Sunderland. The flames soon communicated to a quantity of soft wood and other materials, and to the bow of the brig British Queen, which was repairing, and shortly assumed a terrific appearance. Several fire-engines were brought and put into operation, there being a plentiful supply of water from the river, and also from the gas-works. After burning about three hours it was thoroughly extinguished, having effected damage to the timber and materials in the yard to the amount of

about £800., and to the above-named vessel, to the amount of about £400.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (Feb. 19.)—A new life boat, built by Mr. John Cambridge, Hartlepool, for the Tees Bay Life Boat society, was put afloat near the pier at Hartlepool, and tried in the presence of several of the committee of the above society and other gentlemen. She was filled with water, and a crew of eighteen men, and every way equipped, the plugs being drawn, she freed herself in 45 seconds, leaving three inches free. It is calculated to hold 20 more hands before the water would be brought into the ceiling. Several gentlemen went out to sea in the boat, and pronounced it to be one of a superior kind, and answering their most sanguine expectations.—*Ibid.*



ON the night of Friday, the 19th of February, 1841, the magnificent and princely family mansion of the marquis and marchioness of Londonderry, at Wynyard Park, in the county of Durham, was almost entirely destroyed by fire. Two of the Wynyard watchmen, as they were going their usual rounds about half-past eleven P.M. first observed the fire issuing from a staircase window situated between two flues, which conveyed heat to both the chapel and the conservatory, immediately adjoining each other. The men lost no time in giving the alarm, and all the domestics, consisting of twelve persons, were roused from their beds. The flames, however, spread so rapidly that before any assistance could be rendered, the whole interior of the chapel was in flames; it was unfinished, and contained a quantity of dry wood, shavings, &c.; it communicated on the east with the large picture gallery, and on the south with the large drawing room, in both of which directions the flames spread with furious rapidity. A fire engine which was kept on the spot was brought out, but in consequence of the water pipe leading from the hall to the fish pond being partially frozen, it was some time before the engine could be made available. A messenger was speedily dispatched to Stockton for the engines, which arrived about two o'clock, and other engines arrived from Thornley, &c., and another messenger was sent to alarm the inhabitants of the surrounding villages of Wolviston, Billingham, Norton, Thorp, &c., &c. numbers of whom, together with many of the inhabitants of Stockton, and a party of police soon arrived, and rendered every assistance in their power. In the meantime the domestics and persons in the immediate neighbourhood, finding their efforts to extinguish the flames useless, proceeded with incredible exertion to save as many of the valuable moveables as possible, and they fortunately succeeded in saving all the plate and books, most of

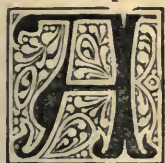
the valuable pictures, a quantity of bedding, carpets, furniture, glass, &c., and two fixed superb mantle pieces, valued at £1,000 each, which in being torn down received but little injury. As soon as possible the fire engines were got to play, but the flames having then gained a complete ascendancy, it was found totally impossible to check its progress. The flames communicated from the picture gallery to the dining room on the south, from thence to the conservatory on the west, and to a suite of rooms consecutively leading to each other on the east, and subsequently to the butler's pantry, still room, &c., &c., beneath, and to the bed rooms and other apartments above. About 4 o'clock in the morning the whole of the above named, together with several other apartments, extending to about two-thirds of the building from the west end, were enveloped in one entire mass of flames. The operations of the engines were then directed to the preservation of her ladyship's suit of apartments on the east, at the extreme end of which the kitchens, stables, &c., &c., are situated and which are separated from the other part of the house by a strong party wall, the whole breadth and height of the building. This attempt was fortunately successful, as the part in question suffered but little from the fire, though it received some damage from the engine pipes, &c., the wall having proved a sufficient barrier in arresting the progress of the flames. A short time afterwards a great part of the roof fell in, and coming in contact with the huge iron grinders on which the floors rested, and were upwards of a ton each, broke and displaced several of them. By 7 o'clock the fire became exhausted, having destroyed at least two-thirds of the building, of which nothing but the bare walls remained. It would be impossible to particularize the immense quantity of valuable articles of furniture, &c., which fell a prey to the flames, but we may mention the several rich glass chandeliers, together with some immensely large mirrors, and beautiful stained glass windows, with numerous exquisite works of art in statuary and paintings, amongst which were portraits of queen Anne, George III., and queen Charlotte, and the whole of the Tempest family pictures, not any of which were saved. The conservatory contained a number of camelias, 15 feet high, and a fine specimen of the Norfolk Island pine, together with 25 large orange trees, in full growth, formerly the property of the empress Josephine, with a number of other rare and choice exotics, all of which were totally destroyed. The damage was estimated at upwards of £150,000. By what means the fire was produced, is altogether unknown; at first it was supposed to have originated from the flues, but this was subsequently deemed to be impossible. The staircase in which the fire was first seen, was situated between two flues, one leading to the

chapel, and the other to the conservatory, but the flues, which were of metal, were encased in the wall, having apertures for the emission of heated air. The fire place from which the air was heated, was so contrived, as to prevent the possibility of a spark escaping, being situated below the surface of the ground. The person who had charge of this fire visited it about 11 o'clock on the night of the occurrence, and found the fire to be very low. The gardener also visited the conservatory nearly at the same time, and examined the flues and the thermometer, and considered all was right, which was only about an hour before the flames burst out. The site of this mansion was formerly occupied by a hall of the same name, which was the residence of the late sir Henry Vane Tempest, the father of the present marchioness of Londonderry. and had long been the seat of that distinguished family. Soon after the noble marquess became united to the family, the former hall was razed to the ground, and the erection of the one now destroyed, commenced, as appears from the following inscription engraved on a brass plate, and set in the base of one of the columns at the front entrance :—" This Mansion was erected by Charles William Vane, third Marquis of Londonderry, and the first Earl Vane of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, G. C. B., G. C. H., K. S. G., K. S., K. R. E., K. B. E., K. T. S., &c., &c.; and by Anne Frances Vane, Marchioness of Londonderry and Countess Vane, who was sole heiress to all the collieries in the county of Durham, belonging to the Vane and Tempest families, inheriting the same from her father, sir Henry Vane Tempest, Bart., who married Anne, Countess of Antrim. The building was commenced in December, Anno Domini, 1822. The whole of the stone of this fabric was brought 26 miles from the quarry on the family estate, at Penshaw colliery.—Philip W. Wyatt, Esq., architect." From the above it will be seen that the late hall had been upwards of nineteen years in course of building, and it was approaching fast towards completion, being expected to be finished in about another year.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (March 13).—About half-past seven o'clock in the morning of this day, Saturday, as a woman named Gibbon, residing in Union-street, East Smithfield, Stockton, was lighting her fire, she sprinkled a little gunpowder on the fuel, and put a little more in the flue of the oven for the purpose of cleansing it. The pot which contained the powder, she incautiously placed in front of the fire, a spark from which caused an instant explosion. The ceiling of the apartment was blown up, the doors and windows completely shattered to pieces, the stone sill cracked, and the bricks in the wall forced from their position. The operator had her face severely burnt, and was blown or carried, she knew not how, into the street, while her little girl,

who was dressing herself in one corner of the room, escaped unhurt.—

Local Papers.



MELANCHOLY accident occurred at Cowpen colliery, north pit, on Monday, the 15th March, 1841, by which four men lost their lives. The pit had not been worked for about twelve years, the machine having then been burnt, and the pit laid off in consequence; but the colliery having been taken by new lessees, preparations were making to work it again. A new engine and engine-house had been erected, and the workmen were employed in walling the shaft, and the pitmen and sinkers in clearing away the old materials. This work was in progress at the time of the accident; and the shaft was walled to within seven feet of the top. At about 1 P.M., the masons quitted the cradle, or hanging stage, and were replaced by their assistants, who began to clear the sides of the shaft for another course of stones. While thus employed, the old materials suddenly came away in a body; and so large and heavy a mass of wood and rubbish, falling upon the cradle, forced it downward. The cradle, was connected with a sort of gin or capstan to raise or lower it—a “crab” as the pitmen call it—which in the ordinary progress of the works, was prevented from “running off” by a pall or cow. But this check was broken by the sudden jerk which followed the fall of the materials, and the crab ran backwards with great velocity—the cradle, at the same time rapidly lowering, till it fell upon the “brattish”—a partition dividing the shaft into two parts. There were five persons on the cradle; four of whom were precipitated to the bottom of the shaft, and (no doubt) killed. The fifth to his astonishment escaped. He had seized the sling in his descent; and after the cradle was smashed on the brattish, he found himself lying on a portion of the wreck, in imminent peril of falling. He cried aloud for help, and a rope was lowered; to which he attached himself, and was rescued. The sufferers were:—1. Joseph Wright, aged 37 on the day of the accident. He left a wife and three children. 2. Francis Reay, who left a wife and five children. 3. James Reay, who left a wife and six children. 4. Stephen Heron, unmarried. William Heron, the rescued pitman, was the brother of Stephen, and had a wife and young family. He was wounded by the falling materials, but not seriously. The bodies were not recovered until the following Thursday evening. From the first there were no hopes of the men being recovered alive, and it was necessary to secure the shaft properly, before any person could descend with safety. An accident, attended with so great a loss of human life, never having occurred at this colliery on any previ-

ous occasion, the event made a peculiarly deep impression on the workmen and the public; and the funeral, which took place on Saturday the 20th, was attended by hundreds of the inhabitants.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (March 15.)—Washington church, near Gateshead, was broken open during the night, and the iron-chest containing the parish registers removed.—*Ibid.*

March 16.—About six o'clock in the morning, the Syren, lying at the Limekiln-shore, near Newcastle, took fire, and sustained considerable damage before it was effectually extinguished.—*Ibid.*

About the middle of this month, a hive of bees, the property of Mr. Robt. Marshall, of Braxton, near Coldstream, left the hive, and whilst Mr. Andw. Rankin was observing their proceedings, they lighted upon his back, when an attempt was made to sweep them off, but did not succeed. Mr. Rankin was then obliged to strip off his coat, and being well skilled in the management of bees, he immediately dived amongst them with his fingers and caught the queen bee, which he returned back to the hive, and in an instant the whole swarm were quiet, and he did not receive a single sting.—*Ibid.*

March 17.—Wednesday, died at Silver Hill, Ravensworth, near Gateshead, Mrs. Margaret Richardson, aged 102 years. She had lived in one house for the last 70 years, and could read without spectacles within a week of her death.—*Ibid.*

March 22.—Died in London, at the Commercial Coffee rooms, Lower Thames-street, Christopher Tate, sculptor, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, much and deservedly regretted. Mr. Tate had long been in a declining state, and in November, 1840, he sailed from the Tyne for Malta, with the flattering hope of recovering his health, but becoming gradually worse, he returned to London with the Liverpool steamer, where, after lingering for about a fortnight, he sank into an early grave. His talents as an artist were of a very superior character. His first great effort was the royal arms which grace the tympanum of the theatre in Grey-street. It is allowed to be a work of great merit, and would not disgrace the chisel of a more experienced artist. For some time prior to his leaving Newcastle, he was engaged upon a full-length statue of his grace the duke of Northumberland, intended to be erected on the area in front of the Master Mariners' Asylum at Tynemouth. He had made considerable progress with the figure at the time of his departure, and the likeness was generally allowed to be exceedingly accurate. The state of his health was such as to render it imperative on him to leave his work unfinished, in order to proceed to a warmer climate. He took his departure from his friends, alas! never to return; and to those who

knew him, nothing is left but the melancholy consolation to be derived from the remembrance of his distinguished talents and many amiable qualities. He left a wife and family to mourn his loss. The statue of the duke was finished by Mr. R. G. Davies.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (March 23).—Wednesday night, the spontaneous combustion of a quantity of oats, set fire to a stable in the West-row, Stockton, occupied by Mr. Charlton, bacon-merchant. Two horses were rescued, though nearly suffocated; and the flames were extinguished before the arrival of the engines, (which, however, were brought without delay.—*Ibid.*

March 24.—At her majesty's levee, John Ridley, esq., mayor of Newcastle, and James Archbold, esq., sheriff, were presented to her majesty by Mr. Ord, M. P. when the mayor had the honour of presenting a congratulatory address from the corporation on the birth of the princess royal.—*Ibid.*

March 25.—During the night of this day, Thursday, a man named James Robinson, a joiner, who was confined in the "lock-up" at Stockton, for examination on several charges of felony, committed in the counties of Durham and York, made his escape in rather an ingenious and workmanlike manner. It appears that he had been confined in the "lock-up" for two days previous to the Thursday evening on which he escaped: on that day, Henderson, the officer, who had been living in the rooms over the cells, removed from his habitation, and the house was left untenanted, save by the prisoner, who seems to have been fully aware of the fact; for, regardless of noise, he had, during the night, pulled down the fire-place, which was in the cell where he was confined, and worked a hole through the wall with the bars. He had then made his way into the lobby, where he unlocked the front door, and walked off without molestation.—*Ibid.*

About this time, John Briggs, formerly a gamekeeper to the late earl of Durham, was standing near to the Stanhope and Tyne railroad; and seeing a child in danger of being run over by a train of coal-waggons, he rushed forward to snatch it from impending destruction. He succeeded in that object, but one of his feet getting fast below the lip of the rail, he could not get himself clear before the train came up and passed over his leg, mangling it so dreadfully that amputation was necessary.—*Ibid.*

March 29.—Monday, died, about Lilswood, Hexhamshire, Robert Stokoe, schoolmaster. For many years he acted in the capacity of overseer, parish-accountant, will-maker, &c. He was well known in those parts as an eccentric character. When walking his hands uniformly rested on his feet, and his entrance into the market-town of Hexham, on a justice-meeting day, (for the purpose of

conferring with the bench,) was alike amusing and imposing, there being an odd contrast between his *big* mind and *little* person, especially when his honour was mounted on his well-known ass. But Robert's session is now over, and he is gone to his account.—*Local Papers*.

1841 (March 30).—Monday, that important national undertaking, the Great North of England Railway, was opened by the directors, the shareholders, and a limited party of friends, travelling the entire distance from Darlington to York, and back, previous to the railway being opened to the public, which took place on the following day. On the evening of Monday, rain fell rather heavily, and by no means “gave token of a goodly day to-morrow.” At sunrise, however, on Tuesday, every unfavourable appearance had departed, the sky was bright and almost cloudless, and a dazzling sun mounted gloriously into the heavens. The directors had determined to avoid all confusion in the trip, and the number of tickets issued was limited to shareholders and a few of their immediate friends. This doubtless restrained the excitement which would otherwise have prevailed; and probably not a few felt disappointed at the exclusive character of the arrangements. A band or two paraded the streets of Darlington during the morning, and the bells of the parish church sent forth many a joyous peal. The time fixed for the starting of the trains was 9 o'clock. About an hour previous to which, parties of ladies and gentlemen began to arrive at the temporary station, situated at the Bank Top, and they entered particular carriages, according to the colour of the tickets. No crushing or crowding took place; on the contrary, a number of seats were reserved for the accommodation of individuals who were expected to join the trains at the principal stations. Three engines only were called into requisition on this occasion, viz., the Wensleydale, which preceded the trains as a pilot-engine: the Ouse, a passenger engine; and the Leeds, a coupled engine, intended for drawing heavy loads. About half-past nine, the engines were attached, and a buzz of anticipated motion was audible for a moment. The Ouse was fixed to the first class train, containing seven carriages; and the Leeds to the other train, which comprised fifteen or sixteen carriages, mostly of the second-class description. At twenty-five minutes to ten, the first train moved off, and was followed in the course of five minutes by the second. Three cheers were given as they started, and a band played some enlivening airs. Crowds of people lined the road through which the trains passed; the discreeter portion occupying every advantageous rising ground, while many of the younger persons, with less easily gratified ambition, climbed the stems of trees, and sought a temporary abode in the

branches. The trains arrived at York at a quarter to one, having gone the distance, $44\frac{1}{2}$ miles, in little more than three hours, being, on the average, about fifteen miles an hour, including stoppages, some of which were of rather tedious duration. At York, the trains joined together, entered the spacious yard of the station, amidst the cheers of the inhabitants who crowded the city walls. Here a sumptuous luncheon was provided at the expence of the York and North Midland Company, for the directors of the North of England Railway and a select party of friends, in the new refreshment room, at the station, which on that day was opened for the first time. At half-past two o'clock, the trains proceeded on their return to Darlington. The first train consisted of twelve, and the second of eleven carriages. Shipton was reached in about twenty minutes, and the trains, which were impelled at a moderate pace for the purpose of affording the passengers an opportunity of viewing the country, continued their progress until they reached the Alne station, where they waited for a short interval. The bridge which crosses the Easingwold road, and which is an oblique one of three arches, was built by the Messrs. Welch, of Gateshead, under the superintendence of Messrs. J. and B. Green, of Newcastle, and was thronged with people, and indeed all the adjacent ground. This was also the case at the Sessay station, which the trains reached at four o'clock. Northallerton was reached at a quarter to five, and the Darlington terminus, where a temporary station had been erected, at a quarter to six o'clock—the distance, forty-five miles, being thus completed in three hours. The proceedings throughout were characterized with strict order and regularity, the greatest pleasure was evinced by all parties, spectators as well as those who took part in the excursion, and many were the wishes expressed for the future and complete success of this great trunk of communication between the north and the south.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (March).—This month, Mr. Benjamin Green, of the firm of Messrs. John and Benjamin Green, of Newcastle, received a vote of thanks from the Institution of Civil Engineers in London, for a paper, accompanied by eight illustrative drawings, on arched timber viaducts, on the laminated principle which Messrs. Green have so successfully employed in the stupendous viaducts of the Newcastle and North Shields Railway.—*Ibid.*

This month, an organ was erected by voluntary subscription, in the parish church of Haughton-le-Skerne, in the county of Durham.—*Ibid.*

About this period, captain Jones, of the brig Sovereign, of North Shields, was presented by the French minister of marine, with a gold medal, in acknowledgement of services rendered by him, in the

month of April, 1840, to the crew of a French schooner, when on the point of sinking in the Gulph of Lyons.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (April).—The Sunderland Herald records the following :—“On the 1st of April, 1835, the wife of Mr George Ormston, grocer, High-street, in this town, gave birth to a daughter. Exactly two years after, on the 1st of April, 1837, she produced another daughter; and two years afterwards, viz.; on the 1st of April, 1839, she again presented her husband with a girl. The thing had now become so regular, that on this occasion Mr. Ormston informed some friends, who had met to drink the young lady's health, that if they would call on him that day two years, they should have a similar pleasure. This promise came to the lady's ears, and in order that her lord and master should not look like “an April fool,” she obligingly gave birth to another daughter, on Thursday, the 1st of April, 1841. Few parents can celebrate the birth of four living daughters on the same day.”

About this time a dog made its appearance at Ray, in the parish of Kirkwhelpington, Northumberland, and in the course of 12 hours it bit 27 sheep, on that and the neighbouring farm. It was detected in the act, and killed. Subsequently nearly the whole of the bitten sheep died, and almost all in a pitiable state of madness. Two sheep belonging to Mr. Jackson, of Langley, near Durham, died towards the close of the month, in a rabid state, from the effects of the bite of a mad dog.—*Local Papers.*

April 2.—A fire was discovered in the dwelling house of Mr. John Hunter, straw hat maker, at the head of the Manor-Chare, Newcastle, about half past seven in the morning. Sub-Inspectors Mason and Robson, of the police, were promptly on the spot, and having obtained an abundant supply of water on the premises, succeeded in extinguishing the fire, without doing much damage.—*Ibid.*

April. 7.—In consequence of the opening of the railway between Darlington and York, a material alteration of the times of the arrival and departure of the mails, came into operation. On the above day the mail from Darlington arrived in Newcastle at half-past 1 o'clock, bringing the London letters and papers of the previous evening, in the short space of sixteen hours and a half after leaving the Euston Square station; thus effecting a saving of no less than twenty-three hours in the time of conveyance from the metropolis.—*Ibid.*

April 8.—A distressing and mournful suicide was committed at Trew hitt North Moor, near Rothbury, Northumberland, by Mr. Henry Boag, relieving officer to the Board of Guardians of the Rothbury Poor Law Union. An inquest was held on the body, before Thomas Adams Russell, esq. at Low Trew hitt, on the Monday

following, when, from the evidence given, it appeared that some circumstances which had occurred, in connection with the situation of the deceased, had preyed much upon his mind, and threats which had been used that he would be watched, and if possible punished, produced such an impression on him, that on the night of Tuesday the 6th, after there had been a stormy meeting of the Board, he had never slept, but wandered about his room in great distress. The next day he had gone to Elsdon in the performance of his duties, when he saw the archdeacon of Northumberland, of whose kind feelings he afterwards expressed himself very warmly. On his return from thence he wrote a long letter to the clerk of the union, from which the following are extracts:—

“MY DEAR SIR,—I do not see how I can get out of this business. The Rector and Charlton will appear against me. Mr. Pye owns with having got the money up to the 25th December, 1839, and it appeared that I have carried the sum on in my books for three quarters more. I declare to my Maker that I was not conscious of it; the way we keep the books one can never see how the money stands. I declare I am innocent; the only thing I regret is in leaving my poor little children. I fear they may become chargeable to the township. Give my regards to Sir John Walsham, Mr. Orde, and all my friends. I am sure Sir John and Mr. Orde would do me justice. My eldest daughter is 18 years of age, and therefore can do for herself; the boy about 13 years; the next girl goes to her aunt, where she will be well off; the next is a little darling, clever boy, six years old; the next about 3 years, but poor little fellow he is not right in his mind; the youngest is 1½ years. I hope some of my friends will assist them. All the furniture in my house belongs to my poor mother, except a mahogany table, which belongs to Mrs. Staward, of Rothbury. You have been one of the best friends I ever met with. I regret leaving William Forster and his brother, and many, many dear friends. I will pass quietly out of the world. I am writing in as good spirits as ever I did in my life. I am perfectly reconciled to my fate; I have nothing to fear. I expect I am a good Christian. I have paid Charlton, of Tod Hill, £2 2s too much. You will see Mrs. Pye’s acknowledgement. I will leave everything in the Union chest that I have. You will find the accounts right to the 25th March. I see no use in undergoing the trial on Monday, because all I can say or do is, that it was a perfect mistake on my part—not intentional. I am perfectly innocent. I would not on any account have the Rector or Thompson, the curate, to bury me. I do not care where I am buried: I am perfectly happy, and trust prepared to die. I will trust to you and William Forster to look after the furniture belonging to my mother. I am glad my brother is out of the way. I am, my dear Mr. Woodman, very sincerely your’s,

“HENRY BOAG.

“I have slept as sound as a top all last night.”

The next morning he added some unconnected sentences to it, and after making some arrangements, left his house on horseback about two in the afternoon, and was seen to look earnestly back towards it. He left his horse at Warton, went to two or three places, till about six in the evening, when he had gone to a hovel upon Low Trewitt estate, which was formerly his own property, and from whence he could look down upon the house where he had spent the greatest part of his life.* He then swallowed an ounce of laudanum, after which he wrote in pencil the following upon the back of a letter:—"I have taken about a wine glass of laudanum at the shed on Trewitt North Moor. God bless you all except the rector and George Selby Thompson. It is getting nearly dark—I die at peace with all mankind, except the above. I will lay down quietly to sleep—it is so dark I cannot see to write—God bless you all—good night." He had afterwards strangled himself with a rope fastened to the lintel. The jury found a verdict of Temporary Insanity. The remains of Mr. Boag were interred on Monday at Alnwick church, and were accompanied to their last resting place by a great number of the Guardians of the Union and his other friends, who voluntarily attended to testify the respect they entertained for him, who while living, alike in his prosperous days, as in adversity, had gained the good opinion of all who knew him, whether rich or poor.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (April).—A great improvement was completed during this month in the approach and entrance to the Galilee in Durham Cathedral, preparatory to the resumption of the Sunday evening lectures in that beautiful chapel. The ground was levelled, a neat gravel walk formed, and a shrubbery planted, while the door-way at which the congregation were previously admitted was built up, and a more spacious—in fact the original—entrance, under an ancient arch a few yards to the westward, was opened out. The lectures were commenced on Sunday evening, April 11, on which occasion the service was performed by the rev. Professor Jenkyns. The sermon was preached by the Dean.—*Ibid.*

April 12-13.—Easter Monday and Tuesday, the following anniversaries and festive meetings of various societies were held.

NEWCASTLE.—The members of the various courts of the Ancient Order of Foresters, in the district, made a grand display. In the morning, they assembled in Gateshead, and having formed into a line commenced marching down the High Street and into Newcastle. The procession presented a striking sight, whether considered in

* Mr. Boag entered his own death in the register book, before he left his home for the last time!



OLD HOUSES, Union Street, Newcastle, 1843.

relation to its numbers or the many artistic aids which had been called in: there could not have been less than 700 individuals present at the outset, and this number gradually increased to more than 1000, all of whom were decorated tastefully by garments costly and attractive, according to the degrees of those who wore them. Almost every court had its emblematic banner, formed of rich materials, with bright and varied colours; and the effect was rendered complete by the presence of three respectable bands of music. After passing the Quayside and along the New Road, the procession moved on to St. Thomas's chapel, where divine service was performed by the rev. C. Hall and the rev. Rd. Clayton. On leaving the chapel, the vast body assumed the original form, and paraded through other of the principal streets to the Sandhill, where the national anthem was played, and the members then proceeded to conclude the festivities of the day at their respective courts. Although the procession necessarily extended to a great length, and, throughout its whole course was attended by crowds of lookers-on, the most perfect good order was everywhere maintained. The juvenile Reckabites of Newcastle also paraded through the town, and afterwards partook of tea, &c. The inmates of the Royal Victoria Asylum for the blind, partook of an excellent repast of tea and cakes, on Easter Tuesday, provided by the kindness of J. W. Williamson, esq. of Whickham.

At SOUTH SHIELDS, on Monday, a number of the Independent Order of Free Mechanics, dressed in the uniform of their order, with

bands of music, flags, &c., marched in procession through the principal streets. The anniversary of the Fidelity Lodge, held at the house of Host Craig, was similarly celebrated on the same day; and on Tuesday the various courts of the Ancient Order of Foresters went in procession through the Market-place and other streets of that town, with numerous flags, banners, and other emblematical designs, and a band of music.

NORTH SHIELDS.—On Tuesday, the Teetotallers and the members of the different Rechabite tents of that town and its neighbourhood formed themselves into a procession and walked through the principal streets. Besides male adults, there were a great number of female teetotallers and about two hundred boys; the Foresters also held their anniversary,—the various courts belonging to South Shields headed by their officers, with flags, &c., attending on the occasion, and many of them dining with their North Shields brethren.

The Teetotallers, Rechabites, Foresters, Odd Fellows, and other kindred associations of Alnwick, Blyth, Darlington, Chester-le-Street, Corbridge, Hexham, &c., availed themselves of the Easter holidays to hold similar festivals.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (April 13).—Between six and seven o'clock in the morning, an explosion of fire damp occurred about two miles within the pit at Whitley colliery, near North Shields, by which Mr. Clavering, the underviewer, and Wm. Study, overman, were severely injured—the former so much that he expired on the following day. Happily the explosion was not very extensive, or many lives might have been sacrificed, as above 120 men and boys were at work in the pit at the time.—*Ibid.*

April 15)—Thursday, a melancholy case of stabbing occurred in Newcastle, which terminated fatally. The person whose life was thus suddenly cut short was John Donkin, aged nineteen, living with his father in the Back-lane, Gallowgate, in that town, and was an apprentice with Mr. Henry Robson, shoemaker, Eldon lane, Percy street. On the forenoon of the above day, the deceased was at work in his master's shop, where three other workmen were employed, namely Henry Stokoe, Thomas Heppel, and William Cattermole. At this time there were also three strangers in the shop, named Robert Oxley, Fenwick Chambers, and a man named Cruddace. Wm. Cattermole, one of the workmen, about thirty years of age, was a person of weak intellect, and was most shamefully made the object of joke and "fun" by his fellow workmen, and by those who came about the shop. During the morning Cattermole had been teased by a person named Pattison, who had taken his watch from under the seat on which he sat and where he usually hung it, which, on being

missed, caused him to be uneasy; he was then sent out of the shop on an errand, and during his absence the watch was replaced, which on his return pleased him. Shortly after this, a person took Cattermole's cap off his head, put it into a pail of water and threw it back to him, but this offensive conduct did not seem to disturb him much, as he said nothing, but dried his cap by the fire and again put it on his head. A little before noon, whilst they were all at work, the deceased, Donkin, suddenly snatched off Cattermole's cap again, and tossed it across the room, upon which Cattermole raised a shoe he had in his hand to strike Donkin but restrained the blow, on which Donkin rose from his seat and Cattermole quickly seized a knife on Donkin's seat and stabbed him on the thick part of the thigh. Donkin exclaimed "Oh dear!" and Cattermole resumed his work without either party saying anything further. The blood gushed from the wound, and Donkin becoming faint was assisted by Hepple and Chambers, whilst Henry Stokoe went for Mr. Turner, a surgeon. On the arrival of Mr. Turner a little spirit and water was given to Donkin to restore him from his faintness, and, at Mr. Turner's desire, Mr. Heath, surgeon, was also sent for, who soon after came, and the bleeding was stopped by tying up the main artery. The wound, which was about three inches deep and one and a half inches broad was dressed, and Donkin was put to bed in the house of Mr. Robson, his master, where he continued till Saturday, when he was removed home to his father's house. Cattermole then went to dinner and pursued his work as if nothing had happened. On Saturday night, inspector Little having heard of the occurrence, apprehended Cattermole and took him to Donkin's bedside, when Donkin said the prisoner was the person who stabbed him, upon hearing which, Cattermole replied "you were plaguing me at the time," and deceased answered "it was not me, it was the others." Mr. Turner attended to Donkin's wound, and he appeared to be doing well till Sunday, when mortification took place and he expired on Monday morning. A coroner's inquest was held on Monday evening before Wm. Stoker, esq. and a respectable jury, when the substance of the foregoing facts was deposed to by several witnesses, who also stated that if the prisoner Cattermole had not been plagued and tormented they did not think he would have done any person harm. The evidence was briefly summed up by the coroner, and the jury returned a verdict of "Manslaughter against Wm. Cattermole," who was thereupon committed to Gaol. Cattermole was tried at the Newcastle Summer Assizes, found guilty, and sentenced to one month's imprisonment, with hard labour.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (April 16.)—A hawk, urgent in pursuit of a sparrow, up the

High-street, Wooler, Northumberland, came with considerable force against a man. Nothing daunted, he continued the chase. The sparrow took refuge in a back-room, through the shop of Mr. Robson, merchant, eagerly followed by his pursuer—who, finding out his mistake, endeavoured to make his retreat; but, unluckily mistaking the window for a thoroughfare, he was captured. He proved to be a fine specimen of the Sparrow Hawk. The more fortunate sparrow was set at liberty.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (April 17).—Two splendid windows of stained glass, executed by Mr. Wailes, of Newcastle, were placed one on each side of the pulpit of All Saints' church in that town. A full length figure of St. Peter is represented in the north window, above which are the corporation arms, and on each side are the coats of arms of eleven subscribers. That on the south represents St. Paul, and is similarly adorned as the former by eleven other coats of arms, that of the Corporation of the Trinity House being placed at the top. The style is masterly, and reflects the highest credit on the artist.—*Ibid.*



OLD HOUSES, Head of the Long Stairs, Castle Garth, Newcastle. Removed 1823.

CHAPTER XII.



THE new church at Tynemouth, erected from the plans and under the direction of Messrs. John and Benjamin Green, architects, of Newcastle, was opened for divine service on Sunday morning, April the 18th, 1841. Prayers were read by the rev. G. Hills, and a very appropriate sermon was preached by the vicar, the rev. Christopher Reed. After the sermon, a collection was made towards liquidating the debt on the church, which is in the form of a cross, with a transept at the north and south sides, and a chancel at the east end, beyond which is the robing-room. The length of the church, including the chancel, is 81 feet; and the breadth 41 feet, exclusive of the transepts projecting 9 feet on each side beyond. There is a tower at the west end, surmounted with a spire, the apex of which is 95 feet high from the ground. The style of architecture is of a late date, viz. that which was prevalent in England about the time of Henry VII. and shortly previous, having the perpendicular character in the sub-division of the windows, and other features to mark the style. The whole of the sittings are on the ground floor, amounting to about 500 in number, and of these 250 are free. There is space also for the erection of a gallery when one may be required. The seats are painted in imitation of dark oak, and portions of them are shaded in a manner to represent carved-work, and the pulpit, reading-desk, and altar-table all correspond. The east window contains some neatly-stained glass, including representations of the heads of the four Evangelists, surmounted by their names on scrolls. The building is well lighted, warmed, and ventilated, and has a chaste appearance inside as well as out. The Misses Clark and Miss Hutchinson, of Toll-square, North Shields, defrayed the expense of fitting up the altar-table, pulpit, and reading-desk.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (April 19.)—A melancholy explosion attended with an extensive loss of life, occurred about one o'clock in the afternoon of Monday, at Willington colliery, belonging to Matthew Bell, esq. M.P. and partners, situate about midway between Newcastle and North Shields, when thirty-two poor fellows were suddenly hurried out of life, whilst only three out of thirty-five who were down the pit at the time were saved. The first intimation of danger was a tremendous noise accompanied by a dense cloud of smoke issuing from the shaft mouth, and a violent shock in the neighbourhood resembling what might be supposed to proceed from an earthquake. This noise was heard at a great distance and in every direction, and produced alarm throughout the neighbourhood which was but too painfully realized when the melancholy news had spread amongst the friends and relatives of those who were employed in the pit. The accident happened in the "Bigge Pit," which is one of the new workings, the pit having been for a considerable time closed and the work in it having only been recently resumed. The workings are, therefore, comparatively, not extensive, the east headway running 220 yards, and the west headway 280 yards, while that to the north is even much shorter. The shaft is sunk to the depth of 140 fathoms, the High Main Seam being passed through, and the workings of the Bensham Seam fairly carried on. As soon as the dismal reality was known, relatives, and all in any way connected or sympathising with those engaged in the work, were drawn to the spot, manifesting in every look and action the dismal anxiety, the gloomy foreboding, or the intense sorrow, with which the occurrence had overwhelmed them. Two men—Michael Ranson and Henry Dunn—and George Charlton, a boy, all sinkers, were employed at some distance in the east headway, and were made sensible of their danger by the dust and wind which came upon them. Fortunately, the after-damp was spent, and they reached the shaft without being injured; there they found that stones and wood-work at the bottom were torn from their places and had fastened the cage, but, after much labour, they were rescued from their perilous position and conveyed to the top in safety. Without loss of time, and with a readiness which, while it bespoke their feeling and displayed their courage, a body of workmen descended and commenced their melancholy work. The labour, exhausting though it was, was continued unremittingly, until the bodies of the thirty-two sufferers were recovered. Amongst the number, obtained in the earlier part of the search, were three, who, though much mangled, were yet alive: they were immediately conveyed to where the most judicious assistance could be afforded, but they shortly afterwards died in excruciating agony. In another part of the west head-

way lay three men, completely dead, one of whom was dressed, and had his night-cap stuffed in his mouth; the others had a part of their clothes on; and it is accordingly presumed that these unfortunate men, aware of the peril they were in, had ventured on an attempt at escape. Twenty-nine bodies had been obtained on Wednesday the 21st and in the course of Thursday the remaining three were found. Two horses, in the northern division, were also found, quite dead; and in the same direction where the three survivors were, was found an old pony, which, though nearly starved, was unhurt. The stable was burnt down, and an unknown amount of other injury effected. Many of the bodies were in a sound state indicating that their death had been the result of suffocation. In the majority of cases they were mutilated, and presented a sight truly appalling; in others, the falling of the stones and props which were wrenched from their places by the devastating power, had so completely disfigured them, so broken every bone and muscle, that the coffins had to be sent down, to prevent limb falling from limb, while being conveyed up the shaft. Part of the sufferers were decently buried on Wednesday and Thursday, but the last sad rite remained to be performed over several after the inquest was concluded. How or where this calamity originated must ever remain matter of speculation. The seam which was being worked was the same as that in which the accident at Wallsend happened, and is generally spoken of as being attended with greater risk than the other seams. Those about the pit, and who, though interested, might be considered the most competent judges in the matter, positively stated that no apprehension of danger existed in the mind of any one—that, on the contrary, perfect confidence prevailed, and was justified by the care and labour which had everywhere been bestowed. The solution put forward as the most probable, and as supported by concurrent testimony, was, that the whole was attributable to the neglect of a poor little boy, a trapper, who left the trap door in the north headway, to which it was his duty to attend, to play with two other boys close by. It is essential that these doors be shut, except at the very moment when the putter is passing, and in the present instance, it was supposed the boy propped open his door, that it remained thus for some time, and that the necessary ventilation was thereby prevented.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (April 22).—The various works of St. Paul's chapel, Westgate hill, Newcastle (the foundation stone of which was laid only on the 15th May, in the preceding year,) being now completed, one of the opening services was solemnized in the chapel, according to previous announcement, on the above day, Thursday, on which occasion, prayers were read by the rev. H. W. Wright, M.A. incumbent

of St. John's, assisted by the rev. W. Maughan, and an impressive and appropriate sermon was delivered by the rev. R. C. Coxe, M.A. the vicar of that town, from 1st Chronicles, c. xxix, v. 5, "Who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord." The situation selected for the chapel is peculiarly favourable, being in the centre of an increasingly populous district; the building is isolated, and is surrounded by a spacious plot of ground for a cemetery, forming a most suitable place of sepulture, and very ornamental to the neighbourhood. The building contains three galleries, and with the pews on the ground floor, contains about 700 sittings, upwards of 100 of which are free. The pews on the ground floor are placed upon an inclined plane, which affords the greatest possible advantage to the congregation, both for sight and sound, and the pew backs throughout the whole chapel are fixed in a sloping position.—*Local Papers*.



ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL, NEWCASTLE.

1841.—At the second levee for the season, held by the queen at St. James's palace, on Wednesday April 28, Richard White, esq. mayor of Sunderland, accompanied by alderman Thompson, M. P. and Andrew White, esq. M. P. presented an address of congratulation from the corporation of Sunderland, on the birth of the princess royal.—*Ibid*.

1841 (May 2).—The anniversary of St. Mark falling on Sunday, the mayor, aldermen, and councillors of the borough of Morpeth proceeded on Monday the 3rd, to ride the boundaries of the common for the first time since the passing of the Corporation Reform Bill. After the ancient custom of riding the marches had been accomplished, they partook of a cold collation, served up by Mr. Thos. Crawford, in his tent, on the ground. Afterwards the boundary plate, a silver cup, was run for, six horses starting, and was won, after three severe heats, by Mr. Pearson's mare, the Queen. A Handicap plate of £5 was next contested, and carried off in two heats by Mr. R. Crawford's Grace Pyle. Lastly, a cart trapping was run for by cart horses, which was won in two heats by Mr. Brady's horse Chance.—*Local Papers.*

May 5.—The successful winning of Framwellgate Moor colliery, which had been an object of great interest to the inhabitants of the city of Durham, (within two miles of which it is situated,) was completed on the above day, Wednesday, when the first regular and direct transmission of coal to the place of shipment—the drops of the Stanhope and Tyne Railway company, at South Shields, was effected. A cargo of capital coal—some of the best ever shipped from the southern bank of the Tyne—was on that day sent down by the railway, which communicates, by means of a bridge thrown over the river Wear, a short distance above Finchale priory, with the Durham Junction Railway, and subsequently with the Stanhope and Tyne, after re-crossing the Wear by the Victoria bridge. The waggons, decorated by handsome flags, were accompanied by the agents of the colliery, to the shipping drops, where they arrived, after a trip of thirteen miles, performed in a very short space of time, a few minutes before two o'clock; when they were met by a party of the directors of the Northern Coal Mining Company and their friends. The vessel destined to receive the first cargo of the valuable mineral was appropriately enough called "The True Briton,"—a circumstance which some regarded as a favourable omen of a long course of uninterrupted prosperity to the new colliery. The coals were shipped with extraordinary celerity, amidst the repeated cheers of the spectators on the drops and on board the vessels lying at the staiths, which all mounted their colours in honour of the event.—*Ibid.*

At the court held in Buckingham palace on the 8th day of May, 1841, present the queen's most excellent majesty in council, it was ordered, that the parish of Pittington, in the county of Durham, be for the future divided into two separate parishes for Ecclesiastical purposes. The one part containing the township of Pittington, and the north-western portion of the township of Sherburn to remain

attached to the old church; the other part, comprising the remaining portion of Sherburn township and the whole of Shadforth township to be assigned to the new church of Shadforth, and to be named "St. Cuthbert's District," Shadforth.—*Lon. Gazette.*

1841 (May 10).—A Grand military review took place on the town moor, Newcastle: the 98th regiment of foot, commanded by colonel Campbell, were presented with new colours. After the artillery, a troop of dragoons, and the 98th regiment, had gone through a variety of evolutions, the colours were consecrated by the rev. W. Dodd, and presented by gen. Napier. The gallant general addressed the regiment at some length. The first colour was the queen's, and the next was the regimental colour, which was to the regiment what the queen's colour was to the British army. The general concluded with these words "Col. Campbell, use your colours, and stand by them." There were several hundreds of persons present on this occasion to witness the ceremony, besides numerous carriages with ladies and gentlemen, and what with the fineness of the day, combined with the steady and perfect discipline and noble appearance of the troops, there had not been seen such a splendid military spectacle on the town moor for several years previous. In the evening a grand ball and supper were given in the assembly rooms by the officers of the 98th, to upwards of 230 ladies and gentlemen of distinction in the town and neighbourhood. Among the company were general Napier, general Grey, col. Ellice, col. Coulson, the right worshipful the mayor, &c. &c. The ball was led off by Mrs. Grote and capt. Edwards, and dancing was kept up with great spirit until a late period. Both the new colours decorated the ball room, and were hung out over the orchestra; and three large shields, called "Blazing stars," composed of bayonets and ramrods, with a crown painted in the centre and the number of the regiment attracted much attention, from their splendid and novel appearance.—*Local Papers.*

May 17.—As some workmen were employed in a quarry on the Kirkharle estate, Northumberland, they discovered a worm, about three inches long, and half an inch thick, embedded in the solid free-stone. After exposing it to the air for three or four minutes, it died.—*Ibid.*

May 18.—Sir Jacob Astley, of Melton Constable, in the county of Norfolk, and of Seaton Delaval, in the county of Northumberland, Bart., was summoned to the house of peers, by the name, stile, and title of baron Hastings, he being one of the heirs of Sir John de Hastings, Baron Hastings, who was summoned to and sat in parliament in the 18th year of the reign of king Edward the first. On Monday the 2nd of June, his lordship's tenantry on the Seaton

Delaval estate, and some of their friends dined together in celebration of the event, at Mr. Reay's, the Queen's Arms, Seaton Sluice, John Jobling, esq. of Seaton lodge in the chair.—*Local Papers*.

1841 (May 20.)—Pursuant to ancient custom, the right worshipful the mayor of Newcastle, John Ridley, esq. accompanied by several members of the council, the master and brethren of the Trinity house, and the stewards of the incorporated companies surveyed the boundaries of the river. About seven o'clock in the morning, the corporation and Trinity barges, accompanied by two or three steam-boats, and several minor craft, left the quay and proceeded to Shields, where they landed and partook of refreshment. The procession returned to Newcastle quay about one o'clock, and soon again started for Hedwin streams, having gathered in their trains several small boats, beautifully decorated and painted, from whence they returned about nine o'clock in the evening. Boat races and other amusements took place at the King's Meadows according to announcement. The first prize, for four-oared gigs, of five sovereigns, given by the mayor of Newcastle, to the first boat; was won by the Saint Agnes, beating four others, the Simon Danson second. Second prize, of three sovereigns, given by the master and brethren of the Trinity house, for the first coble, and one sovereign for the second, *bona fide* the property of licensed pilots. Four cobbles started, and the prize was won by No. 76,—No. 69, being second. Third prize, for four-oared gigs, three sovereigns, given by the river committee of Newcastle, for the first boat, and one sovereign by James Archbold, esq, sheriff, to the second boat; was won by the William Bennett, the John Ridley second. The number of boats was not very great, though the scene was kept alive by the ringing of St. Nicholas' bells and the firing of cannon from the castle, and the different manufactories on the river. The greatest good spirit and harmony prevailed.

During the firing of the castle guns some ignited wadding fell upon the roof of a stable immediately below the castle, attached to the Two Bulls public house, and found its way into the loft, where a fire soon broke out, which, for a time, had a very alarming appearance. The loft and a part of the roof of an adjoining brew-house, with a quantity of straw, were completely destroyed, but by great exertions, and the application of water by buckets obtained on the premises, the fire was prevented from extending to the adjoining stables and property, otherwise the damage must have been considerable. Three engines were promptly on the spot, but there was a delay in procuring a supply of water from the fire-plugs.—*Ibid*.

May 20.—On the evening of this day, great excitement was crea-

ted in consequence of an influx of water in the colliery on Chatton moor, near Belford, worked by Mr. Stephen Dryden, the workmen then engaged in it (four in number) were unable to reach the shaft of the mine; and it was not until noon on the following day that the water could be sufficiently reduced to admit of their being released from their perilous situation. Fortunately no injury was sustained, except a very slight accident to one of the pitmen.—*Local Papers.*

At a convocation holden on Saturday, May 22nd, 1841, the scheme of the ecclesiastical commissioners for England, for the further endowment of the university of Durham, was laid before convocation and received the approbation of the house. The scheme is drawn up in pursuance of the intentions and engagements of the late bishop Van Mildert, and in accordance with the previous resolution of the Ecclesiastical commissioners, to make certain arrangements with respect to the deanery and canonries of the cathedral church of Durham, with a view to maintaining the university of Durham in a state of respectability and efficiency. The following are the principal provisions of the scheme:—

“The office of Warden, upon the first vacancy, is to be attached to the deanery of Durham; the present warden receiving 500*l.* annually during his incumbency.

“A canonry in the cathedral church is to be attached to each of the professorships of Divinity and Greek.

The present professor of Mathematics is to be appointed professor of Mathematics and Astronomy, with an annual salary of 700*l.*

“When the office of warden shall be annexed to the deanery, the salary of 500*l.*, paid to the present warden during his incumbency, is to be applied to found a professorship of Hebrew and the other Oriental languages.

“In addition to the six fellowships, already founded by the dean and chapter, there are to be founded eighteen fellowships, making twenty-four such fellowships in the whole. Two of such eighteen fellowships are to be founded on the 29th day of September, 1841, and the same number in each year until the year 1849 inclusive. Eight only of the twenty-four fellows who have exceeded the age of 23, are allowed to continue laymen. The law fellowships are tenable for eight, the clerical for ten years. They are to be of the annual value of 120*l.*, the ten senior clerical fellows receiving 150*l.*

“Candidates for fellowships must have been admitted to the degree of B. A. in the university of Durham, and are to be elected according to the regulations now in force, or such other regulations as shall be duly made for securing the election of the most meritorious candidate, regard being always had to moral character as well as to learning.

"The fellowships are to be vacated by marriage or Ecclesiastical preferment.

"Towards providing the funds for making these payments, all the estate and interest now vested in the Ecclesiastical commissioners, in the lands, &c., formerly assigned to the deanery and the eleventh canonry of the cathedral church of Durham, (all tithes being excepted) are to be vested in the warden, masters, and scholars of the university of Durham; and when it shall become necessary, further provision is to be made for granting such additional endowment as may appear to the Ecclesiastical commissioners necessary for making up the deficiency."—*Gent's. Mag.*



1841 (May 23).—Died, at Sandhoe house, Northumberland, Edward Charlton, esq. universally regretted by a large circle of friends and acquaintances. Mr. Charlton was educated at Douay College, from whence he went to Paris, and then returned to his native country, where he lived to the age of 77. His funeral took place on the 31st at the Catholic cemetery in Hexham. The road was crowded with spectators waiting to witness the melancholy procession. The funeral was (at his own request) private,

none being present save his near relations, tenants, and servants. Many of the neighbouring gentry sent their carriages, being anxious to pay the last tribute of respect to the memory of one so justly esteemed by them. Several of the shops in Hexham were closed; and immediately after the ceremony was ended at the Catholic chapel, the bells of the church rang a muffled peal to the memory of him who had been a friend of all. His hospitality and generosity were proverbial. The widow, the orphan, and the afflicted, never applied to him in vain, and no one ever left this world more generally beloved or more sincerely lamented.—*Ibid.*

May 24.—Monday, being the anniversary of the birth of her Majesty the queen, was observed in Newcastle with all the honours due to the day. The bells of the several churches rang merrily, and the vessels in the river displayed their rich and varied colours. At 12 o'clock, a royal salute was fired from the castle guns, and a troop of the N. N. V. C. assembled on the Sandhill, under the command of adjutant Woods, and fired a *feu de joie*. The mayor, the sheriff, several of the aldermen, and a number of the gentlemen of the council assembled in front of the Guildhall, and at the conclusion of the firing, the mayor proposed health and long life to her majesty,

which was drunk with three cheers, the band playing the national anthem. The Sandhill was crowded with the populace, and the windows commanding a view of the scene were filled with spectators. In the evening, the mayor gave a splendid dinner at the Assembly Rooms, when eighty gentlemen sat down, the mayor in the chair. Mr. J. Lamb and Mr. J. Archbold, sheriff, officiating as vice-presidents. Similar demonstrations of loyalty were manifested in all the principal towns and villages in the district.—*Local Papers*.

1841 (May 24.)—The new bridge over the river Tweed at Mertoun was opened to the public. So great had been the inconvenience and so numerous the accidents which had occurred in consequence of the want of a bridge at this part of the river, that the erection must prove of the greatest benefit to the inhabitants of that particular district, and to the public at large.—*Ibid*.

May 26.—A fire broke out in the house of Mr. William Telford, of Bankhead, near Crosby, on Wednesday morning, at about one o'clock. The family had all gone to bed, but being alarmed by the barking of the dog, they got up, and found the house in flames. They succeeded in getting the children (four in number,) out of bed; and through the assistance of the neighbours, most of the furniture was saved, though in a broken state. Their wearing apparel was nearly all consumed; and in less than two hours, nothing was to be seen but the walls, and portions of them fell into a state of ruin.—*Ibid*.

Thursday, the Newcastle-upon Tyne improvement bill was read a third time and passed in the house of commons.—*Ibid*.

May 29.—Saturday, a sad accident occurred at Derwent Crook colliery, near Gateshead, the property of lord Ravensworth and partners. Between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, the men connected with the works at bank were sitting in the engine-house taking their "allowance," as is customary on a Saturday afternoon, when they became suddenly aware that the boiler was exploding. They had but a moment for flight. The body of the boiler, weighing about four tons, became separated from the bottom, and was lifted entirely over the engine-house, alighting on the opposite side. Mr. Michael Almond, engineer to the colliery, while making his escape, was caught by a large detached portion of the bottom plate, which, falling upon his shoulder, severed his arm from his body, tore the flesh from his side, and took off one of his legs. He expired in a few moments. There were nine others more or less injured. A young man, named Young, died on the following Monday from the effects of the falling stones and steam; and there were two others, named Morpeth and Ford whose recovery was doubtful.—*Ibid*.

1841 (May 30).—Major Cruikshank and Mr. Wilkie of Lady Thorn, had a most miraculous escape on their way from Lady Thorn to Holy Island. As they were driving a phaeton across the dangerous sands between the mainland and the island, they got into one of the quicksands, but for the extraordinary exertions made by the country people, who were on their way from church, a most distressing catastrophe must have ensued, as it required the exertions of nearly forty men to prevent the disappearance of carriage and horses, and with great danger the two gentlemen regained their footing on solid ground. Fortunately, beyond the destruction of the harness, no serious mischief ensued.—*Local Papers*.

May 31.—Died at Morpeth, at the advanced age of 103, Mrs. Jane Storey.—*Ibid*.

May 31.—Whit-Monday, the foundation-stone was laid of the new Roman Catholic Church, at the north end of Stockton-upon-Tees. The procession started from the residence of the rev. Joseph Dugdale, at half-past 1 P. M. The rev. gentleman, headed the procession, bearing the silver trowel; and was supported on the right and left by the rev. Robert Johnson, of Brough, and the rev. W. Knight, of Hartlepool. Then came the congregation, followed by the revds. J. Brown, W. Fletcher. — Johnson, sen., and J. Bradley, the very rev. W. Hogarth, and the right reverend Dr. Mostyn. Upwards of 2,000 persons assembled together on and around the site of the new church. A bottle, containing a written statement of the circumstances connected with the project, and the names of the reigning sovereign of England and the pope of Rome, with several coins, &c., was deposited in the foundation-stone, and covered with a brass plate, inscribed "A. D. M.DCCC.XLI." DR. MOSTYN went through the prescribed rite, and explained its object; after which, he addressed the people whom the ceremony had brought together. He first congratulated the Catholics on the prospect before them of a more commodious place in which to assemble for divine worship. For this prospect they were chiefly indebted to themselves, but they had been warmly seconded in their efforts by their worthy and indefatigable minister. The building would do honour to the congregation, and would be an ornament to the town in which they lived. He trusted that they would not confine their exertions to the improvement of their place of worship, but would also labour after the improvement of their own hearts, diligently practising the duties of their holy religion, and observing a Christian spirit in their intercourse with all men. Addressing himself to his Protestant hearers, Dr. Mostyn explained the doctrines of the Catholic church, and exhorted them, as he had exhorted those of his own faith, to be at all

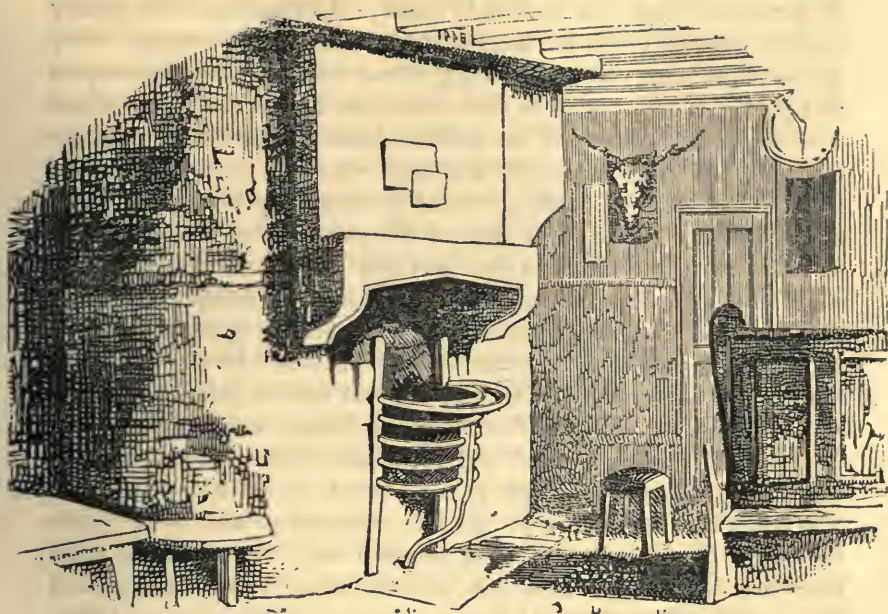
times ready to give the right hand of fellowship to persons of a different communion, and to cultivate a liberal and charitable spirit. Suitable prayers having been offered up, the numerous company dispersed. At five o'clock in the afternoon, about 400 ladies and gentlemen, of all denominations, took tea in Mr. Dugdale's garden, and all seemed and expressed themselves highly gratified. The garden was decorated with evergreens, and a band of music on a platform stationed at the extremity. The spot, pleasant in itself, was rendered still more pleasing by the view which it commanded of the river Tees and the country beyond, with the Yorkshire hills in the distance.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (June 7).—Andrew Hudson of Little Bavington, while working in a limestone-quarry, at Cocklaw Walls, in the parish of Thockrington, Northumberland, the property of Robert J. Shaftoe, esq., found, about two feet and a half below the surface, amongst a quantity of loose stones, the bones of two human bodies; one had been a child, the bones of which, on exposure to the air, immediately mouldered into dust. A small urn was found, containing dust, resembling white ashes. The bones were collected and deposited in Kirkheaton church-yard.—*Ibid.*

June 7.—The following are the returns made by the enumerators of the population of Newcastle-upon-Tyne:—District of St. Nicholas, including part of the parish of St. John: 2,957 inhabited houses, 111 uninhabited, 52 building: Population—males 7,558, females 7,503; total 15,061. District of All Saints, comprising the whole of Pilgrim, Pandon, and Quayside wards, and that part of Sandgate ward which lies west of the Ouseburn: 4,479 inhabited houses, 328 uninhabited, 50 building: Population—males 9,203, females 9,779; total 18,982. District of St. Andrew, which comprises about five sixths of the parish: 2,655 inhabited houses, 93 uninhabited, 24 building: Population—males 6,102, females 7,222; total 13,324. District of Westgate, which includes Elswick, Benwell, and Fenham: 2,863 inhabited houses, 183 uninhabited, 103 building: Population—males 6,627, females 7,158; total 13,785. Byker district, including Byker, Jesmond, Heaton, and that part of the parish of All Saints east of the Ouseburn: 2,381 inhabited houses, 157 uninhabited, 22 building: Population—males 5,276, females 5,413; total 10,689. Grand total—15,345 inhabited houses, 872 uninhabited, 251 building: Population—71,841. Increase over the census of 1831—16,850.

The borough of Gateshead, according to the new census, contains upwards of 19,000 inhabitants, being an increase of about 4,000 during the last ten years.—*Ibid.*

June 7.—On the afternoon, and in the evening of this day, Mon-



In the BLACK GATE, Castle of Newcastle. Dec. 1845.

day, the inhabitants of Sandgate, Newcastle, and its neighbourhood witnessed such a scene of riot and outrage as had not been exhibited there for several years. A number of the men belonging the 87th regiment, then stationed at the barracks, were drinking at several public-houses in Sandgate, and, early in the afternoon, were attracting the attention of the inhabitants, and, of course, of the policemen on duty. No open rupture, however, took place until somewhere about eight o'clock, when Mrs. M'Gallon, the hostess of the Green Tree, where there were three soldiers drinking, found her company getting so uproarious that, to save her articles from being broken, she called on the police to clear the house. This was effected, with the exception of one soldier, who was lying drunk upon the floor, and he was lifted up and assisted into the street, with a view of setting him on his way home. The soldier being seen thus accompanied, gave rise to an idea that he was in custody, and some person called out that they were taking a soldier to the station-house, when five of the corps who had been drinking in the Sun public-house rushed out, and insisted upon having their comrade; the policemen, wishing to have the man out of the street, refused, when one or two of the policemen were knocked down, and the others (for by this time they had assembled from different points in the vicinity) took out their batons, and defended themselves as well as they could. The soldiers struck resolute-

ly, both with their fists and their canes ; the populace, now greatly excited, took part with the soldiers, and a regular riot ensued. Very severe blows were received on both sides ; many of the shopkeepers and publicans began to close their shops and houses, and great alarm was manifested. Some of the soldiers became exceedingly outrageous, and one of them named Marshall, snatched up a window-bolt from a door where a woman, named Matfen, was closing her shop, and struck one of the police, named Simpson, over the head with it, so as to cause the blood to flow profusely down each side on to his shoulders. He was carried into the Glengarry Arms, where Mrs. Dodds washed his wound and putting some brandy upon it, sent him to a room up stairs to rest himself upon a sofa. In the meantime the bolt was secured by P. C. No. 49, and further mischief with it was obviated. Another soldier, named Johnson, snatched a measure from a stall standing by, and laid about him vigorously, and when it was at length forced from him, it was found to be stained with blood. The policemen, however, were not idle, although pressed upon by the crowd, and intercepted in every possible way, they inflicted some heavy blows upon their assailants, some of whom, from the combined effects of the drink they had taken, and the exertions they had made, began to show signs of lassitude, and even of insensibility. When the struggle was at the highest, some friend of the soldiers ran to the barracks, and gave an alarm there that the police were murdering some of their soldiers in Sandgate, upon which a picket, comprising about twenty men, under the command of second lieuts. Henry Moore and Egerton Holmes, accompanied by lieut. Jauncey, and assistant-surgeon Inglis, were immediately dispatched to the scene of action, to look after the men and bring them back to the barracks. When the picket arrived they found everything in the greatest confusion, and at length got separated in a crowd of between 5 and 6,000 people, all more or less excited, and shouting, swearing, and screaming in every possible key. Part of the picket went to two or three houses in search of their men, and three were got out of the Sun public-house. Either by mistake or by design, they were told that one of their men was lying at the Glengarry Arms, whither, with some difficulty, from the denseness of the crowd, they forced their way. When they got to the door, they found it bolted, but one of the picket soon dashed it open with his foot, and a portion of the picket, the assistant-surgeon, and a number of the crowd, rushed up stairs, where they found poor Simpson, the wounded policeman, lying. Some of the crowd, who seemed to have a great enmity towards him, manifested a strong desire to add to the ill-treatment he had already received, but Dr. Inglis, much to his credit, remonstrated with them

on the cruelty of injuring a wounded man, and they desisted, and as the soldiery were ordered to leave the house, Simpson managed to get away, without sustaining further injury. The search having been completed, the picket was formed into marching order, the crowd clapping their backs and cheering them on the victory they had obtained over the police. One or two of the soldiers had the imprudence to wave their sticks in answer to these idle cheers, but this being observed by the officers the sticks were promptly taken from them, and they reached their quarters without further interruption. The excitement, however, was kept up for some time after ; it began to be known that there had been a riot in Sandgate, and between ten and eleven o'clock at night, in the higher parts of the town, it was currently reported that four or five men were killed in the affray. As it was, however, Simpson was the most seriously hurt on the side of the police force, and a soldier named Johnson, was so much hurt, that they were compelled to leave him in Sandgate all night. The offenders were next day brought before the magistrates and fined in various sums according to the degree of blame attached to them, and in default of payment were ordered to be committed to hard labour in the house of correction for different terms of imprisonment. In consequence of the complaints which were subsequently made with respect to the disturbance, Major-General sir Charles Napier, instituted an inquiry which terminated in the removal of the depot to Hull, their place being supplied at Newcastle by a detachment of the 10th from Hull.—*Local Papers*.

1841 (June 8).—Tuesday, a trout was caught with the rod, in the Coquet, near Rothbury, by Mr. W. G. Armstrong, of Newcastle, which measured $23\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length, and $12\frac{1}{2}$ in girth, and weighed 4lb. 7oz. He was taken in fair angling in the middle of the day, and in a state of the water unusually low and clear. The weight and dimensions are accurately given, having been ascertained and taken by various parties in the town of Rothbury, where the exhibition of such a trout created no little sensation.—*Ibid*.

June 9.—Wednesday, as some workmen were engaged in sinking a cellar for the keeper of the canteen at Tynemouth Castle, in that part of the building immediately adjoining the ruins of the abbey, they came in contact with two blocks of stone, which on further examination were found to be two stone coffins, containing bones, skulls, &c., some of which were of remarkable size.—*Ibid*.

June 15.—A fire broke out early in the morning in the skin yard belonging to Mr. R. Harrison, Stepney Bank, Newcastle, and so rapidly did the flames extend that, notwithstanding every exertion, the whole of the premises were consumed. Three engines were on

the spot, but about an hour elapsed before any of them could be fully employed, and but for their opportune assistance, there was every probability that the adjoining premises would have fallen a prey to the destructive element. The accident originated in the overheating of the oven which was used in the drying and japanning of the leather.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (June 15).—The West Durham Railway, which was partially opened in the preceding year from the Willington and Hunwick Pits to its junction with the Byer's Green branch of the Clarence Railway, was finally opened to the parliamentary terminus at Billy-row, near Crook, and a number of waggons laden with coals of a very superior quality, from the White Lee, and old Roddy Moor collieries, were passed down the line on their way to Hartlepool. A select party of gentlemen, the friends of the directors, from Stockton, Darlington, and Bishop Auckland, attended to witness the transit of the coals, and were highly interested with the excursion.—*Ibid.*

June 18.—The saw-mill of Mr. Welton, South Shore, Gateshead, was burnt down on the morning of this day, together with the dwellings of some of the workmen. The fire was first seen by one or two keelmen, at about 2 A. M., as they were passing down the river. They gave the alarm without delay, but it was found impossible to save the premises. The property was only partially insured.—*Ibid.*

June 21.—The Newcastle-upon-Tyne Improvement bill, the great north of England railway bill, and the Middlesbrough improvement bills, received the royal assent on Monday.—*Ibid.*

June 22.—Tuesday, three specimens of the common Tope Shark were brought into Cullercoats haven by the fishermen. The largest measured upwards of five feet in length. This species is common in the Mediterranean, but is rarely met with in the British seas.—*Ibid.*

June 23.—Wednesday night about ten o'clock, a fire was discovered in the south-end house of a new range of buildings at the east side of Frederick-street, Bishopwearmouth. The wood work of the house was completed, ready for plastering, and the workmen had been employed in it during the preceding days. The circumstances were such as to leave no doubt that the fire was caused by an incendiary.—*Ibid.*

June 28.—The first coals sent down the railway from Westerton colliery, co. Durham, belonging to Nicholas Wood and Co., took place on this day, Monday. After accompanying the waggons a short distance down the line, the party returned to Coundon, and sat down to a most excellent dinner at the inn, where the afternoon and evening were spent in a very pleasant manner.—*Ibid.*

1841 (July 5).—Monday, a groom, while exercising two carriage-horses near the lower end of Grey-street, Newcastle, was suddenly attacked by a large dog, which fixed on one of the horses in the most ferocious manner. In vain did the alarmed groom endeavour to get rid of his antagonist. No sooner did he beat the dog down on one side than he attacked the horse on the other; but all his efforts were ineffectual. Fortunately, at the moment, a policeman came to the spot, who, seizing the crutch of a lame person who happened to be passing, instantly dispatched the dog. It is difficult to account for this extraordinary attack on the horse. The dog, on examination, did not appear to be affected with hydrophobia.—*Local Papers*.

This month, the Lords of the Treasury, on the memorial of the mayor, merchants, and other inhabitants of Stockton, raised it from a fourth to a third class port.—*Ibid*.

July.—At the general election held during this month, the representation of the Southern Division of the county of Durham was contested by lord Harry Vane, Mr. Bowes of Streatlam, and Mr. Farrer. The polling took place on Friday and Saturday, the 9th and 10th, and the declaration of the poll was made on Monday the 12th. Shortly before 11, the several candidates and their friends proceeded to the hustings, in front of which a multitude of people immediately assembled. All the candidates were received with cheering; but Mr. Farrer was honoured, in this respect, by a double portion of encouragement. The sealed poll-books having been produced by the Under-Sheriff, that gentleman retired to cast up the numbers. About twenty minutes afterwards, on his return, he presented the results to the High-Sheriff, who then read the numbers aloud, as follows:—

For Lord Harry Vane,	..	..	..	2,547
For Mr. Bowes,	..	..	..	2,483
For Mr. Farrer,	..	..	..	1,739

Loud cheers and groans followed the announcement of each number. The Sheriff then declared lord Harry Vane and Mr. Bowes duly elected to serve as knights of the shire for the southern division of the county of Durham, in the ensuing Parliament. The proceedings at this election were marked throughout with riot and disorder. This was especially exemplified on the occasion of Mr. Bowes's visit to Darlington on the 28th June for the purpose of addressing the electors. A more imposing spectacle than that exhibited on the honourable gentleman's entry into that town has seldom been witnessed—the cavalcade, consisting principally of electors, from Wear-dale, followed four and five abreast immediately in the rear of Mr. Bowes, who, with three of his friends, formed the first quadruple car.

The following was the order of the procession :—Two gentlemen on horseback. The band playing “ See the Conquering Hero comes.” The candidate and his friends—about three hundred horsemen, four abreast. A procession of carriages, filled with electors, succeeded by two hundred voters on horseback, each person decorated with blue and white rosettes, love ribbons, &c., the whole graced with a large collection of banners, with a number of mottoes. The procession paraded through the front-street, up Bondgate, down Skinnergate, through Blackwellgate, and round the Market Place, after which they dispersed each to his host house. At two o'clock, Joseph Pease, esq. late M. P. for that division, appeared on the platform in front of the Sun inn, and introduced Mr. Bowes, and the scene which ensued baffles all description. Stationed below the platform, were a few persons who commenced hooting, roaring, and bellowing in such a manner as totally to prevent any below the platform hearing a single sentence delivered by Mr. Pease, who spoke, notwithstanding the tumult, for about twenty minutes. Mr. Bowes then followed, with a similar result, for the space of half an hour, audible only to those close by him on the platform. After the speaking, the mob hovered about the Market Place and on the High Row, with occasional outcries and the infliction of personal injury until about half-past seven o'clock, when an altercation respecting a ribbon having taken place between two lads, they commenced fighting, when the police interfered, and finding themselves, through their rashness, in an awkward dilemma, struck out most brutally, and one man, well known as a quiet and inoffensive character, by the name of Robson, a butcher in Skinnergate, was struck by a police truncheon, and for some time it was thought he was killed, but he was taken to the shop of Mr. H. Barlow, druggist, and the wound sewed up and dressed, after which he was taken home. A general attack was then made on the police, who were obliged to fly in all directions, with loss of hats, truncheons, &c., two or three took refuge in the Town hall, on which an attack was commenced and the windows smashed unremittingly, until past eleven o'clock, when their destruction being complete, a rush was made to the entrance door, which, after some delay, was broken in, and had it not been for the scheming of some gentlemen in the News Room at the south end of the building, who disguised the police, and smuggled them out by a private door, when the mob rushed in at the north end, they would doubtless have been massacred without mercy. The mob finding that they had escaped, tore up the bar railings, broke the forms and chairs, and committed every kind of outrage. They then formed in parties, and on their way home broke some windows in the upper story of Mr. D. Hampton's house, in the

Market Place, and made an attack on the Swiss Villa of J. E. Abbott, esq., Grange Road, and broke several windows.

The Northern Division of Northumberland was contested by lord Ossulston, lord Howick, and A. J. Baker Cresswell, esq. The poll was officially announced from the hustings at Alnwick, on Monday, July 12. Notwithstanding the heavy rains which fell throughout the previous day, the crowds collected in the town were very great, and the numerous arrivals of smartly-dressed females added much to the gaiety of the scene. The successful candidates, attended by a large concourse of people, with two bands and an abundance of flags, came into the Market-place a little before ten. A short time afterwards, lord Howick arrived, but displayed nothing like electioneering paraphernalia. All the parties were received with enthusiasm by their respective friends, the ladies at the neighbouring windows appearing to take an equal interest in the proceedings of the day. The polling books were cast up in the town-Hall, and at half-past ten the High Sheriff, sir Matthew White Ridley, bart., formally declared the result to be—for Ossulston, 1216—Cresswell, 1163—Howick, 1101. The announcement was received with great cheering by the conservatives.—*Local Papers*.

1841 (July 12).—Monday morning, according to an announcement, a public meeting of unemployed workmen was held in the Forth, Newcastle, and a little after ten o'clock a numerous body of men had assembled, and at various parts of the ground tables were placed, with ink and paper, to set down the names of those persons who were out of work, stating how long they had been so, and the number of their families, in order to ascertain correctly the number who were in this unfortunate condition. Not less than 500 mechanics and labourers signed their names, representing about 2000 individuals. A working man, named Condor, having been called to preside, the meeting was addressed by John Morgan, a fellow-labourer, who said that the distress was greater than was generally known, and that as the labouring classes were the producers of every thing valuable in life, so it behoved those who were above them to take into consideration their present distresses, and thereby, if possible, check the poverty that was daily increasing among them, least they be driven into such a state of indigence and want, as would inevitably lead to results the most painful and lamentable: for it was obvious that if something was not done, and that speedily, they would either have to submit to the bitter pangs of hunger with their families, or else necessity would urge them to adopt other means to support themselves; but in order to prevent such a state of things, he suggested that a deputation should be chosen to wait upon the right worshipful

the mayor and other magistrates, and make their situation known to them, in order that a public meeting might be called to take into consideration their unfortunate condition. Resolutions were then proposed and adopted for this purpose, and after the meeting had been briefly addressed by two or three other speakers, they proceeded in a body to the mayor, who consulted his brother magistrates, and consented that a public meeting should be held in the Guildhall, on Friday the 16th, at twelve o'clock, to take into consideration the best means to be adopted to relieve their present distress, and lead to a revival of trade. On Wednesday evening, another meeting was held at the Chancellor's head long room, Newgate street, at which



The South Front of the Newgate, Newcastle, during demolition (1823).

Mr. George Julian Harney was appointed to address the workmen, but the room being too small, the meeting adjourned to the street, where Mr. Harney addressed them from a window, for upwards of an hour, and in the course of which he attributed the present state of the working classes to the mis-government of the aristocracy. In accordance, a public meeting was held in the Guildhall, where it was decided that the sum of 500*£*. be placed in the hands of the Town Improvement committee, to be expended in the construction of such works as the committee should deem most useful. As it was intended to afford relief solely through the medium of labour, and in no case to dole out money, it would soon become evident whether the amount of distress was in reality so great as it was stated—an amount which many thought fit to doubt. This 500*£*. was expended in certain improvements in the Cattle market, and in the road-way of Neville street, effected by the pittance of one shilling per day to each labourer. By the public subscription of more than an equal amount, the committee

were enabled to employ a number of men in draining the Town moor, and cutting down Stepney bank, each of them receiving 12d. and a roll daily. By the end of October the demand for employment had diminished, and the excellent treasurer, Mr. Robert Robinson, notified a balance of a little more than 12*£*. remaining in his hands, after having expended *£*431. 10s. 7d. in 8411 day's work, 7325 penny rolls of bread, shovels, hacks, spades, and other necessary expences.—*Local Papers*.

1841 (July 19).—Monday, a violent thunder-storm visited Sunderland and the neighbourhood, doing considerable damage. A portion of a potatoe field, near Deptford, the property of Mr. Gordon Black, was completely ploughed up by the lightning. During the storm, the steamer Sun, of Newcastle (with upwards of 200 persons on board, who were on an excursion of pleasure), was proceeding up the river Wear, near Hylton, about four miles above Sunderland, when she struck upon an anchor, and received such damage in the bottom, that she filled with water and sunk. A keel fortunately came alongside, and took the whole of the passengers on shore in safety.—*Ibid*.

About the middle of this month, two large oak trees were brought up from the bottom of the river Wear, in Sunderland Harbour, by the excavating machine; they were deeply embedded in the sand, and were supposed to have lain since the great flood in 1771. The wood was in a state of perfect preservation.—*Ibid*.

July 19.—A great amount of excitement was created in Newcastle on the above day, Monday, in consequence of report stating that Mr. Richard Robson, aged 59, and his son, Mr. George Robson, aged 28, bakers in Clayton-street, had died suddenly in consequence of improper medical treatment by a quack doctor. They were both suffering from ulceration in their left legs, and the father died at half-past one o'clock on Monday morning, and the son about an hour later. The report of their having been poisoned was strengthened by the remarkable fact, that their deaths took place so nearly together, and that they had but been seriously ill a day or two. An inquisition was held on Monday evening at the Lord Collingwood inn, before William Stoker, esq. coroner, and adjourned till Tuesday, to allow time for a post-mortem examination of the bodies to be made, which was performed by Dr. Charlton, and Mr. Greenhow, and Mr. William Newton, surgeons. On the inquiry being resumed on Tuesday, the servant of the deceased was examined at great length on the subject of the illness and medical treatment that her deceased masters had experienced. She stated that the old man had been ill of a bad leg for 14 days, and that he had hurt it by drinking. On Friday morning, Mr. Younger, of Rosemary-lane, (a quack doc-

tor who professed to cure every thing) was called in, and he ordered the leg to be bathed in hot water and afterwards plastered and bandaged. The bandage was too tight and was taken off, and was not put on again. Younger gave him no medicine, nor did he prescribe: he told him to keep his bowels open. As the case created a considerable degree of public observation, we shall briefly give the substance of the medical evidence. Mr. T. M. Greenhow, surgeon, said the post mortem examination had been made thirty one hours after death, and that, in his opinion, the cause of death was occasioned by constitutional irritation and fever, arising from local inflammation on the leg. The contents of the stomach were in charge of Dr. Charlton, to be analyzed. If it had not been for the singular coincidence of the death of father and son at nearly the same time, he should not have had any reason to have supposed anything but natural death. The leg was much swelled, and had the appearance of being affected with erysipelas, but mortification had not taken place. The stomach exhibited a few marks of inflammatory action, but not of a very extensive nature; the vessels were much distended, and the liver and kidneys had the appearance of a person addicted to drink freely. Mr. Greenhow saw no reason to state positively that death was accelerated by the treatment of the leg, but thinks it was improper treatment to bandage it, but would not say that it hastened death. Dr. Charlton made an analysis of the contents of the stomach, and was decidedly of opinion that there was no poison therein. There was a quantity of matter slightly acid, but there was no indication of any mineral or vegetable poison, and the tests usually adopted to detect the presence of poison had been used. Mr. George Tinn, surgeon, proved that he was called in to see Richard Robson on Sunday night, and found him evidently dying from inflammation in the stomach, accompanied with erysipelas on the leg, the latter caused by the inflammation on the stomach; but in his opinion they might arise together, without proceeding from each other. He prescribed a mixture and a bolus, and on going next morning he found they were both dead. The coroner observed from the medical evidence the jury would have little difficulty in returning their verdict, which, after a brief consultation, was—"that the deceased, Richard Robson, had died a natural death." The inquest on the son was next gone into, when it appeared he also laboured under a bad leg, and had been in the habit of taking large quantities of Enouy's Pills, and on Friday he swallowed large doses, the effect of which was violent purging. His case seemed almost precisely similar to his father's and it is remarkable that they both attended to their regular work till Saturday evening. As the quack doctor, Mr. Younger, was examined in this

case, we give the substance of his deposition. He said he was called in on Friday to attend the deceased, and found there was inflammation of the leg caused by taking too great exercise; there was also ulceration. He ordered the leg to be washed in warm water, and then he strapped up the ulcer; this is the manner he treats an ulcer of this kind; he did nothing else, and gave no medicine. He saw them again on Saturday morning, but as they did not follow his directions, he refused to attend to them any longer; when he saw them he did not think they were in a dying state. He is a joiner to business, and has practised surgery sixteen years, and gained his information from reading, practice, and experience on his own person in various afflictions, but he was never apprenticed to a surgeon or a chemist; he has cured some scores of bad legs. In reply to questions by Mr. Wm. Newton, the Learned Doctor said, in cases of scorbutic ulcers, strapping and fomentations were frequently followed and practised by many of the eminent faculty, but on being pressed to name *one* by the coroner, he failed to do so. He used tight bandaging to keep the swelling down, and had been successful in a thousand cases with this practice. The coroner observed to Mr. Younger, that he hoped this would be the last patient he would ever attend, and recommended him immediately to give up the profession of surgery. The jury, after a short consultation, returned a verdict that George Robson had died from natural causes, accelerated by taking large quantities of Enouy's pills. The melancholy deaths of these two men created a great sensation in the neighbourhood.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (July 20.)—A lamentable event—the result of unguarded passion—occurred in the neighbourhood of North Shields on the evening of this day. A party of travelling potters or tinkers were drinking at the house of Mr. Call, sign of the Northumberland arms, the Allotment, near Backworth; and having left without paying for portion of the liquor they had, they were followed a few yards from the door and asked for the pay, when one of two men who had been drinking named James Scott and William Macdonald, paid what was desired—sixpence. A quarrel then took place between these men, and they were about to fight, when the wife of Scott, following close behind him, tried to persuade him to desist and go quietly home, but he refused to comply with her request, and he turned hastily round, struck her under the left ear, and she fell dead at his feet. She was then taken into the house of Mr. Call, but she never breathed after being knocked down. Her body was afterwards conveyed to New York, where, at the house of Mr. Tilburn, sign of the Brown Cow, an inquest was held before S. Reed, esq., coroner. Only one witness

was examined, whose evidence was to the effect of the details given, and the jury brought in a verdict of—"Chance medley." The husband Scott, who was taken into custody by James Twizell, policeman, at Cramlington, and handed over to Mr. Barron, the superintendent of the North Shields police, was reprimanded by the coroner, and warned to govern his passion for the future.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (July).—Towards the end of this month, a disastrous occurrence took place in a quarry, at Lambert's leap, near Newcastle. Two of the workmen were employed in forming a mine for blasting the rock, and one of them left and ascended to the surface to obtain a squib to light the gunpowder, charging the other in the meantime to ram the powder in. It seems, however, that he was not an experienced hand, and by some means struck a light on some stones with the instrument he held in his hand, and this communicating with the powder, caused it to explode, throwing him backward and lacerating his head in a terrible manner. He was immediately taken to the Infirmary, and hopes were entertained of his recovery. Luckily the rock which had been loosened did not fall on him or he would have been crushed to pieces; for shortly afterwards an enormous mass gave way and fell with a tremendous crash to the bottom, calculated to weigh at least five tons. The foul air in the place, when the wind blew to the westward, rendered all work (in clearing away the mass) in vain, as the candles were immediately extinguished.—*MS. Col.*



Window in the
WATER TOWER, New-
castle, 1845.

CHAPTER XIII.



BOAT race, remarkable for its extent, took place in the river Tees, on the 22d of July, 1841, between Newport and the Floating Light, and back again, for a sovereign a boat. Seven boats were entered, but only six started. The distance is about 20 miles; and, from the skill and daring intrepidity of the crews, the most intense interest prevailed. On a signal gun being fired at half past 11 o'clock, the whole flotilla was quickly in

motion; the Water-wag-tail taking the lead, which she kept round the Light and back to the ninth buoy, when she was headed by the Phantom and Sea Nymph, in which position they proceeded to Cargo Fleet, when the Sea Nymph was first and the Water-wag-tail close upon her lee quarter. At Samphire Bats, the Water-wag-tail took the lead again; a very hard contest now took place between them in beating to windward against an ebb-tide to the head of Middlesbro' Reach, and then having to bear away before the wind. The Water-wag-tail, however, despite of all manœuvring, kept her station, and won by about fifty yards, reaching the winning-post at 35 minutes past two o'clock, thus occupying three hours and five minutes in completing the race. The other boats came in in the following order: The Sea-Nymph second, Phantom third, Wave fourth, (after losing her foremast, in consequence of which she was obliged to step her broken mast afresh, and set a reef-foresail,) Foam fifth, and Breeze last. A great number of other boats were in attendance, and it was acknowledged by all present to be one of the best races ever contested on the river Tees.—*Local Papers.*

July 23.—Died at Gateshead, aged 100, William Potts.—*Ibid.*

July 25.—The new chapel of S. Thomas at Collierly, in the parish

of Lanchester, was opened for divine service, by license from the lord bishop of Durham. The chapel was filled with most attentive hearers, and not less than two to three hundred could not gain admittance. The chapel, which had been much wanted, was now built by voluntary contributions for the benefit of the mining and labouring community in that increasing district of the parish of Lanchester. On the fourth of August following, the church was consecrated by the lord bishop of Durham. His lordship was met at the gates of the church-yard by a numerous body of his clergy and the principal inhabitants of the district. Prayers were read by the rev. Moorhouse Thompson, A. M. Curate of Lanchester, and the sermon preached by the rev. Mr. Jackson, of Ovingham, from 1 Kings 8 chap. 27 verse, to a crowded and respectable congregation, after which a collection was made in aid of the building fund, of £12. 3s. The plate for the communion was presented by sir Thos. Clavering, bart. of Greencroft; the font by the archdeacon of Durham; the books by T. E. Charlton, Esq. of Broadwood Hall; the bell by the Stanhope and Tyne Railway company; and the ground for the church and church-yard was given by Miss Clayton, of London. On the day after consecration, the first interment in the burial ground took place, being the remains of Mr. Rodgerson, Greencroft colliery, who died on the 2d aged 65.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (July 25).—While some boys were bathing at the Short Sands, on the north side of Tynemouth Castle, two of them, named Logan and Inness, were taken out of their depth by a receding sea, and would have inevitably been drowned, but for the timely assistance of Mr. Charlton, Mr. Gare, Mr. Edward Wilkinson, Mr. John Blakey, and some other persons from Newcastle, who, throwing off their clothes and plunging into the sea, succeeded in saving them. They were taken to the warm baths, and restored to life after much difficulty.—*Ibid.*

July 27.—Tuesday evening, about half-past five o'clock, the steam-packet *Invincible*, which plied between Newcastle and Shields, was lying at the New Quay, at the latter place, when James Gregg, a tinker, came on board very much intoxicated and disorderly, jumping, shouting, and annoying other passengers, and at last he pulled off the top of the hatchway of the engine, for which the master of the boat ordered him to go ashore, but promising to conduct himself in a more becoming manner, he was permitted to remain. The vessel after proceeding on her voyage had not reached further than Whitehill Point, when Gregg again became more disorderly than before by exposing his person, and assaulting one of the passengers named William Reay, a sailor, belonging to the *Briton*, a Newcastle trader,

which caused a slight scuffle to take place between them; they, however, were speedily separated in this instance without any violence being committed, but a few minutes afterwards Gregg perceiving Reay at the fore part of the boat (Reay having gone there to avoid him) he rushed towards him, and without the least provocation attacked him, when Reay in his defence attempted to keep him off; but another scuffle ensuing, Gregg losing balance, staggered and fell through the hatchway (which he had previously torn down) into the machinery, which was at the time going, and the cross-head of the engine coming down upon him, crushed him to death. Reay was also dragged after him, but escaped unhurt, the engine being almost immediately stopped. An inquest was held on the body on the following day, and a verdict of "homicide by chance medley" was returned.—*Local Papers*.

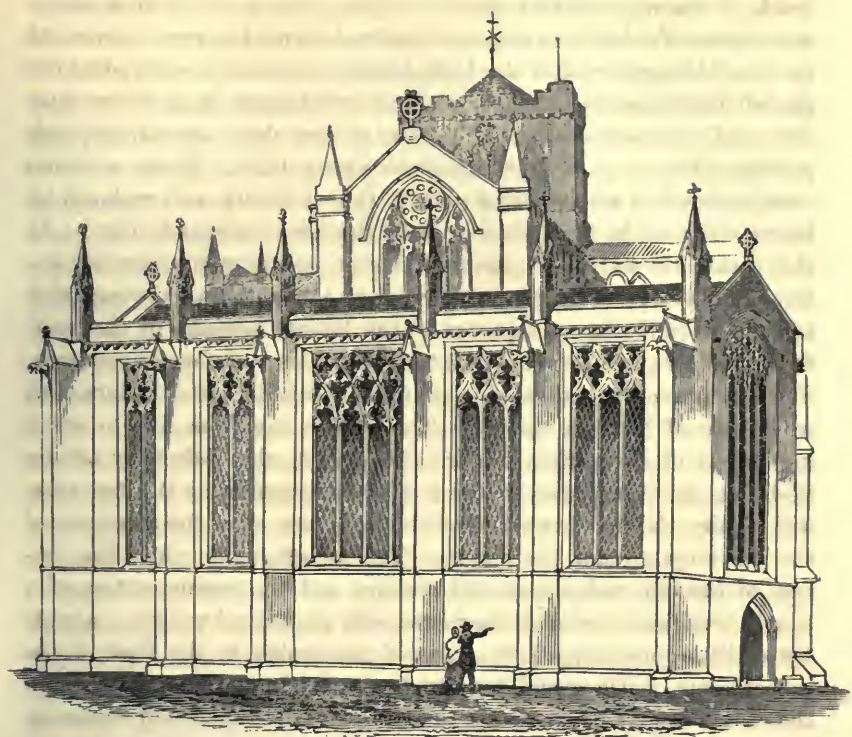
1841 (July).—In accordance with the suggestions of a Parliamentary Committee, the dean and chapter of Durham ordered the cathedral (with the exception of the chapel of the Nine Altars) to be open to the public for the purpose of enabling them to view the building, monuments, &c. This regulation came into operation on the 20th of July. During what are termed the six summer months, the Cathedral is open from ten o'clock in the forenoon till five afternoon: and during the other six from ten to twelve in the morning and three to five in the afternoon.—*Ibid*.



FOR many years past the state of the Abbey church of Hexham has been a subject of reproach to the inhabitants of the town of the same name, and a subject of regret to contemporaneous writers, who did not hesitate to point out and denounce the bad taste which could allow this noble building to be deformed by masses of rubbish, and behold its sacred precincts appropriated to the vilest purposes without an effort to rescue it from such degradation. But as it frequently happens in this country, where patient endurance seems to form a prominent feature in the national character, these grievances though admitted by all, seemed as far as ever from being redressed; the encroachments which the supineness or indifference of our more immediate ancestry had permitted to be made upon the privileges, and even the decencies of the church, were allowed to remain, and there seemed little prospect that the church would ever be freed from the incumbrances which disgraced it. It fortunately happened, however, that the hand of time accomplished what the literary labourer, and the repeated wishes of the inhabitants had failed in procuring, and certain domestic erections which had borne the shock of public opinion and execration for more than a century,

yielded to the slower, though more certain influence of age. Two of the houses which had so long encumbered and disgraced the eastern front of the Abbey church, becoming ruinous and uninhabitable, were in the month of July this year, pulled down * by their proprietors for the purpose of being rebuilt, and the walls of the venerable building after a seclusion of so many years, once more saw the light of day. It was then discovered that the building at the east end of the choir, which had long been used as a school, at a later period for divers purposes, and at the present time as a vestry, was in reality the "LADYE CHAPEL" of the Cathedral of Hexham. Five windows of varying width and much beauty, were exhibited to the astonished gaze, by the removal of the houses in question: when these structures were formed, these windows had been walled up and plastered over, and the houses being built up against them, the east front of the church was made to form the back wall of the houses—the timber of the roof and floors being actually let into and supported by the walls of the Church. It was ascertained by inquiry that it was the intention of the proprietors of these houses, not only to rebuild them, but to add an additional story to their height, by which procedure not only would the "Ladye Chapel" be again concealed, but the beautiful east window of the Church, which forms such a prominent feature of the town as viewed from the Market-place, be entirely hidden. No sooner were the beautiful architectural features of the building discovered than the interest of the well-informed inhabitants was irrepressibly excited, and a desire became prevalent to procure the permanent non-occupancy of the sites, and, if possible to effect a repair of a structure so long hidden from view—so long appropriated to the vilest of uses. A few of the more influential of the inhabitants having met together, they procured the suspension of operations on the part of the builder, in order to allow the committee an opportunity of negotiating with the proprietors before he proceeded with the new buildings. A meeting was convened by the secretary, Joseph Crawford, esq., and held in the Moot-hall on the third of August, when Edward Glynn, esq., deputy bailiff being in the chair, resolutions embodying the wishes of the public were passed, the committee further empowered, and the meeting adjourned until the 17th instant, so that that body might be enabled to present a preliminary report. In pursuance, a meeting was held in the same place, J. C. Jobling, esq., in the chair, when a report of considerable length and great interest and value was presented, by which the meeting was informed

* Among the rubbish were found a coin of Antoninus slightly broken, and a Saxon styca, of which latter so great a number were found in the burial ground some years previous.



The LADY CHAPEL, Hexham, as restored by Mr. Billings.

that the expence of opening out and restoring the building would amount to a larger sum than had been anticipated, a difficulty occasioned by the circumstance that an additional house and shop must be removed, which were not contemplated by the last meeting, but which now appeared to be absolutely necessary to give effect to the proposed improvements. In order to throw open completely the front and one end of the chapel it was found necessary to purchase the sites of both the houses which had been pulled down, and also to purchase and remove two other houses—an arrangement which would throw open to view the whole of the choir to the transept. In order to ascertain the present state of the building at the east end of the Cathedral, and the best means of effecting its restoration, the Committee had entered into arrangements with Mr. R. W. Billings, * an architect of undoubted ability and experience. The

* Mr. Billings was employed by the Committee to prepare two etchings of the Abbey Church—one representing the chapel as discovered by the removal of the houses, and the other a restored view of the whole structure.

result of his investigation was laid before the meeting in a separate report, of which the subjoined extract forms the most important part:—"It appears that the Lady Chapel was built shortly after the church itself, and in the same style of architecture, with lancet windows, of the same character as those of the choir immediately adjoining. The date of this would be about 1250. These windows were removed at a subsequent period, (about 1500), and replaced by larger windows, in the style known by the term 'perpendicular.' At this period the buttresses against the east end were considerably enlarged, in order, as I suppose, to resist an inclination of the east wall to fall outwards, in consequence of the lateral pressure of the roof, from its having no tie-beams. At any rate this is the case at present, if we except a long thin strip of wood backed to the rafters, but which are of little or no use. The wall is now from five to seven inches out of the perpendicular. To correct this defect, by adding tie-beams and king-posts to the roof, or reconstructing it altogether, will require the first attention of the resources after the purchase of the buildings around the chapel. The corbels, upon which the timbers of the old roof rested, still remain, and the reconstruction of a simply ornamented roof in character with the chapel would be a matter of little moment, as the value of the timber in the floor of the school room, which would have to be removed, will materially lessen the cost. It may not be amiss to state, that the expence of restoring the interior of the Lady Chapel will be materially affected by the state of the two windows still uncovered, but, from the nearly perfect state of those already opened, we may conjecture favourably of the remainder." Meanwhile subscriptions towards this desirable object were rapidly increasing, and by the beginning of November, of a sum of about fifteen hundred pounds (the estimated cost of removal†), a sum but two hundred short of the required amount had been collected. Subsequently, on the receipt of a sufficient amount, the remaining houses were removed and some slight clearances effected in the face of the chapel, but the fund which remained after this removal did not warrant any attempt at positive restoration, and so late as the 15th of December 1845, when a meeting of the committee was held, the balance, though it had undergone a gradual increase, yet proved insufficient: a considerable sum however was subscribed at the meeting and

† Estimated expence of removal, &c:—Price of the house and shop belonging to Mrs. Armstrong, 350l. Price of the site belonging to Mr. Wright and others, purchased by the Committee, 430l. Compensation for the progress made in the new building, say 20l. Price of house belonging to Mr. John Stokoe, offered to the Committee at 410l. Total, 1,510l.

steps taken to procure a speedy completion of the important improvements which the committee had long laboured to effect.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (Aug. 3).—Tuesday evening, two young boys belonging to Stockton, named Robert Saukell and John Armstrong, each about four years of age, were missed by their parents, and many conjectures were abroad as to the cause of their disappearance. At first it was surmised that they had fallen over the quay into the river; but subsequently, after a very diligent search had been made, without the slightest trace being obtained of either, the general opinion was that they had been enticed away or stolen. But on Monday the 9th, all doubt as to the fate of the poor boys was removed; for about five o'clock on that morning, the body of Armstrong was found in the river; and subsequently the body of the other boy also.—*Ibid.*

In the small village of Swinburne, situate on the North Tyne, Northumberland, containing twenty-three inhabitants, there were living at this time, eight individuals whose united ages amounted to six hundred and eighteen years; the majority of whom were following their ordinary occupations.—*Ibid.*

Early in this month, a hay stack, the property of Mr. George Dobson, farmer, of Mount Hooley, near Ovingham, was burnt down; happily from the timely assistance of the neighbours, the flames were prevented from spreading. The fire is supposed to have been caused by some children playing with hot cinders.—*Ibid.*

August 5.—A melancholy and dreadful explosion of inflammable gas took place at Thornley Colliery, belonging to sir W. Chaytor and Co., situate about seven miles east of Durham, and close adjoining the collieries of Haswell, South Hetton, and other extensive and important mines connected with the trade of the Wear; which, since its commencement, about six years previous, up to the above date, had been worked with the greatest safety and satisfaction, having always been considered one of the best ventilated pits in the neighbourhood; and in this instance the unfortunate accident by which eight boys and one man met with an untimely end, could be, with too great certainty, traced to the negligence of one of the boys (a sufferer) by the leaving of his trap-door open. Thornley pit contains three seams, the first of which is called the five-quarter seam, and is worked at a depth of 85 fathoms; the second the Hutton seam, of 145 fathoms; and the third (the place where the explosion took place) is at the depth of 166 fathoms, and is called the Hervey seam, and up to a few minutes of her taking fire, there was not the smallest reason whatever to anticipate such a lamentable result, and not the slightest danger was apprehended by any one connected with the works. On Thursday afternoon a little before four o'clock

the men at the bank were alarmed by a fierce blast of wind coming suddenly up the shaft, carrying with it thick volumes of smoke and dust, and soon after, the workmen employed at the bottom ascended and gave the alarm that the pit had fired ; upon this the most praiseworthy and humane efforts were immediately used by Mr. Heckles, the resident viewer, Mr. Cairns, and other individuals, who disregarding consequences, descended the shaft, in order if possible, to render every assistance to those who had fortunately escaped with life, and endeavour to bring to bank those who had perished under the devastating power of the explosion. In the mean time, the news of the disaster spread through the village (which is very populous), and the pit was soon surrounded by relatives, friends, and others, who were waiting in anxious suspense, to know the extent of the injury. Mr. Heckles and his brave comrades, on descending, soon ascertained the quarter from which the fire originated, viz. the Hervey seam, and in about a quarter of an hour after, such workmen as were found unhurt, along with three others who had been severely burnt, were all brought to bank ; but one of the latter (a boy named Jonathan Gardner) died a few hours afterwards. On further examination, it was discovered that the explosion was confined to about 200 yards in the north-west part of the seam, and, as they proceeded, they found in the workings, nine dead bodies, eight of whom were boys, and one man, two of whom had been burnt to death, and the rest had died from the effects of the after-damp. There were also found two horses dead. At the time of the accident there were between 30 and 40 men down in different parts of the mine ; and in the particular district of the fire, between 70 and 80 hewers had just left off working and returned to bank a few minutes before it occurred, and the only man who suffered was Thomas Haswell, a hewer, who on account of being lame, did not go away with his comrades, but while waiting to ride upon the waggons, the explosion took place, by which he unfortunately lost his life. A boy named Pile, also was thrown down by the violence of the blast, but escaped with only his arm broken ; and a man, a driver, was fortunately within the tub on the empty waggon, which was thrown over upon him, and his escape was attributed to this singular circumstance, as the horse he was driving was killed. Saturday the 7th, an inquest was held on the bodies, before Richard Maynard, esq. coroner for that division of the county of Durham, and a respectable jury, at the Thornton Colliery inn, and after a long and careful investigation of the circumstances connected with the melancholy event, it appeared from the evidence brought before them that the pit generally at all times was considered in a very safe state, being thoroughly ventilated

by an up-cast and down-cast shaft; that the Hervey seam was a new one, and had been worked only since April preceding; that a trapper boy, named R. Gardner (one of the sufferers), was observed during the day with his trap-door open, and was at the time cautioned; but that ultimately it is supposed he had fallen asleep with his door propped, by which means a portion of the ventilation of the mine was stopped, and in consequence a quantity of foul air gradually accumulating, had fired at his candle, and caused the explosion. The jury, under these circumstances, after consulting some time, returned the following verdict:—"Accidental death—caused by an explosion of fire-damp, but by what means it was caused could not be discovered." The following is a list of the unfortunate sufferers:—Thomas Haswell, hewer, aged 42, leaving a wife and seven children; John Armstrong, putter, aged 15; John Gardner and Robert Gardner, two brothers, aged 17 and 9, one a putter and the other a trapper; John Graham and George Graham, two brothers, aged 16 and 11, both putters; Peter Gradon, driver, aged 11; George Ord, flatman, aged 17; and Thomas Hall, putter, aged 17. The coroner having signed the warrants for the interment of the deceased, the whole were buried at Kelloe, the same afternoon. Nearly all the population of Thornley turned out to accompany the funeral procession—a melancholy and heart-rending spectacle which it was impossible to behold without the deepest emotions. The damage sustained in the workings of the pit were very inconsiderable, there being only a few board-end stoppings knocked down, and some other trifling things, all of which were soon replaced, and the mine again restored to a proper state of ventilation.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (Aug. 5).—Thursday, Messrs. Bolekow and Vaughan, of Middlesbrough, brought their new iron-works into partial operation, when the "rolling mill" was set in action for the first time. One o'clock was the hour appointed, and at that time a great number of visitors were present to witness the start—several gentlemen from Stockton and other places—and all seemed to take a lively interest in the proceedings. About 2 o'clock all was in readiness, and a lump of iron, in a state of fusion; was conveyed on a proper carriage to the "squeezer," where it was kneaded (as a gentleman observed) "like an old woman working a loaf." This squeezer is of great power and weight—upwards of 20 tons! Its shape and action may be compared to the head of a huge crocodile; and some one had humorously chalked an eye on each side, and a row of large teeth on the jaw, which gave it the appearance of a mighty monster chewing red hot iron! After the mass had undergone this process, it was quickly conveyed to the rollers, when Mr. Vaughan seized it with a proper pair of

pincers, and passed it through the rollers, amidst the loud and long-continued hurrahs of the whole of the workmen and the company present. It was passed successively through the different grooves of the rollers, till it became a long fine bar of wrought iron. All expressed themselves highly delighted with what they had witnessed, and could not but admire the completeness of the machinery, so far as it was fixed, and the admirable arrangement of the whole of the works. The different departments are so arranged that the huge masses of wrought iron can be moved from one part to the other, for the necessary operations, and finally shipped at the door, with the greatest facility and economy of labour.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (Aug).—About the first week in this month, in making some new pits in a tan-yard belonging to John Ridley, at Hexham; there was found at the depth of several feet, the deposition of centuries, a very beautiful specimen of a silver penny of Henry III. It appears to belong to the earlier period of that monarch's long reign of 55 years, the reverse bearing a voided cross within the inner circle, and four pellets conjoined in each compartment, refers it to a date prior to 1248, when money of a different mintage came into circulation.—*J. R. in Gateshead Observer.*

An Egyptian Goose—a very rare bird in this part of the country—was about this time shot at Wark, on the south side of the Tweed, by Lord Ossulston's gamekeeper.—*Local Papers.*

August 6.—Friday, the Bishop of Durham confirmed 208 young persons belonging to Gateshead, Gateshead Fell, and the chapelry of Heworth, in Gateshead church. Upwards of fifty years had elapsed since there had been a confirmation at this church.—*Ibid.*

August—This month, the spacious premises in Grey street, Newcastle, formerly occupied by the District bank, were purchased by the directors of the Bank of England, with the view of being added to their branch establishment, which immediately adjoined them.—*Ibid.*

August 9.—Towards evening on this day, Monday, as three Mid-dlesbro' gentlemen, Messrs. Garbutt, Thompson, and Lunn, were sailing up the river Tees, when near the 9th buoy, the boat unfortunately upset. They succeeded for some time in holding by the mast head, which was above water, but two of the three attempted reaching the shore by swimming, and Mr. John Garbutt swam for the north shore, whilst Mr. Jas. Thompson tried for the south side of the river, when both, after struggling for upwards of a mile, disappeared. Mr. Lunn, the gentleman saved, was picked up by the Eliza steam-tug, after clinging to the mast for an hour and a quarter. The accident spread the greatest gloom in the neighbourhood, the sufferers

being well known, and supporters of all aquatic amusements on the Tees.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (Aug. 10).—Tuesday, about two o'clock on the morning, an explosion of fire-damp took place in one of the side workings of Haswell colliery, co. Durham, whereby a man named Routledge was killed, and five others burnt, two very severely. Routledge was quite dead when found; the greatest force of the ignited gas having been expended on his person: the others being at some yards distance, escaped with various extent of injury.—*Ibid.*

August 10.—Died, at the West Wall Cottages, aged 77, much respected, George Brown, schoolmaster. Mr. Brown was an eminent teacher of navigation, and was well known as one of the first practical mathematicians in Newcastle. He was the author of the *Tide Table* published in his name for many successive years by Messrs, Mitchell, proprietors of the Tyne Mercury Newspaper.—*Ibid.*

August 11.—About one o'clock, A.M. as a man named Bell was passing along the Quayside, Newcastle, on his way to his lodging in the Bigg market, he was accosted by two women standing at the extremity of Blue-Anchor chare, one of those narrow gloomy lanes which traverse that densely populated district. One of them named Donnison craved money, and while talking with her on this subject, Bell heard a slight scuffle further up the lane and moving in the direction of the noise discovered a woman on her back in a pool of blood and wounded on the head. By her, stood a man who asked Donnison to help him to carry her to her lodging, and in lifting her head, Donnison's hands became bloody. Bell ran out for a policeman and soon found one, but by this time the man had disappeared. Donnison, however, was taken into custody as she had been found under suspicious circumstances. At the inquests which ensued, the surgeon considered that the wound or wounds had been produced by violence, and the evidence generally was so unsatisfactory, that the jury returned a verdict that Jane Anderson, the unfortunate deceased, came to her death by a blow on the head, but how or by what means given, there was no evidence to show. Government, however, offered £100 reward for the discovery and conviction of the murderer. Subsequent investigations caused the reapprehension of Donnison, but the grand jury in the ensuing assizes, threw out the bill.—*Ibid.*

August 11.—Wednesday, the church of "The Holy Saviour," in the village of Tynemouth, was consecrated by the lord bishop of Durham, in the presence of a numerous and respectable body of parishioners and others. The rev. Chris. Reed, the vicar; the rev. Mr. Hill, the curate; the churchwardens, and several of the neighbouring clergy, assisted in the interesting ceremony.—*Ibid.*

1841 (Aug. 11).—A fine boy, about four years of age, son of William Lisle, a labourer at the railway station, at Hexham, died on this day of hydrophobia, occasioned by the bite of a dog about a fortnight previous. The parents had no suspicion of the case until the preceding Monday, when a surgeon was called in, and on a glass of water being offered to the poor child, he became quite convulsed, and continued in great agony until Wednesday morning at four o'clock, when death terminated his sufferings. The circumstance caused a great sensation in the town, and the local authorities issued a notice that all dogs found unmuzzled in the streets would be destroyed.—*Local Papers.*

August.—This month, the monument to the pious and munificent Dr. Van Mildert was erected in the chapel of the Nine Altars, at the eastern extremity of the Cathedral of Durham. His lordship is represented in his robes and seated on a chair, with a book in his hand; and seems to be in the act of delivering a charge to his clergy. The likeness, considering that the sculptor, Mr. Gibson, never saw the deeply lamented original, may be said to be good, particularly the profile; while the drapery and general effect are excellent.—*Ibid.*

A patent was, this month, granted to Wm. Losh, esq., of Newcastle and Little Benton for improvements in the manufacture of railway wheels.—*Ibid.*



Corner Tower, Newcastle (1826).

August 12.—Thursday, great rejoicing took place among the colliers of Murton, near Dalton-le-Dale by whose exertions and zeal, guided by the indomitable perseverance and undoubted ability and energy of Mr. Edward Potter, the viewer and engineer, the South Hetton Coal Company had conquered difficulties apparently insurmountable, and succeeded in sinking through the sand at their extensive

winning of Murton. Of all the mining operations which it has been our lot to record, or which have engaged the patience and funds of the capitalist—the ability of the engineer—or harrassed and disappointed every exertion in order to the overcoming of difficulties apparently wholly insurmountable, perhaps we may not be wrong in stating it to be the most remarkable on record. It was in the autumn of the year 1838 that the sinking of five pits was commenced, and immediately there sprung into existence a host of smoky buildings, lofty chimnies, and mighty engines groaning and hissing in their ceaseless labours—a busy crowd of swarthy miners hurrying to and fro, all ready to obey the master-hand and to undergo any exercise of their peculiar vocation calculated to advance the marvellous work. Shrouded in an asmosphere perturbed and dark, and filled with noisome stench, day and night laboured the mechanical powers, and certainly not in a less degree, the sturdy miners. By the beginning of 1840, the available mechanical means, amounting to the power of five hundred and forty horses, was put into action in order to the breaking of the crust of limestone to gain access to the quicksand. Up to this time, a strong feeder had been coming out of the limestone, but on its being broken by the final shot, the quicksand and water instantly rose to the height of fifteen fathoms in one of the pits, but the united power of the engines, extracting more than seven thousand gallons of water per minute, was found to master the spring. This mastery however, could not be maintained, as the sand operated against it in two ways—first it was found that the buckets owing to the wear of the leather, had to be changed in the lower sets sometimes as often as every three hours; hence therefore, arose a cause of delay which allowed the water to resume its old position. Another difficulty arose from the immense mass of sand held in solution by the water, which, by its superior specific gravity, settled upon the slightest stoppage of the engine, thus causing the loss and breakage of the buckets and other remote machinery. Thus if a column of water of thirty-three fathoms was charged with sand—after a trifling stand, it was found that there fell on the bucket a dense pillar of sand, five fathoms in height—a difficulty apparently insurmountable. The delays constantly recurring from these contingencies baffled every effort to make way through the sand, notwithstanding Mr. Potter's great personal exertions. In this dilemma, the operations were suddenly brought to a stand in the latter end of June 1840, and the proprietors availed themselves of the experience of Messrs. Nicholas Wood and George Johnson, by whose advice they immediately erected two additional engines * of three

* Designed by Mr. John Clarke of the Deptford Iron Works and executed in the

hundred horse power each, on average pressure, making a grand total of the power of eleven hundred and forty horses, giving to bank a total delivery of ten thousand, eight hundred and thirty two gallons of water every minute. Eighteen boilers supplied steam to the mighty mass of mechanical power which ultimately procured the completion of the gigantic undertaking, which occupied a period of time, between commencement and completion, of not less than two years and a half. Not the least remarkable feature is the amazing patience and perseverance exhibited on the part of the proprietors, who though daily and hourly subjected to an expence of the most ruinous amount, yet continued steadfastly to proceed with the work, trusting to a successful issue for repayment. Truly the expences were enormous: during the time they had to contend with sand and water, the leather buckets alone cost 11l. 5s. hour by hour, and three tan-yards but served to supply the requisite quantity of leather; an hundred tons of coal day by day were required to feed the furnaces, and the water which flowed from the ceaseless working of the pumps and buckets, formed a notable stream, and created for itself a channel where water had never run before.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (Aug. 17).—Tuesday, about 12 o'clock, a man rather in a state of intoxication, was observed leisurely crossing Tyne bridge, but on reaching about the middle of it, he stopped, and after exclaiming "Lord have mercy on my soul," suddenly sprang upon the parapet, and before any one could prevent him, he jumped into the river. Fortunately, a wherryman named Robert Archer, who was in his wherry not far from him, seeing his perilous situation, threw a rope with a noose at the end of it, towards him, and this having luckily gone over his head, he drew the drowning man carefully to his craft, and lifted him safely into it, in a state of insensibility. The man was immediately conveyed to the Old Custom House, and Mr. Walker, surgeon, having arrived, he was soon afterwards restored. The rash man, on coming to his senses, seemed very penitent, and gave no other account for doing what he did, except that he had got too much drink.—*Ibid.*

August 19.—Died, at Villa place, Newcastle, Sarah Dickenson, aged 88. She was born on Gateshead Low Fell, where she lived till within a very few years of her death. Her mother (Sarah Fenwick) and herself were "doctresses" there for nearly one hundred years; and during that time they nursed upwards of one hundred children, principally from Newcastle. They frequently nursed both the mothers

iron works of Messrs. Hawks of Gateshead, under the management of Messrs. Jamieson and Golightly.

and their children. Sarah Fenwick died upwards of 90 years of age; and her daughter, Dorothy Wilson, also died about 1839 in Gateshead, at a very advanced age. They were all respectable in their several situations of life, and rendered great benefit to a poor, laborious population, for many miles around them.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (Aug. 20).—At half-past one o'clock, A.M., Policeman Hood, of Gateshead, while on Tyne-bridge, observed the Daisy steam-boat, then lying at Hillgate shore, to be on fire. Superintendent Usher, who was instantly apprised of the fact, succeeded, with considerable difficulty, in getting on board; and water being handed to him from the river, by Inspector Welton and Policeman Hood, he extinguished the flames. The fire had originated near the engine, and, at one time, the flames were blazing nine or ten feet above the deck, a-midships. The main-beam was burnt completely through, and it required great promptitude and labour to preserve the vessel from being a total wreck. She was formerly the property of one of the companies on the Tyne, but at the time of the fire belonged to a poor industrious man.—*Ibid.*

August 20.—Early on Friday morning, a fire occurred in the premises of Mr. Skelly, butcher and tallow-chandler, Tweedmouth, which was not subdued until the house, with the materials and stock, was entirely destroyed. The loss was estimated at £500.—*Ibid.*

August 20.—It has already been recorded that on New Year's day, 1840, the seekers for the incorporation of South Shields obtained a majority of five in favour of an application to the government for that purpose. A petition was forthwith prepared and forwarded to her majesty's privy council but received no attention. Subsequently a day having been appointed for the consideration of all such applications, the committee for the grant were instantly on the alert and forwarding a deputation of J. T. Wawn, esq. the member for South Shields, and several other gentlemen to the metropolis, they were met by the opposers of the scheme, represented in the persons of Richard Shortridge (the senior magistrate), R. W. Swinburne, and W. Anderson, esquires, with J. J. Wright, esq. of Sunderland, their solicitor. On the above day the consultation and decision of the privy council was made, when it was decided that the charters to North and South Shields and other places, whose claims had been duly considered by the council, should not be granted.—*Ibid.*

August 21.—Saturday, the *Beacon Buoy* yacht, with buoys for the Coquet roads, and apparatus for lighting the lighthouse on Coquet island, arrived in the roads, having on board a deputation from the Trinity corporation of Deptford Strond, consisting of capt. Weynton (Commodore,) capt. Ellerby, capt. Weller, and capt. Pixley. On

Sunday the honourable gentlemen attended church and afterwards visited the castle and hermitage; and on Monday morning, by 4 o'clock, they personally superintended the placing of the buoys, in which occupation they were engaged till Tuesday; and on Wednesday morning they weighed anchor, and proceeded to the Farn islands, to inspect the lights and deliver stores. At sunset on Friday, Oct. 1, the light on Coquet island was exhibited for the first time. It is a brilliant fixed light, and is seen from a great distance at sea. Several parties made excursions during the day to the island, and, in the evening, the Warkworth steamer took a party off to sea, to witness its effect. From the rocks being buoyed, and the island lighted, this place, instead of being a terror to mariners, will now be a protection and refuge to them in gales of wind, from the east to all points round to the south and west.—*Local Papers*.

A massive and beautiful new service of communion plate was this month procured for the parish church, Kirkwhelpington, by the voluntary contributions of all classes of the parishioners and the incumbent. It consists of a paten and plate, flagon and chalice, of solid silver. Each bears the following inscription:—"Ecclesiae sancti Bartholomei de Whelpington Edonis fidelium, 1841."—*Ibid*.

1841 (August 24.)—Tuesday, a cricket-match was played in the cricket-ground, near the Baths, between the Northumberland and Carlisle Cricket Clubs. Previous to the commencement of the game every suitable preparation had been made for the comfort and convenience of the parties, refreshments of every description being provided on the ground, and at one end of the field a marquee was erected for the tellers. Unfortunately the beginning of the day was very unpropitious, and the game was deferred for some time, until at length it having cleared up, the Carlisle Club went in, and scored only 45, for their first innings; and the Northumberland Club, after playing until dusk, with two men to go in, scored 215, at which time the combatants were obliged to desist. Although the game was thus left, it was obvious that even had the Carlisle Club resumed it next day, their chance of success against such superior playing was altogether out, and in consequence the Northumberland Club were declared the victors.—*Ibid*.

August 25.—Wednesday, the Great North of England Railway company sent from Darlington, forty tons of fish (chiefly herrings); part of which would be in Billingsgate market at 6 o'clock next morning!—*Ibid*.

August 28.—Saturday morning, about four o'clock, a fire was discovered in the gig-house of Mr. John Walker Crossling, hack horse keeper, New Elvet, Durham. It appeared that a gentleman belong-

ing to that city hired a horse and gig to go to Newcastle on the preceding day, Friday, and returned about twelve o'clock the same night. He and another gentleman smoked their pipes all the way from Newcastle, and had dashed some of the lighted tobacco on the mat of the gig, which had smouldered unobserved from twelve o'clock that night until four o'clock on the Saturday morning. The body of the gig was burnt to ashes; fortunately, however, no other damage was done, for the gig-house being situated between two stables; had the fire got to the straw or hay it might have been attended with serious consequences.—*Local Papers*.

1841 (August 31).—St. Paul's Chapel, Westgate hill, Newcastle, which had for some time past been used as a place of worship, and as a chapel of ease for the parish of St. John, was consecrated, along with the burial ground, by the lord bishop of Durham. His lordship also preached an impressive sermon on the occasion, from the 1st of Kings, the 8th chapter, and 17th verse, "And it was in the heart of David, my father, to build an house for the name of the Lord God of Israel." After the sermon a collection was made amounting to £23. 10s. in aid of the funds.—*Ibid*.

Same day, the bishop of Durham, grand visitor of the Newcastle Infirmary, inspected that institution. His lordship was received in the governor's hall by the medical officers, and P. G. Ellison, J. L. Loraine, Emerson Charnley, George Brumell, Hedley Vicars, George Clementson, and John Bulman, Esquires, members of the house committee. His lordship minutely inspected the wards, and made the following entry in the house visitors' book:—

"AUGUST 31, 1841.—Every thing that I have seen this day confirms the very favourable impression made upon me when I inspected the hospital five years ago. The wards are cleanly and admirably ventilated; the patients appear truly thankful for the care taken of them, and wear an air of contentment as well as resignation, which is truly gratifying. I am persuaded that the institution is conducted in a way to promote the medical arts, while it effectually relieves suffering humanity; and with such just claims to the favour of the public, I trust it will never be allowed to languish for want of liberal encouragement. The bread and beer are, as usual, of the best quality."—*Ibid*.

September 1.—This day as a waggon loaded with cinders was proceeding along Mosley street, Newcastle, smoke was seen issuing from it, and on examination, it was discovered that the cinders were burning, and had set fire to the waggon. All speed therefore, in unloading the cinders, and a barrel of whiskey which was on them, was made, and the waggon received but little damage.—*Ibid*.

September 1.—Died at Hett Mill, near Durham, Mrs. Barbara

Cook, aged 72; and on Saturday the 4th, aged 2 years, Hannah, daughter of Mr. Robert Cook, and grand-daughter of Mrs. Cook. As they were removing the corpse of the grandmother, the child had wandered out of the house, and in passing round the corner had fallen into the mill race, and was drowned. Although she had not been missing more than five minutes, all attempts to restore animation were ineffectual.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (Sep. 2).—Thursday, the admirers of that healthful and manly sport, cricket, were again gratified by witnessing another interesting match, which came off on the Cricket Ground, near the Baths, Newcastle, between the Northumberland Club and the officers of the garrisons of Newcastle, Sunderland, and Tynemouth, with two men given. The day was remarkably fine, and the attendance numerous, both of ladies and gentlemen, while the excellent band of the 61st regiment (which colonel Forbes had kindly granted) greatly enlivened the scene by playing at intervals, several popular and select pieces. The wickets were pitched at 11 o'clock, and from the apparently well balanced state of the parties, the interest excited on the issue of the game was very considerable; but as it proceeded, although the military displayed much skill and ability, the superior discipline and close playing of the Northumberland Club, was soon very apparent, for after their opponents had played both their innings, scoring only 86, the Northumberland won the game in the most triumphant style in their first innings, by scoring 102, with 16 runs to spare. During the game every suitable refreshment was provided in the pavillion on the ground; and at 4 o'clock the game ceased until the competitors partook of an excellent dinner, provided for the occasion, after which it was resumed until 7 o'clock.—*Ibid.*

September 2.—Hartlepool races, to which every man, woman, and child in Hartlepool had been looking forward with intense expectation for weeks, came off on the above and two following days. Six years had elapsed since any entertainments of a similar kind gladdened the few inhabitants of the then small fishing-place; and some there were who prognosticated the impossibility of a revival. But owing to the great personal activity and exertion of Mr. Lawrenson, the clerk of the course, assisted by a few sporting coadjutors, the subscription-list quickly presented a most liberal and respectable array, headed by the names of the duke of Cleveland, lord lieutenant, and the two members for the southern division of the county. The Town-moor was the place fixed upon for the course; and a more beautiful locality can scarcely be imagined. The glorious bay, backed by an amphitheatre of hills—the lofty rocks, broken by the waves into the most picturesque arches—combined with the bright verdure

of the turf to form a picture of natural beauty scarcely to be surpassed. The weather, on the first day, Thursday, was delightful; and long before the appointed hour, crowds of smartly-dressed and happy-looking people thronged to the course, where booths, gaily decorated with flags, shows with all manner of inconceivable curiosities, and stalls spread with the most tempting dainties, wiled away the interval previous to the racing. The weather, on the second day, was wet, but not sufficiently so to deter a great number of spectators from assembling; and the racing was held to be fully equal to that of the previous day. The wind, which had been boisterous all the afternoon, rose, during the night, to a heavy gale, and the scene on Saturday morning was desolate in the extreme. Most of the booths had been unroofed by the violence of the hurricane, and the wreck of a vessel, which had struck upon the rocks, gave additional evidence of the disastrous tempest. The rain poured in torrents during the whole day; yet, at the signal hour of starting, a few brave sons of the turf, enveloped in various costumes more useful than ornamental, came plodging to the course with an energetic determination to see the end of the sport. The greatest satisfaction was expressed by all parties, who were unanimous in opinion that better sport had never been witnessed at any races in the kingdom. Subscriptions were immediately entered into for the following season; and Robert Stephenson, esq., of Hart, and John Thompson, esq., of Richmond, were appointed stewards.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (Sept. 3).—At Charente, in France, a man fell into the river there, and must have been drowned, but for the prompt assistance of Mr. John Wardropper, of Sunderland, captain of the Marquis of Bute, who, with the dauntless heroism of a British sailor, sprang overboard, and at the imminent risk of his own life, after a severe struggle, ultimately succeeded in restoring the poor fellow in safety to his friends. This was the third person who owed his preservation to the bravery of captain Wardropper, exclusive of his rescuing the crew of a French ship from the wreck of their vessel.—*Ibid.*

A wanton attempt was made in the beginning of this month, by the Providence of Boulogne, a French fishing vessel, to run down a herring fishing boat belonging to North Sunderland, but fortunately their boat was new, and built of the best materials, or, from the concussion, she must inevitably have gone to the bottom. The fishermen belonging the herring boat suspecting that the French vessel would take Newton harbour, two of the fishermen went there, and found her anchored in that bay. They represented their case to Lieut. Brunton, R.N., stationed at Newton, who promptly went on board the French vessel with the two fishermen, when, after a minute

examination of all the circumstances of the case by Lieut. Brunton, he gave it as his opinion that the captain of the French vessel had been guilty of a great outrage, and it was finally adjusted by his paying for the injury the English boat had sustained.—*Local Papers*.

September 6.—About three months previous to this date, Mr. Gravett, then master of the brig *British Queen*, of Rye, lost a favourite dog, of the Newfoundland species, in the port of Shields. The vessel was now in the Wear, but the master had taken command of another ship, when, to the surprise of the crew, the lost dog went on board of its own accord, having gone down the dark entry leading from the Low-street to the river, passed over three keels, and jumped upwards of six feet to get on the deck of the vessel. He evinced the greatest degree of attachment for the ship, and was so jealous of strangers coming on board, that one seaman, who stepped on the gunwale, to go to another ship in the same tier, was obliged to go up one side of the rigging and down the other side, for fear the dog should fly at him. From a mark round his neck, he appeared to have been tied up for a length of time.—*Ibid*.



WEST SPITAL TOWER, Newcastle (Jan. 1846).

September 7.—Tuesday, the North of England grand Dahlia show was held in the Music Hall, Newcastle, on an unusually splendid scale, and was most fashionably and numerously attended by most of the leading families of the town and neighbourhood, and by many ladies and gentlemen from a distance. The morning show commenced a little past two, when the room was immediately crowded. The

principal or centre table had a brilliant appearance, from the devices and bouquets of dahlias, combined with the choicest of the prize flowers, being arrayed upon it; and the surrounding tables commanding great attention from their being covered with dahlias, and the several bouquets of cut flowers, some of which were pronounced to be exceedingly rich and splendid. The devices were particularly beautiful, especially a balloon with car and parachute attached, which was suspended from the ceiling in the centre of the room, and was most tastefully formed of dahlias entwined with laurel leaves and choice flowers of the richest colours; it was exhibited by Mr. Riccalton, gardener to col. Bell, of Fenham Hall, and was a general object of attraction and admiration. An elegantly constructed temple was shown by Mr. John Watson, gardener to Matt. Anderson, esq. of Jesmond; a castle with flower-garden, and a fountain gracefully throwing forth streams of water, was produced by Mr. Scott, of Sandhoe; and a coal waggon, by Mr. Henry Newton, of Newcastle, which were also deserved objects of admiration. The prize flowers were first-rate specimens, and the bouquets of cut flowers were tasteful and varied. At seven o'clock the doors were again thrown open for the evening promenade, when the hall was brilliantly illuminated with gas. In the gallery, the front of which was decorated with a transparent wreath, having the figures 61 within it, was placed the excellent band of the 61st regiment, who played several pleasing and spirit-stirring airs in their accustomed fine style. The hall was excessively crowded and every one seemed highly to enjoy the scene. Between nine and ten o'clock the exhibition closed, the band playing the national anthem.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (Sept. 9).—Thursday evening, a man named W. Cummins, labourer, of Hetton, while in a public-house in that township, offered, in a drunken bravado, to allow any one of the company to chop off one of his fingers for a quart of ale, or two fingers for two quarts of ale. The landlord of the house, John Cowey, took him at his word, and by the most cheerful acquiescence of Cummins, applied a knife to one of his little fingers, which was laid upon a table, and with a poker struck the knife, and severed the finger by the first joint. Such was the agony of the poor unfortunate wretch, that it took three men to hold him. When recovering out of a fainting fit in which he thought he was dying, he exclaimed, "If I die, don't hurt Jack Cowey." The wound was dressed by a surgeon, and the man recovered.—*Ibid.*

September 12.—Sunday morning, a little after 4 o'clock, an alarming fire was discovered at the bottom of the yard of Mr. Kaberry, the Rose and Crown inn, Bigg market, and immediately behind the vicarage, Newcastle. The flames soon burst through the roof of the build-

ing (the upper part of which was occupied as a joiner's workshop, and the lower as a harness room) and raged with much fury, threatening destruction to the stables and other buildings adjacent. The engines were soon upon the spot, and the vicar (the rev. R. C. Coxe,) gave directions that the firemen and engines should be at once admitted into the grounds of the vicarage. A plentiful supply of water being at hand, the engines played effectively upon the burning mass, and in a short time the fire was got under, its ravages being confined to the destruction of the cabinet-maker's shop. It was fortunately a very calm morning, which aided the efforts of the firemen and others, amongst whom the vicar's servants as well as himself, were laudably conspicuous to extinguish the devouring element. The principal damage done was to the property of Anthony F. Barron, who had been about three years in business as a cabinet-maker, and who was reduced to ruin by the entire loss of his stock and tools. During the fire a number of pigs were nearly destroyed, on account of the difficulty in getting them removed, they having been several times driven from it, but they as frequently returned; and, in one instance, a young man named Hall nearly lost his life, for while attempting to turn them back, a burning rafter fell upon him and knocked him down, and it was several minutes before he was extricated by four men, who boldly ventured, at the risk of their lives, to his assistance. On the suggestion of the rev. the vicar, a subscription was subsequently set on foot for the relief of the sufferers by the fire.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (Sept. 14).—Tuesday, in the afternoon, a fight between two men took place on Elswick Haughs, near Newcastle, and the death of one of them was the consequence. The combatants were Richard Robson and John Maclean, both in the employment of Messrs. Abbott and Co., of Gateshead. The parties had been drinking together, and quarrelled. They fought for a considerable time, and on the arrival of the police, about half-past two o'clock, Maclean was lying on his back in an insensible state. The unfortunate man was placed in a boat, and conveyed to his parents' house in Pipewellgate, Gateshead, where he lingered until half-past 8 o'clock, and then expired. Robson was apprehended in the Close, in the course of the evening, by sub-inspector Watson. Maclean having died in Gateshead, the duty of investigating the affair devolved on the authorities of the county of Durham. An inquest was held on Friday the 17th, when a verdict of "Manslaughter" was returned against Robson only; thereby acquitting the parties who acted as seconds in the affair. At the Durham Spring assizes, 1842, Robson was tried and found guilty; but as no part of the evidence indicated any foul play

to have taken place the learned judge sentenced him, under all the circumstances—and he having already been in prison for six months—to one week's further imprisonment.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (Sept. 14).—Tuesday night, a fire was discovered in the shop of Mr. Drury, surgeon, Clive-street, North Shields. The police and others assisted in putting out the fire, which was completely got under without the aid of the fire-engine, which was speedily on the spot. Considerable damage was done to the shop-fixtures and other property.—*Ibid.*

September 14–16.—The Bazaar at Sunderland, for which the most magnificent preparations had been making for several weeks, in aid of the funds for liquidating the debt contracted in building the new church at Seaham Harbour, was held on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, under the illustrious patronage of her majesty queen Adelaide, and the most noble the marchioness of Londonderry, and was most numerous and fashionably attended by the leading inhabitants of Sunderland, and by most of the principal gentry of the counties of Durham and Northumberland. The large hall of the Athenæum was the place selected for this splendid fancy fair, and during the whole time it was much crowded by gay visitors. The walls were tastefully decorated with white muslin drapery, chastely relieved with pink rosettes, which had a most enlivening effect. The gallery was occupied by a capital band of musicians, which occasionally played several animated pieces of music. The stalls were placed around the room, that of the marchioness of Londonderry and lady Alexandrina Vane occupying the centre at the upper end, and that of the viscountess Dungannon and Miss Irvine the centre at the lower end. The other stalls were allotted to lady Frances Vane, lady Adelaide Vane, viscountess Chelsea, hon. Mrs. Robert Liddell, Miss Cassidi, lady Rendlesham, hon. Misses Thelluson; Mrs. Carr, of South Shields; Mrs. Brown, of Dalton-de-Dale; the marquess of Blandford, viscount Seaham, lord Ward, lord Adolphus Vane, and numerous assistants. The principal stall was that of the marchioness of Londonderry, on which were exhibited for sale a variety of foreign articles, curiosities from Bagdad, Smyrna, &c., needlework contributed by the queen Dowager, the duchess of Gloucester, the princess Sophia, and other illustrious ladies, which formed the chief point of attraction, and throughout the whole time her ladyship was busily occupied in attending to the demands of her numerous customers. Her ladyship's narrative of her audience of the Sultan was in great request. The other stalls attracted much attention, and were very beautifully covered and courteously attended. The receipts on Tuesday were 530l. 15s. 6d., and on Wednesday they were 409l. 4s. 6d.,

making a total of 940l. for the two days. The bazaar was again opened on Thursday and continued to be most fashionably attended; the receipts were considerable, making the total about twelve hundred pounds. After the close of the bazaar on Thursday evening an elegant fancy ball was held at the Thompson Arms Hotel, Sunderland, in aid of the funds of the Infirmary, under the patronage of the marchioness of Londonderry. It was attended by several distinguished visitors at Wynyard Park, and by a numerous and fashionable company from the surrounding district. The marchioness of Londonderry appeared in her elegant tournament dress, brilliantly covered with diamonds; lady Rendlesham in a tournament dress of great beauty; lord Ward and lord Edwin Hill in the costume of Highland chieftains; lord Seaham in a deputy lieutenant's uniform; lord Adolphus Vane, lord Cantilupe, Mr. St. John and capt. Hamilton, in fancy dresses; the hon. Misses Thelluson, in Spanish costume; and the marquess of Londonderry, decorated with several orders; the hon. lady Williamson, sir Hedworth Williamson, Mrs. Liddell of Easington, lord and lady Howick, Mr. and Mrs. Surtees, of Hamsterley, Miss Fenwick, Mr. Bond, lady Dunganon, Miss Irvine, and Mr. and Mrs. Pemberton, were in splendid fancy dresses. The heat was excessive, and lady Londonderry, what with the weight of her dress and the oppression of the room, was obliged to leave sooner than her ladyship intended.—*Local Papers.*



Presumed Original appearance of WHITE FRIAR TOWER,
Newcastle upon Tyne.

CHAPTER XIII.



SEPTEMBER 15-17, 1841, Sunderland was the scene of a contested election, consequent upon the resignation of Mr. Alderman Thompson. The candidates were lord Howick and Mr. Wolverley Attwood. On Wednesday the 15th, the nomination took place on hustings erected in front of the Exchange. Thursday the 16th was the polling day, and on Friday morning, at 10 o'clock, the mayor, R. White, esq. made an

official declaration of the poll from the hustings, the numbers being, for

Lord Howick	..	..	..	..	..	705
Mr. Attwood	..	..	..	..	..	463

He therefore declared lord Howick to have been duly elected. The crowd collected on the occasion was immense, and lord Howick found it impossible to do more than briefly to return thanks. Mr. Attwood spoke at some length; Mr. Binns also attempted to speak, but ineffectually, and the proceedings were therefore soon brought to a close. After the company had left the hustings, lord Howick's chairing procession was formed, when his lordship, seated in an open carriage, drawn by four horses, with music, flags, and a very large assemblage of friends, proceeded through the streets of Sunderland and Bishopwearmouth. Up to this time no display of violence had taken place, but on arriving at Whitburn street, Monkwearmouth, the scene was quickly changed into one of dangerous riot and confusion. Two of Mr. Attwood's flags were suspended from the window of a private dwelling-house, and of a public-house kept by a person named Edward Liddle (the sign of "the Reform Tavern"). In passing these the crowd hooted and hissed. No sooner had they done so, than a volley of stones was thrown from the upper story of

the house into the procession. The stones were such as are used for paving, many of them as large as half bricks; and they of course scattered the procession, and seriously injured several individuals. One of these hit lord Howick over the right hand, and the other hit Mrs. Bell (who was in another carriage) on the arm. A third stone hit Mr. J. W. Robinson, solicitor. A portion of the crowd, exasperated by this proceeding, instantly threw back several of the stones. No sooner did the course of retaliation begin, than the landlord of the house, Edward Liddle, presented a fowling-piece from the window of the upper room (the low sash of which was completely up), and moving it in various directions, without apparently taking aim at any particular person, snapped the gun, but it only flashed in the pan. Instantly on this act being observed, several of the procession attacked the house; and brickbats, thrown from both sides, wounded different persons; two or three of whom received several cuts on their heads. The house was rushed upon—the windows and a great part of the furniture broken—the small casks in the front room (which was fitted up as a bar) dashed on the ground and the spirits wasted, and many of the smaller articles in ordinary use either injured or destroyed.* Sir Hedworth Williamson obtained possession of the gun, and in the absence of a policeman himself took the man into custody. Immediately afterwards an officer arrived, and Liddle was conveyed to the station-house. The fowling-piece was then examined by the honourable baronet, and a policeman. There was found in it a full charge of powder, but not any shot. On this serious disturbance taking place, lord Howick was driven to Whitburn, the seat of sir Hedworth Williamson, and endeavours were made to prevent mischief, but it was some time before hostilities ceased. Several of the windows of the Bridge inn, were afterwards broken, but principally by boys, one of whom was sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment for the offence.—On Saturday morning, Liddle was taken to the mayor's chamber, when the details of the affair were gone into; Mr. A. J. Moore attending for the prosecution, and Mr. J. J. Wright for the defence,—when, the magistrates being unanimously of opinion that a violent assault had been committed by the defendant, they fined him in the penalty of 5*l.* and bound him over to keep the peace for 12 months, himself in 50*l.* and two sureties of 25*l.* each. The bail was given, and Liddle liberated.—*Local Papers.*

About this period, as the *Mercury* steamer was proceeding from Berwick to Newcastle, a child, between two and three years of age,

* Mr. Torbock, the owner of the property, subsequently applied for and obtained £30. damages against the Hundred.

fell from the vessel into the sea, immediately before the wheel. It escaped the blow from the paddle, but was sucked underneath; and after being invisible for six or seven minutes, during which consternation prevailed on board, the poor infant was seen considerably beyond the stern of the vessel floating on the surface. The crew acted with great skill and readiness; and, backing the vessel with much adroitness, succeeded in raising the child to the deck by means of the boat-hook, nothing the worse. The mother of the child, once despairing, was now overjoyed at its unexpected restoration to her arms.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (Sept.)—Mr. J. B. Gregson, of Newcastle, soda-water manufacturer, obtained a patent for improvements in pigments, and in the preparation of the sulphate of iron and magnesia; and Mr. John Thomas Carr, of the same place, obtained a patent for an improvement in steam-engines (communicated by a foreigner). *Ibid.*

September 16.—Tuesday, a melancholy catastrophe occurred at Long Newton, a village between Darlington and Stockton-on-Tees. A three-years-old bull, which had lately become unruly, was, in consequence, placed in a stable, and there chained to the manger, with his horns also fastened thereto with a rope, by the son-in-law of Mr. Wm. Stonehouse, of the above place, farmer, and owner of the bull. The latter person, on going into the stable, and observing the bull tied by the horns, set to work to unloose the rope, not perceiving that the animal had got rid of the chain by having torn it from his nostrils. The bull, on the rope being loosened, finding himself at liberty, and being much infuriated, immediately attacked its defenceless owner, and throwing him down, he gored him in several places in the most frightful manner. The son-in-law hearing the cries of his father, directly flew to his assistance, and succeeded in the most miraculous manner in securing the animal, but too late to save his parent's life, as the poor old man, from the injury he had received, expired shortly after the unfortunate event took place. Mr. Stonehouse was a respectable farmer, rather infirm, and about 70 years of age.—*Ibid.*

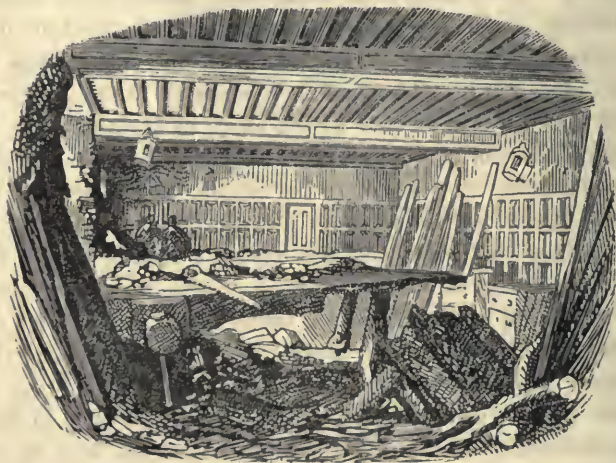
September 16.—The first meeting of the North Tyne and Redesdale Cheviot Sheep Show, was held at Falstone, and suitable premiums were awarded. The members of the society afterwards sat down to a sumptuous dinner, furnished by Mrs. Ridley, and spent the day with that conviviality for which the district has been long noted. The premiums of the society are limited to Cheviot stock—and a better and larger show than that of Falstone, was probably never witnessed in any field of competition.—*Ibid.*

September 17.—Died, at Lee Moor, near Alnwick, aged 69, Mr.

Straughan; on the 18th, aged 26, Miss Isabella Sanks, his niece; and on the 19th, aged 72, Mrs. Straughan, his wife, all greatly respected, and all occurred in one house in three successive days.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (Sept. 21).—Sir Matthew White Ridley, bart. of Blagdon, Northumberland, was married at Ampthill church, Bedfordshire, to Miss Cecilia Anne Parke, eldest daughter of the right hon. baron Parke. The venerable archdeacon Bayley officiated at the ceremony. Baron and lady Parke gave an elegant *dejeune* at Ampthill Park, to a select circle.—*Ibid.*

About this time R. W. Brandling, esq. of Gosforth, addressed the public (through the newspapers) on the subject of a railway bridge from Gateshead to the Castle garth, Newcastle, and invited attention to his plans of this project, which had been prepared for that purpose. *Ibid.*



CHAMBER in an ANTIENT MANSION in the Groat Market, Newcastle (Jan. 1846).



THE Northumberland Agricultural Society held its sixth anniversary for the show of stock, implements of husbandry, seeds, plants, &c., on Thursday, September the 23d, in the Bull Park, at the north entrance to Newcastle, when the attendance was very numerous, and very great interest appeared to be shown in the examination of the different descriptions of stock. The animals were not so numerous as was expected, but the quality was said by competent judges to be first-rate. The bulls, cows, heifers, &c., were ranged on the west side of the park, the horses on the north and east, the implements, seeds, and plants on the south, and the pens

for the sheep and pigs were placed in the centre. The band of the 61st regiment was in attendance, and played several fine airs during the day. The show of horses was numerous, and many of them were very fine. Two grey ponies, the property of Mr. Atkinson, coach-maker, were much admired, as was a brown colt, the property of Mr. Lee, of Stocksfield, and a grey colt, the property of the rev. Mr. Robson, of Ponteland. A brood mare for coach horses, sent by Mr. G. H. Ramsay, of Derwent Villa, attracted much notice, and the number of fine draught horses exhibited was very considerable. Amongst the short-horned cattle there was a number of beautiful animals. Amongst the bulls, Mr. W. Ord, M.P. had a very fine one; Mr. Angus, of Broomley, Mr. Ridley, of Arbour House, Mr. Stott, of Cambois, and Mr. Crofton, of Holywell, each exhibited beautiful animals. Mr. C. H. Bainbridge, Lumley Park, sent a cow, which had already taken three premiums; and amongst the steers and heifers there were some superior animals shown by Mr. Swan and Mr. Brown, of Newcastle, Mr. Stobart, of Epperley, and others. Altogether the show of short horns appeared to give great satisfaction. The show of sheep was extremely good, there being a number of first-rate animals exhibited. There were six sent by the duke of Northumberland which attracted the utmost attention; as to fleece, form, &c., they were extremely beautiful. The show of pigs was much more numerous than on former occasions, and many of the animals were in first-rate condition. Messrs. Hogg and Wood, of Coldstream, seedsmen to the society, attended with their plants, and roots, which occupied a large booth. The articles were arranged in four classes, and were all neatly labelled. There were garden seeds, flower seeds, perennials and biennials, and agricultural seeds in immense variety. There was also a collection of agricultural and gardening implements. There were about forty varieties of turnips, nearly one hundred varieties of seedling, cattle, and other potatoes, and some fine specimens of mangel wurzel, onions, and carrots. In this booth there was also exhibited a cattle enema and stomach pump, from the manufactory of Messrs. J. Brown and Son, cutlers, Grey street; and near it was a sack of red creeping wheat, sown on the 8th of March, 1841, and reaped on the 7th of September, in the same year. There was also a sack of Chidholm wheat, 62lbs. to the bushel, which won the prize at Liverpool. Mr. James Crozier exhibited some potatoes, direct from Sydney, a great variety of turnips, and a specimen of the drum-head or cattle cabbage, the circumference of the leaves of which was fifteen feet, the circumference of the heart was five feet, and it weighed four and a half stones. The agricultural implements were very numerous, and

several of them showed great skill in their formation. Mr. Ridley, of Arbour House, near Chester-le-Street, exhibited an oil-cake crusher, a simplified corn rake, a scuffler and harrow, and an improved turnip cutter for cattle and sheep. Mr. J. Usher, of Chester-le-Street, exhibited an improved winnowing machine, and Mr. S. Romanis, of Kelso, an improved model of the Hunterian plough. Mr. John Stevenson, of the High Bridge, exhibited an improved thrashing machine, a corn sower, a corn and hay rake, an oat and bean crusher, a chaff machine, two scufflers, and a model of a waggon formed to coup in the same manner as a coup-cart. Messrs. Garnett and Son, of Leicester, Suffolk, exhibited an improved thrashing machine of four-horse power, several corn sowers and drilling machines, a chaff cutting machine, and a ridge plough. The quantity and variety of the agricultural implements attracted great attention. The following gentlemen officiated as judges upon this occasion :—

SHEEP, PIGS, AND IMPLEMENTS.—Mr. Grey, Dilston; Mr. C. Angus, of Neswick, near Driffild; and Mr. John Biss Ogden, of Hariot Field. **HORSES.**—Mr. T. Jobling, of Castle Law, near Coldstream; Mr. Newby, of Hallgarth, near Durham; and captain Barton, of Newcastle. **CATTLE.**—Mr. S. Wylie, of Bransby, near York; Mr. J. Benn, of Lowther, Westmoreland; and Mr. Studham, of Carlisle.

The judges commenced their arduous labours about eleven o'clock, and they were fully occupied till about three in the afternoon, and their progress through the park was attended by crowds who were anxious to see the examination of the different fine animals sent for competition. The day was favourable for the show, and on each side of the road leading to the Bull park several tents were erected for the accommodation of the public. The substantial entertainment which usually follows the shows of this and similar societies, was held in the spacious Corn Exchange, in front of St. Nicholas's church, the use of which had been granted by the Town Council for the occasion. The arrangement and fitting-up of the interior were entrusted to Mr. James Wallace, builder, under the direction of Mr. John Dobson, architect. Every thing was in the best order—each guest took his allotted seat without confusion—and the diagonal spaces left between the sections of tables afforded facilities to the waiters for penetrating to all parts of the Exchange. Over the chairman's table, the words "Northumberland Agricultural Society" were placed in letters so formed that, when lighted, they appeared in one blaze of gas. Beneath this beautiful design, and extending along the wall for many yards, was a profusion of dahlias and evergreens. Along the south end of the building a gallery was erected, the front and supporting pillars of which were also covered with evergreens and flowers. It

was set apart for the reception of ladies, and was crowded during the afternoon and evening with beauty and fashion. The band of the 61st regiment was placed in a temporary gallery on the west side, and played many lively tunes during the proceedings. From almost every beam a flag of different colours was suspended. The general effect was at once vast and magnificent.—*Local Papers.*

1841, September.—This month the Market-place in the city of Durham was considerably enlarged, and the thoroughfare at the foot of Claypath widened. These desirable improvements were effected by the corporation, in conjunction with the commissioners under the Durham Paving Acts; the corporation having purchased the burial ground attached to the church of St. Nicholas, which was added to the Market-place, and the commissioners re-built the end of the church, the vestry, and the house adjoining. Further improvements were contemplated, but a debt having been incurred by those already accomplished, a subscription was entered into to defray the expences remaining unpaid, as also toward the restoration of the south side of the church, and the erection of a covered corn market.—*Ibid.*

About this period a new line of road on the Alnwick and Eglington turnpike, near Berwick, about a mile in length, was opened, rendering this the best as well as the most direct communication between Alnwick and Wooler. The public are indebted for this great improvement to the liberality of A. J. Baker Cresswell, esq. M. P. at whose sole expense it was formed.—*Ibid.*

September 28.—A new Catholic chapel at Swinburne castle, Northumberland, was opened for worship. This neat and very appropriate building was raised at the sole expense of Thomas Riddell, esq., of Felton park. The service was performed by the rev. J. Orrell, of Felton, assisted by nine other clergymen. An elegant, impressive, and practical discourse on the duty of prayer, was delivered by the rev. provincial of the Benedictine order. The building is in the style called early English, executed with great simplicity, except at the east end, which is nearly covered by a handsome stone altar, and carved tabernacle of oak, surmounted by a beautiful picture of the crucifixion—the liberal gift of Mr. Cookson.—*Ibid.*

September 29.—Wednesday afternoon, while the wind was blowing hard from the S. W., Joseph Hutchinson, a ship carpenter, was coming down the river Wear in a boat, laden with sandstone, and had on board a young man and woman (his son and daughter), who had been assisting him to load the frail bark. Between Claxhough and Pallion quay the boat struck with violence against a raft of timber, and almost instantly sunk. Their situation was observed from the shore, but before assistance could be afforded, they all perished.—*Ibid.*

1841 September.—Twenty-seven persons in the neighbourhood of Whitworth, were poisoned by eating disordered veal. A sickly calf, the property of a farmer named Schofield, after being doctored for four weeks, was handed over to a butcher who killed it, and sold the meat in cheap lots.—*Tyne Mercury*.



HIS month the Highland Society held their annual agricultural show at Berwick upon Tweed. This meeting, which had created deep interest throughout the whole district, commenced on Wednesday the 19th, and, in consequence, the good town of Berwick was a scene of great bustle and animation. During the forenoon of that day, the arrival of his grace the duke of Richmond, the president of the society, was hailed by several merry peals of bells, and the utmost satisfaction was expressed on the arrival of the several noblemen and gentlemen who honoured the meeting with their presence.* The place appointed for the show of stock, &c., was a spacious enclosure in the Pier field, around the borders of which the horses and cattle were placed; and in the centre there were a number of pens for the reception of sheep and pigs. In addition to this, there was a spacious gallery erected at one side for the accommodation of ladies, and in the front of this gallery there was a temporary bridge built, over which the animals were to pass in review, which had been fortunate enough to win the premiums awarded to them by the judges. There was also, a spacious booth for the display of seeds, plants, roots, &c. Upon the whole the accommodations were very complete. It had been arranged by the committee that the show of seeds, &c., should take place on Wednesday, but this was frustrated by the violence of the weather. In the morning the rain fell in torrents, and the wind carried away a portion of the roof of the booth in which they were to be exhibited, in consequence of which a bill was issued, stating the fact, and announcing the exhibition to take place on Thursday, at the same time with that of the live stock. The pavilion erected for the dinners by Mr. Sanderson, was a splendid temporary edifice, measuring 126 feet by 110, and twenty feet in height; the roof was supported by 40 pillars, neatly decorated with spiral folds of red and blue cotton, and when lighted with gas, had a brilliant appearance. The tables were 11 in number, exclusive of one cross table at each end for the chairman and vice-chairman, which were considerably above the others; there was also a cross table for the judges. The first dinner was that of the committee on Wednesday evening, when

* There were four dukes present at one time on the show ground, namely, their graces of Richmond, Northumberland, Buccleuch, and Roxburghe.

about 270 noblemen and gentlemen sat down to a sumptuous repast. His grace the duke of Roxburghe took the chair, and Lord Elcho officiated as vice-president. After the usual loyal toasts, the chairman called upon professor Johnston, of Durham University, who gave a short lecture on the application of chemistry to agriculture. Sir Charles Gordon, the secretary, stated that "the entries were numerous beyond precedent. There were entered for competition—cattle 175; horses 90; sheep—Leicester and extra, 653; pigs 33—in all, 962. This was the largest show ever held by the society or, as far as he knew, by any other society. The society had had more cattle entered, but never so great an aggregate. The largest aggregate they had yet had was 902; the next largest, 784. The society had instituted a museum in which to place the portraits of such of the prize animals as should appear to be perfect specimens of their class, and two artists were on the spot to make paintings of such animals as the committee should direct." Several toasts of a complimentary character were then given and acknowledged, after which Mr. Bell was called upon to read an essay by Mr. Grey, of Dilston, who was unfortunately not present. After a few healths had been given, the company separated, in order to allow the commencement of the first grand ball, which was attended by all the rank, beauty, and fashion, of the neighbourhood, and dancing was kept up with great spirit until a late hour. On Thursday morning, at an early hour, the town was all animation to witness the stock passing to the show ground, and certainly some splendid animals were witnessed. They got to their places without accident, and shortly after the labours of the judges commenced. In the course of the forenoon a great number of persons arrived, and the town was completely thronged. The day was unusually fine, and everything promised a happy termination to this important meeting. Besides the visit of the Highland society and their friends the company had a fund of amusement provided for them. There was a bazaar in the Town Hall, for the benefit of the the School of Industry, &c., a horticultural exhibition and promenade by the Eastern Border Society; concerts by the Misses Smith and Mr. Templeton; Mr. and Mrs. Martyn and Miss Inverarity at the theatre; and various equestrian and other performances at the amphitheatre.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (Sept. 30).—Thursday, several ladies, gentlemen, and neighbouring persons assembled to attend the ceremony of laying on the foundation stone of a new chapel, at Cambo, in the parish of Hartburn, in Northumberland. On the lower bed of the corner stone, the following words were cut in large and deep letters:—*DEO PATRI, FILIO, SPIRITU SANCTO, MDCCCXLI.*; and, in a large stone of the rubble-

work below, several coins of our gracious queen Victoria, were laid by Edw. Spencer Trevelyan, esq.; then lady Trevelyan, of Wallington, attended by Mr. Waterson, the builder, on the trowel, mallet, and level being handed to her, performed the ceremony of laying on the great corner foundation stone; after which the rev. John Wilkinson, curate of Hartburn, read the Bible sentences, exhortation, and prayers, suitable to the occasion, and written by the rev. John Hodgson, the vicar. The site of the chapel is on the beautiful and elevated situation called the Foot-hill, just to the north-east side of Cambo; and overlooking the country as far as Simonside on the north, the German ocean on the east, and a great extent into the county of Durham to the south. On the west the prospect is interrupted by a grove of trees. Till the beginning of the seventeenth century divine service was constantly performed in an ancient chapel in the same field as that of the new chapel, on which account the first of the two following sentences, read before the prayers, were peculiarly acceptable: "They shall build the old wastes: they shall raise up the former desolations: and they shall repair the waste cities, the desolations of many generations." (Isaiah, 61, 4.) "Go up to the mountain and bring wood, and build the house; and I will take pleasure in it, and I will be glorified saith the Lord." (Haggai, 1, 8.) At the meeting were Mrs. Spencer Trevelyan: sir John, Captain, Lady Jane, and Miss Swinburne; Mr. Anderson, and friends at his house at Little Harle Tower; the rev. Mr. Fisher, of Leicestershire, and two Misses Fisher; the rev. John Hodgson, of Hartburn; and the rev. John Walker, of Whelpington.—*Local Papers.*

- 1841 (Sept. 30.)—The ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the new church at Pelton, near Chester-le-street, took place in the presence of a large company assembled for the occasion. A procession was formed at the village of Pelton, consisting of the clergy present, the committee, and others interested in the undertaking, headed by the singers of the parish church and the children of the neighbouring schools. The laying of the stone was kindly undertaken by Thomas Fenwick, esq. of South Hill, who delivered a suitable address on the occasion. Coins of the present reign, together with a newspaper of the day, and a list of the principal promoters of the church, enclosed in a glass bottle, were deposited in a cavity of the stone, and covered with a brass plate, bearing the following inscription:—"This foundation-stone of the Church of the Holy Trinity, at Pelton, in the Parish of Chester-le-street, was laid by Thos. Fenwick, of South Hill, in the county of Durham, Esq. on the 30th day of September, 1841." The 100th Psalm was sung, two solemn and appropriate prayers were read by the rev. James Boucher, the officiating

clergyman, and the ceremony was concluded by singing the doxology. The silver trowel used on the occasion having been presented to Mr. Fenwick, as a memorial of the day's proceedings, the procession was reversed, and in this order returned to the village, where a handsome collation had been prepared by Mr Bolam of the Grey Horse inn. The church is in the early English style of architecture, with long lancet windows. It has a chancel of the proper proportions, and affords accommodation for 400 persons; two-thirds of the sittings being free. The ground for the site was presented by Mr. Fenwick, who was throughout, an active and generous promoter of the undertaking.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (Sept. 30.)—The ancient corporation of Hartlepool, which had for some time been in a dormant state, with its fine property open to the aggressions of the unprincipled, was restored to life and vigour, her majesty the queen having been pleased to grant a charter under the great seal for its re-incorporation. This charter was brought down from London on the above day Thursday, by Mr. Toase, the London solicitor to the corporation-committee, and was read before the committee that night, when it was found that William Vollum, esq., was appointed mayor, and Messrs. H. S. Shearman, W. J. Vollum, Johnson Worthy, John Winstanley, Cuthbert Sharp, William Manners, George Sheraton, Thomas Powell, Stephen Horner, Christopher Davison, Joseph Mellanby, and Thomas Belt, chief burgesses. Mr. Vollum's mayoralty was of short duration, as the charter appointed Monday October 4, for the appointment of a new mayor. A court of common-council was held in the town-hall on that day, when W. John Vollum, esq., was chosen successor to his father; — Stapylton, esq., recorder; and Thomas Belt, esq., clerk to the corporation.—*Ibid.*

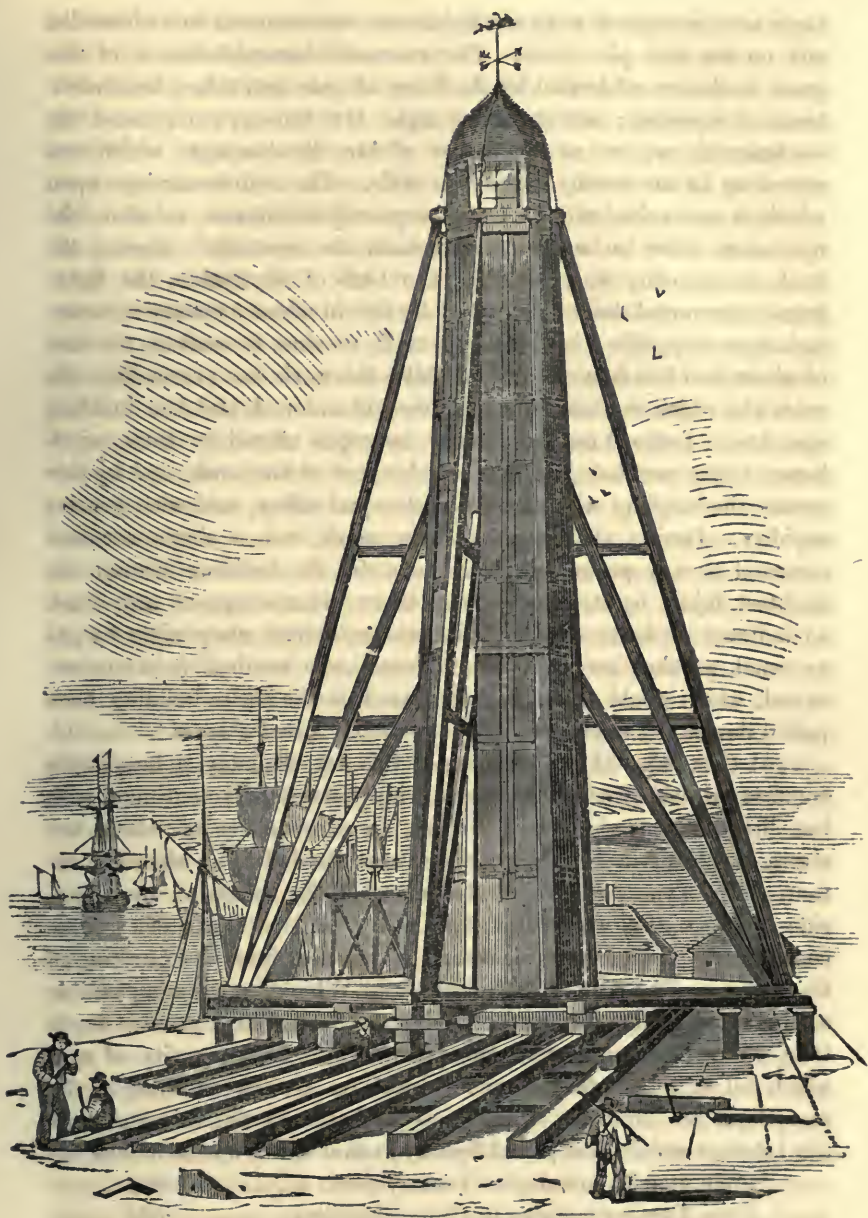
About this period, a curious piece of oak carving was discovered during extensive alterations, which were being carried on in the Broad-chare, Newcastle, in the property of the Trinity House. It consists of the royal arms of England, temp. Charles I., with supporters, and the initials of that monarch, beautifully executed. The plaster with which it had been covered, had preserved the wood from decay; and some small pieces which were broken off in removing it from the wall, having been carefully restored, it has been placed above the mantelpiece in the hall of the Trinity House.—*Ibid.*

October 4.—A training school was opened at Durham, for the education of schoolmasters, in connection with the Diocesan School Society, and under the direction of the rev. John Cundill, M. A. Fellow of University college, Durham; and of a managing committee, composed partly of clergymen and partly of laymen. The

institution is supported by subscription, and by the pupils who pay 14l. per annum, by quarterly moieties in advance. For this they are boarded, lodged, and instructed in the various branches of religious knowledge; in grammar, reading, writing, geography, history, arithmetic, including book-keeping and mensuration, and vocal music: also in the theory and practice of teaching.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (Oct. 4).—On this day was completed the removal of the lighthouse on the north pier at Sunderland, in an entire state, from the site on which it had stood for forty years, to the eastern extremity of the pier. At a meeting of the Commissioners of the river Wear, held in the month of May preceding, the re-erection of this lighthouse at the extreme end of the pier, which had then been lengthened and improved, was fully discussed, when Mr. Murray, the talented engineer, submitted a plan by which the building might be removed entire, a distance of nearly 500 feet. The following was the method by which this was to be accomplished:—"The masonry was to be cut through near its foundation, and whole timbers were to be inserted, one after another, through the building, and extending 7 feet beyond it. Above and at right angles to them, another tier of timbers was to be inserted in like manner, so as to make the cradle or base a square of 29 feet; and this cradle was to be supported upon bearers, with about 250 wheels of six inches diameter, and was to traverse on 6 lines of railway to be laid on the new pier for that purpose. The shaft of the lighthouse was to be tied together with bands, and its eight sides supported with timber braces from the cradle upwards to the cornice. The cradle was to be drawn and pushed forward by powerful screws, along the railway above mentioned, on the principle of Morton's patent slip for the repairing of vessels." As a proof of the feasibility of the plan, it was stated that in New York large houses had been removed from their original situation to a considerable distance without sustaining any injury; the immense block of granite, forming the pedestal of the statue of Peter the Great, at St. Petersburg, was conveyed four miles by land and thirteen by water; and obelisks had also been transmitted from Egypt to Europe. But the removal of Sunderland lighthouse was still more dangerous than these cases, from the circumstance of its being composed of stones of comparatively small dimensions, and from its great height* and small base; but even these difficulties did not deter Mr. Murray from the prosecution of his design, and we are now enabled to add, that it was attended with complete success. The necessary preparations having been effected, the work of

* The building is about 75 feet high, and the estimated weight about 300 tons.



The LIGHTHOUSE, during removal.

removal was commenced, and having been first taken several yards, in a north-easterly direction, the rails were laid to convey it forward to the eastern extremity of the pier, and from that time the opera-

tions were continued, until the lighthouse was removed to its intended site on the new pier head. The successful accomplishment of this great work was celebrated by the firing of guns and other demonstrations of rejoicing; and the same night Mr. Murray entertained the workmen to supper, at the house of Mr. Riseborough, which was served up in the worthy host's best style. The timber carriage upon which it was rolled along was subsequently withdrawn, to allow the new stone base to be built underneath the erection. During the week commencing with Monday, the 14th of September, the lighthouse was moved daily upwards of 30 feet in about as many minutes, including stoppages; but whilst actually moving, it went at the rate of about two feet in a minute. Whilst the work was proceeding, the screws to which we have adverted were abandoned, and the building was drawn forward on the railway by ropes affixed to three windlasses, thirty men being engaged in this part of the work, and by this means the building was removed with equal safety, and with greater rapidity. During the progress of the work, not a single accident occurred to any person employed, nor did the building sustain the slightest injury by its removal, and there did not appear any crack to indicate settlement. The light was exhibited every night by gas as usual, so that not the least inconvenience resulted from the removal, which would have been the case had the entire building been pulled down for the purpose of re-erection.— *Local Papers.*

1841 (Oct. 4).—On the evening of this day, Monday, a heavy rain commenced, which extended over a wide district, and continued with but little intermission until Friday, in consequence of which the rivers, especially in Northumberland, were flooded to an alarming extent. The Tyne was so high that many of the cellars on the Quay-side at Newcastle, were filled with water, and at the Stock bridge considerable damage and inconvenience ensued, from the bursting of the sewers. The road from Newcastle to Whickham was impassable at the Team bridge, where the fields were flooded to a greater depth than on any occasion since the year 1826. The quantity of rain which fell at Newcastle from nine o'clock on Monday morning to the same hour on Thursday morning, as indicated by the rain-gauge at the Literary and Philosophical Society in that town, was as follows:—

From Monday morning to Tuesday ditto	·355
From Tuesday morning to Wednesday ditto	·62
From Wednesday morning to Thursday ditto	1·65
Total	2·625

But further north the fall of rain would seem to have been still greater. The Tweed rolled down a vast body of water; but, unless on the haughs and meadows where the banks are low, this river kept

within its ordinary bounds, though with a very small addition to its current it must have broken over the country far and wide. The wild-running streams, descending from the Cheviots, presented, however, a still more imposing appearance, coming down with almost irresistible force, sweeping away embankments, and flooding the adjacent low lands for miles. The Beaumont, in particular, was very high; and it was with difficulty the substantial bridge which connects the two Yetholms was saved, by masses of stone being thrown in where the danger lay. The damage done by the Glen in its mad career, to dykes, caulds, bridges, and corn in stook, between Newton, and its confluence with the Till was immense. Wooller-water was also very large, and did great injury to the turnip-fields in its course, as a great quantity of turnips were seen passing along. All these waters flowing into the Till, made her a tremendous size. Sheaves of corn, &c., came floating down her in great quantities, many from a great distance, as much corn was seen to pass the bridge at Powburn. The damage sustained by corn in stook, and by pasturage, in the haughs of Turrielaws, Ewart, and Doddington, was very serious, as much corn in stook was exposed to the devastation. In the city of Durham, a wall in the rear of Milburngate, was thrown down by the force of the flood, and the dam at Relly paper mill, shared the same fate. The bridge at Blanchland was burst by the rains, and that at Allensford received considerable damage, the water in the river Darwent having been higher than observed since the great flood in the year 1771. The rain being accompanied by a strong breeze from the east and north-east was equally disastrous to vessels on the coast. On Monday, a steam-packet belonging to Hartlepool, returning from Scarbro', laden with herrings, was overtaken by the storm, and became quite unmanageable. The captain was compelled to throw 150 barrels of red herrings overboard; and the sea broke over the vessel so tremendously, that the fires could not be kept in. Several persons, who had gone with her from Hartlepool, for the sake of the trip, were on board; and as the storm continued to increase, they were for eight hours literally up to the middle in water. Death seemed inevitable: but although they were unable to make a signal, they fortunately descried the pier light, and were ultimately enabled to reach the harbour in safety. Less fortunate was the Dutch galliot, Gude Hope, capt. Brewer, from Lossiemouth, bound to Hamburg, which, in running into Shields harbour for shelter, drove upon the Herd Sand, where a tremendous sea was rolling. Her dangerous situation was immediately descried from the shore; South Shields life-boat was speedily manned, as was also the North Shields life-boat, and some of the crew of the revenue cutter sprang overboard to

join the life-boats, and proceeded to the scene of danger, but alas, just before assistance arrived, the wife of capt. Brewer, who had been some time clinging to the ship's boat, was carried away by a heavy sea, and she was never again seen. Two of the men were also washed overboard, but were carried back by the returning wave. The crew were secured and taken on board the South Shields life-boat much exhausted. As the gallant boat approached the shore, lieut. Commander Roepel's men in the cutter welcomed them with a succession of hearty British cheers, and the band on board struck up "Rule, Britannia," indicative of the triumph obtained in so speedily rescuing the poor seamen from a watery grave. At Berwick, on the Tuesday, a vessel was discovered attempting to make the harbour—an attempt which seemed warranted only by the strongest necessity, as the swell on the bar at the time was such as to render the danger imminent. Having reached the mouth of the harbour, she was driven upon Spital Point, and shortly afterwards had been forced sufficiently high to allow the crew to walk on shore, where they were received by a great crowd of persons. The vessel was discovered to be the *George*, of Ryde, in ballast, bound to Sunderland, north of which she had been driven by the storm. On the following morning, the surge increasing, she was driven over the Point into the smooth water, in the river, whence she was taken to the quay, and was found to be very little injured.—*Local Papers*.

1841 (Oct. 6.)—A very interesting ceremony took place in the parish church of Sunderland, when a young man a converted jew, from the neighbourhood of Hamburgh, but who understood the English language, received Christian baptism according to the rights of the established church. The rev. W. Webb, A. M., rector of the parish performed the rite in a very solemn manner: the rev. Joseph Law, and the rev. Arthur A. Rees, curates, were the godfathers. The young convert who seemed deeply impressed with the solemnity of the ceremony received the Christian name of Paul. He was about 27 years of age, very intelligent, and well acquainted with the holy scriptures. After the prayers a sermon was preached in reference to the solemn occasion, by the rev. Joseph Law, from Hebrews, 10 chap. verses 19 to 23—who, in conclusion, addressed to the new Christian a suitable exhortation.—*Ibid*.

October 7.—On the morning of this day, Thursday, about nine o'clock, an accident occurred at Waldridge colliery, two miles west of Chester-le-Street, by the breaking into the mine of a large quantity of water. Between sixty and seventy men and boys were below when the rush of water took place, but they were fortunately enabled to effect their retreat into some old workings from which they were

afterwards safely brought to bank. Their escape may be considered as truly providential.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (Oct).—Mr. Hobson, a mechanic at Stockton, invented a means by which an engineman might adjust railway-switches while the train was in motion; also a method of instantly liberating the engine from the train.—*Ibid.*

Early in this month Mr. George Bates, publican, Ponteland, vomited an asp, between two and three inches long, which he supposed he must either have swallowed, or some of the spawn, while drinking water out of a ditch.—*Ibid.*

October 9.—The General Steam Navigation Company's steamer, London Merchant, V. Laker, commander, left London on Saturday night between 9 and 10 o'clock, and arrived at Shields on Monday morning at 3 o'clock, completing the distance in little more than 29 hours.—*Ibid.*

About this period, a most singular blunder was committed at Barnardcastle, by a poor woman residing in Thorngate, the wife of a labouring man. She was delivered the previous week, by the aid of a midwife, of a child, which was pronounced to be a boy, and being rather a weakly plant, the minister of the church was sent for, the rite of baptism was performed, and the youngster was named "Richard." About a week afterwards, however, a neighbour, in doing some of those necessary acts which children so frequently require, discovered the bantling to be a little girl!—Great was the consternation of the mother; and the circumstance becoming known to the neighbours, they flocked in in great numbers. After a long consultation, the clergyman was again summoned, and "Richard" was re-christened by some more feminine cognomen.—*Ibid.*

This month, Thos. Wilkinson, esq., of Old Elvet, in the city of Durham, presented to the parish of St. Nicholas, two massive silver plates, for the use of the Communion-table.—*Ibid.*

October 19.—Tuesday, between 7 and 8 o'clock in the morning, a most determined act of suicide was committed about half-way between Stockton and Norton, by a man named Robinson, and which occasioned considerable excitement in both places. As a young man named Harrison, a grocer in Stockton, but who lodged at nights at Norton, was on his way from the former to the latter place, he was met by the deceased, when an altercation took place between them, which was abruptly concluded by Robinson demanding a loan of £5., and Harrison replying "of course not." The latter proceeded on his way, but had not gone above a hundred yards, when on looking round, he was horror struck at seeing Robinson near to him, with a pistol in his hand, which he instantly presented and drew the trigger:

fortunately it did not go off, and Harrison struck him a blow on the arm, immediately mending his pace, with the intention of obtaining the assistance of the police. Robinson almost instantly left the foot-path, passed the end of the "Brown Jug" public house, on the road leading to Fog's brick yard, and discharging a pistol into his own breast, gave a sudden spring, and then fell apparently dead. He was taken up and conveyed into the public house, where he expired before medical aid could be procured. Three pistols, all loaded with ball, were found upon him, and it is supposed he had tried them all upon Harrison—he was seen by a boy to make the attempt twice before Harrison turned round and was aware of his being pursued. Verdict—temporary insanity.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (Oct. 22).—The newly erected church at Wingate, in the county of Durham, was consecrated by the lord bishop of that diocese, the sermon on the occasion being preached by the rev. John Burdon. The collection amounted to £26. 12s. The building, though plain and simple in respect to ornament, is of elegant design, and does great credit to the architect, Mr. Jackson, of Durham. The style is in early English, with lancet windows, and considerable taste has been displayed in the arrangement and fitting up of the interior. The font, of Caen stone, is from Chantrey's workshop, and is of exquisite design; it was presented by lady Forbes, of Fitzroy-square, London. The church, and also schools for the colliery children, was built entirely by private subscription, the coal-owners being among the chief contributors. Their subscription was £300, in addition to which lord Howden, one of the principal proprietors, gave £200, and lady Howden £50., with an annuity of £10. to the schools.—*Ibid.*

October 22.—A large portion of the "Elephant Rock" at Hartlepool, after weathering the storms of past centuries, and forming, perhaps, the most attractive object along the sea coast of the county of Durham, for the artist's pencil, was broken up by the high surf of the morning of the above day, Friday. It doubtless obtained its name from its rude resemblance to the figure of an elephant, when seen from the opposite walk upon the moor. And it is a somewhat singular coincidence that *two live elephants* were brought into the town (in the menagerie of Mr. Wombwell, probably the very first event of the kind which ever occurred at Hartlepool) within a few hours before the fall of their huge rocky effigy, on the neighbouring shore.—*Ibid.*

October 24.—Sunday, the parish church of Barnardcastle was brilliantly lighted with gas for the first time; the funds for which were raised by subscription.—*Ibid.*

October 25.—Monday, the right worshipful the mayor of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, accompanied by the sheriff, the stewards of the

incorporated companies, several members of the town council, and a large party of gentlemen on horseback, perambulated the boundaries of that borough. The day was very unpropitious, and from the late heavy rains, the fields through which the party were obliged to go, were almost impassable. With the exception, however, of a few of the riders being unhorsed, the party returned safely to the Sandhill. About sixty of the gentlemen dined together at the George inn, in the evening, the mayor presiding.—*Local Papers.*



MAGNIFICENT bazaar, in aid of the funds of the Northern Asylum for the blind, and the deaf and dumb, for which great preparations had been making for several weeks, was held in the Music Hall, New-castle, on Wednesday, October 27 and three following days. Being under the special and illustrious patronage of her majesty queen Adelaide, and her grace the duchess of Northumberland, as well as of a very numerous body of distinguished ladies patronesses, connected with the northern counties. The greatest interest was created on the occasion, and the town was literally thronged with visitors, who had come to give their support to the meritorious object contemplated by the undertaking, and to witness the pleasing and animated proceedings amidst the galaxy of rank, fashion, and beauty that were assembled in the room. The Music Hall was elegantly decorated for the occasion with drapery, chastely relieved with festoons, and the whole appearance had a splendid effect when the gay and bustling throng were assembled. The noble band of the 61st regiment, by permission of colonel Forbes, attended each day, and by their enlivening strains imparted an animation to the scene, which added greatly to the enjoyment of the distinguished and numerous party present. The various stalls were arranged with surpassing skill and elegance, and surrounded the entire room. They were laden with rich, ingenious, useful, and beautiful articles, contributed by numerous fair donors, amongst the principal of whom were her majesty the queen dowager, her grace the duchess of Northumberland, the marchioness of Londonderry, lady Ravensworth, the hon. lady Williamson, hon. Mrs. Liddell, Mrs. Bell, and the Misses Brandling. In the centre of the room a refreshment stall was placed, which was supplied with confectionary, fruit, ices, &c. and attended by the hon. Thomas Liddell, Mr. Ralph Brandling, capt. Kelly, Mr. Hedley Vicars and capt. Ellis, and it is but a just tribute to these worthy gentlemen to say, that they were indefatigable in their endeavours, and eminently successful in contributing to the pleasures and comfort of the company. The stalls, on which were placed the rich and varied efforts of the taste and industry of

the accomplished contributors to the bazaar, were graced by the presence and benevolent aid of the following ladies:—The honourable Mrs. Liddell and Miss Liddell, assisted by lady Ravensworth and the honourable Miss Liddell.—The honourable lady Williamson, assisted by the countess of Hardwicke.—Mrs. Bell, assisted by lady Walsham, Mrs. and the Misses Bell, the Misses Brandling, Miss Wilkinson, and Mr. Henry Brandling.—Mrs. William Atkinson, assisted by the Misses Ridley, Miss Johnson, and Miss Smith.—Mrs. Parker, assisted by Miss Bates, Mrs. Waller Bates, and Mrs. John Cookson.—Mrs. Townsend and Mrs. Baird, assisted by Miss Bosville.—Mrs. Anderson, assisted by the Misses Anderson, Miss Grey, and Miss Wilkinson. Mrs. Robert Plumner, assisted by Miss Grace, Miss Wilkinson, and Miss Boyd.—Mrs. Hedley Vicars, assisted by the Misses Philpotts.—Mrs. A. G. Gray, assisted by Miss Kelly, Miss Robson, Miss Hernaman, Miss E. Batson, and Miss Nesham.—Mrs. Dixon and the Misses Leighton. The weather on Wednesday and Thursday was peculiarly unfavourable, but notwithstanding so serious a drawback, the room was densely crowded during the whole time, and so numerous indeed was the company, that several persons were unable to gain access to the room, and many who were fortunate enough to get in, had great difficulty to retire when they were desirous of doing so. Their graces the duke and duchess of Northumberland came specially from Alnwick castle to afford the institution the countenance of their hearty support and most cordial patronage. Her grace the duchess attended the bazaar on Wednesday and Thursday, and visited every stall, leaving substantial evidence of her bounty and liberality. As the duchess was leaving Newcastle on Thursday, her grace received a communication from her majesty the queen dowager, expressing her majesty's regret, that slight indisposition had prevented her majesty from completing some work intended for the bazaar; but her majesty graciously forwarded to the duchess some autograph texts from scripture, which her majesty had prepared for this charitable purpose, and the duchess immediately sent the autographs to the ladies for sale, and which were immediately disposed of at very liberal prices. Such things as were left on Saturday were removed to the asylum, there to be disposed of. The proceeds of each day's sale are as follows:—

Wednesday	£387	4	6	Friday	£164	3	3
Thursday	367	15	0	Saturday	14	10	6
Total	£933 13 3						

1841 (Oct. 28).—On the morning of this day, Thursday, the Blyth life-boat committee held a meeting at that place, when it was arranged to launch the boat for practice. The brig Sibsons was off

the port at the time, and Mr. Hodgson, the owner of the vessel, told the men that if it were found practicable to communicate with her he would give them an additional sum of three pounds beyond what was allowed for the practice, and considering it to be a favourable opportunity to judge of the capabilities of the boat, he volunteered to go himself, and took an oar. The boat was manned reluctantly, when Mr. Debord, seeing this, and at the request of Mr. Hodgson, immediately consented to go also. The boat was under the charge of Robinson Burn, a pilot, captain of the boat, and Mr. Debord, who each took a steering oar, and it was made known that all hands were to obey orders. As a usual and practical manœuvre each man fastened the line round his waist. The boat neared the bar about 11 o'clock, and the crew lay on their oars watching the sea for a short while, when orders were given to "pull away;" no one on board seemed to anticipate the least danger, and the boat was nearly through the broken water when a very heavy sea struck her, caused her to run back, and pulled the oars out of the hands of most of the crew. At this juncture another heavy sea struck her on her starboard bow and capsized her. Mr. Hodgson believes that most of the crew were thrown under the boat; he was in that situation, and being nearly suffocated, he made his way to one of the holes in the deck for clearing the boat of water, through which he breathed. During his stay in this position he heard several voices of persons engaged in prayer, especially that of Robinson Burn. He soon heard by the sound of voices that some of the men had gained the bottom of the boat, but he made up his mind to remain where he was, under the expectation that the boat would right, and under the belief that he was as safe as he could be. A voice from the outside called through for them to loosen themselves and come from under: this he complied with, leaving one near him underneath the boat who was quite gone; he was soon hauled on to the boat's bottom, where he found six others. Robinson Burn soon followed, but though he rose to the surface, he was unable to gain the boat. The party on the outside of the boat consisted of Mr. Debord, White, Wood, Kinch, Dawson, Bushel, and himself. For a few minutes the boat fell in with smooth seas, and three or four oars might have been picked up, but it was thought they could not be useful. Mr. Debord once slipped off, but being able to swim regained his position. Perceiving the boat to be drifting fast on shore and that she must soon be in broken water, and they in the greatest danger, the party on the boat considered how they could best secure themselves, and it was suggested that taking off their neckkerchiefs, and two holding at different ends across the boat was the best thing that could be done. One oar kept alongside

the boat, and this Mr. Hodgson had reached up to him, and with it he endeavoured to keep the boat end on, but it did not appear to do any good. To this oar Mr. Hodgson mainly owed the preservation of his life, for having, with the assistance of one of his companions, fastened the oar to his left arm, it supported him after he was washed off the bottom of the life-boat; this soon occurred from a sea breaking over the boat, which struck the oar with force and dragged Mr. H. several yards from the life-boat; he could not say how many of his companions were swept off the boat by this wave, but he saw several of them on the boat's bottom shortly after, nor could he recollect what occurred after this; his endeavour was now to support himself in the water and save himself from the action of the surf, and he succeeded in getting his boots off, which was to him a great relief, and by lying on his back, protecting his mouth with one hand, and being buoyed up by the oar attached to the other, he was fortunate enough to reach the shore, though in an insensible state, being rescued from the waves at considerable risk by a person named Butcher; Kinch the only other person saved owes his life entirely to the circumstance of his being a good swimmer, which enabled him to protect himself from the violence of the broken water, and he reached the shore in a comparatively unexhausted state. The sufferers were:—Wm. Dixon, aged 60; Dan. Dawson, 25; John Hodgson, 28; John Hepple, 22; Jas. White, 45; Peter Bushel, 21, all seamen; Edward Wood, carpenter, 35; Thomas Grieves, trimmer, 40; Robinson Burn, pilot, 44; and Henry Debord, shipowner, 56.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (Oct. 28).—About eleven o'clock at night an explosion of gas occurred in the shop of John Raine, a green grocer in Westgate street, Newcastle, which at the time excited considerable alarm. So loud was the report, that many persons in the neighbourhood who had retired to rest started from their beds and ran into the street in their night-clothes. Fortunately no greater damage was done than the blowing out of twenty-four large squares of glass. The accident had its origin in experimentalizing.—*Ibid.*

October 30.—Saturday, the East Indian, a splendid ship, of upwards of 800 tons register measurement, was launched by Messrs. Thomas Gales and Company, of Ford Dock-yard, Hylton, on the Wear. She was intended for the East India and China trade.—*Ibid.*

Same day, three men were killed in Cramlington pit, Northumberland, by a falling in of part of the roof.—*Ibid.*

October 31.—Sunday, St. John Lee church, near Hexham, was re-opened after having been considerably enlarged. An appropriate sermon was preached on the occasion by the rev. the vicar of New-

castle, and a collection was made amounting to £26. toward defraying the expences. Mr. Dobson (architect) of Newcastle, gratuitously furnished the plan and specifications, and superintended the erection of the building.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (Oct. 31).—The beautiful church at Redcar, co. Durham, was lighted for the first time with several elegant solar lamps, purchased by a subscription headed with the entire proceeds of a concert given by Leander, the wandering minstrel.—*Ibid.*

October 31.—A new organ, built by Mr. Thos. Charlton, of Stockton-upon-Tees, for the Wesleyan Methodist chapel in that town, was opened on this day.—*Ibid.*

During the last week in October, the brig Falcon, of Aberdeen, the property of the "Aberdeen Commercial Company," when lying in the Wear, off Southwick Lime-works, at which she was taking in a cargo, was forced out of her berth during a gale, by a vessel alongside, and springing a leak was soon in a state of slow combustion. The most active and incessant exertions were made by Mr. Waters, the company's resident agent, to stop the mischief; but it was not till after the lapse of four days that the cargo was got out, and the fire extinguished. The ship was much injured.—*Ibid.*

November 2.—The fog was so dense in Shields harbour on this day, Tuesday, that the steam-ferry which left the south side at 7 o'clock, was detained all night upon the river, and it was break of day the succeeding morning before the passengers could be landed.—*Ibid.*

November 4.—Thursday, died at his house in Westgate-street, aged 61, deeply regretted, Thomas Grieveson, esq., the respected and well-known Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce in Newcastle. His abilities and acquirements were of no ordinary kind, and enabled him to discharge the duties of his office with honour to himself, and to the great advantage of the Chamber. In disposition he was kind and generous, and few men have more warmly and readily responded to the claims of kindred or of friendship. His illness, which was of considerable duration, he bore with patience and fortitude, and closed a life of more than usual excitement in charity with all men.—*Ibid.*

November 5.—Friday, being the anniversary of the "Powder Plot," Darlington was the scene of one of those acts which have long disgraced it, and which ended in the partial demolition of the town hall windows, about 30 squares of glass being broken. In anticipation of the accustomed display on this day, a feeble attempt was made, on the part of the bailiff (Mr. T. Bowes), who caused a notice to be printed and circulated, cautioning any person from throwing any squib, cracker, &c., which had only the effect of rendering the

excitement greater. As early as five o'clock, a bonfire was lighted in the market-place. In a very short time, every description of fire-works was exploded; and for four hours, or upwards, every moveable combustion was in danger of being taken and burnt by a set of thieves, throwing defiance in the teeth of the police—the interference of whom was the signal for attack on the town-hall—they flying in every direction, chased by 50 or 100 boys, yelling and whooping like so many denizens of the woods.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (Nov. 8).—Monday night, a fire took place in the stables down the South Hetton pit, by which ten valuable horses were killed. The fire was got under on the following day, and the pit commenced working again on Wednesday. It is supposed the fire was occasioned by some person leaving an oil-lamp burning on the corn-chest in the stables.—*Ibid.*

November 9.—The following gentlemen were elected mayors and sheriffs:—

NEWCASTLE,—James Hodgson, esq. mayor, John Thomas Carr, esq. sheriff.

GATESHEAD,—George Sowerby, esq. mayor.

DURHAM,—John Bramwell, esq. mayor.

SUNDERLAND,—Sir Hedworth Williamson, bart. mayor.

STOCKTON,—Robinson Watson, esq. mayor.*

MORPETH,—William Clarke, esq. mayor.

BERWICK,—Dr. Cahill, mayor, Ralph Forster, esq. sheriff.—*Ibid.*

* William Skinner, jun. esq. was on Saturday the 13th, re-elected mayor of Stockton; Robinson Watson, esq. who was elected on the 9th inst, having declined the honour.



Sculpture
at
Barnardcastle.

CHAPTER XV.



THE intelligence of the birth of an heir to the throne of these realms was received in Newcastle on Wednesday the 10th November, 1841, to the great and manifest joy and gratification of all classes of the community. The royal standard of England was promptly displayed at the castle—the guns were fired—and the bells of the various churches put in requisition, whilst the ships in the port hoisted their gayest colours. Great joy was also manifested in the city of Durham on the arrival of the intelligence. The bells of the cathedral and the several parish churches were speedily put in motion, flags were displayed on the castle, the tower of St. Nicholas' church, the town-hall, &c., the shops were closed, and the remainder of the day was observed as a holiday. In the evening the mayor entertained the town-council and several friends at the town-hall, when the health of her majesty, the heir apparent, prince Albert, the queen dowager, the duchess of Kent, and the rest of the royal family were drank, followed by enthusiastic cheers. At Stockton, the news was received with every demonstration of loyalty. The bells poured forth their merriest peals, the flags at the different public offices and on the numerous ships in the river were displayed, which, added to the unusual concourse of people assembled at the hirings, which were then being holden, gave the whole town an appearance of gaiety and animation rarely witnessed. On the succeeding Monday, (the 15th.) a special meeting of the Newcastle town council was held at the Guildhall, when congratulatory addresses were adopted to the queen and prince Albert, on the birth of an heir apparent to the throne of the united kingdom. The mayor was deputed to present the addresses, to which his worship consented. On Tuesday similar addresses were adopted by the town council of the borough of Gateshead, which George Sowerby.

esq. the mayor, also signified his willingness to present in person. Congratulatory addresses were likewise voted at a meeting of the inhabitants of the borough of South Shields, held in the town hall, in that town, on the 23rd.; and by the Sunderland council on the 24th. —*Local Papers.*

1841 (Nov. 10).—Some sheds, containing flax, &c., in the rope-walk of Mr. Oughtred, at Stockton-upon-Tees, were consumed by fire, with their contents, on the night of this day Wednesday; and the palisading near the same place was torn up. The fire was supposed to have originated in malice.—*Ibid.*

This month the king of Sweden awarded a gold medal to Mr. J. Lawson, master of the brig Henry and Harriet, of South Shields, as an acknowledgment of his noble and courageous conduct in saving the lives of four Swedish fishermen in the Cattegat, in the summer of 1840; the medal was transmitted from the foreign office to the mayor of Newcastle for presentation to Mr. Lawson.—*Ibid.*

About this period Mr. Hugh Lee Pattison, of Bensham Grove, Gateshead, manufacturing chemist, obtained a patent for improvements in the manufacture of white lead, part of which improvements are applicable to the manufacture of magnesia and its salts.—*Ibid.*

November 14.—Sunday morning, about five o'clock, an alarming and destructive fire was discovered at Friar's Goose colliery, South Shore, near to Mr. Clapham's alkali works. At the time the alarm was given, the wind was blowing fresh from the north-east, and, in consequence, the flames burst forth with uncommon fury, and in a little time the extensive range of coal sheds, screens, and pulley frames, were all in one blaze, and before seven o'clock, the whole were entirely consumed, besides a number of waggons, &c.; the wheels and spokes of some were "run" with the intensity of the heat. The several engines from Newcastle, and one from Messrs. Hawks, and another from Felling colliery, were speedily on the spot, and fortunately by their united exertions the fire was confined to where it originated. The fire was supposed to be caused by one of the sinkers (many of whom had been at work until three o'clock the same morning), leaving a lamp burning in one of the sheds, the flames of which, by the violence of the wind, having communicated with the wood partition, had caused the accident. The loss was estimated at 800l.—*Ibid.*

November 14.—On the afternoon of this day Sunday, the ancient and beautiful church of Whickham was nearly destroyed by fire. The flues leading from the stoves had become overheated, and had set fire to the fittings up of one of the pews, and the conflagration so far gained a-head that the flames burst forth from the roof. The

rev. Robert Chatto, the curate of the parish, endeavoured to gain an entrance by the door, but without effect. The parish engine was procured but on its arrival it appeared it had been so long out of use, that it would not act. A second engine was obtained, but with similar success, it being so damaged as to be useless. The inhabitants at length effected an entrance by breaking in the north windows, and by dint of perseverance and the most laudable exertions, the fire was subdued. It was a pleasing sight to see the inhabitants hurrying with their pitchers and buckets of water, to the rescue of an edifice especially their own. About eighty pews were destroyed, and without the vigorous exertions we have described, the entire destruction of the building must have taken place.—*Local Papers*.

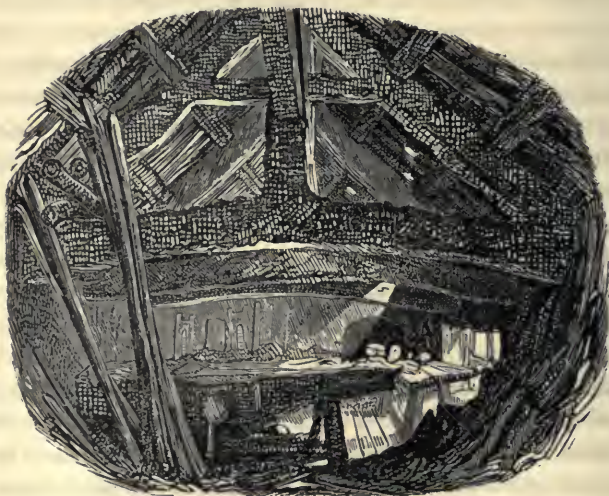
On the same afternoon, a fire occurred at the Gallowgate lead works which was happily subdued without much damage. The fire engines were in attendance, but it was not necessary for them to play.—*Ibid*.

1841 (Nov. 16).—A new Catholic chapel, at Longhorsley, North-umberland, was opened on this day, Tuesday. The edifice was erected chiefly at the cost of Thomas Riddell, esq., of Felton park. Previously, the Catholics of the district worshipped in the castle of Longhorsley.—*Ibid*.

November 16.—Mr. George Henderson, of Offerton, co. Durham, farmer, had a visit from two Bishopwearmouth youths, named William and Peter Middleton Robson, who were observed suspiciously near to a washing of clothes, in the open field. Miss Henderson, observing that many of the newly-washed articles were gone, gave an alarm, and the young men ran off in opposite directions. One of them was captured at Hylton by a party of shipwrights: the other was pursued by Miss Henderson over hedge and ditch, “thorough brake, thorough briar,” and run down after a splendid chase of two miles. In his flight he threw away the stolen linen; but Miss Henderson was not tempted to give up her pursuit—she was determined to have the thief as well as the goods. The prisoners were summarily dealt with by the Sunderland magistrates.—*Ibid*.

November 17.—Died, at the house of his son, Mr. P. T. Chambers, surgeon, Newgate-street, Newcastle, in the 90th year of his age, the rev. James Chambers, M.A. Mr. Chambers received his classical education in the college of Glasgow, and left it at the age of 21 years, when he entered upon his pastoral duties in Carlisle; and afterwards went to Enfield, in the county of Middlesex, in 1793; whence he removed, under the American Government, to Philadelphia, in the State of Pennsylvania, U.S., in 1795, where he remained nine years, and had the honour of preaching before Congress—which Congress placed

him at the head of the College of that State. The yellow fever prevailing to a great extent in that country, Mr. C. returned to England, and settled in Longtown, Cumberland, in 1805. He removed thence to Rothbury, in Northumberland, where he remained some years. At this time, Mr. C. received a call to the Castle-garth Dissenting chapel, Newcastle, (a place of great popularity at that time) and finished his ministerial career in Newcastle. Mr. Chambers, while in the prime of life, was courted in all parts of England and Scotland, and had the pleasure of preaching (by desire) before the most respectable congregations in Cumberland, Northumberland, Durham, and the south of England. In short, Mr. Chambers died universally respected—was a polished classic scholar—and, during his lifetime, taught the foreign languages to many of the noblemen and young gentlemen in this country and abroad.—*Local Papers.*



Roof of an ANTIENT MANSION in the Groat Market, Newcastle. 16 Feb. 1846.

About this period Mr. Benjamin Green, of Newcastle, had awarded to him a silver Telford medal, by the council of the institution of Civil Engineers, London, for a description of the arched timber viaducts on the Newcastle-upon-Tyne and North Shields railway. Mr. Green was also invited to attend the annual meeting of the 18th of January following, that he might then receive the medal which the Council had awarded for his valuable communication.—*Ibid.*

1841 (Nov. 20).—The foundation-stone of a new chapel for the use of the Primitive Methodists, was laid at Bishop Auckland.—*Ibid.*

November 26.—About half past one on the morning of this day, much alarm was created amongst the inhabitants at the end of Bridge

street and the foot of Eastern-lane, Berwick, by a fire originating there, which had at first, a rather threatening aspect. A person who was passing along at the time, first observed smoke issuing from the door and window of a room on the ground flat, occupied by an old man named Lilburn, between 70 and 80 years of age. The neighbours assembled in considerable numbers, and having obtained a plentiful supply of water from an adjacent yard, used their best endeavours to extinguish the fire. Owing, however, to the dense smoke which filled the apartment, neither the extent of the fire, nor the situation of the poor man who was within, was ascertained, until the arrival of Mr. D. A. Lamb, plumber, and a person named Collins, who, having crept in, found Lilburn stretched in front of the fire-place, insensible, whilst his bed was almost entirely in a state of combustion. The engines were soon on the spot, and the fire was not long in being extinguished; otherwise there can be no doubt, from the nature of the premises, that a serious conflagration would have ensued. Much alarm was excited amongst the people whose houses are immediately adjoining, and one woman named Phillips, living in the room above that in which the fire occurred, made her escape with her children (in a state of almost nudity) by the window, where they were received into the arms of the bystanders. How the fire originated was not ascertained. It appeared that Lilburn had gone home in a state of intoxication, and on the restoration of his senses was quite unconscious of what had happened.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (Nov. 26).—Died, at Genoa, Louisa Elizabeth, countess of Durham, relict of the right hon. John George Lambton, earl of Durham. Her ladyship's illness was occasioned through a cold caught by travelling to Genoa from Nice. The countess had a very severe cough, but the immediate cause of her death was an ulcerated sore throat, which terminated after eleven days illness, though it was only two days before her death that the first really alarming symptoms exhibited themselves. The object of her ladyship in going to the Continent for the winter was the delicate state of health of lady Mary Lambton, her eldest daughter. Cuthbert Ellison, esq. of Hebburn Hall, who is connected with the Lambton family by the marriage of his daughter with William Henry Lambton, esq. brother of the late earl of Durham, and lady William Bentinck, were at Genoa at the time, and by every attention in their power, kindly administered the last offices of friendship to the suffering patient in the trying hour of this heavy affliction, and in the solemn moments of dissolution. Lady William Bentinck scarcely ever left the countess during the period of her illness, and, agreeable to her last request, took charge of the earl of Durham and his sisters till some member of their own

family should arrive to the succour of the sorrowing orphans, and to protect them in their desolate situation. The mortal remains of her ladyship were interred in the Lambton family vault at Chester-le-Street, on Tuesday, December 28. On the previous day they had been conveyed from London to Darlington by railway; and thence by hearse to Rushyford, where they remained till Tuesday morning. On the afternoon of that day, the body was met near to Plawsworth by two mourning coaches, containing her ladyship's relatives, and a little further on by the agents and the numerous and respectable tenantry of the Lambton estates, all clothed in deep mourning. The carriage of Mr. R. J. Lambton, and other relations and connexions of the family brought up the rear. The procession reached Chester-le-Street, and halted at the church gates a little after two o'clock; when the coffin was taken from the hearse, and borne into the church by six tried and faithful dependents of the house of Lambton—the pall being supported by H. F. Stephenson, Thomas Fenwick, Robt. Fenwick, Wm. Bell (of Ford), H. Stobart, and H. Morton, esqrs.—The hon. col. Grey, the hon. and revs. Francis and John Grey, the hon W. Grey (her ladyship's brothers). Lady Elizabeth Bulteel, lady Caroline Barrington, lady Mary Wood, and lady Georgina Grey (her surviving sisters), Frederick Howard, esq., Charles Wood, esq., M. P., and the lady of colonel Grey, followed as mourners; succeeded by a long train of gentlemen, walking two and two. The church, which was hung with black for the occasion, was crowded in every part; and the beautiful service of the burial of the dead was performed in a very impressive manner. The rev. J. Boucher was the officiating minister. At the termination of the service, the body was deposited in the burial vault, the mourners accompanying it thither, and remaining there till the last melancholy offices were completed.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (Nov. 29).—At a lecture delivered by Mr. Addams at the Literary and Philosophical society Newcastle, in adverting to the history of the Telegraph as a most important means of conveying intelligence between distant places, he referred to certain documents and official correspondence which fully establish the two-arm telegraph, now used by government, to have been invented by Mr. Joseph Garnett, of that town. Mr. Addams by means of an accurate working model, explained the great ingenuity and usefulness of Mr. Garnett's telegraph, which in some of its details, he considers to be superior to the instruments used by the admiralty between Whitehall and Portsmouth. The invention was submitted in Oct. 1794, to the duke of Richmond, then master-general of the ordnance, and to the lords of the admiralty in Jan., 1797, and Mr. Garnett at those times received

official letters from the heads of those departments. The model and description were retained at the admiralty three months, but the plan was not adopted until eighteen years afterwards, when sir Home Popham claimed and received the honour of this invention, but which the evidence alluded to fully establishes to be due to our respected townsman. The subject was also explained by Mr. Garnett in a paper read to the Literary and Philosophical society 13th Oct., 1795, confirming the priority of his invention by the strongest evidence.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (Nov. 29).—Died, at the Convent, Carmel House, near Darlington, the rev. James Roby, in the 79th year of his age; and for more than fifty years the director and affectionate father of the community which was founded at Liere, in 1648, by Margaret and Ursula, both of the ancient family of Mostyn, relatives of Dr. Mostyn, northern Catholic bishop, accompanied by ten other religious, being a filiation from the Teresian house at Antwerp. They lived happy in the enjoyment of their beloved solitude, until the breaking out of the French revolution, at which time the rev. James Roby was their chaplain; he passed with them through many of the horrors of that revolution, and when obliged to leave their convent at Liere, June 23rd, 1795, to seek an asylum in this country, he was their strength and comfort in the trials to which they were exposed. They arrived in London on the 7th of July following, on which occasion they experienced that humanity and generosity which so eminently distinguishes the British character. Their first residence was at St Helen's Auckland; they afterwards removed in 1804 to Cocken-hall, near Durham; after which they purchased Field house, near Darlington, now called Carmel house, during which time the rev. James Roby had remained with them. He was one of the oldest of the few remaining in this country of the alumni of the English college at Douay—a man of great piety, extensive learning, and engaging manners. These his eminent virtues, gained for him the veneration and filial affection of the community over whom he watched, and by whom his loss is mourned, as well as the respect and love of all who knew him.—*Ibid.*

November 29.—The Tweed bank, Berwick, stopped payment on this day, Monday. The transactions of the bank were very extensive, particularly in Berwickshire and the northern part of Northumberland; and its suspension caused consternation throughout the whole of that district, the greatest confidence having been placed in its stability.—*Ibid.*

November 30.—The first seam of coal, known in this district as the three-quarters seam, was cut through at the new winning at

North Biddick in the county of Durham, on this day, Tuesday, at the depth of 68 fathoms from the surface; its general appearance and thickness, together with its position in the strata, sufficiently prove the value of this coal field.—*Local Papers*.

1841 (Nov. 30).—Tuesday evening, there was a ball in the Assembly Rooms, Newcastle, in honour of an heir to the throne. The company numbered about two hundred and forty, including many of the distinguished families of the neighbourhood, the dancing being led off by Dr. Headlam and Mrs. Hodgson, lady of the mayor. The proceeds amounted to £67. 11s., including two donations of a guinea each, and the committee of the rooms placed a balance of £27. 17s. 6d., after deducting expenses, in Messrs. Lambton and Co's bank, for distribution in charitable purposes at a more advanced period of the winter.—*Ibid*.

About this period, a very fine-toned grand piano-forte was presented by his grace the duke of Northumberland to the Northern Asylum for the blind and the deaf and dumb.—*Ibid*.

Early in December, Mr. James Beadling, of Painsher, in the county of Durham, departed this life at the venerable age of 92. His wife to whom he had been married 68 years, was then living, and was 97 years of age. He left behind him—

Sons and daughters	14
Grandsons and granddaughters.....	75
Greatgrandsons and greatgranddaughters.....	46

Making in all135

To provide a Christmas dinner for such a family, would require a large room and a long purse.—*Ibid*.

December 6.—The wife of William Wilson, seaman, Mill-dam Bank, South Shields, was delivered of a female child, which has on each hand four fingers and two thumbs.—*Ibid*.

December 8.—The foundation-stone of a new Scotch church, (named the "Caledonian Church,") was laid on this day, Wednesday, at Ridley Villas, Newcastle. The congregation of Wall Knoll chapel, together with their pastor, the rev. W. Graham, met at the chapel, at half-past twelve o'clock; and after having engaged in prayer, they proceeded to the site of the new building, where the ceremony of laying the foundation stone was performed by the rev. W. Graham, who delivered an energetic address on the importance of the occasion. A public tea took place in the afternoon in the Music Hall, Nelson-street, to celebrate the anniversary of the Wall Knoll chapel.—*Ibid*.

December 8.—The foundation-stone of a new Primitive Methodist

chapel was laid at Wingate Grange colliery, in the county of Durham. Two sermons were preached on the occasion, and a collection made of £9.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (Dec.)—Mr. Robert Stirling Newall, Gateshead, wire-rope-manufacturer, obtained a patent for improvements in the manufacture of flat bands. Mr. John Carr, North Shields, earthenware manufacturer, and Aaron Ryles, agent, also secured a patent for an improved mode of operating in certain processes for ornamenting glass.—*Ibid.*

About this period, a new floating fire-engine was procured for Sunderland, with the intention of being kept constantly afloat in a central part of the harbour. In addition to its principal use of extinguishing fire in ships, it can be made available for fires on shore, if within 200 yards of the river.—*Ibid.*

In the latter part of this year the rev. Robert Green, incumbent of All Saints, Newcastle, had the sepulchral brass of Roger de Thornton taken from its position in the vestibule of the church, and on examination, found it to be seriously corroded, and otherwise out of order. After a judicious cleansing, repair, and lackering, Mr. Green had it securely placed in a frame-work of wood, and by hanging it in the vestry, a reasonable hope is afforded that this interesting relic will yet live through many years. Mr. Green had intended to have defrayed the expences incurred, amounting to 15l., by a subscription amongst his parishioners, but was prevented by the liberality of Mrs. Witham of Lartington, Mr. Salvin, and Raleigh Trevelyan, esq. of Netherwitton, (three descendants of the great and good man,) who preferred paying the expences themselves.—(*Mem. in Ch. Books.*)

December 10.—Died, at Wolsingham, Jane Suddick, better known by the cognomen of "Lish," aged 67. She was a woman of extraordinary stature, having measured 6 feet 5 inches in her stocking feet, and was besides very corpulent.—*Local Papers.*

December 10.—At an Easington justice meeting held before rev. H. G. Liddell, R. S. Pemberton, and R. Burdon, esqrs., W. Hutchinson, and John Green were brought up for a violent assault upon Edward Floordown, at Wingate colliery, co. Durham, on the above day. It appeared in evidence that Green, who was only a boy, fastened a rope to Floordown's foot, who was sitting in a small cabin close to the shaft. Hutchinson took the other end of the rope, and put it round the pit-rope, which was going at the time, and being rather rough, it caught the rope which held Floordown's foot. He was instantly tossed headforemost into the pit, when, wonderful to relate, after descending the shaft about 16 yards, he caught the ascending rope, held on, and turned himself upwards. By this time

the engine had stopped, and the next thing heard from the pit was Floordown calling out for the engineman to bend away, when he was drawn to bank very little worse. Hutchinson and Green, in answer, said, "It was all done in a lark;" but the magistrates thought there was no "larking" in the matter. Floordown said there was no malice between him and the other two, as they were upon friendly terms. It was a fortunate thing that Floordown had once been a jack tar, for by this circumstance alone was his life and that of others saved; for it was stated by Mr. Taylor, the viewer of the colliery, that if Floordown had got a little further down the shaft, it would have carried a platform away, on which several men were working at the time. The magistrates convicted Hutchinson in the penalty of £5, and Green in the penalty of £1 and costs.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (Dec. 14).—The new church of St. Andrew, at Deptford, in the parish of Bishopwearmouth, was consecrated on the above day by the bishop of Durham, assisted by the hon. and rev. Dr. Wellesley, and others of the parochial clergy, and in the presence of many of the neighbouring clergy, and of the principal gentry of the vicinity. The dean of Durham preached an appropriate sermon on the occasion from the 2nd book of Chronicles, 6th chapter, 21st verse, after which a sum of nearly thirty pounds was collected in aid of the building fund. The church is a chaste and commodious building, 110 feet 6 inches long by 54 feet broad, designed to accommodate a congregation of 1300 persons, and its erection was much needed in consequence of the increasing population of that part of the parish, and its distance from the parish church. The chancel is lighted by a large and elegant stained glass window, presented to the church by James Hartley, esq. of Bishopwearmouth, and this benevolent gentleman also presented the whole of the glass required for the other windows. The architect, Mr. Thomas Moore, of Sunderland, discharged his trust in the erection with great industry, and much to the satisfaction of all parties interested in the building. By an order of council (dated May 23rd, 1844), the queen was pleased to assign to the chapel of St. Andrew, a district, of which the following are the boundaries:—It commences at the Newbottle or Lambton staiths, by the river Wear, and proceeds along the middle of the river, in a northerly and westerly direction, as far as the township of Ford; it then turns, in a southerly direction, along the boundary of Ford township, till it reaches Hylton lane; along which lane it proceeds easterly, following the boundary of the glebe lands, as far the Old Iron Works (including Aiskel's and Ogden's land), and from the Old Iron Works down the eastern side of the street called Farrington Row, till it meets the Rector's glebe, and so down

to the Newbottle or Lambton staiths, whence the boundary commenced.—*Local Papers.*

1841 (Dec. 18).—The schooner Susan, Aslet, of Guernsey, which left Shields on the morning of this day, coal-laden, was towed soon after into Sunderland, having taken fire, which appeared to have originated by a lighted-candle having been left in the hold by the coal-trimmers who took in the cargo. When the appearance of the fire was first observed, by smoke proceeding from the hold, the crew used their utmost efforts to extinguish it by cutting holes in the deck and pouring in water, but their exertions were ineffectual, as the fire kept increasing, which was evident by the smoke increasing below deck. The stern boat was put in readiness, lest the crew should have to abandon the vessel. On arriving in Sunderland harbour, she grounded at a short distance from the entrance of the river, the tide having ebbed considerably. The Wear fire-engine was soon towed alongside, and got to play upon the decks and afterwards below deck, and in a short time the fire was completely extinguished. Upon examination part of the decks, beams, &c., were found to be burned to charcoal, and part of the coals were burned to cinders, though the fire did not break out into a flame.—*Ibid.*

December 21.—Died, at Cullercoates, John MacGregor, esq. M.D., half-pay of the Royal Ordnance Medical Department, and many years resident in Newcastle; his body was interred in Tynemouth churchyard, the corpse being met by a non-commissioned officer's party of the Royal Artillery, and by them conveyed to the grave. His kind and gentlemanly manners, together with the possession of no ordinary literary attainments, rendered him much beloved, and sincerely regretted, by a numerous circle of friends and acquaintances.—*Ibid.*

December 23.—As the sexton of Hexham and his son were digging a grave in Hexham church yard, on the west side of the northern transept, close to the spot where a large number of Saxon coins were found in 1832, they made a further discovery of stycæ in the soil, probably the scattered portion of the former hoard, amounting to a considerable number of coins of the monarchs and prelates of that early period—all good specimens.—*Ibid.*

December 29.—Wednesday evening, about six o'clock, an accident occurred in Dean-street, Newcastle, by which two females who were passing up the street were much injured. It appeared that at the above period, as a hackney coach, drawn by one horse, was proceeding down the street, with four passengers, the breeching of the harness suddenly broke, and the trapping falling upon the horse's legs made it kick and plunge, by which it became unmanageable, the coach at

the same time running down the hill at a rapid rate, came so violently against a lamp-post, as to knock it down and break the lamp ; and this concussion likewise freeing the horse from the vehicle, (which was much shattered), the animal continued his course, and unfortunately ran over the two women, who were so much injured that they were immediately conveyed to the Infirmary ; one of them was severely cut and bruised, and the other received a compound fracture in one of her arms. The horse was soon afterwards stopped without doing further injury.—*Local Papers.*



PINK TOWER, Newcastle. 1846.

1842 (January).—Early in this month, the passenger-train from Haswell to Hartlepool was proceeding towards Castle-Eden, when a rail was sprung in such a manner as to enter the fore part of the coach and actually to pass, diagonally, right through, lodging in the higher corner of the opposite part of the roof. The coach was full of passengers ; but providentially not one received the slightest injury. The bar, indeed, touched one gentleman's hat ; and another was thrown from his seat, with his head into a lady's lap, by the shock. To this circumstance he may attribute his preservation, as the rail struck through the part where he was sitting, and, had he retained that position, would inevitably have penetrated his breast ; as considering the speed of the train at the time, the rail must have passed through the coach in the sixtieth-part of a second !—*Ibid.*

On Monday, the 3rd inst., about seven o'clock in the evening, a fire was discovered in a house occupied by James Thoburn, shipwright, at Laygate square, near Trinity church, South Shields. The

fire was soon subdued, but not until the bed, some wearing apparel, and part of the furniture were destroyed. How the fire originated was not ascertained.—*Local Papers.*

1842 (Jan. 4).—On the morning of this day, Tuesday, great alarm was experienced by the cry of “fire at Messrs. Pratt’s carpet manufactory,” at Barnard-castle. It appeared that some of the men connected with the factory were working “by shifts,” at some particular work, when they observed a quantity of smoke in a yarn room, and on examination discovered the warping-room in an adjoining building, situated in the next yard, to be on fire. On Mr. John Pratt entering and endeavouring to extinguish the fire, part of the flooring gave way, and he fell into an unoccupied room which was densely filled with smoke. He was severely burnt in the hands, and much bruised on the head and body, but had presence of mind to break the window to obtain air; the persons assembled burst open the door, and he was rescued. On the arrival of engines the fire was got under without any very serious damage to the firm. The origin of the fire appeared to have been accidental.—*Ibid.*

January 4.—Suddenly expired at Harley, near Acton Burnell, (a seat of the Smythes, of Esh, in the county of Durham) in his 70th year, the rev. R. Ratcliffe. The reverend gentleman had left Acton Burnell at an early hour; and on his arrival at Harley, two miles from Wenlock, about nine o’clock, two cottagers saw him passing down the road, when he suddenly staggered and fell to the ground in a fit of apoplexy. They hastened to his assistance, and lifted him up; but after breathing several heavy sighs he expired. The body was removed to Acton Burnell the same day, where it was subsequently interred. The deceased was a student at Douay college, when the horrors of the French revolution compelled the inmates of that seminary to fly from France, and seek a shelter under the hospitable roofs of the wealthy members of the Catholic faith in Great Britain and other countries. He arrived at Acton Burnell, the seat of sir Edward Smythe, with other refugees, in 1793, where he remained up to the time of his death; and during the last 26 years officiated as domestic chaplain to the family. He was one of the descendants of the house of Derwentwater, which suffered so much in property and life for its adherence to the cause of the Stuarts.—*Shrewsbury Chronicle.*

January 6.—Died, at Alnwick, in the 82nd year of his age, Mr. William Tarn, a native of Newcastle, and one of the oldest freemen of that borough. His gentlemanly manners and kindness of heart endeared him to all who knew him. For upwards of thirty years he followed the profession of a picture cleaner, with great success. In

the course of his long practice he became an accomplished connoisseur in the various schools of painting, and he added the memoirs of 1810 artists to his copy of Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters. He wrote the life of Carfrey, the artist, and he also left a manuscript memoir of his own life, containing interesting conversations and criticisms of several celebrated modern artists, and some of the most distinguished patrons of painting.—*Local Papers*.

1842 (Jan. 7).—Friday, a young man named Marshall, a sailor of Sunderland, procured a suit of jacket and trowsers from Mr. Thomas Hardy, clothier, in the Low-street there, by means of a forged order, signed in the name of a respectable ship-owner. Next day the fraud was discovered, and information was given to the police, who upon enquiry found that the clothes had been pledged, by a woman, at a pawnbroker's shop. This led to the discovery of Marshall, who was living in a back-house in High-street, where a police officer proceeded in search of him on the following Tuesday morning. Marshall happened to see the officer approaching, and judging the object of his visit, he made his escape through a window, and jumped from the top of a wall, a height of about 25 feet, into a yard behind the house of Mr. Peter Mason, surgeon. He opened the back-door and passed through the kitchen and shop, followed by the officer, who also jumped from the top of the wall, and sprained his ankle. Marshall however, having the start, succeeded in escaping the vigilance of the police.—*Ibid*.

January 7.—Died, at South Shields, in Collingwood-street, aged 48, much regretted, Mr. Thomas Thompson, miller. He was son of Mr. Shaftoe Thompson, of Elphills, near Wallington, (who died 18 April, 1833,) whose great grandfather was captain John Shaftoe, who was shot at Preston for engaging in the rebellion of 1715.—*Ibid*

January 7.—Between 9 and 10 o'clock at night, a fire broke out in a range of buildings in the yard of Mr. Harrison, cooper, near the Observer office, Gateshead. The fire originated with a furnace in the brass-foundry of Mr. R. C. Moore, over which was a carpenter's shop, occupied by Mr. Hudspeth. The joists and flooring were set on fire by the furnace, and there was at one time a threatening prospect of an extensive and destructive conflagration. Happily, however, measures of prevention were adopted in time to arrest the impending evil. The neighbours exerted themselves with energy, and succeeded in mastering the flames, before the arrival of any engines. For the sake of security over-night, the flooring adjacent to the furnace and flue was all torn down, and other precautionary measures were adopted.—*Ibid*.

January 8.—Saturday, that immense undertaking, the Spital Ton-

gues colliery tunnel, belonging to Messrs. Porter and Latimer, was opened throughout the entire length, from the colliery to the river Tyne near the Glasshouse bridge. The extreme length of the tunnel is $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles: total descent from the entrance at the colliery to the level of the spouts for shipping the coals, 222 feet. This line of railway is worked by a stationary engine, the loaded waggons (containing a chaldron each) taking after them the rope to draw the empty waggons back. The power of the engine is 40-horse, and it will draw 32 empty waggons back; and should the trade require the quantity, three runs, or twelve keels, could be shipped in an hour. The gauge of the rails is 4 feet 8 inches. The waggons are of an improved form, invented by W. E. Gillespie, the engineer, who had the whole management of this stupendous work. The tunnel from end to end, is arched with bricks, and has an inverted stone arch at bottom. Dimensions inside, 7 feet 5 inches high, by six feet three inches wide. The workmen, to the number of two hundred, were regaled with a substantial supper and strong ale, supplied by Mrs. Dixon, of the Unicorn inn, Bigg-market, Newcastle. The Albion band attended, and enlivened the joyous occasion with their music. The tunnel was commenced in 1839, and it is a remarkable circumstance that the whole of the strata worked was composed of nothing but solid clay, neither rock or any other impediment presenting itself. The tunnel commences at the surface, and its greatest depth is 85 feet; its course is south-east, running under the Moor and continuing to St. Thomas's church, Barras Bridge, and so on until it reaches the river, where coal spouts are erected, for the loading of vessels.—*Local Papers.*

1842 (Jan. 9).—Sunday morning, a fire occurred in Trinity church, South Shields, in consequence of one of the flues having become overheated, and set the boards above it on fire. Fortunately it was discovered just about the time when the congregation was assembling for divine service, so that by prompt assistance and active exertions it was speedily got under without further damage, excepting that two or three pews were a little burnt.—*Ibid.*

January 10.—Monday, the ceremony of opening the tunnel formed at Shildon, near Bishop Auckland, co. Durham, for the purpose of facilitating the communication between the extensive coal-field in that neighbourhood and the shipping port at Middlesbro', took place amidst great rejoicings. Hitherto, the coals from this district had been conveyed along two inclines, called the Black Boy and the Brusleton inclines. This operation was frequently found to be attended with great delay; and to be injurious, likewise, to the waggons and coals. To obviate these inconveniences and loss, several spirited in-

dividuals projected the formation of a tunnel underneath the hilly ground on which Old Shildon stands; and after making the necessary preparations, the work was commenced on the 22nd of April 1839; twenty-one months only having been occupied in its construction. The tunnel had now advanced to a state of completion, at an expense of about £100,000.; and the above was the day fixed upon for placing the last brick in the position of the key stone of the arch, at the last junction of the tunnel. It is 1300 yards long, or nearly three-quarters of a mile. Its height is 23 feet 4 inches, and its breadth 21 feet at the point whence the arch springs. The greatest depth from the surface is about 20 fathoms. The tunnel is constructed for two lines of railway; and, during its formation, was worked by seven shafts from the surface.—*Local Papers*.

1842.—A patent was granted to Edward Hall, of Deptford, civil engineer, for an improved steam boiler.—Sealed 11th January.—*Ibid*.

James Ions, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, obtained a patent for improvements in smelting copper ores. Sealed 13th January.—*Ibid*.

January 14.—Friday, a fatal accident occurred at Jarrow Alkali Works, near South Shields, about eight o'clock in the morning. John Smith and Thomas Lowes were breakfasting in the fire hole, and Thomas Robinson, one of the firemen of the works, was standing talking with them, with his face toward the boiler fire, when the boiler suddenly exploded with a fearful report, rising from the brick work and turning quite over and carrying the roof and every part with which it came in contact, away, the end being blown completely out. The boiler seat and roofs of the boiler room and grinding mills adjoining were all destroyed, and several pieces of metal pipe of considerable weight were broken from their connections and carried from 30 to 60 yards distance. Seven men were scalded and otherwise injured by the explosion. Thomas Robinson was blown against the opposite wall from the boiler, and after being got out, lingered until three o'clock in the afternoon of the same day and died. John Smith continued till about half-past five and expired. An inquest was held on Smith and Robinson before Michael Hall, esq. Verdict, "Accidental death." Smith was 36 years of age, and left a widow and nine children. He was a local preacher amongst the Primitive Methodists, and a member of the order of Rechabites, nearly a hundred of whom followed his remains to the grave. Being the first Rechabite funeral in South Shields, and the deceased being generally respected for his unostentatious piety and Christian worth, large numbers of persons flocked to witness the ceremony.—*Ibid*.

January 20.—Mr. Cresswell, M. P. for Liverpool, and brother of A. J. Baker Cresswell, esq. M. P. for Northumberland, was appointed

one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas, in the room of Mr. Justice Bosanquet, resigned.—*Local Papers.*

1842 (Jan. 20)—Died, at her house in the North Bailey, Durham, in her 78th year, Margery, relict of the right rev. Dr. Burgess, lord bishop of Salisbury, a lady whose amiability of character and genuine goodness of heart had endeared her to an extensive circle of friends, while her many acts of unostentatious benevolence obtained for her the blessings of the poor and needy.—*Ibid.*

January 23.—Sunday, about six o'clock A. M., a fire broke out on the premises of Mr. Younghusband, occupied by Mr. William Taylor, shopkeeper, Bamburgh; and but for the timely arrival of the Castle fire-engine, and the praiseworthy exertions of the inhabitants, the whole range of houses (of which Mr. Younghusband's formed a part) must have fallen a prey to the flames. The house was partially burnt down, and Mr. Taylor sustained a damage of shop-goods, &c., to the amount of £30.—*Ibid.*

January 25.—Being the day appointed for the baptism of Albert, prince of Wales, suitable rejoicings took place in Newcastle in honour of the event. Most of the shops in the town were closed, and at noon the dismounted troop of the Northumberland and Newcastle Volunteer Cavalry fired three volleys, and the castle guns were discharged. After firing the troop repaired to St Nicholas' square to break up, where a rather serious affray took place. Great numbers of the crowd (which was very numerous) repaired to the open space in front of the corn market and arming themselves with snow balls kept up a continual discharge against the volunteers, who were obliged to bear it quietly. Clouds of these missiles now flew in from all sides, and those against whom they were directed received many bruises, and a coating of hardened snow. They now separated in groups, and these immediately became the targets of the mob, while both officers and men were glad to retreat precipitately down the narrow lanes leading from the Cloth market, and other available defiles. One of them was struck in the front with a ball, at the corner of Mosley street, and noticing the person who discharged it, rushed forward and wielded his musket vigorously; but he was surrounded, his weapon taken from him, and his person seriously ill-treated. He escaped just as the police came up, who after great exertions succeeded in capturing three or four of the most unruly. The police then dragged them off, and the whole body of the mob ran after them, along Mosley-street, and down the Arcade, hooting and shouting until the prisoners were lodged in the Manors station-house when the crowd retired peaceably. At Gateshead the shops were only partially closed. The Town Council met on the previous Wednesday, and decided

upon the holding of a public dinner at Mrs. Calvert's, an intention subsequently abandoned. At North and South Shields the shops were closed the whole of the day; the bells of the churches were rung at intervals; flags floated from several public buildings, inns, and the ships in the harbour; and the hand of benevolence having been liberally extended to many of the poorer of the inhabitants, all classes enjoyed a more than ordinarily happy day. At Sunderland, the morning was ushered in by the ringing of the church bells, which continued at intervals during the day. The vessels in the harbour hoisted their colours, and the shops and other places of business were mostly closed. The public soup kitchen, which had been open for some weeks for the distribution of soup and bread among the necessitous poor at a trifling price, was, on this day of national rejoicing, thrown open for entirely gratuitous relief, and each applicant received a quart of soup and two cakes. At Durham the day was observed as a general holiday; the shops being closed, the bells rang, and the national ensign hoisted on the churches, &c. There was no public demonstration of loyalty, except a ball at the Assembly rooms, in the evening, which, owing to the severity of the weather, was not numerously attended. At Stockton nearly all the shops were closed, the bells sent forth their joyous peals; flags were displayed at the different public offices; bands of music perambulated the streets; and public dinners and balls closed the proceedings of the day. In the neighbouring villages of Hart and Billingham the poor were plentifully regaled, and much loyal enthusiasm was displayed. In the latter place blankets and clothing were also distributed to twelve of the poorest families. At Barnardcastle a sermon was preached by the rev. W. B. Galloway to the children of the church Sunday school; after which upwards of 300 scholars partook of tea and cake, provided by a voluntary subscription of the inhabitants, a great number of whom were present, and expressed themselves delighted with the proceedings and good behaviour of the children. At Darlington, the bells rang many a merry peal; the parents of the children attending the National and Sunday schools, connected with the parish church, were supplied, to the number of 100, with a quarter of a ton of coals each, the produce of a subscription by the friends of the church; the lady of John Wood, esq. of Woodlands, distributed cakes to upwards of 230 children belonging the schools connected with Trinity church; and in the evening a ball was given at the Dolphin inn, which was attended by a numerous and respectable company.—*Local Papers*

1842 (Jan 25.)—Tuesday, the church of St. Patrick, Felling, was opened for divine service with the usual formula of the Catholic cere-

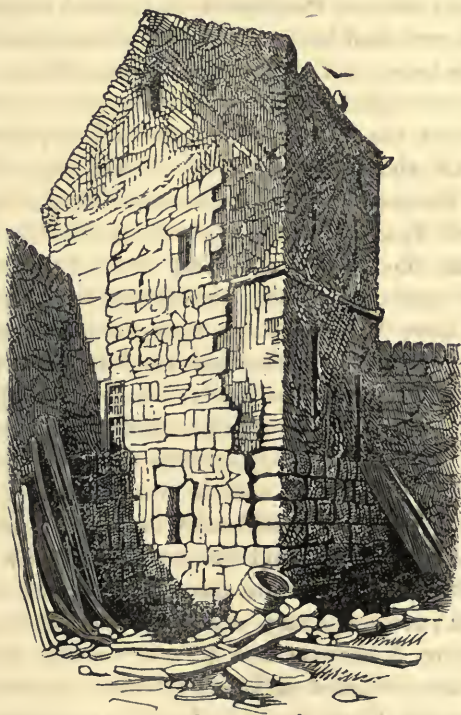
monial. Notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, a crowded congregation was collected from Newcastle and the neighbourhood. The clergy and ministers moved from the vestry at 11 o'clock in their robes, chanting a psalm, and proceeded to the entrance-door, and up the body of the chapel to the altar. The procession was headed by the members of the Guild or Confraternity of St. Joseph and Mary, who wore their gowns, collars, and other insignia. The musical portion of the service, consisting of selections from the masses of Mozart and Haydn, was executed in excellent style by the Newcastle Catholic choir, who gave the gratuitous aid of their talents upon the occasion; and an impressive discourse was delivered by the rev. W. Riddell. The revds. Joseph Brown, G. Lowe, John Eyre, &c., assisted in the services: and at the close a collection was made amounting to £23 18s. 4½d. The church owes its erection to the zeal and energy of the rev. W. Riddell, who, upon this and many other occasions, shrunk from no sacrifice of labour and expenditure, in order to accomplish the work for the benefit of the numerous Catholic population in the neighbourhood. The ground was the gift of W. Caley, esq., of Saltwell, at whose hospitable mansion, fourteen of the assisting clergy, and other friends, were entertained after the religious services of the day.—*Local Papers.*

1842 (Jan. 26).—Wednesday night, Mr. Robert Simpson, of New-
port-on-Tees, farmer and merchant, was returning home from Middles-
bro' at a late hour, when he observed three men proceed from the rear
of his granary to the wharf, with well-filled bags on their backs; and
concluding that they were carrying on a "free trade in corn" at his
expense, he roused his servants to the rescue of his property. The
suspected parties, hearing the alarm, threw down their bags, and ran
off in opposite directions. One of Mr. Simpson's men gave chase to
a fugitive, and they had a closely-contested race, the runaway keeping
slightly a-head of his pursuer; till the latter, fearing that he would
lose his man, at length raised his cudgel, and belaboured him on the
shoulders. The poor fellow thereupon gave in, and was handed over
to a policeman. Meanwhile the bags had been examined, and were
found to contain leaf-tobacco. Subsequently, several additional bags
were found in the turnpike road, and, with the three already seized,
were conveyed to the custom-house at Stockton, when the total quan-
tity was ascertained to amount to 5,948lb! The duty upon this
seizure would have been £934.—*Ibid.*

January 26.—The weather at this period was extremely severe,
with heavy falls of snow, and a tremendous wind blowing from the
south. During the whole of the above day, Wednesday, most of the
shops in Darlington were closed, and several of them sustained injury.

Many of the coaches and carriers were unable to proceed to their respective places, on account of the great depth of snow. Most of the country roads farther north were entirely blocked up,—the coaches between Durham and Sunderland were compelled to turn back, and the mails between Edinburgh and Newcastle were also unable to maintain their time. On the coast the storm raged with great violence. Immediately after the flag (signal) was hoisted upon the light-house at Tynemouth, some vessels in the offing ran into the harbour through a terrible sea, at about 30 minutes past 12 P.M. The *Argus*, Paterson; and the *Eliza*, Gray, were driven too far to leeward, and ran upon the rocks: both vessels came in collision. The *Eliza* in less than half-an-hour after struck, literally broke into fragments, and disappeared among the furious waves: the crew got on board the *Argus*, and shortly after, both crews, amounting to 18 individuals, were passed along lines thrown by capt. Manby's apparatus, which on this occasion eminently served to preserve those poor shipwrecked seamen from perishing: higher praise than this cannot be bestowed on the distinguished inventor of this life-preserver. The first one that passed along the lines was a good deal immersed in the waves, but the others were borne admirably aloft to the shore in excellent order. At 3 P.M., the *Ocean*, of Scarbro', from Hartlepool for London, ran upon the rocks; every attempt to get to windward proved ineffectual, and she drove rapidly higher upon the rocks: the crew were also ultimately saved by the apparatus. While crowds of spectators were anxiously watching the fate of those vessels, several in the harbour came in contact with each other, and were more or less damaged. Towards evening a thaw set in, and a strong westerly wind during the night greatly diminished the quantity of snow before Thursday morning; by which time however, a sharp frost had returned. The storm was indeed the most severe one remembered for twenty years. At Stockton, on the afternoon of Saturday the 29th, the inhabitants were thrown into a state of consternation, by a report that a great number of boys, who had been skating and sliding on Portrack Lake, were all drowned, in consequence of the breaking of the ice. People were seen running in all directions towards the spot, and as far as regarded two of the party, who were brothers, of the names of Robert and Thomas Swales, of the respective ages of thirteen and eleven, the report was found to be correct. From the statements of the other boys, it appeared, that the ice, which was in a melting state, first broke away with the eldest lad, and that his brother in helping him, got in also. There was not a man at hand, and nearly twenty minutes elapsed before assistance could be procured, and when taken on shore, both were found to be dead. A

coroner's inquest was held the same day, and a verdict of accidentally drowned returned; and on Monday, their bodies were attended by many a hundred, both old and young, to their silent homes. Strange as it may appear, yet, notwithstanding these fatal occurrences, and the thaw continuing all the night, on Sunday, a number both of men and boys were fool-hardy enough to venture on the same sheet of ice; some got in knee deep, others to the middle, and one man was immersed up to his neck, and he was likely to remain, but for the assistance and presence of mind of some sailors, who fastened a rope to a boat's oar, and threw the end to him, by which means he was dragged in safety to terra firma.—*Local Papers.*



The WATER TOWER, Close, Newcastle. 1846.

1842 (January).—The Institution of Civil Engineers, at their annual meeting awarded a Telford Medal in silver, to Mr. Thomas Sopwith, of Newcastle, for his paper upon “the construction and use of geological models in connection with civil engineering.”—*Ibid.*

January 29.—Died at his seat, Ridley Hall, Northumberland, early on the morning of this day, Saturday, John Davidson, esq. He was

in the 45th year of his age, and had been suffering, for some months previous, from indisposition ; but almost up to the hour of his sudden removal from the world, his medical attendants hoped that by care and judicious treatment he might once again be restored to the enjoyment of life and health. Mr. Davidson married, in 1825, Susan, youngest daughter of lady Anna Maria Jessop, by whom he left no issue. He served the office of High Sheriff of Northumberland for the year 1839.—*Local Papers.*

1842 (Jan. 29).—Died, at his residence in St. James's square, London, early on the morning of this day, Saturday, aged 75, the right honourable William Henry Vane, duke of Cleveland. The health of the venerable duke had been, for some years past in a very precarious state, and during the last fortnight no hopes had been entertained of his grace's recovery, and for several days his death was almost hourly expected. The houses of Cleveland and Westmoreland spring from a common ancestor. The former preserves the ancient mode of spelling the name (Vane), the latter uses that which appears not to have been adopted till about the year 1488 (Fane), but both families owe their origin to the same source. Sir Henry Vane, who was knighted at the battle of Poitiers, may be considered as the founder of the family ; at least, no pedigree has been traced to any higher source. The next individual of any note amongst the ancestors of the noble duke was sir Henry Vane, of Raby castle, in the county of Durham. This gentleman became a distinguished politician, and rose high in the favour of James I. and Charles I. He was cofferer to the latter, when prince of Wales ; and when that monarch came to the throne, was appointed principal secretary of state for life. From this office he was, however, dismissed ; and, it is well known, that dismissal was set forth as part of the justification of the parliament for levying an army. He died in 1654, and was succeeded by his son, sir Henry Vane, who, being treasurer of the navy, relinquished the fees of that office (£39,000,) reserving only £2000 a year for an agent. This was the sir Henry Vane who took so active a part in the great civil war, and who was beheaded on Tower-hill after the restoration. His son, sir Christopher Vane, was raised to the peerage in 1699 by the title of lord Barnard of Barnard castle. The third lord Barnard, having filled some high official employments, was created viscount Barnard and earl of Darlington by letters patent dated the 3rd of April, 1754. The deceased, William Henry Vane, duke and marquess of Cleveland, earl of Darlington, viscount and baron Barnard of Barnard castle, and baron Raby of Raby castle in the county of Durham, in the peerage of the united kingdom, was only son of Henry second earl of Darlington and Margaret, sister of the late,

and aunt of the present, earl of Lonsdale. He was born the 27th July, 1766, and was consequently in his 76th year. In September, 1787, he married lady Katherine Margaret Powlett, second daughter and co-heir of Henry the sixth and last duke of Bolton, and co-heir of one moiety of the barony of St. John of Basing, by whom, who died 17th June, 1807, his grace had issue eight children. The duke married, secondly, 27th July, 1813, Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Robt. Russell, the present dowager duchess, by whom he had no issue. The noble duke succeeded to the peerage upon the death of his father on the 8th of September, 1792. While viscount Barnard he sat for a short time in the House of Commons as member for Winchelsea, and previous to the Reform Act could, return representatives for that borough as well as for Camelford; and on the death of his noble father became colonel of the Durham militia. A liberal disposition in the expenditure of his large fortune manifested itself upon every fitting occasion. He was offered a marquissate during the administration of Mr. Canning, in 1827, but the patent was not completed till after the duke of Wellington took office, and was created a duke during that of earl Grey, in 1833. His grace was lord lieutenant and vice-admiral of Durham; and was elected a knight of the garter in 1839. The duke having desired that his funeral might be privately conducted, the only exception to its being a strictly family funeral was made in the case of the tenants, who attended on horseback, in large numbers. In the first of the mourning coaches were the present duke, the now dowager duchess, lady Augusta Henrietta Milbanke, and lady Arabella Arden; and in the second were lord William Powlett, lord Harry Vane, Mark Milbanke, esq. and the hon. colonel Arden, of Pepper Hall, Yorkshire. The other coaches contained G. B. Wharton, and — Metcalf, esqrs., two of the executors; T. F. Scarth, esq. and other gentlemen connected with the family. The body was deposited in a vault of Staindrop church. The following is a copy of the inscription engraved on the plate of the duke's coffin:—

The most Noble Wiliam Harry Vane,
Duke and Marquis of Cleveland, Earl of Darlington,
Viscount and Baron Barnard, of Barnardcastle,
And Baron Raby, of Raby Castle, in the County of Durham;
Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter,
Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the County of
Durham,
And Colonel of the Durham Militia;
Born 27th July, 1766: died 29th January, 1842.

—*Gent's. Mag. &c.*

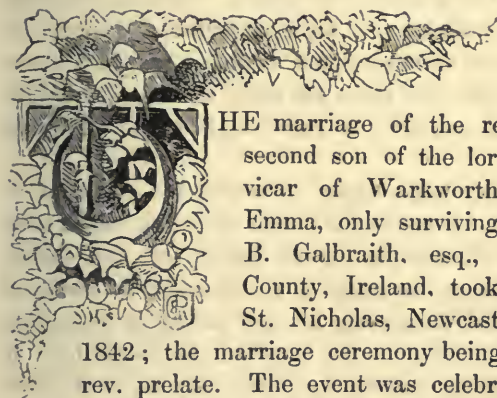
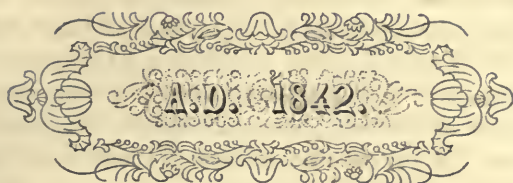
1842 (Jan. 30).—Between two and three o'clock on the morning of this day, Sunday, a fire was discovered by James Mitchell, police constable, in the extensive range of buildings then erecting by Mr. William Alderson, situate opposite the foot of Frederick-street, Bishop-Wearmouth, and intended by that gentleman to be used as an inn. The officer immediately entered, and to his surprise discovered several bundles of laths, piled upon a quantity of shavings, which had been previously set on fire by the perpetrators of this detestable crime. With extraordinary courage and presence of mind, he instantly commenced the daring attempt to disperse the burning laths, by throwing them into the street, in which he succeeded at great personal risk, being forced to retire twice to breathe, in consequence of the denseness of the smoke. It would be doing the constable injustice not to state, that had he not remained on the premises and relied entirely on his own energies, before he could have raised an alarm, or assistance could have been afforded, at that early hour of the morning, the whole building would have been destroyed in a few hours, as a quantity of rafters had been placed in the upper rooms by the workmen to dry; and the premises not being then insured, would have occasioned a loss of more than £500. to the owner.—*Local Papers.*

About this period, his grace the duke of Northumberland purchased the fine estate called the Magdalene Fields, outside the ramparts, Berwick-upon-Tweed, from lord Lisburne, for £28,000.—*Ibid*



Portion of the Lintel of a Door, discovered in the foundations of a house in the Close, Newcastle.

CHAPTER XVI.



THE marriage of the rev. Henry Percy, M.A., second son of the lord bishop of Carlisle, and vicar of Warkworth, Northumberland, with Emma, only surviving daughter of the late B. B. Galbraith, esq., of Old Derrig, Queen's County, Ireland, took place at the church of St. Nicholas, Newcastle, on the 1st February, 1842; the marriage ceremony being solemnized by the right rev. prelate. The event was celebrated at Warkworth with every demonstration of respect and rejoicing. At ten in the morning (the hour appointed for the nuptials of the worthy vicar and his lady) there was a discharge of cannon, accompanied by the ringing of the church bells. The Warkworth Amateur band paraded the streets, and the ringing of the bells, and the firing of the cannon were continued at intervals during the day. In the afternoon the band proceeded to Amble, and there also cannon were fired at intervals during the whole of the day; and all the vessels in the harbour hoisted their colours. At both places the rejoicing was general, and the day wore the aspect of a complete holiday: many a wish of future joy and felicity for the much esteemed bridegroom and his amiable bride was enthusiastically expressed by his parishioners.—*Local Papers.*

February 3.—Died in New Bridge Street, Newcastle, aged 82, the Rev. Moses Manners, rector of Thelverton, Norfolk, and perpetual curate of St. Anne's, Newcastle. He was of Lincoln College, Oxford, M.A. 1785; succeeded the Rev. John Brand, the historian of Newcastle, as usher of the Grammar School there, in 1784; was pre-

sented to St. Anne's chapelry in 1786, and to the rectory of Thelverton by his townsman, Lord Chancellor Eldon, in 1813.—*Gent's. Mag.*

1842 (Feb. 8).—Died at Easington Lane, co. Durham, aged 105 years and four months, Mrs. Alice Thompson; she had eight children, thirty-three grand-children, seventy-two great grand-children, and three sons and ten grand-sons followed her remains to the grave, and three great grand-children to be baptized.—*Local Papers.*

February 10.—At this period, workmen were employed in cleaning out what appears to have anciently been a prison, underneath the Chapter library, at Durham cathedral, running along the south side of the cloisters. Rings were found fixed in the floor and roof; and a considerable quantity of human bones were taken out. There is what appears to be a draw-well in the centre. The cell is strongly built, and the roof is supported by a number of pillars. Though generally unknown, the place has evidently not been unvisited,—probably by some private hole or passage through which workmen or others about the cathedral have reached it; for there are many names scrawled on the walls—some with dates appended as early as 1670, and others as recent as 1805.—*Ibid.*

February 14.—A singular contrivance to evade the payment of excise duty was discovered on board the Vesta steamer, which sails between Newcastle and Edinburgh, by an officer of the excise. It appears that in examining the cargo of the steamer, he observed a curiously shapen box, and suspecting all was not right, requested that it should be opened, when, to his surprise, he found that it contained the figure of a lady, dressed up in the gay attire of those which are usually sold in toy shops, but on account of its being of extraordinary dimensions, he, after examining it minutely, perceived that the lady's head easily separated from her body, and that her neck formed nothing less than the neck of a large whiskey bottle, the contents of which had no doubt been previously extracted. Besides the curiosity, the box contained three other bottles of whiskey covered with sawdust.—*Ibid.*

February 16.—Wednesday, about one o'clock, an accident occurred in the High-street, Sunderland, which was followed by very singular circumstances. At the above time, Mrs. Joseph Young and her sister were proceeding down the street in a gig, drawn by a spirited horse. When near the shop of Messrs. Rochester and Sheraton, silk-merciers, &c., the gig came in contact with a light vehicle, which was standing at the shop door, under the charge of a young man. The gig was partially overturned by the collision, and the ladies were thrown out, Mrs. Young being injured by the fall. The horse took off at a rapid pace down the street, and when near the Bridge Hotel

the vehicle came in contact with the wheels of a cart, and the animal broke from the shafts, rushed to the opposite side of the street, and plunged its fore-feet with great force against the iron palisadoes in front of a house there. Several of the iron rails were snapped in pieces, and the legs of the horse were thereby severely cut. It then entered the shop of Messrs. R. Vint & Carr, and was rushing into the counting-house behind when it was seized by Mr. Vint and a person who was passing at the time, who promptly rendered assistance. It is remarkable that notwithstanding the previous violence of the horse, and the cuts inflicted on its legs, not the slightest damage was occasioned either to the windows, or any article in the shop. The animal was then removed to safer quarters.—*Local Papers*.

1842 (Feb. 17.)—Coals from Hough Hall, or Elvet Colliery, Durham, were brought down the Durham and Sunderland Railway for the first time, a good seam of coal having been found there.—*Ibid*.

February 18.—A skeleton, supposed to be that of an adult female, was found about three feet below the surface, near the footpath of Building Hill quarry, near Sunderland. The bones were very much decayed, and from the peculiar situation of the place, it appears probable that it has been a case of concealed murder. There are no circumstances, however, connected with the occurrence, from which it can be ascertained how long it had lain, or under what circumstances it was deposited.—*Ibid*.

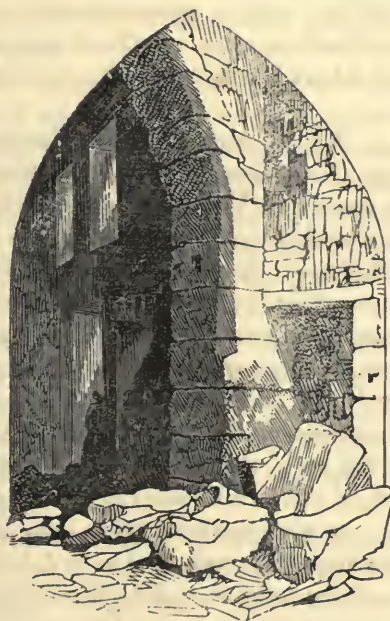
February 20.—Died at Felton Vicarage, John Reed, Esq., of Prestwick House, and formerly of Chipchase Castle, aged 83; and on Sunday, the 28th, at the same place, Miss Reed, sister to the deceased, aged 85, much regretted. Mr. Reed was distributor of stamps for the Newcastle district. His remains, and those of his sister, were interred in the family vault at Bell's Close, in the parish of Newburn, near Newcastle. The attendance of the gentry of the county of Northumberland in their carriages on the mournful occasion was very numerous, as was that of other classes connected with the immediate neighbourhood, all being anxious to pay the last tribute of respect to those venerable, exemplary, and deeply lamented persons.—*Ibid*.

February 21.—At the meeting of the Natural History Society of Newcastle, several trophies and objects of interest from China, brought home by Capt. Gustavus Coulson, of the Royal Navy, son of Col. Coulson, of Blenkinsopp Castle, and whose services in the Blonde frigate in the Chinese expedition were handsomely noticed by his superiors, were presented by that gentleman, consisting of bows, arrows, a matchlock, shield, helmets, caps, banner, umbrella, magic lustre, &c. These have been tastefully put up in the museum by the curator, in one of the compartments, and attract much of the notice of visitors.—*Ibid*.

1842 (Feb. 22).—Tuesday, James Liddle, foreman in the chain and anchor manufactory of Messrs. Edward Lumsdon & Son, Strand-street, Monkwearmouth, was deprived of life under the following brutal and distressing circumstances:—About one o'clock in the afternoon he observed a workman named James Robertson, (who had been indulging in liquor, but who had returned to a state bordering on sobriety,) neglecting his work, when he remonstrated with him, saying, "Robertson, you had better either mind your work or go home." The latter replied, "When I cannot do my work I will go home." Liddle then said, "You had better go home now," and turned away. Robertson, who had in his hand a sledge hammer, weighing nearly 6lbs., with a shaft $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, instantly struck Liddle a tremendous blow on the head, which felled him, and then aimed a second blow with the same hammer at his head while he was lying on the ground, but the other workmen who were near prevented him, by pushing his arms aside; the force of the blow was thus broken, and it fell upon his breast. Liddle was taken up and carried home, and surgical aid procured. His skull was found to be fractured, and the brain ruptured; nine pieces of bone were taken from the fracture. He lingered, insensible, till a quarter past five next morning, when death terminated his sufferings. He was a respectable man, and left an afflicted widow and eight children to lament their loss. Robertson left the shop immediately after the occurrence, but was soon followed by Mr. E. Lumsdon, jun., and two police officers, who took him in charge, and conveyed him to the station-house. To one of the officers he said, "I may as well be hanged for him as another." On Thursday, the 24th, an inquest was held before Michael Hall, Esq., at Mr. Lumsdon's, Dundas-street, when the above circumstances were detailed in evidence, and the jury returned a verdict of "Wilful Murder." The prisoner (a widower, about 27 years of age, and said to be a native of Gateshead or its neighbourhood,) was brought into the room, and endeavoured to avoid observation, covering his face with his hands. He declined to say anything in his defence, and was committed to Durham gaol, for trial at the summer assizes. On Saturday, the 26th, the remains of Liddle were interred in the churchyard of Monkwearmouth. A numerous circle of friends attended the funeral, which was witnessed by a large concourse of people, many of whom were deeply affected. Mr. Liddle was deservedly respected wherever he was known; he had been 28 years in the service of Mr. Lumsdon, and was considered one of the best workmen in the north. The trial of Robinson came on at Durham Assizes, on Wednesday, July 14, when he was found guilty of manslaughter, and sentenced to transportation for life.—*Local Papers.*

1842 (Feb. 24).—A mare, the property of Mr. Hoult, of Rushyford, Durham, whilst in the blacksmith's shop at that place, dropped with her dung a large full-grown frog, in a state of the most lively animation. The mare had been brought in from the fold-yard on the previous day, and it there had access to the adjoining pasture in which is a small pond; and here it is supposed she had swallowed the reptile, whose term of imprisonment (at least 24 hours) cannot of course be ascertained. The frog was sent to the Durham University Museum.—*Local Papers.*

February 26.—Saturday afternoon, was launched from Messrs. Smith's dock, at St. Peter's, near Newcastle, the fine ship, the *Ellenborough*, intended for the East India trade. The vessel went off in grand style, amidst the cheers of several thousands of spectators on shore, and in vessels on the river. She is estimated 1,030 tons register. She is declared by the best judges to be by far the most beautiful and best built, as well as the largest vessel ever launched into the Tyne.—*Ibid.*



Part of the EARL'S INN, (the Antient Residence of the Earls of Northumberland)
Close, Newcastle, discovered Mar. 1846.

February 26.—Died at Lesbury, near Alnwick, aged 80, John Herdman, M.D., graduate of Edinburgh, and licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, London. He was the author of several medi-

cal works, including, amongst others, a treatise on the "Swelling of the Joints, and the Doctrine of Inflammation," and on the "Diseases of Children;" also a popular "Discourse on the Influenza," which was published in Edinburgh in the year 1803, during the fatal prevalence of that epidemic. He practised in London several years, and was appointed one of the physicians in ordinary to his royal highness the Duke of Sussex; but he relinquished his profession from conscientious motives, his opinions having become quite anti-medical, and were rigidly carried into practice. He considered, that to "minister to nature, and to conform to her operations by sobriety and regularity of life, were the only safe means to secure health," and he entirely rejected the aid of medicine, as tending to derange and debilitate the system, declining assistance during his last illness, and declaring that he desired only to die a natural death. After his retirement from the medical profession, he entered into holy orders, and preached occasionally in Alnwick, Howick, and the adjoining parish churches. The doctor was a native of Fifeshire, and by his marriage with Miss Hay, daughter of the late C. Hay, Esq., of Lesbury, he succeeded to great wealth, which he diffused with a generous hand. He was a liberal supporter of public institutions, a munificent patron of the fine arts and the drama, and a kind benefactor to the poor and the distressed. —*Local Papers.*

1842 (Feb. 27).—Died at Mitford Castle, Northumberland, in his 55th year, Bertram Osbaldeston Mitford, of Mitford Castle, and of Hunmanby, in the county of York, esq. He was the lineal male descendant of the very ancient family of Mitford, the pedigree of which will be found in Hodgson's Northumberland, II. ii. 47. His father Bertram Mitford, esq., died in 1800; his mother was Miss Tabitha Johnson, of Newcastle. Upon the demise of Humphrey Osbaldeston (formerly Humphrey Brooke), of Hunmanby, in the county of York, esq., in September, 1835, without leaving male issue, the deceased succeeded to the possession of the immense landed estates situated in the east and west ridings of that county, as next surviving tenant in tail, under the will of the late Fountayne Wentworth Osbaldeston, esq., of Hunmanby; his grandmother having been Mary, daughter of sir Richard Osbaldeston, knt., and in January, 1836, in compliance with the directions of the testator, and by virtue of his late Majesty's royal license for that purpose, he assumed the arms and name of Osbaldeston. The deceased, about twelve years ago, married his relative, Frances, the daughter of Henry Mitford, esq., a captain R.N., who survives him, but by whom he has left no issue. —*Genl's Mag.*

February 27.—The weather, which early in the morning of this day was remarkably fine, began to assume a threatening aspect about

nine o'clock, the wind becoming strong from the S.E., accompanied with snow. The ground very soon wore the appearance of winter, but the action of the sun gradually softened its rigorous aspect. There were still, however, occasional storms, accompanied by thunder and lightning, with intermissions of sunshine, throughout the day. Towards evening a violent thunder-storm of some hours' continuance took place. The lightning flashed with uncommon brilliancy, and its effects were not unattended with damage. The chimney of the Jarrow Alkali Works was struck, and some bricks were displaced; whilst in the interior of one of the chambers, a portion of the metal was fused by the lightning. At North Shields a dog, which had followed its owner into the Methodist Chapel, was struck dead by the lightning on reaching the street, as the congregation were leaving the chapel: but the most remarkable circumstance that occurred, happened to a gentleman who was leaving the chapel at the same time, with a silk umbrella in his hand, upon which the lightning fell, but silk being a non-conductor the gentleman escaped uninjured, whilst the umbrella was but slightly damaged. At Berwick, the lightning struck a stack of barley, and before it was extinguished, the greater part was destroyed.—*Local Papers.*

1842 (March 4).—Died at Radcliffe Terrace, Warkworth, aged 81, Mrs. Mary Redhead, widow of William Redhead, who was killed nearly half a century ago at Cowpen colliery; he was a direct descendant of that bold and daring outlaw Gawen Readhead, who was outlawed in the 10th of Queen Elizabeth, and took shelter in a large hollow oak on the Brinkburn estate. Tradition says, he was as notorious a moss-trooper as Elliott of Liddesdale, or the Reiver of Westburnflat.—*Ibid.*

March 6.—This day, Sunday, the Scotch Church, Saville Street, South Shields, in connexion with the Presbytery of Newcastle, was opened. The services were conducted in the morning by the Rev. Mr. Munroe, from Manchester, the present moderator of the Presbyterian Synod in England; and in the afternoon by the Rev. Dr. Paterson, of Sunderland.—*Ibid.*

March 8.—Tuesday morning, William Robinson, a countryman, hind to Jervis Robinson, esq., at Rocliffe farm, near Hurworth, co. Durham, accompanied by his father and son, had crossed the river Tees, near Hurworth, for the purpose of landing the old man, who lived at Smeaton, and had been on a visit to his son. There is no ford at the place, but they had got the old man safely over and were about to return home, when the horse in turning round stumbled and fell; the water running very strong at the time overturned the cart, and the little boy and his father were thrown out into the water, where

they perished in the sight of the old man, without the least possibility of rendering any assistance—the horse was also drowned.—*Local Papers.*

1842 (March 9).—A violent storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied by a heavy fall of snow, prevailed in Newcastle and neighbourhood. The lightning struck one of the tall chimneys at the Alkali Works of Messrs. Cookson & Co., of South Shields, and took the whole of the outer coat of bricks off for upwards of thirty feet down, and a poor man was so severely injured by the fall of the bricks, that he died in the afternoon of the same day, and others were also hurt.—*Ibid.*

March 9.—As Mr. George Watson, a butcher, at Stockton, was driving a fat cow home from the market, and when within 50 yards of his own shop, the animal turned into a passage in William-street, and one of the house doors being open, she very deliberately entered, and proceeded up stairs, where she unceremoniously took possession of a room, occupied by a man named Franklin, a flax-dresser, who was at work, his wife and children being with him. They were, of course, both surprised and alarmed at the extraordinary intrusion. Mr. Watson soon came to their relief, and the cow was forcibly ejected. The damage done did not amount to five shillings, which the worthy butcher cheerfully paid.—*Ibid.*

March 10.—Thursday, the Union Society of Change Ringers of Newcastle and Gateshead having been visited by four change-ringers from London, ascended the tower of All Saints' church, Newcastle, and rung a true and complete peal of Holt's Grandsire Triples, consisting of 5,040 changes, which were beautifully struck and brought round in three hours, by the following performers:—1st, Joseph Gissing; 2d, Charles Bailey; 3d, John Cox; 4th, John Freeman; 5th, Allan Stephenson; 6th, Robert Balmbray; 7th, George James; tenor, Richard Wanless. Weight of tenor 19 cwt. The peal was conducted by Mr. John Cox.—*Ibid.*

March 12.—The Lords of the Treasury conferred the valuable appointment of distributor of stamps for the county of Northumberland and Berwick-upon-Tweed upon Henry Reed, esq., son of the late lamented col. Reed. The hon. George Liddell, who had for some years been barrack master at Windsor, received, at the same time, the appointment of distributor of stamps for the county of Durham. Mr. George Liddell commenced his career in the army, joining at a very early age that distinguished regiment the Seventh Fusiliers. He accompanied his regiment to the Greek Islands and Malta, where, in the tenth year of his service, he was attacked with a violent rheumatic fever, in consequence of a cold caught upon night duty in the harbour.

The illness that ensued was of so severe a character, that he was sent home more dead than alive, and after lying thirteen months in his father's house, under the care of the first advice in London, his constitution was so shattered, that he was obliged to sell out of his regiment at the age of twenty-eight, being at that time the senior captain and having a high character for efficiency and ability.—*Local Papers.*

1842 (March 12).—Saturday night, a destructive fire broke out on board of a newly-built brig, called the Storm, belonging to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, laden with coals, while at sea on her passage to London. The fire was found raging in the bulkhead of that vessel. The hatchway was covered over in the hopes of stifling the flames, but in the course of an hour the terrible element burst forth through the deck, and the master, seeing there was no chance of saving the vessel, altered her course, and steered for the Essex coast. They were at that time upwards of ten miles out from the land, with a strong gale blowing direct from off the coast, and it was nearly four o'clock on Sunday morning before the vessel was got on shore. At that period the fire presented an awful appearance; it was issuing from the head of the vessel with great violence, and it appeared impossible to prevent her being burnt to the water's edge. It was several hours before the fire was entirely extinguished.—*Ibid.*

March 13.—Died at Alnwick Castle, aged 58, the Rev. Thomas Singleton, D.D., chaplain to his grace the duke of Northumberland, archdeacon of Northumberland, rector of Elsdon and Howick, in the same county, and a prebendary of Worcester. He was the only son of Thomas Anketell Singleton, esq., formerly lieutenant-governor of Landguard Fort, by a daughter of Francis Grose, esq., the celebrated antiquary. He was of Corpus Christi college, Cambridge, B.A. 1804; and in the office of tutor to the duke of Northumberland (the present chancellor of that university), his friendship with whom commenced at Eton, he acquired so large a share of his grace's esteem that they continued intimate friends ever after. He attended his grace as private secretary on his embassy to Paris, and again when lord lieutenant of Ireland. The duke presented him to the rectory of Elsdon in 1812; he was appointed to the archdeaconry of Northumberland, to which the rectory of Howick is annexed, in 1826; and to a prebendal stall at Worcester in 1829. No man was ever more generally esteemed, or more deeply regretted than archdeacon Singleton. By the noble family in whose residence much of his time was passed, he was both beloved and valued; and the friendship with which the duke regarded him, and which began at Eton, was never interrupted. Sir Henry Hardinge was his almost daily correspondent, and he usually

spent a week at Tamworth with sir Robert Peel during his residence as canon of Worcester.—*Gent's. Mag.*

1842 (March).—Died at Copenhagen, Sophia, wife of General Bulow, and grand-daughter of Thomas Selby, esq., of Biddleston, Northumberland.—*Local Papers.*

March 15.—Tuesday, information was communicated to the river police in Sunderland that a quantity of clothes, books, &c., had been stolen from on board the brig Anthony and Ann, in that harbour, and that suspicion attached to the crew of the brig New Forest, of Ly-mington, then lying alongside. A search was made without effect on board of the latter vessel, during which one of the seamen, named William Lawrence, fell from the fore-topmast cross-trees, and was so severely injured that he was taken to the infirmary in a dangerous state. A subsequent search was made by inspector Annison on board of the same vessel, when the whole of the stolen articles were found concealed in the hammock-bed of the seaman above-named. The case was investigated by the magistrates, who, in consequence of what had happened to the person supposed to be the depredator, and whose fall was attributed to a consciousness of guilt and fear on seeing the officer on board, recommended that the charge should be withdrawn, and the articles restored to the owner which was done accordingly.—*Ibid.*

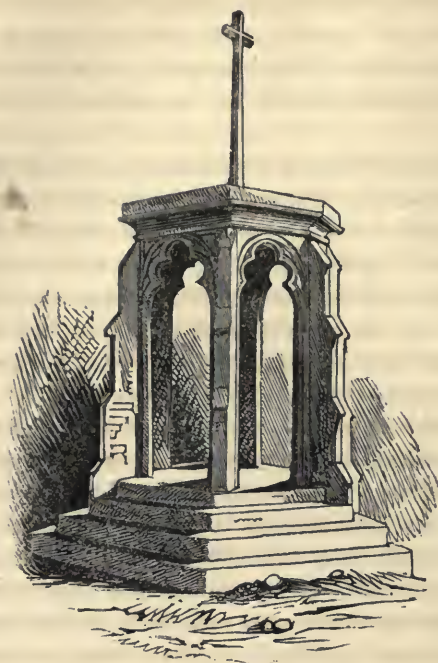
March 15.—Shortly after 9 o'clock in the evening, a fire was discovered in the tannery of Mr. George Greene, Half-Moon-lane, Gateshead. A man who was at work in a stable, and who first made the discovery, gave an alarm, and there was quickly an abundance of aid, so that the fire (having made little progress) was readily subdued and extinguished. It had broken out in a store-room, near to the steam-engine used in the operations of the tan-yard. Mr. Usher, superintendant of the police, and Mr. Gillender, were especially active in extinguishing the fire. Three fire-engines came promptly to the spot, but their services were not required.—*Ibid.*

March 16.—A young lad, aged about five years, was stolen from his parents in Sunderland, in the year 1840. His mother, the wife of a poor labouring man, was frantic at her loss, and went in immediate search of her son. Hundreds of miles she travelled on foot, exposed to the severest privations, but the object which she had in view sustained her in every trial. At length she reached Skipton, in Yorkshire, and there, on the above day, she was rewarded for all her toil and suffering, by recovering her long-lost child. He had been left in that town by a company of strolling chimney-sweeps, and was taken charge of by William Atkinson, a master sweep, who, having given information of the circumstance to the magistrates, was advised to

keep the little fellow until inquiries should be made after him. The meeting between the mother and her son was deeply affecting. Excess of joy was so violent on both sides that the bystanders feared lest their reason should be overthrown by the paroxysm.—*Local Papers.*

1842 (March 20).—Died at Cheltenham, aged 80, Mrs. Woodcock, a native of Sunderland. She was an excellent wife, and her husband, at his decease, left her in possession of his fortune, which was very ample. She was a most affectionate and warm friend, and of unbounded benevolence in her disposition. The poor, particularly those of Sunderland and its vicinity, lost in her a kind benefactress,—amongst them she distributed a great portion of her income, depriving herself of all superfluities, and even some comforts. There was no charity where her aid was solicited to which she did not cheerfully contribute to the utmost of her ability, and no poor person ever applied to her in vain. She erected at her sole cost the houses in Maritime-place, and endowed them sufficiently to be an asylum for ten poor mariners' widows or children. The following extracts from this lamented lady's will are those parts which relate to the town of Sunderland :—She gives £3000 three per cent. consols to the trustees of her almshouses, founded by her in Maritime-place, Bishopwearmouth, in trust to pay the half-yearly dividends in sums of £5 each to poor widows of master mariners, of good character, parishioners and residents of Sunderland and Bishopwearmouth, being members of the established church of England, according to their seniority, the elder being always to be preferred to the younger, and no widows to be elected under fifty-six. Every widow to retain the exhibition for life, provided she remain a widow and continues of honest reputation. Gives to the same trustees the further sum of £2000 three per cent. consols in trust to pay the dividend thereof for the benefit and towards the support and maintenance as well of the Church of England charity schools established at Sunderland and Bishopwearmouth as of the aged poor in those places in equal shares. Also gives £200 three and a half per cent. stock to the same trustees, interest thereof to supply coals and an annual dinner to the almshouse pensioners. Also gives £5 and a suit of mourning to each of the pensioners in the almshouse; and, finally, gives £100 sterling to each of the six trustees for their trouble. All these bequests are free from legacy duty.—*Ibid.*

March 21.—Died at Erle Cottage, Bow, London, aged 33, William D. Anderson, esq., civil engineer, and sometime river engineer under the corporation of Newcastle-upon-Tyne; a situation from which he retired on account of his declining health. Mr. Anderson acquired



The original KALE CROSS, Newcastle:

From an unique drawing in the possession of His Grace the Duke of Northumberland.

considerable knowledge of his profession in early life from his father, who was educated under the celebrated Rennie, and had long been engaged in extensive engineering works in and near the metropolis. The skill obtained under his father was matured by a professional education in the service of that distinguished engineer and truly great man, Thomas Telford, esq., whose favourable opinion and friendship for Mr. Anderson were evinced by a legacy of four hundred pounds. He subsequently practised as a civil engineer in London and other parts of the kingdom, and was eminently successful in conducting the new water works at Exeter, which were planned and executed entirely under his direction, and were completed within the original estimate. He also designed and executed the piers at Queenhithe and Dyershall wharf, and a pier and river wall at Westminster bridge. His plans for improving the quay and landing places at Hungerford Market wharf were approved by the directors as the most economical and effectual mode of accomplishing the desired object. He received the second premium for the Leeds water works, and was engaged by three different parties in that town as consulting engineer. Anxious to acquire further reputation by the execution of works on a large scale, he became a candidate for the appointment of

river engineer in Newcastle, in January, 1838, and was elected in the same month by a large majority. Of the talents, perseverance, and unremitting zeal with which he discharged his duty, all who had opportunities of judging formed but one opinion, and he met with a reward in the kind friendship and entire confidence of the great majority of the Council, which he never alluded to without feelings of the liveliest gratitude. Few persons at his age have made more rapid or successful progress in their professional career; but highly and deservedly as he was esteemed in the exercise of the duties of his office, he was still more highly prized and admired by those who knew the excellence of his private character, and the liberal and generous spirit which he uniformly displayed. An amiable disposition, extensive acquirements, and a correct taste in art, rendered his society at all times both instructive and agreeable; and brief as his residence in Newcastle unfortunately proved, his premature death was deeply felt and regretted by a numerous circle of friends, who, by a grateful and affectionate remembrance, bear ample testimony alike of his private worth and professional attainments.—*Local Papers*.

1842 (March 21).—Died at Woodhorn, Northumberland, aged 87, the Rev. Benjamin Kennicott, sen., vicar of that parish. He was a nephew of Benjamin Kennicott, the learned editor of the Hebrew Bible. He was formerly rector of Dodbrooke, in Devonshire; and was collated to Woodhorn in 1798, by Dr. Barrington, then bishop of Durham, in testimony of that prelate's admiration of his uncle's work. He published a sermon occasioned by the death of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, 8vo., Sunderland, 1817. His eldest son, the Rev. Benjamin Kennicott, B.A., of Oriel college, Oxford, is perpetual curate of Monkwearmouth, and his second son, the Rev. R. D. Kennicott, B.A., is perpetual curate of Horton, in the parish of Woodhorn.—*Gent's Mag.*

March 24.—Died at Morpeth rectory, aged 75, the Rev. Frederick Ekins, rector of that parish. He was the only son of the Rev. Jeffrey Ekins, D.D., dean of Carlisle (elder brother of John Ekins, D.D., dean of Salisbury) by Anne, daughter of Philip Baker, esq., deputy secretary at war. He was born on Christmas-day, 1776, at Quainton, co. Bucks, where his father was then rector, and succeeded his father in the rectory of Morpeth (in the gift of the earl of Carlisle, and valued in 1831 at £1,611) in 1791. He took the degree of M.A. at Oxford in 1794, being then a fellow of New College. He married in 1802 Jane-Ogle, daughter and coheirress of James Tyler, of Whalton, co. Northumberland, esq., by whom he had issue one son, the Rev. Jeffrey Ekins, and three daughters, one of whom is the wife of the Rev. James Baker, spiritual chancellor of the diocese of Dur-

ham, and rector of Nuneham, co. Oxford, another married John Lambton Loraine, esq., of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. A pedigree of the family of Ekins, and memoirs of the dean of Carlisle, will be found in Hodgson's History of Northumberland, II. ii. 395, 527, where also it is mentioned that the deceased possessed several MSS. of sir Isaac Newton, which descended to him from his grandfather, who was executor to Lady Lemington, the great-niece of the illustrious philosopher.—*Gent's. Mag. &c.*

1842 (March 25).—Friday, Newcastle and the neighbourhood were visited by a tremendous gale of wind from W.N.W. It continued to blow very heavily till about eleven o'clock, when it increased to a complete hurricane, unroofing buildings, throwing down chimneys, tearing up trees by the roots, and doing various other damage. When the people began to turn out in the morning, they perceived the danger they had escaped, from the streets being strewn with broken glass, slates, and chimney tops. It did no great damage, it seemed to delight in petty mischief. Panes of glass were blown out, and attics were made more airy than comfortable. Branches of trees were broken, and houses groaned and shook from the effects of its violence. The booths at the Forth were dismantled and injured, and left some doubt whether they could be repaired in time for the reception of the Easter holiday folks.

Then away to the field it went blust'ring and humming,
And the cattle all wond'ring whatever was coming.

And it brought to the ground a large building which had been reared at the barracks, as a place of recreation for the soldiers. During the terrific storm, a fire was discovered in the coopery of Mr. Brown, Spicer Lane. The door was broken open, and although the flames issuing from the neighbourhood of a pile of wood, had rather a formidable appearance, yet fortunately their progress was arrested before any damage was effected. Early on the evening of this day, a little sloop named the Leah, having left the port of Sunderland for Bridlington, manned by two men only, encountered the gale, and one of the men, named Robson, was washed overboard and drowned. His partner, James Aiken, was then left alone in the vessel; the whole of the sails were blown from the yards; and he was never able to leave the helm, either for sleep or food, from Saturday morning to Monday evening, a period of about 60 hours. By the most extraordinary exertions, he at length succeeded in reaching Boston, in Lincolnshire. His hands were dreadfully frost-bitten, but no serious danger arose from his great exposure and exertions.—*Local Papers.*

March 27.—Easter Sunday, the Newcastle and Gateshead Union Society of Change Ringers, assisted by two of the celebrated bell

melodists, at that time performing in Newcastle, rang a full and complete peal of Holt's Grandsire Triples (consisting of 5040 changes) on the splendid peal in the tower of Saint Nicholas' church, which was admirably completed in two hours and fifty-nine minutes. The last time this wonderful performance was executed on the same bells was on the occasion of George III. entering into the 50th year of his reign, in 1809, which peal was rung in three hours and twenty minutes.—*Local Papers.*

1842 (March 28).—Monday evening, a violent attack was made upon the police at Darlington, whilst apprehending Walter M'Lauchan, for disorderly and drunken conduct in a public house in Bondgate. The party belonging to the accused, and many of the lower orders, followed the policemen whilst taking M'Lauchan to the lock up house, pelting them with stones and dirt, and because they could not accomplish their object in the prisoner's rescue, they smashed the town-hall windows.—*Ibid.*

March 31.—Thursday, early on the morning of this day, a fire was discovered in a small house attached to Mr. Coates's ropery, at the north end of Sunderland Moor, which was used as a warehouse for ropes, tar, &c., and in which was a fixed small boiler for melting tar, the fire-place being constructed at the outside of the building, so that if the tar should boil over it must escape the fire. The boiler was at work on the day preceding, but the fire was carefully extinguished when the work was discontinued in the evening, and no fire or light was known to be in the inside where the conflagration took place. The door was broken open, and every effort used to extinguish it, but without effect, for before efficient assistance could be brought the whole of the materials within the building were destroyed. It was not known by what means the fire originated.—*Ibid.*

April 1.—The ship *Georgia*, of Newcastle, an Indiaman, captain Mitchell, bound to London, was lost by fire, attended with a deplorable sacrifice of human life. The ship was between eight and nine hundred tons burthen, and was valued at £7,000, being splendidly fitted up for the accommodation of passengers. She had a rich cargo on board, consisting of jewellery, merchandise, and other valuable property, which perished with the vessel; a loss in total of nearly £20,000. The unfortunate event occurred while on her passage to England from Calcutta, which place she left in the early part of February. By the accounts brought over by the ship *Thomas Sparks*, from China, it appears that early on the morning mentioned, the "watch" on deck, when the vessel was in latitude 30 south, and longitude 36 east, off Madagascar, discovered a strong smell of burning about the ship; he aroused the commander, captain Mitchell, and the

rest of the ship's crew, and a strict search was determined upon. On the boats being removed, and the main hatches taken off, the burning was found to proceed from the cargo, when orders were given to remove over a portion of it, so as to get at the fire. The crew, however, had not proceeded far before a volume of smoke burst upon them, and shortly after it became so intense, accompanied with excessive heat, and they were forced to desist. Captain Mitchell then had the hatches replaced, and blocked up every aperture in the ship, in the hope of stifling the fire. But this proved unavailing, for in about two hours the flames broke through the cabin windows, and likewise from the hatchway over the forecastle, to the terror and dismay of all on board. Captain Mitchell, perceiving that the destruction of the vessel was inevitable, directed the crew to prepare themselves to leave the ship, which they immediately set about doing by lowering the boats (two in number) over the vessel's side. It was a most trying moment, for the sea was extremely rough, with a heavy gale of wind, and with the knowledge of their being between eight and nine hundred miles from land—every soul expected to meet with a watery grave. At about eight o'clock the chief mate, with nine of the crew, left the burning vessel in the jolly boat; and they were immediately followed by Captain Mitchell and the rest of the ship's crew, four in number, in the small boat. In the course of a quarter of an hour afterwards the work of devastation had reached the mast, and she appeared embodied in one mass of flame, forming a terrible, though magnificent appearance. At this critical period a vessel was observed at a distance bearing towards the ill-fated ship, and the chief mate turned to make known the joyful intelligence to captain Mitchell and the rest of the crew, when he was horror-struck on finding that the boat had foundered, and none of them were to be seen. They rowed about in hopes of picking some of them up, but unfortunately none of the poor fellows rose after. The ship *Thomas Sparks*, which proved to be the vessel they saw bearing down to their assistance, came up alongside soon afterwards, and took the chief officer and the rest of the *Georgia's* crew on board, and they remained within a short distance of the burning ship until she went down, which event took place at a late hour in the afternoon. The barque *Georgia*, built in 1840, was the property of Messrs. Anthony Hood & Co., of Newcastle.—*Local Papers*.

1842 (April 5).—The foundation stone of a chapel in connexion with the Church of England, was laid in the parish of Kylloe, by Mrs. Knight, of Ford. On the same day the foundation stone of a school-house was laid at Lowick, by the hands of Miss Knight, of Ford. The site fixed upon for the chapel is exceedingly fine, and on the con-

finest of the parishes of Lowick, Ancoft, and Holy Island, and within a mile of Haggerston.—*Local Papers.*

1842 (April 6).—Wednesday, a most daring outrage took place in the village of Lemington, near Newcastle. Mr. Smith, landlord of a public house in that village, who, also pursued the trade of glass-making, had left his home for the glass-works, at a very early hour on the morning of the above day, when, about three o'clock, Mrs. Smith was alarmed by the forcible entry into her bed-room of three fellows, wearing masks, and armed with a heavy crow-bar and other instruments of that sort. With an oath, they demanded money, and threatened that they would soon “do for her” if it was not at once given up. Mrs. Smith refused, and on rising out of her bed she was struck with the crow-bar on the head, and other parts of the body. Mrs. Smith struggled and screamed, and thus awoke her daughter and a female servant, who proceeded to give the alarm. The men then hastily retreated, leaving Mrs. Smith bleeding and almost dead. Assistance was procured, and it was ascertained that entrance had been obtained by forcing open the shutter of a low window: down stairs two club boxes had been forced open, though they were luckily empty, and the spirit cupboard and other places had been robbed; upstairs, a chest of drawers was broken open and robbed of some articles, though of what was not precisely known. The quantity of money obtained was trifling. The assistance of the police was obtained, and between four and five o'clock a notorious character named Matthew Veitch was apprehended at Newburn, about a mile from Lemington, and on the following morning another man named Robert Reed was taken at a blacking factory at Bell's Close. Mrs. Smith swore to the person of Veitch as one of the burglars. At the Northumberland assizes on Saturday the 16th July following, Veitch was convicted of the offence. Sentence of death was recorded against him, which was afterwards commuted to transportation for life.—*Ibid.*

April 7.—This day the tunnel which had been constructed for the conveyance of coals from Spital Tongues Colliery to the river Tyne, was opened in the presence of the Mayor and several gentlemen, members of the Corporation, and others, who met at the terminus near Tyne-street, to witness the descent of the first train of waggons. This spirited undertaking was commenced by Messrs. Porter and Latimer, the owners of Spital Tongues Colliery, on 27th June, 1839, thus two years and nearly ten months were required to complete the work. The tunnel is nearly two miles in length, and its form is similar to that of the Thames Tunnel; it is 6 feet 3 inches in width, and 7 feet 5 inches in height, is cased throughout with strong masonry and brick work,

and passes beneath the Town-moor, the Barras-bridge, the bed of Pandon-dean, the Shield-field, &c., on its way to the river. The train by which the tunnel was opened consisted of eight waggons, four of which were filled with coals, and the others were occupied by a band of musicians, many ladies and gentlemen, the engineer, and several others who had been engaged in the work. It started from the colliery a little after one P.M., and on making its appearance at the other end was greeted by the firing of cannon, the display of colours, and with the loud cheers of those who had assembled to witness its arrival. After congratulating Messrs. Porter and Latimer on the successful issue of their gigantic undertaking, the mayor and other gentlemen were invited to partake of refreshments provided in a tent which had been erected on the adjoining ground. The tunnel carries somewhat less than twelve keels per hour, but the number of waggons laden or empty which the engine is enabled to draw as given in a former paragraph, is considerably overrated, and the statements made above may be considered as corrective of the general details of the former. —(*Information of Messrs. Porter and Latimer.*)

1842 (April 8.)—The blue ribbon, which became vacant on the death of the late duke of Norfolk, was conferred upon the duke of Cleveland.—*Local Papers.*

April 10.—A large fire occurred at Sunderland on the evening of this day, Sunday, attended with the most disastrous consequences. It originated on the premises of Mr. John Wolstenholme, wholesale grocer and baker, which were of considerable extent. It was discovered at about a quarter to 7 o'clock, by smoke proceeding from the rear of the dwelling-house, adjoining the warehouse; and soon afterwards the fire burst forth with great fury, producing the utmost alarm and consternation amongst the inhabitants of the town. Within a short time two of the town engines and one belonging to the barracks were brought to the place, attended by a numerous body of police-officers and a detachment of soldiers of the 12th regiment, but, owing to the water pipes not being charged, much time was lost in making arrangements for conveying a necessary supply of water to work them, which was obtained by buckets from the river. Long before this could be accomplished the flames had made awful ravages; they had extended over the whole of Mr. Wolstenholme's premises, which were completely in a blaze; and the destruction of the houses adjoining and opposite, both in High-street and Silver-street, appearing inevitable, exertions were made to remove their contents to a place of safety. The land engines being of little service, the authorities of the town determined to have recourse to the large floating engine moored in the central part of the harbour but owing to there being no steamers in

readiness to tow her alongside of the shore, it was upwards of an hour before she arrived. The instant the engine arrived it was got into play, and but for its powerful assistance the greater portion of the High-street would have been destroyed. In consequence of the spirited exertions of the military and police, the work of devastation was prevented from extending further than Mr. Wolstenholme's premises, which by 12 o'clock were levelled to the ground, and the whole of his stock and furniture consumed. Several accidents happened during the raging of the fire, and amongst them was one to an elderly female, who threw herself out of a third-floor window of one of the adjoining houses, and fractured her skull. The loss of property was estimated at several thousand pounds.—*Local Papers*.

1842 (April 11.)—A splendid running match of 440 yds. for 200 sovereigns came off near Lambton Castle, on a measured piece of turnpike road, between the "Doctor" of Newcastle, and Atkinson of Durham. For some time previous the greatest excitement had prevailed in the neighbourhood, in reference to this race, the Doctor never having been beat before, and having run most of the best runners of the day. Or was this feeling confined to the neighbourhood of Newcastle alone, but it extended to Manchester, Liverpool, and even to London, individuals from all those places being present to witness the event. From an early hour in the day, the weather being exceedingly favourable, the road to the scene of action was thronged with vehicles of every description, and thousands of pedestrians were to be seen wending their way thither. It is supposed that there were not less than twelve thousand spectators present, and some accounts rate them as high as fifteen thousand. The "Doctor" arrived at his quarters, the Barley Mow inn, in a carriage drawn by four grey horses, and Atkinson at the Queen's Head, Chester-le-Street, in a carriage and pair. There was not much betting till half an hour before the race, when the Doctor's party came out and backed their man, laying 7 to 4 freely, which was as freely taken on the other side, until it diminished to 6 to 4, 5 to 4, and lastly to even, by Atkinson, himself, who, on being stripped held a five pound note in his hand, and offered to back himself for that amount, but it was not accepted. On stripping, the men appeared in splendid condition, being in fact every thing that their friends could desire. The Doctor seemed somewhat stouter than when he had run on previous occasions, which no doubt, in the estimation of his party at least, fitted him better for his long race, but an opinion prevailed in certain quarters that he had not had sufficient training for the distance. Atkinson appeared wiry and full of bone, with a splendid chest, and powers of endurance sufficient for his task. In height the men are nearly equal,

Atkinson being five feet seven and a half, and the Doctor five feet eight. The ground was roped and staked the whole distance, sufficient space being left for carriages to pass on either side. Atkinson having won the choice for ends and sides, selected the road running towards Durham, with a slight acclivity. Such an immense concourse of spectators being present, it was exceedingly difficult to get the course clear, and more difficult still to preserve it so. The united efforts of Molyneux, Renwick, Lazarus, and a host of others, were ineffectual, until aided by the exertions of a mounted rural. Every thing having been arranged satisfactorily to the parties, the men by mutual consent, as previously agreed upon. The Doctor's favourite distances being one hundred, and one hundred and forty yards, a great deal of money depended on the position of the men at these places; and both seemed determined to contest the points. Away they went at railroad speed, evidently too fast to continue long, and the race to the two distances was so fine that both parties claimed the advantage, so near indeed as to seem impossible to decide. It was understood, however, that both points were gained by Atkinson. The steam of both men had now obviously become exhausted with their first efforts, but at about two hundred yards, or half way, the doctor was leading, Atkinson apparently nursing himself for the final struggle, but still keeping close to his man. About one hundred and fifty yards from home, the Doctor was evidently flagging, his arms falling down by his side, and quite abroad, as if clutching the atmosphere to preserve his perpendicularity. It was now evident that Atkinson's stamina would prevail, as he still remained firm upon his pins, although both parties appeared much distressed, and were contesting the ground, slowly but eagerly, inch by inch for victory. After this Atkinson gradually improved his position and took the lead, which he maintained to the end, and won one of the most interesting and severely contested races ever witnessed by about three or four yards. About half an hour after the decision of the race, an objection was made by the Doctor's friends, in consequence of the Doctor having, when within a few yards of home, run against the rural's horse, which was improperly standing within the cords. The more sensible part of his friends waived the objection, and admitted he was fairly beat, but the stakeholder not being present, the Doctor's party sent a notice to him to withhold the stakes, which he did until the following day, when, on receiving a letter from the referee stating that the race had been fairly won by Atkinson, the money was paid over at the Gravesend inn in the presence of a number of sporting friends, who afterwards spent a pleasant evening together. Atkinson is a very unassuming young man; by trade a shoemaker; then twenty-three

years of age. The race was run in about fifty-four seconds.—*Local Papers.*

1842 (April 13.)—The Queen held a levee at St. James's, when James Hodgson, esq., mayor of Newcastle, was presented to her Majesty by Mr. Ord, M.P. Mr. Hodgson presented the congratulatory address of the Newcastle corporation, and had the honour of kissing hands. On Thursday, his worship presented an address to Prince Albert.—*Ibid.*



OUR LADIE'S WELL, Black Friary, Newcastle. From an unique drawing in the possession of his Grace the duke of Northumberland.

This month, the bishop of Durham collated the Rev. W. Forbes Raymond, M.A., of Trinity college, Cambridge, and University college, Durham, to the archdeaconry of Northumberland, vacant by the death of the venerable Dr. Singleton.—*Ibid.*

April 20.—Late on Wednesday night, or early on Thursday morning, a fire broke out in Mr. Anderson's boat-builder's shop, Low Lights, North Shields, which was totally burnt down, with all the building materials it contained. It was calm weather, and thick; but had the wind been from the west, the whole of Clifford's Fort would have been endangered. Several individuals assisted to extinguish the flames with water; but they raged until all was consumed. A dog in the shop was burnt to a cinder. It is supposed the fire was caused by the steam kiel having been used the day before.—*Ibid.*

April 23.—The body of Mr. Nicholson Ilderton, mariner, who was drowned in the river Tyne by falling out of a keel, was found near the place where it was lost, and was interred on the following day, in Tynemouth parish church yard. When a lad, he was bound to the Good Ship, port of Sunderland, and at the age of 16, was kidnapped

in London, for a foreign service, where it was his misfortune to be taken with the ship and crew by the inhabitants of the island of Tongataboo, in the South Pacific Ocean, and was doomed by them to undergo the painful operation of tatooing, which he always spoke of as being of a long and harassing nature. During a residence of some years there, he was married to the daughter of one of the chiefs, but espying an English-rigged vessel in the offing, and sighing for liberty to return to his native land, he swam a distance of eight miles to her, and was taken on board. Mr. Ilderton was fifty-two years of age. The tatooing excited the wonder and admiration of all who beheld it.—*Local Papers*.

1842 (April 26.)—Died at White Lodge, Richmond Park, in her 64th year, Marianne, viscountess Sidmouth. Her ladyship was daughter and sole heiress of that eminent judge and distinguished scholar, lord Stowell, longer, and perhaps still more, known as sir William Scott, and niece of that great statesman and profound lawyer the late earl of Eldon, two of the most distinguished men Newcastle has had the honour to produce. Her mother was daughter and co-heiress (with her sister, the late hon. Mrs. Windsor) of John Bagnall, esq. of Early Court, in the county of Berks, to whose estates lady Sidmouth succeeded on the death of her father. Her ladyship was twice married; first to Thomas Townsend, esq., eldest son of Gore Townsend, esq., of Honington Hall, Warwickshire, and of the lady Elizabeth, daughter of Other, fourth earl of Plymouth, and secondly to Henry, viscount Sidmouth, who survives her ladyship, at the venerable age of eighty-five.—*Ibid*.

April 27.—At the court held at Buckingham palace, the queen having been pleased to appoint the most noble Charles Wm. marquis of Londonderry to be lord lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county palatine of Durham, he this day took the oaths appointed thereupon, instead of the oaths of allegiance and supremacy.—*Gazette*.

On the same day, a public entertainment was given at the Assembly Rooms, Newcastle, to sir John Walsham, bart., assistant poor-law commissioner, by the gentlemen composing the various boards of guardians in the northern district, as a testimony of the manner in which the honourable baronet had discharged the duties of his official station, during a period of six years, of the general esteem in which he was held, and the universal regret felt at his departure for another sphere. The chairman of the Northumberland county sessions, J. C. Jobling, esq., of Newton Hall, presided on the occasion, with the assistance, as vice-chairmen, of John Lambton Loraine, esq., and John Tinley, esq., of North Shields, having the guest of the evening, sir John Walsham, bart., on his right, and Charles William Bigge,

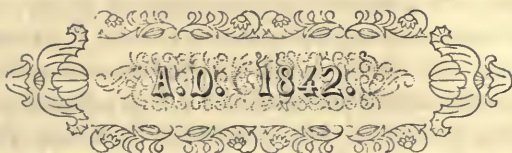
esq., of Linden, Charles John Bigge, esq., Charles A. Monek, esq., John Brandling, esq., William Thomas Greenwell, esq., Charles Bacon Grey, esq., Dr. Headlam, the mayor of Newcastle, the Rev. the Vicar, and other distinguished individuals in his immediate vicinity. There were between eighty and ninety gentlemen present from the various places over which the honourable baronet's superintendence had been exercised, and certainly as an acknowledgment of the very great ability and discretion which he had manifested in carrying out the provisions of the new poor-law in the district, and as a compliment equally to his urbanity and courteousness in all the relations of life, the assembly was satisfactory, and indeed flattering in the highest degree. After dinner the worthy baronet made the following observations on the comparative cost of working the old and the new poor-law. He said, "Last year it fell to his lot to compare the averages of thirty unions in Durham, Northumberland, and Westmoreland, and Penrith, in the county of Cumberland, the old averages of which were £190,000 a year. The new averages were £156,000, showing a decrease in favour of the new of £34,000 a year, or, speaking in other words, of eight per cent. In the county of Northumberland it was fourteen per cent.; and in Westmoreland, with Penrith, it was twenty-four per cent. And they would observe, that while this was the expense for the relief of the poor, including all the expenses of the new law, the increase in the price of wheat was thirty-one per cent. since the period of the former averages. This reduction in the expense he attributed to the excellent management of the boards of guardians; nor had it been made at the expense of the poor, as he well knew that the attention of those gentlemen to the sick, to the old, to the infirm, to the fatherless, was at least equal to whatever it had been before."—*Local Papers*.

1842 (May 3.)—Died at St. Petersburg, of apoplexy, sir Robert Ker Porter, K.C.H., the celebrated traveller. The deceased was 62 years of age, having been born at Durham, in the year 1780, and was descended maternally from two families long connected with the county of Northumberland. In early life he manifested considerable ability in drawing; and, although having a strong preference for military life, it was deemed proper to cultivate his talents as an artist, and about the year 1790, he became a student of the Royal Academy, under the auspices of Mr. West. There the rapid success which attended his labours did great credit to his industry and talents. In 1793 he commenced his picture of Moses and Aaron, for the communion table of Shoreditch church; in 1794 he presented an altar piece to the Roman Catholic chapel at Portsea, representing Christ suppressing the Storm; and in 1798 he gave to St. John's college, Cam-

bridge, the altar piece of St. John Preaching in the Wilderness. At only twenty-two years of age he began his large picture of the Storming of Seringapatam, which was succeeded by two other pictures of the same magnitude—one the Siege of Acre, and the other the Battle of Agincourt, which latter was presented to the city of London. In 1803 he was appointed a captain in the Westminster Militia; in 1804 he was invited to Russia, and appointed historical painter to the emperor. During his residence at St. Petersburg he gained the affections of princess Mary, daughter of prince Theodore de Sherbatoff, of Russia, and was about to marry her, when ministerial differences compelled him to leave Russia; in the year 1811, however, the marriage was solemnized, and the princess now survives him. Sir Robert accompanied sir John Moore into Spain, and shared in the hardships and perils of the campaign which ended in the battle of Corunna. In 1807 he was created a knight of St. Joachim of Wurtemberg, and on his return to England, in 1813, he received the honour of knighthood from the prince Regent. From 1817 to 1820 he was engaged in travelling in the east. In 1819 he was created a knight of the Lion and Sun of Persia. In the diplomatic and in the military service of the state he had much distinguished himself, having served in both capacities in Russia, in the Peninsula, various parts of the Continent, in Persia, and in South America. His most recent appointment was that of consul at Venezuela, from which place he returned in 1841. He was author of travels in Russia and Sweden, in Persia, Babylonia, &c.; and likewise of an account of the campaigns in Portugal and Spain, the campaign of 1812 in Russia, &c. In the year 1832 he was created a knight commander of the Hanoverian Order by William IV. Distinguished alike in the arts, in diplomacy, in war, and in literature, his loss will be regretted by the extended circle who appreciated his agreeable manners and extensive information. He was brother to Misses Anne Maria Porter and Jane Porter, both well known for their literary talents.—*Local Papers.*



CHAPTER XVII.



THE north corner stone of a new church at High Southwick, near Sunderland, was laid by the venerable archdeacon Thorp, on the 9th of May, 1842. Several of the neighbouring clergy attended on the occasion, who, with a number of the inhabitants and about 200 children of the national school, formed a procession. The Rev. F. J. James

read the 68th Psalm; the responses being given by the children. On arriving at the site, the 122d Psalm was sung, and prayer was offered up by the Rev. F. J. James. A glass vase, containing an appropriate inscription, &c., having been deposited in the stone, it was lowered down and adjusted. The archdeacon then said, "In the name of the Blessed Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I lay the corner stone of this church, dedicated to God, and to be called for ever by the name of the Church of the Holy Trinity." The Rev. F. J. James then read a copy of the inscription which had been deposited, after which the 132d Psalm was sung, and the archdeacon having pronounced the blessing, the company separated.—*Local Papers.*

May 11.—Married at London, at St. James's church, Piccadilly, the hon. captain George A. F. Liddell, of the Scots Fusileer Guards, son of lord Ravensworth, to Cecil Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the hon. and rev. Gerard Valerian Wellesley, D.D., rector of Bishopwearmouth, and niece of the duke of Wellington. The hon. and rev. Robert Liddell, M.A., vicar of Barking, officiated at the ceremony, in the presence of the duke of Wellington, the marquis of Douro, earl and countess Cadogan and lady Honoria Cadogan, lord and lady Ravensworth, and the hon. miss Liddell, lord and lady Maryborough, viscount and viscountess Chelsea, lady Louisa Kerr, earl and countess of Hardwicke, lord and lady R. Grosvenor, hon. Augustus Liddell,

viscount and viscountess Barrington, lord Charles Wellesley, and a select circle of the relations and friends of both families. The bridesmaids were lady Honoria Cadogan, hon. miss Georgiana Liddell, hon. miss Cadogan, the youthful daughter of viscountess Chelsea, hon. miss Barrington, and the misses Liddell.—*Local Papers.*

1842 (May 12).—Thursday afternoon, the ceremony of opening the new dock at Middlesbro'-on-Tees, designed by Mr. Cubitt, and ably executed under the superintendence of Mr. G. Turnbull, C.E., took place; and not only were all the inhabitants astir to witness the inspiring sight, but the town received a large influx of visitors from Stockton, Darlington, &c., who poured in by railway shortly after noon-day, when the rain of the forenoon had ceased to threaten its intention to swamp the whole proceedings. There were, of course, all the customary observances of exploding gunpowder, displaying flags, and shouting "huzza," with shops close shut, and eyes wide open, in every direction; and at about three o'clock, when from eight to ten thousand persons had assembled on the margin of the dock, the gates were opened, and several vessels admitted. That friend of commerce and of man, Peace, was appropriately honoured with precedence on this occasion. This vessel is of Whitby, Captain Adamson, 260 tons. The Friends, Brown, Whitby, 420 tons, followed. Capts. Adamson and Brown were the two oldest shipmasters present; both of them have been in the habit of visiting the port ever since the coal-trade of the Tees commenced. They drew lots for the honour of precedence, and captain Adamson was the winner. The third vessel was the Unity, Holt, Feversham, 250 tons; fourth Louisa, Newton, Whitby, 270 tons; and the fifth, Neptune, M'Innes, Rochester, 220 tons. The Barbara, Henderson, Stockton; Autumn, Whitby; Alarie, Brixham; Esther, Middlesbro'; Neptune, Whitby; Navarin, Whitby, and other vessels, also entered the dock. There are ten drops, with 22 feet of water; and under one of these drops, the Peace, a vessel of 11 keels, was placed and loaded by Mr. W. Turnbull, agent for Messrs. Richardson. The coals were put on board faster than they could be trimmed, and the loading had occasionally to be stopped for a few minutes. They were put in at the rate of a waggon every three-fourths of a minute. The loading was completed in about an hour and a half, and the Peace was then hauled out of the dock amidst anything but a peaceful roar of cannon. The other vessels were loaded at the same time. The dock company gave a handsome cold collation to about 70 of their friends, at the Exchange Hotel. Thomas Jennet, esq., of Stockton, was in the chair; John Wilkinson, esq., of Stockton, vice. Amongst the company were Messrs. Joseph Pease, William Turnbull, R. Craggs, W. Fallows,

&c. Dinners were also given to the mariners in the port, the work-people, &c.; and all was hilarity and enjoyment in the good town of Middlesbro'. Worthily to commemorate the day, it was proposed to establish a Seamen's Hospital in the town, in connexion with a Dispensary.—*Local Papers*.

1842 (May 13).—Friday night, about six o'clock, a wheat stack, the property of Mr. R. Pallister, at Winlaton, was almost entirely consumed by fire. About 40 bolls of wheat were destroyed, though every assistance was rendered to extinguish the flames.—*Ibid*.

May 13.—The Royal Assent was given to the Stanhope and Tyne Railroad Bill, the Great North of England, Clarence and Hartlepool Junction Railway (No. 1) Bill, and the Northern Coal Mining Company Bill.—*Ibid*.

May 14.—A hostile meeting took place at Marsden, near South Shields, between Mr. Richard Spoor, of Whitburn, one of the Sunderland borough magistrates, and Mr. Joseph John Wright, of Sunderland, solicitor. The point of difference arose out of Mr. Wright's allusions to Mr. Spoor, in a letter addressed by him to the Marquis of Londonderry, and which was read by that nobleman in the House of Lords. After an exchange of shots, without effect, the seconds interposed, an explanation took place, the parties shook hands, and left the ground with their friends. Mr. Spoor was attended by Captain Crawford, son of the late M.P. for London, and Mr. Wright by Dr. Miller.—*Ibid*.

May 14.—There was a house burnt at Hexham. The fire originated in a room occupied by a man known as Robin the Brave, whose furniture was entirely consumed. The cause of the burning was not satisfactorily explained, but it made such progress before being discovered as to endanger the whole neighbourhood, there being several thatched houses close by. There was, however, a plentiful supply of water, Gilligate burn running past the front of the houses; and by a judicious application of the water by the enginemen, under the skilful direction of the well-known Richard Muse (Dauntless Dick), the ravages of the destructive element were confined to one house, which was entirely gutted, the bare walls only being left.—*Gateshead Observer*.

Early on a morning about the middle of this month, a most extraordinary noise was heard in the neighbourhood of Bishopwearmouth, which was unaccountable to those who heard it. The toll-keeper at the bridge supposed that the bridge had given way, and one of the police-officers on duty, considered that it was the report of a boiler having exploded. It proved to be the falling of about 300 tons of rock on the south side of the river above the bridge. Providentially

no injurious effects resulted to life or property, as no vessels of any kind were near the place at the time.—*Local Papers.*

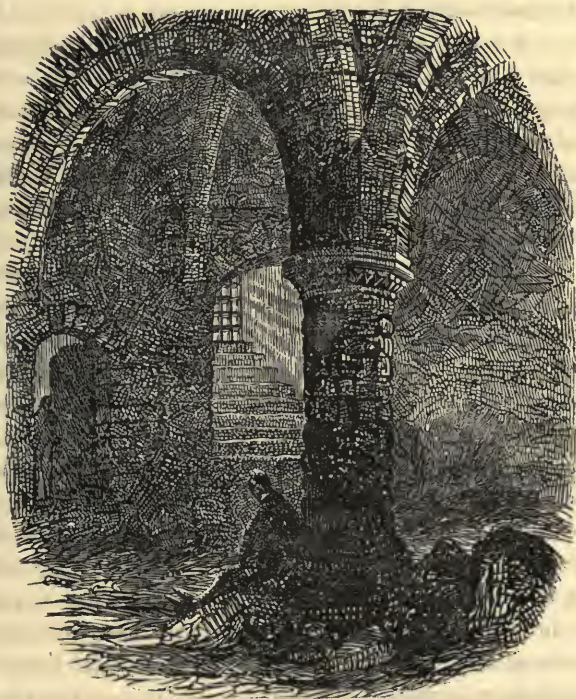
1842 (May 19.)—Thursday morning, about six o'clock, the shop of Mr. Kirton, jeweller, Dean-street, South Shields, was discovered to be on fire. Considerable alarm was excited as to the safety of the adjoining houses, but owing to the promptitude with which the men in Messrs. Cookson's employ brought the engine belonging to the glass-works, and the friendly aid afforded by the neighbours in furnishing water, the fire was soon restrained; and a short time after, the town water-plugs were opened, and other engines employed, so that the fire was extinguished. The loss of jewellery was considerable.—*Ibid.*

May 20.—A well, which is supposed to have been closed for nearly two centuries, or since the demolition of Stockton castle, (which, according to Brewster, in his history of that town, took place in the year 1652,) was discovered by an ingenious mechanic, named Smith, who occupied a cottage and garden within the precincts of this once strong fortress. This individual had often thought it strange that there was no well visible, and being satisfied that there must have been one to supply the garrison, he occasionally made a search for it, and when removing a quantity of soil from one part of his garden to another, he accidentally made the discovery. The surface for several inches deep was covered with gravel, beneath which he found a large number of tiles, many of them looking as fresh as when they first came from the kiln: in taking them out, however, they were discovered to be mostly in a shattered state.—*Ibid.*

May 23.—A very ancient grave was found in the Broomhouse sand pit, near Angerton, Northumberland, while getting materials for the new mansion house erecting there for J. H. H. Atkinson, Esq. It consisted of the remains of a woman, placed in a sitting position, with short knives of bronze and flint, besides some ornaments of coal—the whole inclosed with flat stones, about 45 inches broad and 27 inches high, and covered with three flags one above the other. They belong to the age before iron was common among the Britons, and probably about 600 years before the time of Christ. Many similar graves have been found in and near the same sand pit, and near Hartburn, and in the Angerton grounds. Strong vestiges of three British villages have been discovered by the side of Hurpeth, a broad paved road, that ran from the Watling-street, at Corbridge, into Scotland, near Berwick-upon-Tweed.—*Ibid.*

May 24.—Tuesday, being the birth-day of our gracious Sovereign, Queen Victoria, it was observed in Newcastle by all the usual signs and demonstrations of loyalty and respect. The Castle guns fired a royal salute, which was responded to by the dismounted troop of the

Yeomanry Cavalry, who, after giving their *feu de joie* on the Sandhill, drank her Majesty's health in company with the Mayor and other officers of the Corporation. In the evening, at the Assembly Rooms, his Worship gave a dinner in honour of the event, which was attended by ninety gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood. The Mayor presided at the entertainment, and the two Vice-chairs were filled by John Thomas Carr, Esq., the Sheriff of Newcastle, and John Carr, Esq., of Roseworth. Col. Forbes and the officers of the garrison were among the guests, and the Albion band, who were stationed in the picture-room, played several appropriate airs.—*Local Papers.*



GUARD ROOM of the Castle of Newcastle. 1826.

1842 (May 25).—Wednesday, Barnardcastle and its vicinity were visited with an awful thunder-storm. At Scargill, about half-past two o'clock, p.m., the electric fluid struck the farm-house occupied by Mr. Bowron. Part of the west-end gable was thrown down, nearly every window in the house blown out, upwards of 100 squares of glass broken, several of the doors thrown off their hinges, the whole of the earthen vessels in the dairy destroyed, and the milk wasted, the ceiling of some of the rooms and part of the roof forced off, and several large

stones cast to a considerable distance. The providential escape of Mr. Bowron is most remarkable : he had just arrived at home, and had sat down to smoke his pipe near the fire in the kitchen, when suddenly the room was enveloped in darkness—the chair on which he sat was shivered to pieces, his gaiters partially singed, and he himself preserved unhurt, though his hearing was affected during the night, but returned next morning, and his eyes were blood-shot. It is impossible to describe the devastation the lightning occasioned.—*Local Papers.*

1842 (May 25).—There was exhibited for sale in Morpeth market, by Alice Dawson, a turbot, which measured 5 feet long, 3 feet broad, 7 inches thick, and weighed 7 stone 2 lbs.; it was caught at Newbiggin, by Robert Oliver.—*Ibid.*

May 25.—A dreadful accident occurred at Annfield Plane, on the Stanhope and Tyne Railway. A locomotive engine was standing on the line, preparing to start, when the boiler exploded, and half of it was carried to a distance of at least seventy yards. The engineman and brakesman (the former named Thomas Shevil, and the latter Edward Riddell) were killed on the spot. Shevil's foot was blown off. A shopkeeper, named Clark, who was walking past, had his hat knocked off, but was not injured ; and another man, who was standing close by, fortunately escaped unhurt.—*Ibid.*

May 27.—The winning of coal at Oakwellgate colliery, Gateshead, by the Messrs. Easton, was celebrated by the ringing of the church bells.—*Ibid.*

May 28.—Saturday, Elizabeth Allan, a little girl, two years of age, was killed by a horse and cart, in Pilgrim-street, Newcastle. The following curious coincidence caused considerable conversation :—Just about the time the accident occurred—between two and three o'clock in the afternoon—the postman was engaged in delivering the letters brought by the south mail. Among the number was one from the mother of the child, residing at Seaham, to the person with whom it was stopping, in Scaife's Court, stating that the child had to be sent home immediately, as she could not live without it. The poor woman further stated, that she had dreamt the child had fallen from a high window and had been killed ; and this had made her so uneasy that if it were not sent as requested, she would come for it herself!—*Ibid.*

May 30.—The opening for coal traffic on the Kibblesworth line of railway took place, in the presence of the owners, Mr. Southern, the managing partner and viewer of the colliery, and Mr. John Bourne, the engineer of the railway. The morning being favourable, an immense concourse of people assembled to witness the event, which was enlivened by Messrs. Hawthorn's amateur band attending and playing appropriate tunes. The train for the procession, consisting of trucks

fitted up with seats for the owners and their friends, accompanied by the band, being ready, preceded by waggons filled with coals, many pieces weighing about a quarter of a ton each, it moved off from the colliery about half-past eleven, and descended the inclined plane in beautiful style to the Team river, where it was attached to a rope 2,200 yards in length, worked by a stationary engine of eighty horse power erected at the Black Fell. The signal having been given that all was ready, the train was again put in motion, and ascended the inclined plane to the Black Fell, passing underneath the new carriage road at Longacres, also underneath the Durham old and new turnpike roads. Crowds of people were collected at each bridge to witness the passage of the train. At the Black Fell the railway is connected with that of Springwell colliery, down which the coals were sent for shipment at Jarrow. The coal which is known in the market as "West Ayton Moor," is of superior quality for household purposes, and an invaluable gas and coking coal. The gentlemen afterwards returned to Kibblesworth Hall, where a handsome entertainment was prepared by the owners. Refreshments were also provided for the workmen, and their wives and daughters were invited to tea at the hall, terminating the day by dancing.—*Local Papers*.

1842 (June 7).—Tuesday morning, an explosion of fire-damp took place in Elemore pit, near Durham, when seven men were severely burnt.—*Ibid*.

There was at this period an old woman, named Jane Farrow, living in Stockton, who had attained the patriarchal age of 102, and was in possession of most of her rational faculties. There were likewise 50 persons of both sexes, whose united ages amounted to more than 4,000 years, and 100 who averaged upwards of 70 years each.—*Ibid*.

June 8.—Died, at Newbiggin, Northumberland, aged 104, Mr. John Armstrong, mariner. He served in his majesty's navy at the commencement of the American war.—*Ibid*.

This month, in making a garden for sir John Trevelyan's new farm house, at Sweethope, on the Wansbeck, a square grave, inclosed and covered with rough flat stones, was discovered; it contained the skeleton of a full-grown person, but all the bones, excepting those of the thighs and legs, were very carious and brittle.—*Ibid*.

A number of men were at this time employed, under the direction of Mr. Duncan, agent for the Trinity House, London, in working stones for the erection of two cottages on the Longstone Rock, near the light-house kept by Grace Darling's father. One of these was intended for Mr. W. B. Darling, the brother of the heroine, Grace, and the other to be used as a shelter for sufferers by shipwreck.—*Ibid*.

1842 (June 11).—Saturday, the inhabitants of South Hetton were much amused at witnessing a somewhat novel pedestrian feat, performed by John Patton, who, for a wager, undertook to run a wheelbarrow, upwards of seven stone weight, from Easington Lane to South Hetton, a distance of about one mile, in eleven minutes, which he performed one minute within the time.—*Local Papers.*

June 14.—Tuesday, the foundation stone of a new Wesleyan chapel was laid in Back Bondgate, in Bishop Auckland, by the rev. Francis Neale, the superintendent of the circuit, and the rev. John Stirzaker, assisted by the trustees, and the rev. Mr. Day, of Darlington, and the rev. Mr. Lewis of Richmond. A considerable number of persons assembled to witness the interesting ceremony.—*Ibid.*

June 15.—Mr. W. A. Brooks, C. E., was elected by the Newcastle Council to the office of river engineer, vacant by the lamented death of Mr. Anderson. There were forty-six candidates for the appointment, most of them highly recommended by competent engineering authorities. The election of Mr. Brooks was alike creditable to himself and the council. He had no other influence than that which he derived from his practical experience and professional reputation; and the council selected him from the numerous competitors, because they believed him to be the candidate best calculated to fill the vacant office.—*Ibid.*

About the middle of this month, in a yard in Milburn-place, North Shields, a little boy let a tin can slip into a well; his brother less than he, and blind, took a clothes-prop and sought to fetch it up, when unfortunately he fell in himself. His mother came, saw him rise the third time to the surface of the water, and, urged by the peril of her child, had herself let down head foremost, held by the heels and petticoats by her not less daring and intrepid neighbours; after a third effort to reach him, she caught his hand, and with his additional weight was drawn up, by her intrepid assistants; had they lost their hold, both mother and son must have been drowned.—*Ibid.*

June 20.—The foundation stone of a new church at Thornley, was laid on the above day, in the absence of the rev. R. Birkett, vicar of Kelloe, by the rev. C. Abbott, his curate, with the usual ceremonies. H. J. Spearman, esq., gave an acre of ground for the erection of the church and the formation of a burying-ground. The architect was Mr. R. Dunlop.—*Ibid.*

June 20.—Monday evening during the races, some policemen on Newcastle Town Moor observed one man striking another with a bar of iron, and they interfered to prevent injury. A large party, armed with sticks and other weapons, immediately commenced an attack on

the policemen, and other persons who were inclined to assist them, and a desperate conflict ensued, long doubtful as to the result, but which was vigorously contested on both sides. Some of the combatants, for want of better weapons, fought with their shoes! A stout, powerful policeman, named Greaves, after a most courageous effort on the part of his friends, in the course of which he brought not less than twenty of the assailant party to the ground, at last fell beneath the heavy blows aimed at him, and he must inevitably have been killed, had not assistance arrived which drove the enemy from the field. The policeman was very much injured. The party who commenced the affray belonged to Winlaton.—*Local Papers.*

1842 (June 21).—A violent thunder-storm visited the counties of Northumberland and Durham. About twelve o'clock at noon, the hospital at Newcastle barracks was struck by lightning, and sustained considerable damage. A private soldier of the 61st regiment, named James Hynes, was struck dead; and a sergeant in the same regiment received a violent shock, which rendered him insensible for a considerable time. A cow was also killed on the Town-moor, and at the same moment, the daughter of Mr. John Davy, joiner, at Spital Tongues colliery, while sweeping the passage of the house, was struck speechless by the lightning, and did not recover until late in the evening: the door in the passage, and a bed in an adjoining room, were also injured. Mr. Newton, seedsman, was knocked down in his nursery grounds; and at Arthur's Hill, an old woman was temporarily deprived of her sight. In different parts of the country the thunder-storm raged with great violence, and very considerable damage and loss of life was the unhappy result.—*Ibid.*

June 25.—Saturday, four anglers (a clerical gentleman, a shoemaker, a schoolmaster, and a boy) in order to pursue their sport, went on to a small island in the middle of the river Tees, about six miles below Barnard-castle. The island is easy of access when the water is low, but unapproachable when the contrary is the case. They had not been long on the island when it began to rain, and they were glad to seek shelter among the bushes. But while they were in this situation, a great body of water came rolling down the river, owing to there having been a great fall of rain further westward. The poor fishers leapt up in astonishment, and to their infinite mortification, not to say dismay, found that the tiny stream which before had scarcely wet their feet, had now become an impetuous flood, seven feet deep, precluding every possibility of escape. To add to their disaster, the rain now fell in torrents. In the evening, their situation was described by some neighbours, who, by means of ropes, conveyed to them refreshments and materials for making a fire, which

somewhat cheered them through the long and dreary night that ensued. When morning came (being Sunday,) a large crowd of people were collected on the opposite bank, to view the forlorn islanders. In the evening, however, the water abated, and they were enabled to quit the place of their captivity. The clerical gentleman, who was a tall man and a great "Walker," waded through, with the boy on his shoulders; and the others were pulled through the still deep and rapid stream with a rope. One of the gaping rustics on the bank, wishing to shew his cleverness, went along the provision rope to the island. In returning, the rope broke, and poor Hodge was precipitated into the water, and would have been drowned, had he not fortunately caught hold of one of the ends, by which he was dragged out, much crestfallen, the drenching having effectually "cooled his courage."—*Local Papers.*

1842 (July 4.)—Monday, the ceremonies and festivities in connection with the installation of his grace the duke of Northumberland as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, commenced in a manner which betokened that the University had done all in its power to afford for its visitors a round of varied and attractive entertainment. The duke of Northumberland arrived on the previous Saturday afternoon, before he was expected, and without any pomp or procession. His Grace attended St. Mary's on Sunday morning, on which occasion the rev. professor Whewell preached. In the afternoon the Duchess of Northumberland and the ladies of her suite were present, and heard a sermon by the bishop of London. In the evening, there was a grand dinner party in the hall of Trinity College, to meet his royal highness the duke of Cambridge. The duke of Wellington arrived at half-past ten on Monday morning, escorted by nearly 200 mounted gentlemen. At ten o'clock the Vice-Chancellor arrived at the Senate house, accompanied by the different masters and heads of colleges. The ladies were on either side, right and left, in the body of the Senate-house, in a gallery erected for their accommodation under the orchestra. The Duchess of Northumberland and the more distinguished of the fair visitors occupied places on the platform on either side of the Chancellor's throne. At a quarter past twelve it was announced that his grace the Chancellor was on his way to the Senate house, and the Vice-Chancellor, attended by the heads of colleges, esquire bedells, proctors, &c. proceeded down the centre of the building to meet him at the chief entrance. The cheering when his grace appeared, and as he proceeded to take his seat upon the throne, was almost deafening. Next to his grace the Chancellor, walked his grace the duke of Wellington. Then came his royal highness the duke of Cambridge, followed by the

Vice-Chancellor of the University, the lord Chancellor, duke of Buckingham, the marquises of Bute, Exeter, and Douro, the earls of Denbigh and Brownlow, all of whom, upon the Chancellor taking his seat upon the throne, proceeded to the places, on either side of his grace, allotted to them. The duke of Wellington and his royal highness stood on his immediate right, and lord Lyndhurst and the duke of Buccleuch on his left. Shortly after one o'clock the public orator commenced reciting his oration, which was, as usual on such occasions, an eulogium on the newly-created Chancellor and a few of the chief personages present. The address took an hour and a half to deliver, and was listened to with the utmost attention. In the evening the Vice-Chancellor entertained a distinguished party. The duke of Northumberland, in returning thanks for the toast of his health, expressed himself most warmly sensible of the delight he had experienced throughout the whole proceedings. Tuesday was occupied in conferring Doctors' degrees, hearing the recital of the prize poems, and the performance of the installation ode. At eleven the Chancellor entered amid deafening cheers, and there were present the archbishop of Canterbury, his royal highness the duke of Cambridge, earl of Eldon, lord Nelson, sir Robert H. Inglis, sir H. Pakenham, the duchess of Northumberland, countess of Jersey, and lady C. Villiers, countess Delawarr, and a host of fashionables, D.D's, and others. After the degrees were conferred, the various poems were recited, the principal of which, "On the Birth of the Prince of Wales," was repeated by its author, Mr. James Sumner Maine, of Pembroke college. This obtained the Chancellor's medal, which was given to Mr. Maine by the noble Chancellor. Mr. Maine also gained a prize for a Latin poem, and another for a Latin ode. Mr. Clark, of Trinity (2,) and Mr. Druce, of Peterhouse, were the other prizemen. After this followed the installation ode, written by the rev. Mr. Whitehead, fellow of St. John's. The music was composed by professor Walmsley. After this, "God save the Queen" was given, and the company left the Senate house to proceed to the *fete* at St. John's. On Wednesday morning the oratorio of the "Messiah" was performed at St. Mary's, to a numerous audience; and in the evening a ball, which was numerously attended, took place in the Fitzwilliam museum. The master of Trinity also gave a banquet in the hall of that college. A promenade, which took place on Thursday, at the Fitzwilliam museum, brought the festivities to a close; and on Friday almost all the visitors had again quitted the town.—*Local Papers.*

1842 (July 7).—Thursday, the new Catholic church of St. Mary, Stockton, was opened. About forty of the neighbouring clergy assem-

bled on the occasion, and assisted in their robes within the sanctuary, together with the right rev. Dr. Mostyn, vicar apostolic of the northern district. The musical department was presided over by the rev. Mr. Knight, of Hartlepool, aided by the splendid talents of Miss Witnall, from Liverpool. The rev. Waldo Sibthorp, late a clergyman of the established church, preached an impressive discourse. The church is from a design by Mr. Pugin.—*Local Papers*.

1842.—Early in the month of July, a boat's crew off Bambrough castle, Northumberland, caught a halibut which was computed to weigh twelve stones, and measured in length five feet eight inches, and in breadth two feet eight inches; in the centre of the body it was six inches in thickness.—*Ibid*.



BAMBROUGH CASTLE.

July 8.—An accident of a heart-rending nature occurred on the Stanhope and Tyne railway. From the evidence adduced at the coroner's inquest, held before Mr. Hepple, of Bishop Auckland, at the Phoenix inn, Stanhope, on the 9th, it appeared that a train of three waggons, one laden with round lime, and two with small, were being drawn by the stationary engine to the top of the first inclined plane from the lime-kilns, when a piece of iron, called a conductor, to which the rope is attached, broke, and the train returned with tremendous velocity. After travelling a distance of 800 yards, the second and third waggons were thrown from the line. The first kept its course with accelerated speed, until it reached a curve, where, unfortunately, three boys were standing, unconscious of the danger. The waggon left the line, and passed over the boys, severing the head from one of them—a fine promising youth, named James Kemp, aged

8 years, son of Mr. Thomas Kemp, gardener at the rectory, Stanhope. The other two were not much injured. A strict investigation into the lamentable circumstance was made by the jury, in order that justice might be done to the proprietors of the railway and to the heart-broken parents of the deceased. A verdict of "accidental death" was found, with a deodand of £3 on the waggon, and 5s. on the lime.—*Local Papers.*

1842 (July 10).—At an ordination held this day, at Auckland castle, one of the successful candidates was Mr. Blythe Hurst, till lately a blacksmith in the village of Winlaton, co. Durham. How this humble country artizan came to be a clergyman of the Church of England, will be best understood by the perusal of a speech delivered by Mr. Joseph Laycock, of Winlaton, in proposing "The Bishop and Clergy of the Diocese of Durham," at a dinner given at Stella on the 12th July following, to M. W. Dunn, esq., of Hedgefield, on his resignation of the office of agent to Peregrine E. Towneley, esq., both of the "ancient faith:"—Mr. Laycock said, many of them might conscientiously differ on the subject of bishops, and their large incomes, but he was sure they were all agreed that the bishop of Durham faithfully discharged the duties of his stewardship; and, however much some of them might dispute the propriety of a system which placed great wealth in the hands of Church of England prelates, there was not one of them but would admit that Dr. Maltby used his princely revenues as a sacred trust, to be applied in works of charity and religion (applause). His desire, his sole desire, was to do good. There was now in the village of Winlaton a striking and interesting proof of the bishop's benevolence—a man whom the right rev. prelate had raised from the lowest ranks of the workmen of Winlaton, to the station of an ordained clergyman of the Church of England (applause.) The individual to whom he referred was a native of Winlaton, and was put to the trade of a blacksmith at the early age of seven years. At that time he had received little education. He could read the scriptures, but could write only imperfectly. After he went to trade he attended a Sunday school (Archdeacon Thorp's), where he made some progress. Writing, however, was not taught in the school. When he had entered his teens his mind was directed to the study of languages, beginning with his own. Afterwards he acquired six others, viz.:—Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, and French. A few years ago a missionary made his appearance in the village to disseminate the damnable doctrines of Socialism, trusting, no doubt, to the well-known readiness of the villagers to patronize whatever was new and good (laughter). The friends of the learned blacksmith, Mr. Blythe Hurst, pressed him to deliver lectures in reply

to the Socialist. This he declined ; but he wrote a book, entitled "Christianity no Priestcraft," and had it printed and published. The worthy rector of Winlaton, Mr. Wardell, enclosed a copy of the pamphlet to the bishop of Durham, as the work of a common man, a labouring blacksmith. The bishop wrote back, expressing the great satisfaction with which he had read the book, and observing that it might be written by a common man, but it was the production of no common mind, and he was anxious to receive some further particulars of the author's life. These were not mere words of compliment. The bishop was in earnest, and wrote to Mr. Douglas, the rector of Whickham, wishing him to see Mr. Hurst, and ascertain his ability to make a ready application of his acquirements. Mr. Douglas visited him, and found him toiling the whole day long to support his family. He pursued his studies while at work, having his lessons on his "flame stone"—(a stone suspended before the eyes of the workmen to protect them from the flames.) Mr. Douglas conversed with him, and subsequently made a report to the bishop. His lordship next wrote to Mr. Davies, the rector of Gateshead, on the subject of Mr. Hurst. Mr. Davies visited Mr. H., at Winlaton, and stated the result in a letter to the bishop. Dr. Maltby afterwards corresponded with Mr. Hurst, and advised him as to his course of reading, recommending to his attention the most suitable books. His lordship (mark his liberality !) did more than this ; he enclosed Mr. Hurst the means of following out his recommendation (loud applause). He also wrote to Mr. Collinson, the late rector of Gateshead, who, like the "good Samaritan," as he had always been, invited Mr. Hurst to his house, and also Mr. Hurst's daughter. Mr. Collinson saw that the blacksmith was about to rise from his obscure station, and he was kindly anxious to prepare both him and his family for the new sphere of life on which they were shortly to enter. Some time afterwards, the bishop having occasion to visit Newcastle, he had a personal interview of Mr. Hurst, and arrangements were then made for his ordination. When the time for this ceremony was at hand, Mr. Hurst received a kind letter from Auckland Castle, intimating that apartments had been provided for his accommodation. His lordship also presented him with a silk gown, through Mr. Wardell. On Thursday, the 9th inst., Mr. Hurst proceeded to Auckland ; and he (Mr. Laycock) had received a letter, communicating some particulars of his reception. From this letter he would read an extract :—Mr. Hurst passed his examination with great credit to himself, and much to the satisfaction of his examiner. The bishop was particularly kind, and took especial notice of Mr. Hurst. On Saturday, as is customary, all those to be ordained dined with the bishop. The bishop, on looking round the drawing-room for Mr. H.,

found that he was at the opposite end. He asked him to come to him, and went and met him—took his arm—and introduced him to Mrs. Maltby and all the ladies. When they met in the dining-room, he said, ‘You must come and sit beside me.’ Then he was set with the bishop on one side, and archdeacon Raymond on the other; and the same way on Sunday at lunch. Thus honourably and pleasantly did Mr. Hurst pass his examination, and the bishop’s kindness extended also to paying the fees (applause). On this very day (Tuesday), Mr. Hurst had returned to his native village an ordained clergyman of the Church of England; and he would shortly, through the bishop’s patronage, enter upon his ministerial duties as curate of Garrigill, near Alston (cheers). The villagers, as a farewell token of their esteem and respect, were now providing a purse of gold, to be presented to Mr. Hurst on his removal to his curacy (applause). He had not intended to name this circumstance, but a friend at his elbow had suggested to him that he ought to do so. He would now conclude, having already, he feared, detained the company too long (cries of “no, no”). He had been led to relate the rise of Mr. Hurst, not so much by way of exhibiting the bishop of Durham as a patron of genius and learning, in however humble a station of life they might be found, but to show the kindness, the liberality, and the amiability of his disposition (applause). This was sufficiently shown by the facts which he had related, and it was manifested in every action of his lordship’s life. He had, therefore, great pleasure in proposing “The Bishop of Durham and the Clergy of the Diocese” (loud cheers).—*Local Papers.*

1842 (July 11).—Died, at Darlington, Mrs. Elizabeth Hurworth, aged 108.—*Ibid.*

Same day, Monday, the river Tees came down in an unusual body of water at one sweep, by which some of the dyers’ rining yarns for the carpet manufactories had narrow escapes from being swept away by the flood. During the day a calf, two sheep and some pigs, were borne down by the rapids.—*Ibid.*

July 16.—A match for £150 aside between the crew of the *St. Agnes*, a four-oared boat belonging the Tyne, and a party of London rowers came off on the above day, Saturday, when it appeared any thing but a contest or race. At starting the London boat took the lead and maintained its position to the end, without the least chance of competition on the part of its antagonists, and considerable sums changed hands in favour of the Londoners, it was said to the amount of £1000 or £1200.—*Ibid.*

July 21.—The ceremony of consecrating a piece of ground, to be added to the church-yard of *St. Helen’s Auckland*, was performed by the bishop of Durham, in the presence of a number of clergymen,

and a large concourse of the inhabitants of the parish.—*Local Papers.*

1842 (July 22).—Friday morning, a fire was discovered in a house situated in Blyth's Nook, Newcastle. The house is situated in a crowded locality, and immediately adjoining to extensive granaries. The engines were speedily on the spot, and by prompt exertion the fire was subdued before it had effected any material damage.—*Ibid.*

July 26.—The new burial ground at Seaton Carew, was consecrated by the lord bishop of Durham, on which occasion, an eloquent and appropriate sermon was preached by the rev. Dr. Hook, vicar of Leeds.—*Ibid.*

Same day, the body of a woman was found on the sea shore, near to Hardwicke, in the county of Durham, and numerous reports were in circulation, all tending to shew that the unfortunate female had been murdered. That which gained the greatest credit stated that the deceased was the daughter of a potter named Dixon, resident at Wolviston, that she had been seduced by a young man from a neighbouring village, who having since been married to another woman, had murdered the deceased and fled. During the inquest, the father, brother, and sister of the girl who was missing from Wolviston, swore to the deceased being that individual, and their evidence was corroborated by a woman who swore that the stays which were produced, and which were taken from the body, were made by her for the girl in question. After this apparently conclusive evidence had been given the coroner consented, on the application of the father, to give up the body to him for interment. Before, however, it had reached its intended resting-place, a police-officer who had been in quest of the supposed murderer, arrived with the information that both he and the missing girl were alive and well at Lofthouse, in Cleveland; whither the father, by direction of the coroner, immediately proceeded, and actually found his daughter! The body was then brought back, and the inquest was adjourned to Friday, when it was clearly proved by identification of her dress, that the deceased was Jane Jackson, the daughter of a respectable man at Easington, who had been living as servant with Mrs. Middleton, of Sedgfield. It appeared that a person called upon her on Saturday evening, to inform her that her mother was ill and wanted to see her at Easington. She went for that purpose on Sunday, remained with her mother that night, and left for her situation on Monday morning; she was seen about 10 o'clock passing through Shotton, and was afterwards observed going in the direction of Castle Eden Dean. No further particulars could be ascertained, but the conviction was strengthened that the unfortunate woman had been brutally murdered. Her bonnet appeared to have been broken with a blunt instrument, there were bruises on her

head, and the habit-shirt which she wore was soaked with blood. A shawl which she had over her arm when at Shotton had not been found, and her purse was empty. The inquest, after several adjournments, terminated about the middle of August in a verdict of "Found dead from the effects of blows; but how or by whom given there is no evidence to shew."—*Local Papers.*

1842 July 28.—Thursday, the Northumberland Agricultural Society held its annual meeting at Belford, on a beautiful lawn immediately in front of Belford hall, the elegant mansion of the rev. J. D. Clark, through whose kindness this privilege was enjoyed. A finer situation could not have been selected for the purpose, and the day being fine, a numerous assemblage of gentlemen interested in agriculture took place. The arrangements for the exhibition of stock, and the accommodation of the public, were highly creditable to Mr. Sinclair, (the secretary) and the committee of management. As might naturally be expected from this district, which has long been celebrated for its breed of cattle, the show was splendid. Attention was more particularly drawn to a noble milk-white bull, White Beaumont, the property of Mr. Thos. Howey, of Lilburn Grange, which, for symmetry and fattening qualities, surpassed all of its kind. This fine animal weighed 130st., and had previously gained five premiums, including the second prize at the Highland Society's show at Berwick, in the preceding year. There was also a fitting mate for this bull, in a red and white cow, the property of Mr. Hunt, of Thornington, perhaps second to none. The show of short-horns, altogether, (in number 58,) surpassed in quality that of any former year—especially the cows, four of which had previously obtained premiums. A black kyloe stot, sent by the duke of Northumberland, was looked upon as the most perfect animal of its kind ever seen in Northumberland. The horses were numerous, and some of them excellent. The pigs were in general satisfactory. The extra stock were not numerous, but included several fine animals. Mr. Baker Cresswell, M.P., exhibited two dun highland kyloes, and Mr. Grey, of Kimmerston, a Hereford bull, which were highly approved. The following also elicited much praise:—Three kyloe cows, shown by Mr. George Dunn, of Eglingham; two West Highland kyloes, 80st. each, by the duke of Northumberland; five heifers, by Mr. Jobson, of Newtown; a cow, by Mr. Leithead, of Belford; a four-year-old white bull, (from the stock of Mr. Chrisp, of Doddington,) by Mr. Howey, of Ilderton; five West Highland kyloes, by Mrs. Dunn, of Ellingham; a Leicester ewe and lamb, by Mr. Darling, of Hetton House; a pen of five tups, by Mr. Simmons; a twin gimmer, a cross between a Cheviot tup and a Leicester ewe, by the duke of

Northumberland ; two piebald ponies, by Mr. Wilkie, of Ladythorn ; a three-year old colt, by Mr. Hogarth, of Scremerston ; and a carriage horse, by Mr. Dinning, of Belford. There was only a small show of agricultural machinery. A straw-cutter, and also a newly invented lime-strewer, was exhibited by Mrs. Dixon, of Wooler ; two ploughs, a turnip-cutter, and several draining spades, &c., by Mr. Gibson, of Belford ; a draining-plough for eight horses, calculated to go twenty inches deep, (made by Mr. Common, of Denwick,) by the duke of Northumberland ; winnowing machine and turnip drill, by Mr. Common ; ribbing plough, by Mr. Grey, of Kimmerston ; a metal ribbing roller, by Mr. Clark, of Fowberry park ; and a patent grass or corn mower, by Mr. Macdonald, of Aberdeenshire. Mr. Darling of Hetton House, exhibited seven samples of turnips, grown with the aid of seven different manures, viz., guano, quicken ashes, bones, Glasgow stuff, horse and cattle droppings, and farm-yard manure, with top-dressing of fresh earth. The most luxuriant growth was the result of farm-yard manure. The judges of the show were :—FOR CATTLE AND LEICESTER SHEEP. Mr. J. Wilson, of Cumledge, Dunse. Mr. Sober Watkin, of Plumpton, Penrith. Mr. R. Anderson, of Halls, Dunbar. FOR HORSES.—Mr. James Rutherford, of Lambton, Durham. Mr. John Wilson, of Simpron, Kelso. Mr. John Robson of Keilder, Hexham. FOR SWINE AND CHEVIOT SHEEP.—Mr. A Cunningham, of Tofts, Kelso. Mr. Nicholas Wright, of Buteland, Hexham. About four o'clock, the company retired to a splendid pavillion erected by Mr. Short, of Wooler, on the premises of Mr. Watkin, of the Blue Bell inn, when nearly three hundred gentlemen partook of an excellent dinner, provided for the occasion. The pavillion was tastefully decorated with festoons and evergreens : at one end was a gallery for the ladies, and at the other an orchestra for the Alnwick band, who attended on the occasion. The chair was taken by Mr. Hodgson, M. P., and the vice-chair by Mr. Cresswell Baker, M. P.—*Local Papers*.

1842 A patent was about this period taken out by Messrs. Hedley and Roddam of Newcastle for purifying and condensing smoke and noxious vapours, which was shortly after put into operation with a most satisfactory result. The smoke from a reverberating smelting furnace was not only entirely condensed, but the whole of the lead fumes and deleterious vapours were prevented from escaping into the atmosphere, and the metallic particles recovered.—*Ibid*.

August 1.—Monday, the foundation stone of a new church was laid at Matfen, parish of Stamfordham, by sir Edw. Blackett, bart. A large assembly of the clergy, gentry, and inhabitants of the neighbourhood, were present. The church is to be built in the early Eng-

lish style of architecture, with a tower and suitable chancel, and is intended to afford accommodation for nearly three hundred persons.

—*Local Papers.*

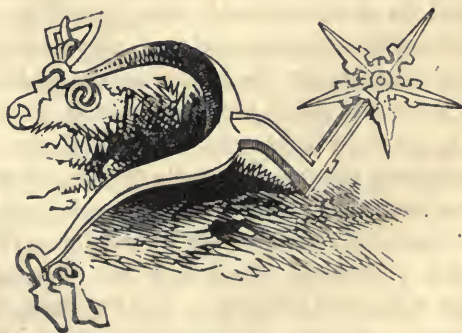
1842 (Aug 8).—Monday morning, a very alarming fire broke out at Messrs. Young's dock-yard, South Shields, which raged with such violence that in a short time after its discovery the store-house was in a state of conflagration. It appeared that before the carpenters commenced their work, it was necessary that the planks should be heated by what is called a steamer, and at four o'clock in the morning a man whose duty it was to put fire into the steamer, procured a shovelful of live cinders for that purpose. On his way a small portion of these dropped amongst some shavings and other combustible materials which immediately ignited, and before the arrival of assistance the place was in a blaze. Three engines were speedily on the spot, and by strenuous exertions, and a fortunate access to water, the fire was extinguished in three or four hours. The amount of damage was considerable.—*Ibid.*

August 9.—Tuesday the venerable archdeacon Raymond held his first annual visitation of the clergy of the archdeaconry of Northumberland, in St. Nicholas' Church, Newcastle, when there was a very good attendance of the clergy. Prayers were read by the rev. R. W. L. Jones, and an excellent and impressive sermon delivered by the rev. R. C. Coxe, vicar of Newcastle, from the I. Corinthians, chapter xvi. verses 13 and 14:—"Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong. Let all your things be done with charity." At the conclusion of the service, the clergymen present assembled in front of the Communion table, and severally answered to their names. The venerable the archdeacon then delivered his charge in a clear and impressive manner, which was listened to throughout with marked attention.—*Ibid.*

August 10.—During the afternoon of this day, Wednesday, Barnard Castle and its neighbourhood were visited by a tremendous storm of rain, thunder, lightning, and hail, ushered in by a whirlwind of great violence, passing over the town from the south east, by which several market stalls and goods were squandered, while in the course of the whirl the chimney tops were swept out, the soot flying in strange gyrations, and the market people fled for refuge. The Wesleyan chapel roof and some windows were damaged and broken. The rain fell in torrents, and ran down the streets like a river. In some of the cellars and warehouses it was four feet deep, and it was kept out of the shops with great difficulty. The lightning was exceedingly brilliant and awful. A lady, while looking out of the window, had her dress singed by it. Towards evening the storm abated, but be-

gan again at 7 o'clock with redoubled fury. The town was in perfect darkness, lighted only from time to time by the lightning, when the streets appeared in a perfect blaze. The storm continued with unabated fury until two o'clock next morning, when it ceased. Later in the day Darlington was visited by the storm: the electric fluid descended into the workshops of Messrs. Coates and Farmer, printers, about a quarter past nine o'clock in the evening, and set fire to them; but being immediately discovered, the fire was extinguished without the aid of the engines. It also descended the chimney of the adjoining house, occupied by Mr. Dobinson, who, with his family, was sitting beside the fire. The fire-grate was forced out of its place; but all escaped unhurt. The offices of Mr. Peacock, solicitor, were also struck by the fluid, and a speaking pipe was completely severed by the heat.—*Local Papers.*

1842 (Aug. 10).—About twelve o'clock at night, the bottle-works belonging to Messrs. Cookson and Co., South Shields, were discovered to be on fire. The workmen on the premises immediately gave the alarm and two engines speedily arrived, but their services were rendered nugatory for want of water, the town pipes being quite empty or out of order. At length they were put into keels on the river, and commenced playing with great effect, and although the fire had attained a fearful height by the time they were got ready, they succeeded in stopping the progress of the flames, and by six o'clock the fire was got under. The night was very dark, the rain fell in torrents, and a terrific thunder-storm was then raging. The fire was supposed to have originated in the electric fluid having ignited the straw and crates, in which the bottles were stowed. The damage was estimated at above £1000.—*Ibid.*



The Charlton Spur.

CHAPTER XVIII.



TIS royal highness the duke of Cambridge having accepted the invitation of the marquis of Londonderry to Wynyard on the occasion of the noble marquis' eldest son, lord Seaham, coming of age, arrived in Stockton, at a few minutes before one on Monday, the 22nd of August, 1842, in a special train from Darlington, accompanied by the Russian ambassador and a large party. On alighting from the carriage, his royal highness was met by the tenantry of the marquis of Londonderry, and they proceeded to the Town hall, where they were met by the mayor and corporation, attired in their robes of office, by whom an address of congratulation was presented to his royal highness, in the presence of several thousand spectators. The royal duke having replied to the address in appropriate terms, the party retired to the Assembly rooms, where about seventy took refreshment. On the arrival of the distinguished party at Wynyard, the family seat of the marquis of Londonderry, a dinner, to which all his lordship's tenantry in the district had been invited, took place on the lawn in front of the mansion. Great preparations had been made for this occasion; not the least important of which was the roasting of a whole ox, the animal being cooked between two fires made near the hall, and when cold, placed whole before the farmers and their families. Strong ale—some of which was brewed when the young lord who had now reached his majority was born—was freely circulated amongst the party, which numbered during the day seven or eight hundred strong. The royal duke very condescendingly mixed among the company, and many of the party spoke very highly of his affability and bland and easy manners. After the farmers, all who came on the green shared in the hospitality, and the merry-making was kept up until a late

hour. The illustrious visitor, with a company of upwards of fifty noblemen and gentlemen, sat down to dinner with the marquis and marchioness of Londonderry in the hall, in a style of princely splendour, the massive gold and silver plate of the family presenting a most magnificent appearance. On Tuesday, according to arrangement, the duke of Cambridge visited the city of Durham, for the purpose of receiving an address from the mayor and corporation. After attending divine service at the cathedral, his royal highness, along with a distinguished party, dined at the deanery. On Wednesday, the duke of Cambridge, attended by several of the party staying at Wynyard, proceeded to Rainton Meadows, where he was met by John Buddle, esq., the superintending viewer of the marquis of Londonderry's collieries, and other gentlemen, by whom he was shewn a model exhibiting the different parts of the colliery workings, which his royal highness minutely inspected. His royal highness afterwards travelled on an inclined plane from the Meadows to Pensher, where a dinner was provided for the pitmen, and an elegant cold collation for the royal, noble, and other distinguished visitors. The number of persons who dined was 1,554. The duke of Cambridge, the duke of Rutland, and other distinguished visitors mingled for a short time with the workmen; the royal duke asking several of the lads questions respecting their age, their health, the extent of their education, the nature of their work, at what age they entered the mine, &c., &c. On the arrival of the party at Sunderland, an address was presented to the duke from the corporation, and another from the inhabitants of South Shields. The dinner at the Exchange rooms, Sunderland, was announced to take place at six o'clock precisely; but it was about nine o'clock before the duke of Cambridge and the invited party arrived. The tickets were *thirty shillings* each; and about 150 persons were present at the dinner. Amongst the company were the duke of Cambridge, the duke of Rutland, the marquis and marchioness of Salisbury, the marquis and marchioness of Exeter, the marquis and marchioness of Londonderry, the marquis of Blandford, baron Brunow, lord and lady Brownlow, lady Cust, lord Curzon, Miss Foley (maid of honour to the Queen), lord Clive, lord Seaham, captain Fitzroy, M.P., lord Cantilupe, lady Alexandrina Vane, lord Foley, lord Chelsea, lord Newport, hon. H. T. Liddell, M.P., &c. &c. The royal duke and party left the room, shortly before 12 o'clock, and proceeded to attend the ball at the Athæneum. Tickets for 240 had been issued for this entertainment, which was kept up until an advanced hour in the morning. After the ball, his royal highness proceeded to Seaham Hall for the night. A private breakfast took place the following morning, after which the company proceeded to view

Seaham Harbour. A procession of about 20 carriages was formed. The process of loading a ship with coals, both by drop and spout, was gone through, in order to shew to his royal highness the facility with which coals are shipped. A dinner was afterwards given to about 200 of the workmen. On Thursday, Sept. 22, his royal highness arrived at Ravensworth castle, and on Saturday the 24th, accompanied by lord Ravensworth, lord and lady Barrington and Miss Harrington, the hon. H. T. Liddell, M.P., the hon. T. Liddell, the hon. Georgiana Liddell, Miss Liddell, and Miss F. Liddell, visited Newcastle, where, in the library of the Literary and Philosophical Society, addresses were presented to him by the corporations of Newcastle and Gateshead, to which he made suitable replies. The Library was crowded by gentlemen connected with the town and neighbourhood, and the gallery was well filled with ladies. His royal highness passed through the library into the museum, and was highly delighted with the various specimens submitted to his notice. His royal highness proceeded to St. Nicholas' church, and was there received by the vicar and churchwardens, who conducted him through the venerable edifice. He next visited the Central Exchange—the Exhibition of the North of England Fine Arts Society, and to the New Market, with all of which he was much gratified. His royal highness returned to Ravensworth castle in the afternoon, and remained with his noble host until Monday morning, when he proceeded to Alnwick, to visit the duke of Northumberland. The bells of that town rang a joyous peal, and the guns of the castle were fired, as he neared his destination; and on his arrival, the rev. L. S. Orde, Prideaux Selby, esq., Edward Dale, esq., and Joshua Hewitson, esq., waited upon the duke with a congratulatory address from the inhabitants. On Tuesday, his royal highness, with the duchess of Northumberland and a distinguished party, visited Warkworth castle and hermitage; and in the evening, Earl Grey was a visitor at Alnwick Castle, and dined with the duke of Northumberland, duke of Cambridge, &c. On Wednesday, at noon, his royal highness, lord Redesdale, Sir William Watkin Wynn, bart., and others, visited Bamburgh castle. The governor, and several of the neighbouring gentry, were in readiness to welcome the duke's arrival. Three times three cheers were given, and a royal salute fired. The party were in two carriages and four, with each two outriders, preceded by the duke of Northumberland's master of the horse on horseback. The duke of Cambridge expressed himself highly gratified with the ceremony. The rev. W. Darnell, the incumbent, read an address of congratulation. After a stay of three quarters of an hour, the party set off for Haggerston, the seat of Lady Stanley. On Thursday, the duke of Cambridge returned to Newcastle, to attend the Musical

Festival; and on Friday, his royal highness reviewed the troops at the barracks. The Mayor of Newcastle, on the requisition of several of his fellow-townsmen, invited the duke, to a public dinner, to be given at such time as he might appoint, but his royal highness's engagements did not permit him to accept the invitation.—*Local Papers.*



1842 (Aug. 23.)—The marriage of Edward John Collingwood, esq., of Chirton and Lilburn, nephew of the late admiral lord Collingwood, was celebrated in a manner befitting the occasion. The bells of Tynemouth church rang merry peals throughout the day; flags were hoisted in various parts of North Shields, and a most sumptuous dinner was provided at the hall for his tenantry, over which Mr. Revely, the agent, presided; much of the old baronial style of hospi-

talità was observed on the occasion, not forgetting the introduction of the Northumberland piper, who played some favourite airs whilst the dinner was being placed on the table, and the guests took their seats; in the evening, the wives, daughters, and friends of those invited had tea, and after tea a dance, which was kept up with animation and spirit until an early hour in the morning, when the company separated highly delighted with their entertainment.—*Ibid.*

About this period a grotto or natural cavern was discovered in Alnwick moor, in the limestone rocks lying to the south-west of the race ground. By the recent removal of part of the rocks, two openings were found, one of which was known fifty years before, but, by the falling of the earth from above, had been partially hidden and unobserved for a long period. The cavern is of considerable extent, in height from four to six feet, with passages branching off on both sides, but its length had not been lately explored, as a thick stratum of soft clay had closed one of the principal avenues. The place in some parts is, as it were, arched, approaching to the order and regularity of a work of art. The roof was at one time beautifully studded with sparkling stalactites, and from the sides rose small pillars of white semi-transparent calcareous spar disposed with almost architectural precision. But the great influx of visitors has robbed the grotto of its attractions, and the choicest of its finely-moulded gems have been carried away, not entire, but broken into fragments for mantle-piece ornaments. Several years ago, when the late duke of Northumberland kept a pack of hounds at Hulne West Park, two of the hounds pursued a fox into

this cavern, and were unable to find their way out. Some men who proceeded in search of them day after day, heard the barking and cries of the dogs, and one man went so far that he heard the people of Hobberlaw, a hamlet about a furlong distant from the entrance, stir their fire above him. One of the dogs was brought out on the 15th day of its imprisonment, and the other on the 16th day, in a famished and emaciated condition, and unable to walk home.—*Local Papers.*

1842 (Aug 23).—Tuesday evening about seven o'clock a thunder-storm visited the county of Durham, extending as far north as Gateshead. At Thorp, Hutton Henry, and Castle Eden the storm raged with indescribable fury, and was productive of loss of life and property. At the first-named place, a field of barley in stook was set on fire by the lightning, a woman struck blind, and a man severely injured. At Lamb's Close, near Hutton Henry, a young man named Proud, who had left his cart in the middle of the road to take shelter under the gable-end of a house, was killed by the lightning, which appeared to have struck the chimney and there separated, a portion descending into the house, where it did much injury to the furniture. A man named Stokell, who was sitting on a long-settle, was thrown to the other side of the room and considerably injured. At Castle Eden colliery, the wife of William Proud, sawyer, was struck by the electric fluid, while nursing her infant. On the husband entering the cottage, he found the mother speechless, and in a few minutes she was a corpse. The child was also much injured.—*Ibid.*



During repairs of the western portion of the church of Long Benton, Northumberland, this year, there was found built up in the masonry a fragment of a monumental slab, represented in the margin. The inscription ran around the margin of the stone, according to the mode of the

olden times. These characters formed part of the usual prayer for a soul's repose, "*Dominus [misereatur or propitiatur animæ..... qui subtus] jacet.*" Thus much may be conjectured, but who shall fill up the hiatus with a name? (*Des. Not. L. Benton.*)

August 25.—Thursday, the marriage of lord Prudhoe, brother to the duke of Northumberland, and lady Eleanor Grosvenor, eldest daughter of earl Grosvenor, was solemnized at St. George's church, Hanover-square; and, at the same time, lord Parker, eldest son of the earl of Macclesfield, to lady Mary Frances Grosvenor, second daughter of earl Grosvenor. His grace the archbishop of York officiated at both marriages in the presence of a very distinguished

circle of the relatives and friends of the Northumberland, Westminster, and Macclesfield families, including the duke of Wellington, duke and duchess of Northumberland, marquis and marchioness of Westminster, earl and countess of Macclesfield, and lady Louisa Parker, earl and countess Grosvenor, and the ladies Grosvenor, viscount Belgrave, earl and countess of Beverley and lady Louisa Percy, earl of Wilton, lord and lady Robert Grosvenor, lady Agnes Buller, earl and countess of Antrim, &c. Immediately after the termination of the nuptial ceremonies, lord Prudhoe and his fair bride left the church in a chariot and four, with out-riders, for Sion-house. The rejoicings at Isleworth and Brentford, in celebration of the marriage of lord and lady Prudhoe were on an extensive and very liberal scale. At Alnwick, the shops were closed throughout the day, and a great number of flags were displayed from the houses. At half-past three in the afternoon, about two hundred and fifty gentlemen assembled in the Town hall, and with music and banners, went in procession to the dinner pavilion, which had been erected for the purpose in Mr. Atkinson's malt-yard. W. Burrell, esq., of Broom park, presided—vice-president, P. Selby, esq., Swansfield. The event was celebrated at Tynemouth by a dinner at the Bath inn, to which about sixty gentlemen sat down: H. Mitcalfe, esq., M. P., was in the chair, with A. Bartleman, and J. Cunningham, esqrs., as vice-chairmen. In the manor of Newburn, the tenants of the duke of Northumberland celebrated the event by dining together at the Court-house, Newburn, Mr. M. Taylor in the chair; vice, Mr. Potter, supported by Mr. Leadbitter. The village was decorated with flags, the church bells rang, and the roaring of cannon was responded to by a band of music. The villagers were plentifully regaled with ale, to drink long life and happiness to the noble pair.—At Newcastle, also, the church bells were rung at intervals during the day.—*Local Papers.*

1842 (August 25).—The church or chapel, at Windynook, in the chapelry of Heworth and parish of Jarrow, was consecrated, together with the enclosed burial-ground in which it stands, by the right reverend the Lord Bishop of Durham. Upwards of forty clergymen were present on the occasion. The rev. M. Plummer read prayers, and his lordship the communion service. The sermon was preached by archdeacon Raymond, from 2 Tim. ii. 12, "Let every man that nameth the name of Christ, depart from iniquity."—In the evening, there was a second service in the church, when the rev. John Reed, vicar of Newburn, was the preacher.—The clergy were entertained at dinner by the rev. M. Plummer. The singers, masons, carpenters, &c., dined in the new school-room, erected at a short distance from the church; and the sunday-scholars had tea at Heworth.—*Ibid.*

1842 (Sept. 5).—Monday, the first “Tyne Regatta” came off in fine style in the harbour at Shields. The day was remarkably fine, and great numbers of all classes of the inhabitants crowded to the banks and along the shore sides where the various race boats were expected to pass. In addition to a number of gigs which contested the respective races with great ability, several steamers crowded with spectators, accompanied the boats during the races. A profusion of flags were hoisted from vessels in the harbour, and many of the principal shops were closed during the afternoon. The weather was beautifully clear and calm, except a gentle breeze that ruffled the surface of the water. At about half-past two, when the committee proceeded to Whitley Point, the river was teeming with life—not a boat on the river but what was crowded with spectators—steam-boats loaded with passengers, plying up and down—ships with their flags flying—and the river banks crowded with spectators. It was calculated that at that time there would not be less than 10,000 individuals gazing on the scene. The first was a gig race, and was won by the Bee’s-Wing, pulled by the Claspers; the Fisher Lass second, pulled by South Shields pilots. The second race was with foy boats, and was won by a North Shields boat, she winning by half a length—three other boats starting. The third, a sculler race for 30s., was won by an old scullerman belonging North Shields, he winning by two boat lengths. The fourth, and one of the great attractions of the regatta, was a match for a silk gown, to be rowed for by women, which was won in gallant style by two sisters of the name of Story, belonging South Shields. The fifth, a coble race, was won by the Earl Grey, No. 120; No. 68 was second, 74 third, and 75 last.—*Local Papers.*

September 7.—Wednesday, an American seaman, named Michael Smith, aged 23, proposed to leap from the east side of Sunderland bridge, into the river Wear. His intention was announced by hand bills on the previous evening, and at the time fixed (four o’clock) hundreds of persons assembled to witness this daring and novel exploit. On arriving at the centre of the bridge he instantly mounted the railing, and was preparing to throw himself off, when he was seized by the police, who conducted him to the station-house, to the great disappointment of the spectators. Next day he was brought before the magistrates on the charge of obstructing the thoroughfare. The mayor told him that, as a foreigner, the bench were inclined to deal leniently, and discharge him on paying costs; but he was warned that the police would keep a strict eye upon him, and if he disobeyed their injunctions, he would be taken up and bound over to keep the peace. About six o’clock in the evening of the same day, determined not to be diverted from his purpose, Smith went privately on to the

bridge, and dispatched his companions to apprise certain parties, who had befriended him, of his determination to leap; several were, however, disappointed, having before they arrived, perched himself on the summit of the lamp-frame, from whence, waving his cap gallantly, he sprung into the river Wear—a height upwards of 110 feet! On reaching the water he struck out, and swam “like a sea-bird,” to a keel, or barge, from whence he saluted the spectators on the bridge, and on the heights, in the style of a true Jack Tar, which was immediately returned by a round of hearty cheers from the astonished multitude. Smith took another leap from the same point, on Thursday the 15th, amidst a vast crowd of spectators, but it nearly cost him his life. He darted into the water without fear, and afterwards arose apparently in a very feeble and exhausted condition. On being brought ashore he was seized with convulsions, when it was found necessary to bleed him. At first the blood flowed slowly, and was as black as treacle, showing the great congestion which had taken place in the lungs, together with the gorged state of the heart and blood vessels. He suffered for some time from nervous exhaustion, but ultimately rallied.—*Local Papers.*

1842 (Sept. 10).—At about one o'clock on the morning of this day (Saturday), policemen Fenwick, in going his round, observed a fire in the premises of Mr. Wright, north side of Pipewellgate, Gateshead, marine-store-dealer, and gave an immediate alarm. The fire, it was ascertained, had broken out on the top-flat of the house, occupied as a tenement by a person named Lowrey, who had removed the chief portion of his furniture to another residence on the previous night, and locked-up the rooms at half-past eight o'clock. From that time the fire had been smouldering, until it was discovered by the policeman. Three engines were speedily on the spot—first the Newcastle, then the North British, and afterwards the York and London; but their services were not required.—*Ibid.*

Sept.—This month, a Society for the Relief of Poor Married Women at their own Houses during their Confinement, was established in the borough of Gateshead.—*Ibid.*

September 14.—Wednesday evening, a fire broke out in the passage, No. 12, Sandhill, Newcastle, in a warehouse occupied by George White, carrier, from Barnardcastle. His labourer had carelessly left a candle burning between seven and eight o'clock; shortly afterwards, it was supposed by parties residing above the warehouse that something was on fire, and they gave the alarm immediately. The door was burst open, and the fire extinguished before any injury was done except the wood door post being a little burnt. It was a providential circumstance that the fire was discovered before it had made much

progress, for several barrels of gunpowder were deposited within two yards of the spot, and had it reached them, the explosion would have caused destruction to an immense property, and probably to human life also.—*Local Papers.*



The lower apartment of NEVIL TOWER, Newcastle. 1846.

1842 (Sept. 16).—A young shark, measuring eight feet in length by four feet eight inches in girth, was captured by two fishermen in Berwick bay.—*Ibid.*

September 17.—The spirited owners of the Castle Eden new colliery having won their Hutton seam, a coal of the first quality, gave a splendid *dejeuner* to their friends, on the above day, Saturday. The beautiful and romantic Dene was chosen for the fete; and a splendid and delightful one it proved, under the auspices of Mrs. Greenwell, the lady of the principal proprietor. A long row of tables, arranged under a tent, was covered with a profusion of delicacies, to which 118 ladies and gentlemen sat down; the chair being filled by Mr. Greenwell, and the vice-chair by Mr. Richardson. The scene was much enlivened by an efficient band that was in attendance. At seven o'clock in the evening the merry dance began, and was kept up with great spirit till a late hour.—*Ibid.*

September 23.—Friday evening, John Thompson, a tailor, of Sunderland, in a drunken freak, declared that he would that night rival Smith, the diver, by jumping off Wearmouth Bridge; which rash act he performed. He was followed by a person who strove to persuade him not to do so, at the same time considering that Thompson was not sincere, and that he would not attempt it. In this, however, he

was mistaken, as Thompson pulled off his coat, and ascended the railing on the bridge, while his companion and adviser was a short distance behind him. Assistance was called for, but before it could be effected, he jumped down from the bridge into the river. He was picked up by the police boat, and taken to a neighbouring public house where he died the same night.—*Local Papers.*

1842 (Sept. 27.)—On this day, Tuesday, commenced a grand musical festival, for the benefit of the several charitable institutions established in the counties of Northumberland and Durham. The performances, under the conductorship of Sir George Smart, took place in St. Nicholas' church, Newcastle, and occupied three days, viz., Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. The principal vocal performers were, Madame Caradori Allan, Miss M. B. Hawes, Miss Pyne, Miss L. Pyne, and Miss Birch. Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Machin, Mr. Ashton, and Mr. H. Philips. Principal instrumental performers, leader of the band for the morning performances, Mr. F. Cramer; principal second violin, Mr. Loder; leader of the band for the evening performances, Mr. Loder; principal second violin, Mr. Wagstaff; assistant conductor and organist, Mr. T. Ions. Solo performers, violin, Messrs. Loder and H. Hayward; viola, Mr. J. Loder; violoncello, Mr. Lindley; contra bass, Mr. Howell; Flute, Mr. Carte; oboe, Mr. G. Cook; clarionet, Mr. Lazarus; bassoon, Mr. Baumann; horn, Mr. Jarret; trumpet, Mr. Harper. The band and chorus consisted of upwards of two hundred performers, and was complete in every department. The chorus, under the superintendence of Mr. J. J. Harrison, consisted of the members of the Newcastle and Gateshead choral societies, and others selected from the choral societies of Shields, Sunderland, the choirs of Durham, Carlisle, Lincoln, &c., led by Mrs. Leybourne, and ten members of the professional choral society, London. The morning performances of Tuesday consisted of a selection from the oratorios of St. Paul and the Mount of Olives, with passages from the compositions of Handel, Haydn, Spohr, &c. On Wednesday morning the leading features of the performances were Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and portions of Haydn's *Creation* and Handel's *Israel in Egypt*; and on Thursday the oratoria of the *Messiah*. On each of the three evenings there was a concert at the Theatre. The festival concluded on Friday evening, with a grand dress ball at the Assembly Rooms, which was attended by nearly six hundred of the nobility and gentry, many of whom wore most elegant fancy costumes. The exterior of the building was decorated with evergreens, and the word "Charity" was displayed in jets of gas light. Unfortunately, the Musical Festival, with all its merit, failed to be a profitable speculation. The total receipts for the church and theatre, including dona-

tions, were £1,865; while the expenses amounted to about £2,665. The ball, however, realized a profit of about £150; and the total amount of the deficiency therefore was £650.—*Local Papers*.

1842 (Sept. 29).—Thursday, on "The Mount," Building Hill, Bishopwearmouth, a human skeleton was disinterred by Mr. William Jefferson, when laying open the rock to procure stone.—*Ibid*.

About noon on the same day, a fire was discovered in the turpentine distillery of Messrs. Hoyle, Robson, and Co., Bill quay, near Newcastle, which had a very threatening aspect, but by the prompt exertions of the workmen, who got into play an engine upon the premises, they succeeded in extinguishing the flames; not, however, before a still was destroyed and the greater portion of the roof of the building in which it was placed.—*Ibid*.

September 30.—Friday, a grand bazaar in aid of the Natural History Society, and the Society for the Promotion of the Fine Arts, commenced in the rooms of the Literary and Philosophical Society and the Museum, Newcastle. During the day, the bazaar was visited by two thousand five hundred persons, who paid for admission, and if accommodation could have been afforded, it would have been visited by at least a thousand more. There were two stalls in the Museum, the Marchioness of Londonderry attending at one, and the Misses Brandling at the other. In the Library, the stalls were arranged on each side, the centre being left for the promenade. These were attended by Mrs. Mayoress, Mrs. J. T. Carr, Mrs. Joseph Watson, Mrs. J. D. Weatherly, Mrs. Greenhow, Mrs. Headlam, Mrs. Collinson, Mrs. W. L. Harle, Mrs. Burnett, and Mrs. Swinburne. The ladies had been industriously occupied for some time previous in preparing for the event, and the appearance of many of the stalls were highly creditable to their taste and ingenuity. The exhibition of Chinese curiosities furnished by Captain Coulson, R.N., was highly attractive. The gingalls, cannon, flags, shoes, caps, swords, deities, chairs, bows, arrows, musical instruments, as well as figures, excited much admiration. A printing press was in operation in the Library, and some verses were struck off in honour of the occasion; but the post office in the Museum was one of the principal objects of attraction. The bazaar was opened on Saturday and Monday, and was on each occasion attended, as on Friday, by the excellent band of the 61st regiment. The total proceeds of the three days was £693. 9s. 7½d.—*Ibid*.

About this period, the Archdeaconry of Northumberland was divided into two separate archdeaconries, in consequence of the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Dean and Chapter of Durham having been transferred to the bishop of the diocese, by her Majesty in council. The

northern division of Northumberland is now comprehended in a new jurisdiction, under an archdeacon, with the revived title of "Archdeacon of Landisfarne;" to which office the Rev. E. T. Bigge was appointed by the Bishop of Durham.—*Local Papers*.

1842 (Oct. 2).—A stack of hay belonging to Mr. Lowes, of Broomby Lane, near Barnardcastle, took fire, and in a short time the whole was consumed. The loss was a severe one, as the stack contained the whole produce of Mr. Lowes's old meadow land.—*Ibid*.

October 6.—Died, at Bishopwearmouth, in his 66th year, Caleb Wilson, esq., a valued and useful member of the Society of Friends. His remains were interred in the burying-ground of the Friends' meeting-house, Nile-street, Bishopwearmouth, on Tuesday the 11th, attended by an immense concourse of his fellow-townsmen, by whom he was much and deservedly respected. Among those in attendance were Dr. Brown, and Messrs. Edward Backhouse, T. J. Backhouse, Daniel Oliver, George Richardson (Newcastle), C. Bramwell, R. Smart, H. Tanner, H. Moon, R. Scurfield, J. Mounsey, R. Webster, William Ord, Ald. Taylor, J. J. Wright, J. Brunton, Thomas Robson, James Hills, T. Brunton, W. French, J. G. Holmes (Middlesbro'), Richard Halero, and Andrew Muir. There were also present a number of the Society of friends from various parts of the country. Solemn and impressive addresses were delivered by Mr. Daniel Oliver, Mr. George Richardson, and Mrs. Casson (a travelling Friend). The deceased was a spirited and enterprising merchant and ship-owner, being one of the principal commercial men in the port of Sunderland. He was also a gentleman of the most unaffected manners—kind and benevolent to the poor—and much attached to his numerous workpeople; as a proof of which we may notice, that till within a short time of his death, there were six persons in his employ, whose united terms of service amounted to 98 years, averaging 33 years each.—*Ibid*.

October 6.—A splendid vessel, the longest ever built on the banks of the Wear, was launched from the building-yard of Mr. John Watson, at Pallion, near Sunderland. She was built for Richard Greenwell, esq. and is called "The Castle Eden," in commemoration of the successful winning of the colliery of that name; of which that gentleman is one of the principal proprietors. An immense concourse of persons witnessed the launch—the banks were crowded, and the river studded with steamers and boats containing parties anxious to witness what was really a fine sight, for the noble ship glided majestically into her native element, amidst the rapturous plaudits of admiring thousands.—*Ibid*.

October 7.—Died, at Darlington, Jonathan Backhouse, esq., of

Polam House, head of the banking firm of Backhouse and Co., Darlington, aged 63. Mr. Backhouse had long been afflicted from the effects of paralytic attacks; and had consequently retired from the pursuits of business for sometime. He was a gentleman who, for many years, took an active, devoted, and benevolent part in support of the Bible Society, public schools, and other charitable institutions in the town. He was a member of the Society of Friends, and possessed a most catholic spirit—a kind and liberal feeling being ever shewn by him to all of other denominations whose object was the temporal and spiritual welfare of their fellow creatures.—*Local Papers.*

1842 (Oct. 8.)—Saturday, Mr. Henry Geo. Liddell, eldest son of the Hon. H. T. Liddell, M.P. having attained his 21st year, his noble grandfather, lord Ravensworth, entertained his tenantry at dinner on that day, in celebration of the happy event. It was not however until Wednesday, the 12th, that the grand celebration, so long previously determined on, took place. On this latter day between 400 and 500 visitors were present, including her royal highness the duchess of Gloucester, his imperial highness the archduke Frederick Ferdinand of Austria, lady Caroline Legge, lord and lady Chelsea, the earl of Scarborough, lord and lady Barrington and Miss Barrington, lord and lady Hardwicke, lord George Seymour, lord and lady Prudhoe, Miss Wynn, and Miss Percy, sir C. Monck, and Mrs. Monck, Matt. Bell, esq. M.P., and Mrs. Bell, sir Edward and lady Blackett, and in short, most of the principal families in the counties of Durham and Northumberland. For some days past the public mind had been kept in a state of considerable excitement, in consequence of the royal and distinguished personages who were expected to be present. The duchess of Gloucester had come into the north in order to be present at the festivities, and the duke of Cambridge had also returned, after his recent visit to Wynyard, with the same object. His royal highness and the duchess of Gloucester paid a visit to the duke and duchess of Northumberland, at Alnwick castle and proceeded as far north as Haggerston. The royal duke, after returning to Ravensworth castle, visited the marquis and marchioness of Londonderry, at Wynyard, and proceeded thence to Raby castle, on a visit to the duke of Cleveland. From Raby his royal highness was expected to return to Ravensworth castle, first paying a visit to Wm. Russell, esq., of Brancepath castle, who had made great preparations for his royal highness's reception, but he was unexpectedly called to London, and he left Raby castle for the south. Her royal highness the duchess of Gloucester returned from Alnwick castle on Monday, and on Tuesday she drove out to Lambton castle, where

she remained a short time and then returned to Ravensworth. The archduke Frederick of Austria was also in the neighbourhood, and it was hoped would join the festivities—a hope which it will be seen was realized. The royal and distinguished party began to assemble at Ravensworth castle shortly after three o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, but long before that time the grounds were covered with gay and festive parties, who had determined to enjoy a holiday on the occasion. Indeed the whole road through the grounds to the castle was crowded by parties anxious to witness the arrival of the company. The grounds, however, appeared decidedly to advantage, the autumnal hues of the variegated copsewood contrasting with the green sward of the delightful parks. The preparations at the castle for the reception and entertainment of the company were on an extensive scale. The billiard room was set apart as an ante-room, where the visitors deposited their hats, cloaks, &c., and then they proceeded to the gallery, where they were received by lord and lady Ravensworth, and the different members of the family. The excellent band of the 61st regiment was stationed on the lawn in front of the castle, and a number of choristers were engaged to attend in the gallery, where Mr. Ions presided at the organ. Shortly after the company began to arrive, the band commenced playing. On the entrance of her royal highness the duchess of Gloucester, the choristers sang the national anthem, and when his imperial highness the archduke of Austria entered, the grand German national hymn of “God preserve the Emperor,” was given in most effective style. During the arrival of the company several beautiful pieces were sung. “Gloria in Excelsis” from Mozart’s twelfth mass was finely executed; and “Thy marvellous works” from the sacred oratoria, “The Creation,” was sung in most excellent style by lady Williamson solo, and chorus. The “Inflamatus,” from the “Stabat Mater,” was also sung by lady Williamson solo, and chorus; besides a number of other selections of sacred music, the effect of which was beautiful. About half-past five, the company sat down to dinner which had been set out in the library, saloon, and drawing room and dining room. The royal party dined in the library, where the tables were laid for about forty. Lord Ravensworth presided, and was supported by the marquis of Normanby, the hon. H. T. Liddell, M. P., lord and lady Chelsea, lord and lady Barrington, lord Prudhoe, Miss Wynn, and Miss Percy, the earl of Scarborough, lord Geo. Seymour, his imperial highness archduke Frederick of Austria, and suite, her royal highness the duchess of Gloucester, and lady Caroline Legge, and a number of other distinguished individuals. The gorgeous display of massive silver plate on the principal table had a most magnificent effect, and

the whole of the apartments were set out in a style of princely grandeur. After the cloth had been withdrawn, lord Ravensworth rose and proposed the health of the queen, which was enthusiastically responded to. The health of prince Albert, the prince of Wales, and princess royal, the queen dowager, the duchess of Gloucester, and the rest of the royal family, were also given and responded to in loud and enthusiastic plaudits. Lord Hardwicke who had acted as toastmaster, then called for a bumper, and the marquis of Normanby rose to propose the health of the archduke Frederick Ferdinand of Austria, and in doing so paid a high compliment to his imperial highness. His imperial highness, being unable to speak fluently in English, begged of lord Ravensworth to acknowledge the compliment which had been paid him, and his lordship did so in happy and appropriate terms. The noble president next proposed the health of Mr. Henry George Liddell, whose majority they were then met to celebrate, and expressed his gratification at his having been honoured by the company of so many noble and distinguished personages. The toast was drank with great enthusiasm. Mr. H. G. Liddell returned thanks, and concluded by proposing the health of lord and lady Ravensworth, which was received with rapturous applause. The duchess of Gloucester and suite then retired, and the tables were soon deserted for the gallery, which formed a most delightful promenade. The archduke and suite retired to the saloon. The drawing-room tables were cleared in a few minutes, and the apartment converted into a splendid promenade, coffee and tea being served up in the library and dining-room. His imperial highness repaired to the gallery about eight o'clock, and the duchess of Gloucester entered soon afterwards. A quadrille band from Newcastle had been engaged for the evening. The ball was led off by his imperial highness the archduke and the hon. Miss Liddell. Dancing was kept up with unabated spirit till a late hour. His imperial highness and suite left shortly after ten o'clock, and before twelve all the principal company had taken their departure. Parties who were present describe the entertainment as having been of the most magnificent description; while the urbanity and kindness of lord and lady Ravensworth were spoken of in terms of unfeigned admiration.—*Local Papers.*

1842 (Oct. 10.)—The Archduke Frederick of Austria and suite visited Seaham Harbour, and inspected the various interesting objects in that neighbourhood. His Imperial Highness arrived at Seaham Hall from Wynyard about two o'clock, and thence proceeded to view the harbour, and afterwards returned to the hall to lunch. The Marquis of Londonderry and a distinguished party from Wynyard accompanied his Imperial Highness, who expressed himself highly delighted

with the various objects which he saw, and particularly with the operation of shipping coals. His Imperial Highness, and the distinguished party, returned to Wynyard in the evening.—*Local Papers.*



1842 (Oct. 12.)—Died, at his residence, in Albion Place, Newcastle, aged 54, John Trotter Brockett, esq., F.S.A. London and Newcastle. This gentleman had, for a long series of years, been most intimately and efficiently connected with the Literary and Antiquarian Institutions of the North of England, and his death occasioned a void which it will be exceedingly difficult to fill. A short notice of the leading characteristics of his life may not be unacceptable to our readers. Mr.

Brockett received his education under the venerable and rev. William Turner, then the preceptor of a limited number of young gentlemen, and selecting the profession of the law as the object of his pursuit, after the usual course of study he was admitted an attorney. He practiced as such for many years in Newcastle with distinguished ability and success. In the early part of his professional career he was extensively employed as an advocate in the Mayor's and Sheriff's Courts of Newcastle, then under the able presidency of the greatest of provincial lawyers, the late Mr. Hopper Williamson, and dealing with pleas generally cognizant only in Westminster Hall. In the management of his causes, Mr. B. displayed that tact and discriminating judgment, aided by a manly and impressive eloquence which, had he been called to the bar, would have secured to him the honours of the noble profession to which he belonged. But the turn of his mind was to tenures and conveyancing, and in both of these branches of recondite learning he excelled. No man could read an abstract with a clearer head or with sounder sense than Mr. Brockett; and the assurances which flowed from his pen display a beauty, a compactness, and a harmony of parts most delightful to the student of the *Formulae Anglicanum*. But his praise as a professional man is, that his practice was marked by the strictest integrity and liberality; and he descended to the tomb amid the regrets of those numerous friends who reposed, with implicit confidence, their concerns to his guidance and direction.

The health of Mr. Brockett for the last twenty-five years was such as to preclude his going much into company, but he spent such portions of his time as he could spare from the laborious duties of his pro-

fession in those literary and scientific pursuits for which he had so very refined a taste. He collected a library of scarce and curious books, which were sold by Mr. Sotheby, in London, in 1823. He also formed a splendid cabinet of coins and medals, which were offered to the public by the same gentleman in that year. For those gems he had the gratification of seeing the most gifted men of the day in competition. On the dispersion of his library and museum, he started the pursuit *de novo*, and he left behind him books and coins, and medals, which may vie with those of any private gentleman in the kingdom. But Mr Brockett was not a bare collector. He knew the value of his books in the intelligence and wisdom infolded in their pages, and the use of his coins and medals, for the purposes of history. Few men, indeed, studied Numismatics with greater closeness or more success than Mr. Brockett, and in this very rare attainment he pre-eminently stood forth. Mr. Brockett, as a writer and editor, is extensively known; but the works by which he is most distinguished are, "Inquiry into the Question whether the Freeholders of Newcastle-upon-Tyne are entitled to vote for Members of Parliament for the County of Northumberland," and, his "Glossary of North County Words." The first of those publications received the high commendations of Mr Hopper Williamson, and other constitutional lawyers; and the latter is appreciated wherever the English language is known.

In domestic life Mr. Brockett was a pattern of all that was amiable. His family participated with him in his favourite studies and pursuits, and his home was the abode of peace and happiness. Some years ago he lost his eldest son, when that son's genius was bursting forth in every direction, and indicating a course of no ordinary character. He sustained the shock with surprising fortitude, but it may have been the remote cause of that loss which we are now called on to deplore. His race is run. His sun has set—but he has left behind him memorials which rank him among the illustrious names of which this great and important town may justly boast. Mr Brockett was at the time of his death one of the secretaries of the Literary and Philosophical Society, and of the council of the Society of Antiquaries, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.—*Newcastle Chronicle*.

1842 (Oct. 13.)—About two o'clock on the morning a fire broke out from some undiscovered cause in a stable in Gallowgate, belonging to Mr. Henry Hall, and was not stopped until it had destroyed the building, with a quantity of hay which it contained. Some horses, cows, and a large number of pigs, were fortunately got out alive; and the prompt arrival of the fire engines saved from destruction the adjoining stables and cow-byers, and a dwelling-house on the opposite side of the yard.—*Local Papers*.

1842 (Oct. 13.)—The right hon. lord and lady Prudhoe arrived at Alnwick-castle about 12 o'clock, and being their first visit to their noble relatives, the duke and duchess of Northumberland, since the auspicious event of their marriage, arrangements were made to receive them in a manner worthy of the occasion. The Percy tenantry, to the number of nearly 500, met them at Hampath-bank, near Newton-on-the-Moor, and escorted them to the castle. At Bondgate tower they were joined by nearly 200 of the Odd Fellows belonging to the royal Percy and Alnwick lodges, with banners, and a large party of gentlemen with bridal favors. As they entered the town they were saluted by the cannon on the castle; the shops were closed during the procession; and as the noble lord and his bride drove through the streets, they graciously acknowledged the greetings with which they were received. The scholars belonging to the duke's and duchess's schools were ranged in the park at the entrance of the castle, with flowers in their hands. At the castle gates they were greeted by most enthusiastic shouts of welcome. Two addresses were presented at the south toll bar gate—one from the inhabitants of Alnwick by Mr. L. Hindmarsh, and one from the Odd Fellows by Dr. Wm. Wilson. The tenantry were entertained at dinner at the following hotels:—Star Inn, Three Tuns, Queen's Head, Turk's Head, Black Swan. The scholars of the duchess's school were entertained at tea in the school-room in the evening.—*Local Papers.*

October 14.—A weekly market was established at the village of Shotley bridge, fourteen miles from Newcastle, for the accommodation of the inhabitants and the numerous visitors to the Spa. The occasion was celebrated by a public dinner.—*Ibid.*

Same day, died at Milburn Gate, co. Durham, aged 100, Mrs. Hannah Pearson.—*Ibid.*

October 14.—Died at Saltwell house, near Gateshead, the residence of William Caley, esq., aged 27, the rev. John Lewis Eyre, of Newcastle. He had officiated as assistant catholic priest with the revds. James Worswick and William Riddell, for the last sixteen months. In September, he was seized with the prevailing complaint of influenza and fever, of which he died. His remains were privately conveyed to the catholic chapel on the night of Tuesday, the 18th, and on Wednesday morning a solemn service was performed over the body, which was enclosed in a leaden coffin, and rested on a bier at the foot of the altar. The chapel was crowded to excess. High mass was sung by the rev. W. F. B. Fletcher, of Longhorsley, assisted by the revds. Thomas Witham and John Gillow, as deacon and sub-deacon, and the rev. James Gibson, of Newcastle, as master of ceremonies. A short discourse was delivered by the rev. James Chadwick, of St.

Cuthbert's college, Ushaw. After the conclusion of the service, the procession moved to Jesmond cemetery, in the following order :—1st. The girls of the catholic school to the number of 120 in white dresses, black silk hoods and white sashes. 2nd. The boys to the same number with crape bands, and rosettes on their arms. 3rd. The brethren of the Stella, Sunderland, and Newcastle Holy Guilds, attired in their guild costumes of black cloaks, white collars, and shields, headed by their respective cross-bearer, and followed by the revds. William Fletcher and Edward Brown, as chaplains and chaunters. To them succeeded the hearse containing the body—the mourning coaches and private carriages following, in which were the relatives and friends of the deceased, as well as a number of the catholic clergy from the surrounding neighbourhood. A body of the congregation two a-breast, and upwards of sixty catholic soldiers, belonging to the 61st regiment, in full uniform, closed the procession. The brethren of the guilds chaunted the litanies, &c. along the road leading to the cemetery. At the cemetery, they were joined by the rev. William Riddell—the 50th and 129th psalms were chaunted—the burial service was read by the same reverend gentleman, and the body lowered into the deep vaulted grave.—*Local Papers.*



1842(Oct.16.)—Died, at Morpeth, aged 69, William Orde, esq. of Nunnykirk, in the county of Northumberland, universally and deservedly respected. Mr. Orde was one of her Majesty's justices of the peace, and served the office of high sheriff for that county in 1819. He was well known in the sporting world as the proprietor of the celebrated Bee's-wing. He was respected for his private virtues; and he was honoured not only in Great Britain

but on the continent for a character which few have acquired—an honest and honourable sportsman. He was at the great fete at Ravensworth on Wednesday, and promenaded a considerable time on the lawn. He appeared in good spirits and conversed freely with all around.—*Ibid.*

October 20.—Died, at Bamburgh, aged 25, Grace Horsley Darling, the heroine of the Farn Islands, and the exemplary daughter of Mr. William Darling, keeper of the Longstone Light-house. She had been in a delicate state of health for a considerable time past, and her medical attendant recommended her removal from the sea. She in consequence, went to reside with a friend at Wooler, and afterwards removed to Alnwick, accompanied by her sister, where lodgings were

engaged for them by their graces the duke and duchess of Northumberland, by whom the greatest attention was paid to the amiable girl. Her complaint having assumed the form of decided consumption, and all hope of her recovery abandoned, her father anxiously desired that she should return amongst her family, and she was accordingly removed from Alnwick to Bamburgh only about ten days before her death.—*Local Papers.*

1842 (Oct. 21.)—Friday night, the inhabitants of Barnard-castle were aroused from their beds at the dead hour of the night, by a fire breaking out in the lodging house of Mr. Jacob Soloman. The police and others were soon upon the spot, and after about an hour's exertion they succeeded in extinguishing the flames, but not before a bed and its hangings had been entirely consumed. The fire was occasioned by a drunken man having gone to bed with a pipe in his mouth.—*Ibid.*

October 24.—Monday, a new church, under the designation of Trinity chapel, with a burying ground attached, was consecrated by the bishop of Durham, for the service of the established church, at Pelton, near Chester-le-Street. Trinity chapel is a neat, substantial, and commodious building, capable of seating about four hundred persons. It is situated on a rising ground, at the distance of about two hundred yards from the south side of the village.—*Ibid.*

Oct. 24.—On the evening of this day, when the seven o'clock train from Sunderland was crossing Boldon Flat, a horse was on the line, (through the negligence of its owner, a tenant-farmer,) and was run down by the locomotive engine, which crushed the poor animal to instant death. The train was thrown off the rails by the obstruction, and the engine and tender broke loose from the carriages. Fortunately, and most surprisingly, neither the enginemmen, stoker, nor passengers sustained the slightest injury. The carriages were somewhat injured, but the engine and tender escaped without damage, and were at work on the following morning.—*Ibid.*

Oct. 26.—Wednesday evening, about eleven o'clock, a fire broke out in premises on the Ropery Bank, North Shields, occupied by Messrs. Ogilvie and Son. The police force were soon in attendance with their engine, and by about half after two o'clock the next morning the flames were entirely subdued, notwithstanding that there was a gale of wind blowing, and little damage was effected. A carpenter's shop was entirely burned down, and a public-house adjoining had a narrow escape.—*Ibid.*

Oct. 27.—Died at Stockton, at the advanced age of 103, Mrs. Jane Farrow.—*Ibid.*

Oct. 29.—The Barons of the Exchequer having issued a Commis-

sion directed to James Edgcome, esq., Thomas Powell, esq., and Addison Langhorne Potter, esq., authorizing them to legalize for commercial purposes the addition recently made to Newcastle quay, those gentlemen proceeded on the above day, Saturday, to fulfil the object of the Commission, by which a space exceeding two thousand feet has been added to the public quays.—*Local Papers.*



THE CHAPEL of S. MARIE, Jesmond, Newcastle. 1826.

1842 (Nov. 1).—Tuesday, the new and commodious Wesleyan chapel, at Bishop Auckland, was opened; when sermons were preached, in the morning and evening, by the rev. R. Newton, of Manchester, and in the afternoon by the rev. R. Webb, of Darlington. On Sunday, the 6th, sermons were also preached, in the morning and evening, by the rev. T. Capp, of Sunderland, and in the afternoon by Mr. R. Watson, of the same place. On Tuesday, the 8th, sermons were again preached, in the morning and evening, by the rev. Dr. Beaumont, of Liverpool, and in the afternoon by the rev. R. Day, of Darlington. Collections in behalf of the chapel were made after all the services, amounting to £72.—*Ibid.*

November. 6.—A commodious Wesleyan chapel, recently erected at Slaley, was opened for divine service; the rev. J. Cadman, of Hexham, preaching in the morning and evening, and the rev. W. H. Cornforth in the afternoon. The site of the chapel was granted by the rev. Mr. Gillon, formerly minister of the Stamfordham Presbyterian church.—*Ibid.*

November 9.—The following gentlemen were elected mayors and sheriffs:—

NEWCASTLE.—Thomas Dunn, esq. mayor. Joseph Hawks, esq.,

sheriff. GATESHEAD. — Robert Davies, esq., mayor. DURHAM. — Robert Hoggett, esq., mayor. SUNDERLAND. — Andrew White, esq. mayor. STOCKTON. — Charles Trotter, esq., mayor. MORPETH. — William Trotter, esq. M.D., mayor. BERWICK. — Joseph Hubback, esq., mayor; George Johnston, esq., sheriff. HARTLEPOOL. — Thomas Rowell, esq., mayor. — *Local Papers.*

1842 (Nov 9). — Wednesday, about noon, the warehouse of Mr. Fenwick, at Stanhope, County of Durham, (who was in London on business,) containing a great quantity of valuable goods, was discovered to be on fire; but by the prompt, united, and praise-worthy exertions of the inhabitants of the village, the flames were soon extinguished. The damage, however, was extensive. Many bales of cloth, shawls, men's coats, fixtures, &c., were consumed; and had not the fire been observed at the time, the large building adjoining the warehouse, the Phoenix inn, would probably have been burnt to the ground, as there was not a fire engine in the neighbourhood. It could not be ascertained in what manner the fire originated. — *Ibid.*

November 12. — When the workmen at Wingate Grange colliery were sawing up a tree, they found a bird-nest, containing three perfect eggs, in the solid wood, about a foot from the bark. — *Ibid.*

November 25. — At Newcastle, the castle guns were fired and the flag hoisted on the ancient keep, as an acknowledgement of the ratification of the peace with China, and of the successful termination of the military operations in Affghanistan. The bells of St. Nicholas' church were likewise rung in celebration of the event. — *Ibid.*

November 26. — Lady Peat, widow of the rev. Sir Robert Peat, the chaplain and companion of George the Fourth, died on this day, Saturday, at her house in Villiers-street, Bishopwearmouth, upwards of 90 years of age. Her "eccentricities" as Miss Smith, of East Herrington, and the firing of her house, and murder of her servant girl, by some criminal yet unknown, are familiar to most of our readers. The fire and murder took place, on the 28th of August, 1815; and three men (Eden, Wolfe, sen., and Wolfe, jun.,) were put on their trial for the offences. The two former were found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged, but were afterwards pardoned — an *alibi* having been proved, to the complete satisfaction of the judges; and a witness against them, of the name of Lincoln, was afterwards tried, and found guilty of perjury. — *Ibid.*

November 28. — Died, at the rectory, Egglecliff, at the advanced age of 89 years, the rev. John Brewster, M.A. justly and most generally and deeply lamented. He was a minister of the church of England sixty-six years, the last twenty-eight years of which period he was incumbent of the above parish, having previously held, successively,

the livings of Greatham, Stockton, Redmarshall, and Boldon. Numerous as his preferments were they were conferred upon him solely from the high veneration which his diocesan entertained for his truly christian character and zealous exertions in the service of his divine master. Eminently and humbly pious, unostentatiously and extensively charitable, kind and conciliating towards all classes of his fellow beings without distinction, and unremittingly active in the discharge of every appointed duty, he was, indeed, a true disciple of our blessed Saviour, and a bright example of a christian minister. He was the author of the History of Stockton, and of several valuable treatises on religious subjects, some of which have not been published, one finished so recently as the 15th October, 1842—so long was the vigour of his mind and his anxiety to inculcate divine truth maintained. His well-spent life had a most tranquil and happy termination: to him death had no terror, and to die was gain.—*Gent's Mag.*

1842 (Dec. 9).—At Fenwick colliery, near Belford, there was a sudden rush of water, (occasioned by an accidental breach in a wall which separated the new from the old working,) which alarmed the men; and three of the five that were in the pit, ran to the rope, and made their escape. The exit of two brothers, named Thomas and Andrew Alexander, aged 25 and 14, was cut off by the water, and they perished. Verdict, "Accidental Death."—*Local Papers.*

December.—About this period, during the erection of the church of S. Peter, Newcastle, two windows, the one in the chancel and the other at the eastern extremity of the south aisle of the nave, were filled with stained glass, the work of our townsman, Wailes. They are amongst the most successful efforts of this talented artist, and are thoroughly consonant with the character of the structure. The former of these was presented to the church by the artist, and the other, an obituary memorial of the late vicar, was presented by his son, the rev. William Dodd, incumbent of the parish of S. Andrew. The church which had been building during this and the preceding year, had now nearly approached completion; and the bishop (as he expressed him) from a desire to consult the convenience and wishes of the pious contributors to the work, departed from his usual plan of refraining from consecration in the winter, and came from Auckland in inclement weather and in a state of but imperfectly recovered health, and on the morning of 23 February, 1843, in the presence of an immense congregation, and with a train of five and fifty priests, consecrated the edifice.—*Ibid.*

This month.—Died, at Burnt house, near Cockfield, aged 102, Mrs. Ann Walton.—*Ibid.*

December 11.—Died, at Brussels, of apoplexy, after a few hours'

illness, Sir Thomas Haggerston, bart., of Ellingham, Northumberland. The funeral obsequies took place at the Cathedral of St. Michael and Gedule, which was hung with black, and a grand requiem sung, after which the mournful procession proceeded to the cemetery, attended by Sir Edward Haggerston as chief mourner, and a number of other friends of the deceased.—*Local Papers*.

1842 (Dec. 13).—Died, at his house, Leazes Terrace, Newcastle, aged 76, Archibald Reed, esq. His remains were interred on Monday, the 19th, in the cemetery at Jesmond: the melancholy procession consisted of a hearse and four mourning coaches, besides a number of private carriages, the funeral being attended by the stewards of the incorporated companies and a great number of individuals anxious to show their respect to the deceased. Mr. Reed was an alderman of the old corporation, and his name is identified with the local government of the town during an eventful period, having served the office of mayor six times, and on more than one occasion received the thanks of the government for his exertions. In politics, Mr. Reed was a conservative, and all acknowledged his amiable disposition, kindness of heart, and liberal hospitality. Indeed, few individuals have been so fortunate in securing the esteem of their fellow-townsmen, or have departed this life more deeply and deservedly regretted.—*Ibid*.

END OF VOLUME FIVE.



INDEX TO VOLUME V.

A.

ABBOTT, name of, 274.
 ACCIDENTS.—At Alnwick, 205. Blyth, 323. Byer's Green, 122. Castle Eden, 401. Durham, 219, 297. Fell Gate, 167. Gateshead, 100, 194. Jarrow, 344. Lamb's Close, 401. Long Newton, 307. Middlesbro', 223, 290. Newcastle, see Newcastle. Railways, see Railways. Ryhope, 42. Seaham, 224. Seaton Sluice, 41. Shields, 55, 193, 360, 384. Shipley, 224. Stanhope, 388. St. Anthony's, 158. Stockton, 170, 192, 244. Sunderland, 188, 354, 362, 371. Tees, 359, 391. Thorpe, 401. Warkworth, 179. Wear, 311. Whitehill Point, 282. Wooller, 209.
 Adamson, name of, 236.
 Adult Baptism, 195.
 Alder, name of, 167, 195.
 Allan, name of, 214.
 Allanton, 188.
 Allendale, 122.
 Allenheads, 166.
 All Saints Church, see Newcastle.
 Alnham Church, 172.
 Alnmouth, 103.
 ALNWARD.—Castle, 103, 399, 409, 414. Church, 149, 252. Town, 32, 58, 104, 128, 138, 146, 201, 203, 205, 311, 341, 357, 399, 400, 402, 415.
 Alston, 36, 56, 213.
 Ancroft, 369.
 Anderson, name of, 2, 301, 314, 363, 384.
 Andrewhouse, 179.
 Anecdotes, 90, 385.
 Angerton, 380.
 Angus, name of, 309.
 Annfield, 193, 382.
 Anthony's, Saint, 158.
 ANTIQUITIES, 268, 283, 314, 315, 339, 380, 383, 401.
 Archbold, name of, 229, 247, 266.
 Archimedian Screw, 176.
 ARMORIAL BEARINGS.—*Boroughs*: Durham, 29. Gateshead, 28. Morpeth, 32. Stockton, 31, 281. Sunderland, 31, 305. *Families*:—Brockett, 412. Burdon, 50. Charlton, 265. Clavering, 25. Collingwood, 227, 400. Eldon, 6. Gray, 9. Hoyle, 112. Orde, 415. Sharp, 128. Winch, 17.

Armstrong, name of, 231.
 Assizes, 83, 88.
 Astley, name of, 262.
 Atkinson, name of, 172, 380.
 Attwood, name of, 305.
 AUCKLAND, BISHOP, 72, 384, 389, 391, 417.
 Axwell, 25.
 Aylmer, name of, 219.

B.

BACK, name of, 41.
 Backhouse, name of, 409.
 Backworth, 90.
 Bainbridge, name of, 309.
 Balloons, 40.
 Baker, name of, 365.
 Bambrough, 128, 345.
 Banks,—see Newcastle and Berwick.
 Baptism, adult, 195.
 Bar, Tynemouth, 55.
 BARNARD CASTLE, 138, 180, 321, 322, 340, 341, 345, 381, 416.
 Barras, name of, 57.
 Barrington, Bp. 364.
 Bartleman, name of, 402.
 Bates, name of, 35.
 Bazaar, 41.
 Beamish, 122.
 Beaufront, 102.
 Beaumont, name of, 34, 109, 166.
 Beaumont river, 319.
 Bebside, 93.
 Bedlington, 91, 154.
 Bees, 246.
 Belford, 393.
 Bell, name of, 133, 258, 301, 409.
 Bellingham, 12, 22.
 Bell ringing, 366.
 Bell's Close, 108, 355.
 Benton, 72, 166; 401.
 BERWICK.—Balls, 313. Banks, 135. Bay 405. Bazaar, 313. Distributor of Stamps, 360. Fires, 59, 333. High Tides, 135. Highland Soc. 312. Mayors and Sheriffs, 57, 145, 205, 328, 418. Miscellaneous, 59. Schools, 313. Storm, 359. Suffocation, 148. Wrecks, 12, 320.
 Bewick, name of, 57, 195.
 Bewsher, name of, 22.
 Biddick, 336.
 Biddleston, 362.

- Bigamy, 175, 219.
 Bigge, name of, 28, 374, 408.
 Billingham, 345.
 Billings, name of, 285.
 Bill Point, 190.
 Bill Quay, 138.
 Billy Purvis, 103.
 Birtley, 171.
 Bishop Auckland, see Auckland.
 Bishop Middleham, 108.
 Blackburn, name of, 128.
 Blackett, name of, 394.
 Black Fell, 383.
 Black Friary, see Newcastle.
 Black Gate, see Newcastle.
 Black Halls, 1, 236.
 Blackmore, name of, 112, 409.
 Blagburn, name of, 28.
 Blagdon, 100.
 Blaydon, 100, 142, 308.
 Blenkinsopp, 355.
 Blind Asylums, see Newcastle.
 BLYTH, 30, 92, 111, 137, 155, 210, 254.
 323.
 Blyth River, 239.
 Boag, name of, 251.
 Bog Hall, 195.
 Boiler, 344.
 Bolam, Trial of, 60.
 Boldon Flats, 416.
 Boswell, name of, 188.
 Bothal, 32, 134.
 Bowes, name of, 273.
 Bowser, name of, 205.
 Bradley, name of, 267.
 Brady, name of, 161.
 Bramwell, name of, 205.
 Brancepath, 140, 409.
 Brandling, name of, 28, 144, 202, 308, 374.
 Branxton, 246.
 Brewster, name of, 418.
 BRIDGES.—Brierdean, 173. Bywell, 109.
 Mertown, 266. Norham, 127, 135. Sunder-
 land, 135, 149, 192, 403, 405. Tyne,
 see Newcastle.
 British Association, 36.
 Brockett, name of, 28, 412.
 Brockley Whins, 130.
 Bromley, 151, 408.
 Brooks, name of, 384.
 Broomley Law, 408.
 Brown, name of, 55, 171, 188, 218, 267,
 291.
 Bruce, name of, 98.
 Brunton, 150.
 Buddle, name of, 398.
 Buller, name of, 143.
 Bulman, name of, 297.
 Burgess, name of, 345.
 Burnet, name of, 161.
 Burrell, name of, 402.
 Butler, name of, 58.
 Byers Green, 122.
 Byker, 99, 100.
 Bywell, 34, 109.
 C.
 CAHILL, name of, 328.
 Caley, name of, 347.
 Cambo, 313.
 Cambois, 239.
 Cambridge, duke of, 242.
 Campbell, name of, 262.
 Carr, name of, 12, 145, 169, 189, 301, 307,
 328, 381, 407.
 Carville, 211.
 Castle Eden, 401.
 Cavendish, name of, 211.
 Cemeteries, 415.
 Chadwick, name of, 414.
 Chambers, name of, 332.
 Chance Medley, 279.
 Chapman, name of, 21.
 Charlton, name of, 176, 195, 265, 277, 281,
 331.
 Charnley, name of, 297.
 Chartism, 73.
 Chases (Steeple), 165.
 Chemistry, 330, 344.
 Chester le Street, 182, 183, 254, 334.
 Cheswick, 136.
 Chipchase, 355.
 Chirton, 227, 400.
 Clanny, name of, 129.
 Clarke, name of, 328, 353.
 Clasper, name of, 403.
 Clavering, name of, 23, 72, 193, 254, 281.
 Claxton, name of, 28.
 Clayton, name of, 26, 118, 220, 253.
 Clementson, name of, 297.
 Clennell, name of, 154.
 Cleveland, 392.
 Cleveland, duke of, 109, 298, 350, 370, 409.
 Clifford fort, 373.
 Coal Trade, 222, 261, 379.
 Cockfield, 419.
 Coins found, 283, 290.
 COLLIERIES.—Auckland, 72. Andrew
 House, 179. Biddick, 336. Cornforth,
 57, 127. Cramlington, 141. Chatton,
 264. Castle Eden, 401, 405. Cowpen,
 245, 359. Cassop, 170. Derwent Crook,
 266. Elvet, 226, 355. Elemore, 383.
 Framwellgate, 56, 261. Farnacres, 203.
 Friars Goose, 330. Fenwick, 419. Gar-
 mondsway, 112. Hartley, 172. Heaton,
 140. Haswell, 291. Hylton, 326. Hetton,
 328. Iveston, 126. Kibblesworth, 382.
 Killingworth, 166. Medomsley, 151.
 Murton, 293. Oakwellgate, 382. Pen-
 sher, 244. Roddymoor, 272. Shieldfield.
 9. Seaton Delaval, 18. Sacriston, 130.
 Seghill, 170. St. Hildas, 122, 230. St.
 Helen's, 174. Shincliff, 215. Stublick,
 212. Spital Tongues, 343, 369. Spring-
 well, 156. Thornley, 158, 287. Wall-
 send, 70, 211. Whitley, 254. Willington,
 158, 257. Wingate, 192, 337, 418.

COLLIERIES.

- White Lee, 272. Westerton, 27.
 Waldrige, 320.—*Accidents in*, 203, 245,
 320, 328, 330, 401, 419. *Explosions in*,
 70, 110, 112, 172, 215, 257, 287, 291,
 383.
 Collierley, 56.
 Collingwood, name of, 175, 188, 227, 400.
 Collinson, name of, 195, 390.
 Collisions, 151, 176, 194.
 Companies, see Newcastle.
 Conference, (Wesleyan) 185.
 Convent, 331.
 Conversion of a Jew, 320.
 Cookson, name of, 29, 155, 231, 311, 360.
 Coquet,—see Rivers.
 Corbridge, 254.
 Corn'orth, 57, 127.
 Coulson, name of, 262, 355, 407.
 Coundon, 272.
 Court Baron, 180.
 Coward, name of, 188.
 Cowpen, 93, 149, 210, 245.
 Cox, name of, 237, 259, 302.
 Cramlington, 90, 141.
 Crawford, name of, 379.
 Cresswell, name of, 191, 275, 311, 344, 393,
 394.
 Crewe, name of, 127.
 Cricket, 296, 298.
 Crofton, name of, 309.
 Cruikshanks, name of, 267.
 Cullercoats, 190, 272.
 Cunningham, name of, 402.

D.

- DALTON-LE-DALE, 222.
 DARLINGTON, 31, 152, 167, 187, 196, 197,
 212, 248, 254, 273, 274, 296, 327, 335,
 345, 347, 366, 391, 396.
 Darlington, name of, 45, 152, 166.
 Davidson, name of, 349.
 Davies, name of, 418.
 Davison, name of, 231.
 Dawson, name of, 120.
 Delaval, name of, 137.
 Deptford, 233, 337, 344.
 Derwent, river, 319.
 Derwent Villa, 369.
 Derwentwater, name of, 340.
 Dickson, name of, 145.
 Distilleries, Illicit, 167.
 Dobson, name of, 122, 327.
 Docks, 213.
 Dodd, name of, 220, 419.
 Doctresses, 294.
 Dogs, 300.
 Don, river, 178.
 Donaldson, name of, 107.
 Donkin, name of, 118, 188.
 Douglas, name of, 139.
 Drowning, 348, 366, 373.
 Drowning escape from, 299.
 Duels, 379.

Dugdale, name, of, 267.

Dunn, name of, 86, 87, 212, 389, 418.

Dunston, 240, 306.

DURHAM, CITY of: Accident, 219. Arch-
 deacon, 281, 402. Bishop of, 192, 197,
 198, 219, 222, 229, 281, 297, 322, 337,
 378, 389, 391, 402, 407, 416. Castle,
 156. Cathedral, 102, 145, 252. Church-
 es, 119, 311, 318. Collieries, 56, 261.
 Constabulary, 167. Daring feat, 174.
 Dean of, 252. Deanery, 189. Dean and
 Chapter, 264, 407. Deaths, 345, 375.
 Dispensaries, 177, 229. Distributor of
 Stamps, 360. Elections, 273. Elvet,
 227. Escapes, 129. Fair, 193. Fires,
 218. Longevity, 111. Mayors, 57, 145,
 205. Militia, 351. Mobs, 77. Natives,
 57, 142, 168, 252, 297. Organs, 168.
 Rejoicings, 29, 211, 315. Sessions, 72.
 Special Constables, 83. Storms, 102,
 264, 283, 292, 348, 354, 385, 401.
 Training School, 315. University, 222,
 264.

DURHAM, EARL of, 139, 143, 180, 184, 192.

E.

- EAGLES, 215.
 Earsdon, 90.
 Easington, 354.
 East India Trade, see Newcastle.
 Easton, name of, 382.
 ECCENTRICS, 138, 247, 294.
 Eden, name of, 18.
 Edgcome, name of, 417.
 Edward I, 262.
 Edwards, name of, 262.
 Egglecliffe, 418.
 Eglington, 311.
 Egyptian Goose, 290.
 Eldon, Lord, 353.
 Elections, 275.
 Ellice, name of, 262.
 Ellis, name of, 323.
 Ellison, name of, 182, 297, 333.
 Elsdon, 251, 361.
 Elswick, 112, 302.
 Elvet Bridge, 227.
 Escapes, 111, 129, 198, 215, 229, 247, 267.
 Exhibitions, 161.
 Explosions, 105, 138, 142, 149, 155, 171,
 326, 344.

F.

- FALSTONE, 307.
 Fane, name of, 350.
 Farrington, name of, 168.
 Farrow, name of, 383, 405.
 Farn Islands, 296, 415.
 Fell Gate, 167.
 Felling, 346.
 Felling Shore, 18, 238.
 Felton, 135, 167, 311, 355.
 Fenham, 100, 300.
 Fenwick, name of, 133, 314.

Fete at Ravensworth, 419.

Fife, name of, 84, 89, 118, 120.

Finchale, 139.

Fine Arts Society, 399, 407.

FIRMS: At Bamburgh, 345. Barnard Castle, 341. Berwick, 59, 333. Bill Quay, 407. Bishop Wearmouth, 129, 272, 352. Bromley, 408. Crosby, 266, Darlington, 166, 201. Dinnington, 239. Durham, 218, 296. Felling Shore, 238. Friars Goose, 380. Gateshead, 19, 165, 166, 196, 204, 272, 295, 342, 362, 404. Hartley Links, 117. Hexham, 127, 379. Long Benton, 156, 166. Middlesbrough, 209. Newcastle, 1, 8, 18, 58, 59, 71, 97, 103, 150, 153, 154, 156, 204, 212, 228, 246, 250, 271, 297, 301, 331, 366, 392, 404. Ovingham, 289, 263. Ponteland, 223. Railway Train, 172. Rothbury, 164. At Sea, 188, 361. Shields (North) 106, 112, 141, 142, 150, 303, 373. Shields (South) 171, 230, 239, 340, 343, 379, 395, 396. Southwick, 208, 327. Stanhope, 418. Stockton, 158, 187, 247, 330. Sunderland, 50, 52, 104, 110, 155, 167, 193, 230, 241, 339, 367, 370. Tweedmouth, 295. Whickham, 330. Winlaton, 379. Winyard Park, 242.

Fire Engines—see Fires.

Fish, 149, 173, 382, 388.

Fletcher, name of, 267, 414.

Floating Lights, 175.

Floods—see Rivers.

Fonks, 322.

Forfarshire, wreck of, 42.

Foresters, 252.

Forster, name of, 231, 328,

Framwellgate, 261.

Friars Goose, 330.

Frofts, 1.

G.

GAMONDSWAY, 112.

Garret, name of, 334.

GATESHEAD: Accidents, 194. Addresses, 211, 329. Antiquities, 35. Charities, 404. Churches, 105, 290. Dispensary, 177. Fires, 19, 165, 166, 196, 204, 272, 295, 342, 362, 404. Longevity, 231. Municipal, 57, 145, 205, 328, 418. Murders, 19. Natives, 63, 176, 381, 414, 418. Patents, 330, 337. Population, 268. Rejoicings, 28, 346. Riots, 84. Storms, 106, 401.

Gateshead Fell, 58, 229.

Generosity, 189.

George III, 243.

Gibson, name of, 158, 414.

Gilchrist, name of, 145.

Gillow, name of, 414.

Gilly, name of, 192.

Glen, river, 319,

Glover, name of, 89.

Godric Club, 139.

Goose, 290.

Gosforth, 308.

Grace Darling, 45, 383, 415.

Graham, name of, 187.

Grainger, name of, 51, 144.

Grammar School, 353.

Gray, name of, 9.

Green, name of, 42, 133, 144, 220, 249

257, 331, 337.

Greener, name of, 109, 211.

Greenhow, name of, 277.

Greenwell, name of, 57, 374, 405.

Gregson, name of, 221, 307.

Grey, name of, 10, 139, 262, 374, 393.

Grey, earl, 351, 399.

Grievson, name of, 327.

Grose, name of, 361,

Grote, name of, 262.

H.

HALL, name of, 210, 253, 344.

Hallowell, 109.

Hamsterley, 100.

Hancock, name of, 161.

Harbottle, 135.

Haggerston, 369, 399, 409, 420.

Harley, name of, 341.

Harney, name of, 276.

Harperley, 214.

Harpoon gun, 108, 211.

Harrison, name of, 406.

Hart, 299.

Hartburn, 313.

HARTLEPOOL, 108, 141, 213, 215, 242, 298, 315, 322, 418.

Hartley, 132, 168, 228.

Hastings, baron, 262.

Haswell, 291.

Haughton-le-Skerne, 249.

Hawes, name of, 143.

Hawks, 255.

Hawks, name of, 294, 418.

Hawthorne, 209.

Hawthorne Hythe, 236.

Hawthorne, name of, 383.

Haydon Bridge, 212.

Headlam, name of, 25, 42, 118, 183, 335.

Heath, name of, 255.

Heaton, 187.

Hedworth, 33.

Henry III, 290.

Herd, the, 238.

Herdman, name of, 357.

Herring fisheries, 190, 299.

Herrington, 192.

Hetton, 301, 345.

Hetton-le-hole, 53, 164, 219.

Hewitson, name of, 399.

Heworth, 402.

HEXHAM, 19, 34, 102, 137, 138, 146, 211, 213, 222, 254, 265, 292, 339, 375.

High Southwick, 377.
 Hills, name of, 257.
 Hinde, name of, 98, 189.
 Hindmarsh, name of, 414.
 Hodgson, name of, 323, 328, 359, 373, 394.
 Hogarth, name of, 205, 267.
 Hoggett, name of, 418.
 Holy Island, 142, 267, 365.
 Holywell, 90.
 Hood, name of, 368.
 Howden, 41, 106.
 Howick, 361.
 Howick, lord, 275, 305.
 Hoyle, name of, 63, 112.
 Hubbock, name of, 418.
 Hurricane, 95.
 Hurst, name of, 389.
 Hurworth, 197, 359, 391.
 Hutt, name of, 143.
 Hutton-henry, 401.
 Hylton, 130, 193, 233, 237, 326.
 Hymers, name of, 205.

I.

ILDERTON, name of, 373.
 Illicit Distilleries, 34, 167.
 Incendiarism, 8, 106, 154, 330.
 Industry, School of, 313.
 Infirmary, 297.
 Ions, name of, 406, 410.
 Iron ships, 156.
 Iveston, 126.

J.

JACKSON, name of, 231.
 James, name of, 377.
 Jarrow, 178, 188, 208, 359, 402.
 Jenkinson, name of, 176.
 Jenkyns, name of, 252.
 Jennett, name of, 57, 145, 203, 378.
 Jobling, name of, 57, 202, 374.
 John Lee, Saint, 326.
 Johnston, name of, 358.
 Johnston, name of, 313, 418.
 Jones, name of, 220, 395.

K.

KELLOE, 289.
 Kelly, name of, 323.
 Kemble, name of, 237.
 Kennicott, name of, 364.
 Kibblesworth, 382.
 Killingsworth, 166.
 King's Meadows, 263.
 Kirkharle, 262.
 Kirkheaton, 195, 268.
 Kirknewton, 153.
 Kirkwhelpington, 296.
 Knaresdale, 22.
 Knight, name of, 368.
 Knighthood, 175.
 Kyoie, 368.

L.

LADYTHORN, 267.
 Lamb, name of, 266.
 Lambert's Leap, 280.
 Lambton, 182, 184, 371, 409.
 Lambton, name of, 8, 181, 183, 333.
 Lamplugh, name of, 166.
 Langley, 250.
 Laws, name of, 133.
 Laycock, name of, 389.
 Leadbitter, name of, 402.
 Lee Moor, 307.
 Lemington, 369.
 Lesbury, 337.
 Lindisfarn, Archdeacon of, 408.
 Liddell, name of, 303, 323, 377.
 Life boat, 225, 238, 242, 323.
 Lilburn, 103, 400.
 Lilswood, 247.
 Literary and Philosophical Society,—see Newcastle.
 Lockhart, name of, 98.
 Londonderry, marquis of, 219, 244, 303, 374, 397, 407, 409.
 LONGEVITY, instances of, Armstrong, 383, Beadling, 336. Brown, 141. Brownlee, 58. Chapman, 21. Collingwood, 227. Corner, 111. Craggs, 230. Farrow, 383, 416. Forrest, 212. Gent, 111. Hurworth, 391. Pearson, 414. Peat, 418. Potts, 281. Richardson, 139, 246. Richlieu, 167. Ridley, 50. Robson, 33. Scott, 149. Stokoe, 15. At Swinburn, 287. Storey, 267.
 Long Benton, 72, 166, 491.
 Long Framlington, 167.
 Long Horsley, 331, 414.
 Long Newton, 367.
 Longstone Lighthouse, 383, 415.
 Loraine, name of, 28, 86, 297, 374.
 Losh, name of, 292, 398, 409.
 Lowick, 568.
 Lybster, 158.

M.

MACGREGOR, name of, 339.
 Mad Dogs, 209, 250.
 Magdalen Fields, 352.
 Mails, 57.
 Maltby, name of, 219, 389.
 Manby's mortar, 348.
 Manners name of, 220, 353.
 Manslaughter, 57, 137, 146, 156, 195, 255, 302.
 Mariners Asylum, 246.
 Mark, name of, 29.
 Markets, see Newcastle.
 Marriages, 172, 308, 353, 377, 400, 401.
 Marsden, 375.
 Marshall, name of, 57.
 Martial Law, 88.
 Martin, name of, 21, 35.
 Matfen, 394.

Mather, name of, 131.
 Maughan, name of, 259.
 Maynard, name of, 258.
 Mayors and Sheriffs, see each Town
 Mechanics, Order of, 253.
 Medomsley, 161.
 Mellanby, name of, 175
 Metcalfe, name of, 30.
 Methodism, 155.
 Middlesbro', 215, 223, 227, 289, 290, 378
 Military, 262, 265.
 Miller, name of, 128, 379.
 Millie's murder, 59.
 Minster-acres, 100.
 Miraculous escapes, 55.
 MISCELLANEOUS : 41, 49, 52, 59, 131, 150,
 156, 163, 174, 175, 203, 213, 273, 301,
 321, 330, 337, 360, 418.
 Mitcalfe, name of, 402.
 Mitchell, name of, 291.
 Mitford, 303, 358.
 Mitford, name of, 358.
 Monk, name of, 376, 409.
 MONKWEARMOUTH, 170.
 Moore, name of, 219, 306, 337.
 MORPETH : Church, 218. Deaths, 364
 Goal, 35, 226. Longevity, 267. May-
 ors, 57, 145, 205, 328, 418. Murders,
 218. Natives, 364. Rejoicings, 32,
 211. Riding the Marches, 261. Stee-
 ple Chases, 165. Storms, 102.
 Morton, name of, 13, 183, 209.
 Mostyn, name of, 335, 388
 MURKERS, 19, 33, 59, 147, 174, 218, 291,
 356, 392.
 Murray, name of, 316.
 Musical Festivals, 399.
 Myers, name of, 168.

N.

NAPIER, name of, 261, 271.
 NATIVES, EMINENT, &c. : Anderson, 363.
 Blackburn, 128. Brewster, 418. Brock-
 ett, 412. Brown, 291. Burdon, 50.
 Burgess, 345. Rutter, 58. Cavendish,
 211. Chambers, 331. Charlton, 176,
 265. Clavering, 25. Clennell, 154.
 Cleveland, 350. Collingwood, 227.
 Cooke, 257. Darling, 48, 415. David-
 son, 349. Dodd, 220. Durham, Earl
 and Countess, 180, 333. Ekins, 244.
 Eyre, 414. Farrington, 168. Frazer,
 109. Graham, 187. Greenwell, 204.
 Haggerston, 420. Herdman, 357. Hoyle,
 112. Jenkinson, 176. Kemble, 236.
 Kennicott, 364. Margregor, 339. Man-
 ners, 353. Mitford, 358. Nesbit, 57.
 Orde, 415. Peat, 418. Porter, 375.
 Reed, 355, 420. Richardson, 139, 175.
 Sidmouth, 374. Singleton, 361. Stamp,
 104. Stokoe, 247. St. Paul, 197.
 Tarn, 341. Tate, 246. Thompson, 312.
 Wawn, 109. Wilkie, 32. Williamson,

412. Wilson, 408. Winch, 17. Wood-
 cock, 363. Worswick, 414.
 Natural Cavern, 400.
 Natural History Society, 38, 149, 355, 407.
 Newbiggin, 134, 173, 216, 383.
 Nesbit, name of, 57.
 Netherwitton, 134.
 Newburn, 35, 149, 402.
 NEWCASTLE : *Accidents*, 15, 52, 137, 140,
 172, 201, 280, 339, 355, 382. *Acts*,
 266, 272. *Agricultural Society*, 308.
Antiquities, 189, 228. *Assizes*, 88.
Balloons, 40. *Balls*, 199, 229. *Banks*,
 108, 194, 196, 290. *Barracks*, 400.
Bazaars, 41, 323. *Bell Ringing*, 360,
 366. *Black Friars*, 169, 373. *Black*
Gate, 269. *Blind Asylums*, 16, 22, 25,
 253, 323, 336. *Boundaries*, 56, 322.
Bridges, 190, 308. *British Association*,
 36. *Bull park*, 308. *Castle*, 211, 269,
 381, 418. *CHAPELS*, 332, 336. *Char-*
tism, 73. *CHURCHES* : St. Andrew, 159.
All Saints, 256, 366, 415. *St. Paul's*,
 167, 212, 259, 297. *St. John*, 168. *St.*
Ann's, 353. *St. Nicholas*, 145, 220, 229,
 237, 329, 353, 366, 395, 399, 406, 418.
St. Peters, 419. *St. Thomas*, 343. *Com-*
missioners of Charities, 188. *COMPANIES* :
Masons, 281. *Walters*, 231. *Masters*
and Mariners, 201, 256. *Mettors*, 231.
Conference, Wesleyan, 185. *Corn Ex-*
change, 310. *Cricket*, 34, 296, 298.
Earblla Show, 300. *Exhibitions*, 161,
 300. *Explosion*, 49, 155. *Fires*, 1, 15,
 56, 105, 112, 150, 153, 156, 204, 212,
 228, 246, 250, 263, 271, 297, 301, 331,
 392, 406, 412. *Floods*, 318. *Fogs*, 199.
Frosts, 1. *Guildhall*, 190. *Hirings*,
 17. *Incendiarism*, 228. *Infirmaries*, 297.
Launches, 357. *Mails*, 57, 250. *Man-*
slaughter, 131, 156, 255. *Markets*, 15,
 42, 399. *Methodism*, 155. *Miscella-*
neous, 35, 49, 150, 156, 216, 273.
Moor, 276, 343, 383. *MUNICIPAL* :
Corporation, 256. *Engineers*, 2, 363.
Mayors and Sheriffs, 145, 203, 328, 418.
Murders, 33, 59, 291. *Museum*, 355. *Mu-*
sical Festival, 399, 406. *Natural His-*
tory Society, 38, 149, 355, 407. *NA-*
TIVES, EMINENT, 2, 9, 10, 12, 15, 17, 18,
 21, 23, 26, 34, 35, 36, 42, 50, 57, 58, 60,
 87, 89, 98, 109, 112, 118, 120, 122, 128,
 133, 144, 161, 166, 168, 169, 170, 175,
 176, 183, 186, 187, 188, 189, 195, 202,
 205, 213, 231, 236, 246, 247, 249, 256,
 267, 273, 285, 291, 292, 297, 301, 308,
 309, 323, 328, 333, 341, 349, 353, 363,
 374, 375, 384, 398, 402, 407, 408, 409,
 410, 412, 414, 417, 418, 419, 420.
Newspapers, 215, 218, 291. *Oratorios*,
 229. *Police*, 196. *Population*,
 268. *Procession*, 252, 254, 415. *Re-*
gattas, 391, 403. *Rejoicings*, 27, 211,

NEWCASTLE.

329, 336, 345, 381, 418. Riot Act, 88.
 Riots, 73, 269, 345, 384 Royal Ad-
 dresses, 27, 155, 211, 247, 329, 399.
 Smuggling, 354. Societies, 88, 144, 149,
 252, 254, 334, 355, 399, 406, 407, 412.
 Stabbing, 255. STREETS, &c., Bull Park,
 308. Castle Garth, 256. Central Ex-
 change, 118, 152, 144. Close, 352.
 Groat Market, 308. North Shore, 190.
 Quay, 189, 417. St. Lawrence, 155.
 St. Peter's, 357. Swirle, 190. Storms,
 34, 52, 95, 121, 192, 225, 359, 360, 366,
 385. Surgeons' Hall, 216. Suicides 82.
 Telford Medal, 349. Trade, 12, 111.
 Tyne 2, 148, 154, 170, 192, 199, 207,
 263, 318, 369, 373, 403. Trinity House,
 315. Unemployed, Workmen, 275.
 Vicarage, 220, 237, 301. Visitation
 of Clergy, 395. Visitors, Remarkable,
 53, 143, 297, 399. Walls: Corner
 Tower, 292. Pink Tower, 340. Plum-
 mer Tower, 231. Water Tower, 280,
 349. White Friar Tower, 156, 200, 230,
 232, 304. Wesleyan Centenary, 186.

Newport, 347.

Newspapers, 2, 141, 215, 218, 291.

Newton, 414, 277, 301.

Newton by the Sea, 56.

New Whitby, 198.

Nicholson, name of, 163.

Northern Yacht, 55.

North Sunderland, see Sunderland, North.

NORTHUMBERLAND: Archdeacon, 251, 361,
 373, 375, 407. Agricultural Society of,
 393. Duke of, 38, 105, 132, 202, 203,
 216, 323, 336, 352, 361, 386, 393, 399,
 401, 409, 415. Duchess of, 224. Elec-
 tions, 275. Floods, 134. Magistrates,
 222. Natives, 137, 314, 415. Police,
 146. Sessions, 88, 226. Storms, 365

Northumberland Piper, 400.

O.

OAKWELIGATE, 382.

Oblique bridges, 249.

O'Brien, name of, 99.

Odd Fellows, 414.

Offerton, 311.

Ogle, name of, 143.

Olley, name of, 215.

Oliver, name of, 168.

Orde, name of, 15, 144, 189, 247, 251, 309
 399, 401.

Organs, 16, 168, 249, 327, 410.

Oshildeston, name of, 358.

Ossulston, lord, 275.

Otterburn, 136.

Oude, prince of, 53.

Outlaws, 359.

Ovington, 34.

P.

PARKEP, name of, 186, 212.

Patents, 170, 212, 221, 292, 307, 330, 337,
 344.

Peart, name of, 30.

Pease, name of, 31, 274, 378.

Peat, name of, 418.

Pedestrianism, 371, 383.

Pelton, 314, 416.

Pemberton, name of, 304.

Pensher, 244, 336, 391.

Perey, name of, see Northumberland.
 duke of.

Piper, Northumberland, 400.

Plummer, name of, 86, 87, 403.

Poisoning, 312.

Police, 196, 214, 217, 228, 242.

Ponteland, 100.

Porter, name of, 375.

Powell, name of, 417.

Potter, name of, 149, 187, 293, 402, 417.

Prudhoe, lord, 410, 314, 401.

Pugilism, 15, 79, 302.

Pugin, name of, 383.

Purvis, name of, 103.

Q.

QUARRY House, 104.

Quicksands, 267.

R.

RABY, 350, 409.

Races, 172.

Radford, name of, 168.

RAILWAYS: Brandling Junction, 22, 104,
 120, 130, 179. Clarence, 379. Great
 North of England, 107, 224, 379. New-
 castle and Carlisle, 28, 111, 142, 202,
 248. Newcastle and North Shields, 120,
 194. Seghill and Howden, 170. Stan-
 hope and Tyne, 247, 379, 388. Stock-
 ton, 173, 240, 340. West Durham, 127,
 171, 272.

Railway Accidents, 170, 173, 388.

Railway Switches, 292, 321.

Rainton Meadows, 398.

Raisbeck, name of, 31.

Ramsay, name of, 309.

Ravensworth, 40, 246, 399, 409.

Ravensworth, baron of, 40, 174, 183, 229,
 377, 399, 409.

Ray, 250.

Raymond, name of, 373, 395, 402.

Redhead, Gawn, 359.

Rechabites, 253.

Redcar, 327.

Redesdale, lord, 399.

Reed, river, 136.

Reed, name of, 220, 257, 279, 291, 320,
 355, 369, 402, 420.

Regattas, 13, 214, 281.

Rennie, name of, 363.

Richard II, 146.

Richardson, name of, 139, 175, 405.

Richmond park, 374.

Riddell, name of, 311, 331, 317, 414.

Ridley hall, 349.
 Ridley, name of, 7, 86, 108, 205, 226, 229,
 247, 275, 308, 309.
 Riots, 80.
 Riot act, 88.
 Rippon, name of, 127.
 RIVERS: Beaumont, 319. Blyth, 239. Co-
 quet, 2, 134, 271. Darwent, 319. Don,
 178. Glen, 319. Reed, 136. Skerue,
 152. Team, 240, 383. Tees, 175, 176,
 281, 192, 385, 391. Till, 135, 319.
 Tweed, 2, 135, 190, 192, 274. Tyne,
 2, 148, 154, 176, 192, 199, 207, 263,
 318, 369, 403. Wansbeck, 134, 239,
 383. Wear, 180, 196, 207, 311, 316,
 403. Whitadder, 188.
 Robberies, 239.
 Robhson, name of, 231.
 Roby, name of, 335.
 Rogerson, name of, 231.
 Rope, long, 201.
 Ross, name of, 418.
 Rothbury, 167, 250, 332.
 Rowell, name of, 418.
 Rushyford, 357.
 Russell, name of, 250.
 Rhythope, 42.
 Ryton, 19.

S.

SAFETY LAMPS, 129.
 Sagacity of Dogs, 240.
 Saltwell, 414.
 Salvin, name of, 183, 338.
 Seargil, name of, 381.
 Scott, name of, 192, 374.
 Seaham, 52, 127, 171, 285, 304, 398, 411.
 Seaham, lord, 397.
 Seaton Delaval, 262.
 Seaton, old, 236.
 Seaton Carew, 392.
 Seaton Sluice, 41, 137, 229.
 Sedgefield, 230, 239, 392.
 Seghill, 82, 90, 170.
 Selby, name of, 142, 362, 399, 402.
 Sepulchral Brasses, 337.
 Shadfin, 122.
 Shadforth, 128, 262.
 Shaftoe, name of, 268, 342.
 Sharks, 272, 405.
 Sharp, name of, 128.
 Sheep, Cheviot, 307.
 Sherburn, 261.

SHIELDS, NORTH: Accidents, 55, 193, 360,
 384. Bar, 55. Chance Medley, 219.
 Clifford's Fort, 373. Chartism, 73.
 Constabulary, 39. Explosions, 41. Fires,
 106, 141, 142, 150, 373, 416. Fogs,
 327. Incorporation, 151, 295. Lon-
 gevity, 111, 141. Miscellaneous, 175.
 Natives, 59, 133, 175. Processions,
 254. Regattas, 403. Rejoicings, 29,
 211, 345, 400. Steam Navigation, 321.
 Storms, 101, 359, 396.

SHIELDS, SOUTH: Accidents, 194, 354,
 362, 371. Addresses, 330. Chartism,
 73. Constabulary, 89. Explosions, 9,
 122. Fires, 171, 230, 239, 340, 343.
 Improvement in Glass making, 337.
 Incorporation of, 151, 295, 379, 396.
 Longevity, 212. Natives, 131, 342.
 Newspapers, 110. Processions, 254.
 Rejoicings, 30, 211, 345. Remarkable
 Birth, 336. Scotch Church, 359. So-
 cieties, 253. Storms, 101. Trinity
 Church, 343.

Shilbottle, 15.
 Sheldon, 343.
 Shincliffe, 215.
 Shipley, 224.
 Shipwrecks, 42, 55, 107, 119, 170, 206,
 207, 225, 238, 319, 348, 367.
 Shotley Bridge, 414.
 Shotton, 392.
 Silvertop, name of, 108.
 S. monside, 167.
 Simpson, name of, 220.
 Singleton, 361, 373.
 Skerne, river, 152.
 Skinner, name of, 171, 205.
 Skipsey, name of, 219.
 Slaley, 418.
 Smith, name of, 159.
 Smoke condenser, 394.
 Smugglers, 317.
 Snakes, petrified nest of, 139, 419.
 Sopwith, name of, 349.
 South Hetton, see Hetton, South.
 Southwick, 35.
 Sowerby, name of, 32, 329.
 Spital, 136, 190.
 Spital Tongues, 343, 369.
 Spoor, name of, 120, 164, 379.
 Springwell, 156.
 Stags, 16.
 Staindrop, 351.
 Stained glass, 256, 257, 338, 419.
 Stanhope, 418.
 Stanley, name of, 399.
 Stannington, 13.
 Stephens name of, 112, 150, 183.
 St. John, name of, 304.
 St. John Lee,
 Stobart, name of, 309.
 Stoker, name of, 255, 277.
 Stokesly, 180.
 Stokoe, name of, 247.
 STORMS: Rains, 318. Snow, 11, 348.
 Thunder, 121, 192, 276, 359, 360, 385,
 396. Wind, 16, 52, 101, 205, 366.
 Stott, name of, 309.
 Stowell, name of, 374.
 STOCKTON: 9, 18, 31, 34, 57, 145, 148,
 187, 192, 195, 203, 205, 211, 242, 244,
 247, 267, 287, 321, 327, 328, 330, 345,
 360, 380, 383, 387, 418.
 St. Paul, name of, 105, 197.
 Strikes, 90.

Stublick, 210.
 Study, name of, 254.
 Styford, 137.
 Sudden deaths, 222, 277, 341.
 Suicides, 32, 35, 250, 321.
 Suicides, Attempted, 294.
 SUNDERLAND: Accidents, 371. Addresses, 259, 330. Almshouses, 363. Bridge, 403. Carte's Rockets, 201. Charities, 363. Chartism, 82. Churches, 9. Customs, 222. Duke of Cambridge at, 398. Duke of Sussex at, 144. Elections, 303. Exhibitions, 42. Fancy Ball, 304. Fires, 8, 35, 50, 52, 110, 155, 167, 193, 230, 241, 367, 368, 369, 370. Floating Fire Engine, 337. Floods, 233. Hydrophobia, 218. Kidnapping, 362. Lighthouse, removal of, 316. Long Rope, 201. Mayors, 57, 145, 205, 328, 418. Miscellaneous, 1, 2, 170, 178, 196, 250, 320. Moor, 138. Murders, 117. Natives, 21, 35, 57, 129, 145, 205, 259, 363, 418. Newspapers, 2, 141. Police, 214, 362. Public Dinner, 194. Rejoicings, 31, 211, 345. Riots, 306. Safety Lamp, 129. Schools, 363. Shipbuilding, 57, 151, 408. Shipwrecks, 170, 367. Skeleton found at, 355. Storms, 11, 17, 101, 205, 276. Trade, 145, 222.
 Sunderland, North, 225, 299.
 Sunniside, 9.
 Surtees, name of, 5, 304.
 Sussex, duke of, 9, 143.
 Swinburne, 311.
 Swinburne, name of, 60, 287, 314.
 Sydney, name of, 210.
 Synagogue, 34.

T.

TANTOBY, 122.
 Tarn, name of, 341.
 Taylor, name of, 92, 175, 402.
 Team, see Rivers.
 Telegraph, 334.
 Tempest, name of, 243, 244.
 Teetotalism, 41.
 Thockrington, 50.
 Thompson, name of, 194, 218, 252, 299, 342.
 Thornley, 384.
 Thornton, name of, 339.
 Thornton Brass, 337.
 Thorp, 401.
 Thorp, name of, 109, 377, 389.
 Thunderbolt, 192.
 Thunder Storms, see Storms.
 Thurlow, name of, 139.
 Tinley, name of, 133, 374.
 Todd, name of, 231.
 Togston, 103.
 Towneley, name of, 389.
 Trevelyan, name of, 337.
 Trewhitt, 250, 252.
 Trinity house, see Newcastle.

Trotter, name of, 413.
 Trout, 271.
 Tunnells, 343, 369.
 Turner, name of, 217, 255.
 Turveylaws, 209.
 Tweed, see Rivers.
 Tweedmouth, 295.
 Tyne, river, see Newcastle.
 TYNEMOUTH: Castle, 196. Church, 133, 197, 257, 291, 400. Town, 120, 192, 196, 208, 211, 246, 271, 282, 348, 373, 402.

U.

University of Durham, see Durham, city of.
 Ushaw College, 216, 415.

V.

Vane, name of, 24, 303, 350, 397.
 Van Mildert, bishop, 264, 293.
 Viaducts, 246.
 Vicarage, see Newcastle.
 Vicars, name of, 297, 323.
 Victoria Bridge, 39.
 Visitation of the Clergy, see Newcastle.

W.

Waddington, name of, 188.
 Wailles, name of, 4, 149, 256.
 Waldrige, 320.
 Walker, 100.
 Wallace, name of, 202.
 Wallsend, 19, 60, 100, 211.
 Walsham, sir John, 251.
 Wallers Company, see Newcastle.
 Walton, name of, 419.
 Walworth Castle, 219.
 Wansbeck, see Rivers.
 Warburton, name of, 231.
 Wardell, name of, 390.
 Wark, 132, 290.
 WARKWORTH, 13, 135, 146, 179, 187, 353, 359, 399.
 Warton, 252.
 Washington, 246.
 Water Spout, 180.
 Water Tower, see Newcastle.
 Watson, name of, 161, 328.
 Wawn, name of, 169.
 Wear, see Rivers.
 Wearmouth, Bishop, 215, 272, 305, 379, 407, 418.
 Webb, name of, 320.
 Welch, name of, 249.
 Wellesley, name of, 219, 337, 377.
 Wesleyan Methodism, 186.
 Westerton, 272.
 Westmoreland, name of, 350.
 Whales, 118.
 Whalton, 364.
 Wharmley, 15.
 Wheatley, name of, 211.
 Whickham, 253, 331.
 Whitadder, see Rivers.

- Whitburn, 142, 305, 419.
White, name of, 205, 259, 305, 418.
White Friar Tower, see Newcastle.
White Lee, 272.
Whitehill Point, 282.
Whitley, 168, 198, 254.
Whittingham, 110, 203.
Whitworth, 128, 312.
Wilkie, name of, 32, 267.
Wilkinson, name of, 199, 213, 378.
Williams, name of, 82.
Williamson, name of, 183, 197, 253, 306,
328, 410, 412.
Willington, 257.
Wills, 184.
Wilson, name of, 57, 414.
Winch, name of, 17.
Wind Storms, see Storms.
Windynook, 402.
Wingate, 128, 322, 337, 418.
Wingate, name of, 240.
Winlaton, 89, 90, 154, 379.
- Winyard Park, 242, 397, 409, 411.
Witham, name of, 183, 337, 414.
Witton Gilbert, 139.
Witton Shiel, 134.
Wood, name of, 172, 272, 293.
Woodcock, name of, 363.
Woodhorn, 364.
Woodman, name of, 251.
Woods, name of, 265.
Wooler, 135, 179, 209, 256, 311, 319, 415,
Wooler Water, 319.
Wolsingham, 337.
Wolsington, 100.
Worswick, name of, 414.
Wright, name of, 168, 220, 259, 306, 379.
Wyatt, name of, 244.
Wynn, name of, 399.
- Y.
Younger, name of, 277.
Younghusband, name of, 345.

THE BORDERER'S
TABLE BOOK;
OR,
GATHERINGS
OF THE
Local History and Romance
OF THE
ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH BORDER.

BY
M. A. RICHARDSON.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES,
ILLUSTRATED BY UPWARDS OF NINE HUNDRED WOOD-CUTS.

VOL. VI. LEGENDARY DIVISION.

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME I.

PROSE.

	PAGE.
Introduction of Christianity into Northumberland	1
The Burial of John Fitz Marmaduke, Lord of Horden	4
The Man Stealer Baffled ; an incident of Tynedale... ..	10
A short Memoir of John Hall, esq. of Otterburn in Redesdale	10
An Account of the Wild Cattle in Chillingham Park	14
The Captive Prelate ; an Account of the Seizure of Bishop Beaumont	23
Followers of Prince Charles in Redesdale	29
Popular Superstitions in Northumberland	33
A short Account of Jock o' the Side, and Armstrong	37
The False Hearted Ha'	42
An Account of the Rebellion in 1569	43
An Account of the Betrayal of Northumberland by Douglas	37-50
The Pick-tree Brag	58
The Hedley Kow	60
Bishop Middleham Castle &c	63
Some Account of the Life of George Coughron, the Mathematician	65
The Brown Man of the Muirs	71
Records respecting Pipers	72
Traditions of Tudhoe in the county of Durham	77
Lamentation on the death of Sir Robert Neville	80
The Smuggler of Cheviot, a Border Tradition... ..	81
An Account of the Fate of the Scotch Army, 1644	85
Traditions of Berwick-upon-Tweed	89
An Account of the Duke of Northumberland, Executed in the reign of Queen Mary	91
Wild Adventures. Traditions of Simonside hills	96
Tradition on the River Wansbeck	98
Some Account of James IV. King of Scotland	98
Nimmo of the Rocking Tower, in Redesdale	105
The Mutineer Pardoned, a Royalist Tradition	108
Barnard Castle Bridge	111
The Region of the Heart	112
Card Playing for Geese, a custom in Northumberland	115
An Account of Earl Moray's Capture at Newcastle	118
Conyers of Sockburn in the county of Durham	121
A Tradition of Bothal Castle	128
An Account of a work entitled the 'Mirror of Magistrates'	129
Meg of Meldon, a Northumbrian Tradition	135
The Death of Clavering	143
Anecdotes of an Otter, Dog and Jay	144
Our Lady's Well, near Longwiton	145
Remarkable Instance of Fidelity	150

	PAGE.
Some Remarks on the Life and Writings of Dr. John Leyden	151
Records of Tynemouth Priory	158
Feats of Fox Hounds	159
Curious Fine	161
Diverting Tricks of North Country Farmers	165
Anecdote of a Durham Schoolboy... ..	175
Miracles at Mitford	176
Remarkable Instances of Heroism in Sunderland Sailors	179
Some Observations on Fairies	181
The Shepherd and his Men alarmed	189
A Notice of Lord Ewre	191
History of Geordie Bourne	193
The Quartermaster Outdone	198
A Funeral Anecdote	203
A Miracle of St. Oswin	204
Instance of Monumental Indecorum	207
An Account of the Sword Dancers	209
The Miller of the Clock mill, a Northumbrian Tradition... ..	213
The Burning of Brinkburn Priory	222
Original Letters of the Rev. Charles Dodgson, A. M.	232
Anecdote of an Officer	239
Thirlwall Castle and its Traditions	240
An account of the Skirmish of the Reeds wire	243
Anecdote of Dr Hutton	250
Will Faa, how he met with his match	251
The Visit of James I. to the city of Durham	257
Lord Keeper Guilford, on the Northern Circuit	260
Antiquarian Note. Otterburne	268
Account of Ragnar Lodbrach	269
Popular Customs on the Borders. Births	278
The Wretched Miser, or Gods Revenge against the oppressor	287
Pollard of Pollard Hall	294
Oliver Cromwell at Weldon Old Mill	295
Authentic Account of a Visit to the Haunted House at Willington	299
Sir Robert Carey's Troubles with the Borderers	306
Some Memorials of Robert Beighet, a native of Redesdale	313
Anecdotes of James Turnbull of Hesleyside Mill	322
Rothley Mill	325
Anecdote of the Lapwing	336
Popular Customs on the Borders, Marriages	340
Narrative of the Murder of Ann Walker	348
A Memoir of Mary Astley, a native of Newcastle upon Tyne	357
Stob Cross, a Tradition of the county of Durham	361
Narrative of an Incident at sea	362
The Brawn of Brancepeth, a Legend of Durham	365
Some Account of Robert Lowes, Attorney at Hexham, by Joseph Ridley	370
Some Account of the Murder of Margaret Crozier, by Robert White	375
A brief Memoir of Edward Coulson of Haydon by Joseph Ridley	388
An Account of the Finding of Hidden Treasure	393
An Adventure with Witches at Wallsend, by Robert White	394
Anecdote of the Emperor Severus	398
An Account of the Cheviot hills, their Botanical, Meteorological and Geological character... ..	399
Anecdotes of Dogs	408
Popular Customs on the Borders, Deaths, by Robert White	412

POETRY.

The Laidley Worm of Spindleston Heugh	5
Barthram's Dirge	13
Sir John le Spring	20

	PAGE.
Ride through Sandgate	21
The Fair Flower of Northumberland	25
Sunderland Bridge	31
Ode to the River Blyth	32
Jock o' the Side	37
The Rising in the North	45
Northumberland Betrayed by Douglas	51
Bishop Middleham	63
Farewell to Coquetdale	68
The Jolly Huntsman's Garland	73
Judith the Gipsy Belle	78
Lament on the Death of Robert Nevil	80
Jockie's Lamentation	85
Sonnet on the Historian of Northumberland	88
A Lamentable Ditty on the Death of Lord Guildford Dudley and Lady Jane Grey	91
A Dirge on the Soule of Jamie Kinge of Scotlande	100
Epitaph in Berwick Churchyard	104
Pandon Dean	107
Inscription on a Tombstone in the Churchyard of Haltwhistle	110
Lamente of Henrye Percy	113
Earl Moray's Capture	118
Conyers	125
Lines to Northumberland	127
Auncient Rhymes	129
Fair Mabel of Wallington	141
The Death of Clavering	143
Ballad concerning the county of Durham	147
Ode on Visiting Flodden	155
The Biter Bit	161
Epitaph in Hartlepool Churchyard	163
The Newcastle Rider, or Ducks and Pease	169
Stanzas to a Friend by R. Roxby	177
The Faries of Fawdon Hill	181
Lord Eurie	191
Good Neues from the North	299
Ballad on Derwentwater	205
The Song of the Sword Dancers	209
Finchale Priory	219
Epitaph by Cunningham	221
The Northern Mother's Blessing	225
Stanzas by Robert Roxby	237
The Raid of the Reeds wire	242
Elegy	254
Barnard Castle Tragedy	255
The Apprentice's Poem	258
Stanzas on a Lark singing during a snow storm	259
The Battle of Otterburne	266
The Death Song of Ragnar Lodbrach	269
Derwent, an Ode	281
Ballad on Derwentwater	292
Stanzas to Mrs. H. of Woodburn	297
Tribute of Respect to the memory of the Rev. Matthew Sharp	305
The Fray of Hautwessyl	310
Song	317
The Newcastle Bur	321
St. Godric of Finchale	324
Ane exclamation made in England	326
An Answer to the English Ballad	329
Ane Short Invecayde	332
The Newcastle Apothecary	337
Battle of Flodden Field	346
Epitaph in Bedlington Church yard	347
Lady Jean, a Ballad	353

	PAGE.
Epitaphs in Alnwick and Morpeth	356
An Incident at Sea	362
The Outlandish knight	367
Derwentwater, a Fragment	373
The Prophecy of Queen Emma	384
Stanzas on Edward Coulson	393
An Elegiac Poem on Durham	393
The Colours, by Robert Surtees, esq.	397
Cheviot Revisited, by James Hardy	404
The Premature Grave, by Joseph Ridley	411





LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS IN VOL. I.

	PAGE.
Bothal Castle, from the South.....	128
————, ——— North.....	353
Bambrough Castle	7
Berwick upon Tweed.....	57
Barnard Castle Bridge	111
Bellingham Church	391
Brinkburn Priory	224
Brancepeth Castle	365
Conyer's Falchion	122
Chillingham Bull	15
Crozier's Peel, at the Raw near Elsdon.....	376
————, Plan of floor, and view of window	377
Dilston Tower, from the Devil water.....	205
————, General view, 1842.....	291
Elsdon Castle, sculptures on	236
Finchale Priory	219
Hexham Abbey Gate, 1816	371
Lumley Castle.....	261
Newcastle. St. Andrew's Church	291
————. Newgate, North front, 1823	39
————. Vicarage house.....	336
————. Exchange, 1790	321
————. Castle of South Front in 1820	382
Newminster Abbey, 1614	137
Percy's Cross. Initial Letter	33
Ryton, on the Tyne	295
Radeliffe's arms. Initial Letter K.	292
Sunderland. Iron Bridge	31
Tynemouth Priory.....	158
Thirwall Castle	241
Wallsend. Old Church	395

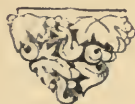




TABLE BOOK

OF

TRADITIONS, LEGENDARY POETRY,

&c., &c.

INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO NORTH- UMBERLAND.



URING the period of the occupation of the Northumbrian throne by Edilfrid, Edwin had passed the greater part of his youth as a fugitive and an exile, continually exposed to the machinations of his relentless enemy. Driven from the protection of Cadwallon, the king of North Wales, he wandered from court to court, until at last he seemed to have

found a permanent shelter with king Redwald in East Anglia. But his haunt was discovered by Edilfrid, who thereupon sent to Redwald demanding that Edwin should be given up. As the power of Edilfrid was terrible throughout the Heptarchy, the heart of Redwald failed, and he resolved to secure his safety at the expense of hospitality, justice, and religion. A faithful friend advertised Edwin of the liberation within the palace, and exhorted immediate flight, offering, withal, to conduct him to a place of safety; but the spirit of the noble exile, that had contended so long against misfortune, was weary of the struggle. He declared that he would fly no further; and that it was better to perish by the treachery of his host, and the cruelty of his enemy, than continue the life of disquietude which he had hitherto led. In this gloomy spirit of resignation he sat down near the gate of the palace, prepared for whatever might await him.

In the mean time, while his friend left him to gain further intelligence of the deliberation, and Edwin remained thoughtful and alone, revolving the bitterness of his fate, amidst the gloom of the approaching midnight, a stranger (continues the story) advanced, and demanded wherefore he sat there, and awake, at an hour when other men were asleep? Edwin, raising his head, abruptly asked, in turn, how it could concern his questioner whether he passed the night under shelter or in the open air? The stranger then told him that he knew well the nature of his present condition, and the causes of his disquietude.—“Now tell me,” he said, “what thou wouldst give to him, whoever he might be, who should deliver thee from these calamities, and so persuade Redwald that neither he nor his enemies should do thee hurt?” Edwin, encouraged by the prospect, replied that he would show all the gratitude in his power to him who should render him such a benefit. “And what wouldst thou give,” again demanded the mysterious stranger, “if he should truly promise thee the destruction of thy enemies, and the possession of a kingdom, so that thou shouldst surpass not only all thy predecessors, but all the kings of England who have gone before thee?” To which Edwin replied, that to him who should render him such favours, he would answer by corresponding actions. A third time the strange visitant propounded a prophetic question: “If he who procured such blessings should truly foretell to thee what is to come, and give thee, for the security of thy life and fortunes, such counsels as none of thy fathers and kindred ever heard, wouldst thou follow them? and dost thou promise to receive his salutary directions?” Edwin joyfully declared that he who conferred upon him such distinguished benefits should from thenceforth be his guide. The stranger then placed his right hand upon the head of Edwin: “When this sign,” he said, “shall come upon thee, remember this time, and our conversation, and the promises thou hast made.” When he had uttered these words, he suddenly disappeared; so that Edwin perceived he had been talking, not with a man, but a spirit.

His friend who had lately left him now returned from the palace with joyful intelligence. The timid Redwald had been awakened to shame, and roused to courage, by the remonstrances of his high-spirited consort, so that he determined rather to brave the vengeance of Edilfrid than incur the reproach of treachery, and had dismissed the ambassadors with a bold refusal of their demands. Aware of the position in which he had placed himself, he lost no time in mustering his army, and marching against Edilfrid. The victory which followed, and the death of Edilfrid, placed Edwin on the throne of Northumbria. The persecuted wanderer thus suddenly raised to an eminent station among the kings of the Heptarchy, evinced the excellence of the lessons

of adversity by the prudence and prosperity of his government. After a reign of nine years he sought in marriage Ethelberga, the daughter of the late Ethelbert of Kent. But the princess was a Christian, and Eadbald, her brother, was averse to her union with an idolater. This difficulty was removed by the agreement of Edwin, that she should be allowed the free profession of her religion; and he even promised to embrace the same faith himself, if, on examination, he should find it worthy of adoption. The queen was accompanied to Northumbria by Paulinus, one of the last of the missionaries whom Gregory had sent to Augustin; and as, by rather a rare chance, the prudence of this ecclesiastic was equal to his zeal, he forbore to press the subject of Christianity prematurely upon the mind of Edwin, but left the matter to time and opportunity. On the other hand, the king still adhered to his idolatry, and seemed to have forgotten both the vision and his marriage agreement. At length a narrow escape which he made from the dagger of an assassin, happening at the same time with the birth of a daughter, appeared to Paulinus to afford a fit occasion for remonstrance, and in such a susceptible moment the heart of the king was touched. He allowed the infant to be baptized; and he promised that, should he return victorious from an expedition on which he was about to set out against the king of Wessex, he would himself submit to the same ceremony. He was successful; but still he hesitated. A thoughtfulness and caution, unusual among the royal converts of the Heptarchy, retained him in painful suspense, to the great regret of the Pope, his consort, and Paulinus. At length Paulinus one day entered the apartment while Edwin was absorbed in thought, and, laying his right hand upon the head of the king, he solemnly said, "Dost thou remember this sign, and the engagement it betokened?" In an instant the king fell down at the feet of Paulinus, who, immediately raising him up, reminded him that all which had been promised by the heavenly stranger was now fulfilled. The result was Edwin's instant determination to fulfil also his own part of the engagement. Such is the story. How far it is a mere fiction, or how far the facts related were the result of contrivance or of chance, it is now impossible to determine.—It comes down to us on the Authority of Bede, who was incapable of inventing it, but whose credulity was equal to any demands of that superstitious age. Bede was born within half a century of the date (A.D. 627) assigned to the conversion of Edwin.

Before he was actually baptized, however, Edwin called an assembly of his nobles, that they might discuss the claims of the new faith and the old; and, having announced his sentiments, he desired each member to deliver his opinion upon the subject. Coifi, the high-priest, was the first to speak, and, to the surprise of the whole assembly, he

declared that the gods whom they had hitherto worshipped were utterly useless. None, he proceeded, had served them with greater zeal than himself, and yet others had prospered in the world far more than he had done; he was, therefore, quite ready at least to give a trial to the new religion. One of the nobles followed in a wiser and purer spirit. Comparing the present life of man, whose beginning and end is in darkness, to a swallow entering a banquetting-hall to find refuge from the storm without, flitting for a moment through the warm and cheerful apartment, and then passing out again into the gloom, he proposed that if Christianity should be found to lighten this obscurity, and explain whence we came and whither we departed, it should immediately be adopted. Coifi, upon this, moved that Paulinus should be called in to explain to them the nature of Christianity, which was immediately done; and so cogent were the arguments of the missionary, that the impatient Coifi declared there was no longer room for hesitation. He proposed that the national idols should be immediately overturned; and, as he had hitherto been the chief of their worshippers, he offered to be now the first to desecrate them. He therefore threw aside his priestly garments, called for arms, which the Saxon priests were forbidden to wield, and for a horse, which they were not permitted to mount, and thus accoutred he galloped forth before the amazed multitudes, who thought he had become frantic. Advancing to a temple in the neighbourhood, where the chief idol stood, he hurled his lance within the sacred enclosure, by which act the building was profaned. No lightning descended, no earthquake shook the ground; and the crowd, encouraged by the impunity of the daring apostate, proceeded to second his efforts. The temple and its surrounding enclosures were levelled with the ground. The conversion of the king was followed by that of multitudes of his subjects; so that Paulinus, who was afterwards consecrated Archbishop of York, is said to have baptized twelve thousand converts in one day in the river Swale.—*Bede Ecc. His.*

John Fitz Marmaduke, lord of Hordon, in the parish of Easington, descended from a nephew of bishop Flambard, and the “tres cher Bachelier” of bishop Beck, was, at the time of his death, governor of St. John’s Town [Perth,] in Scotland, under Edward II., and according to a custom then not uncommon, his attendants, finding it impossible to comply with that clause in his will which enjoined his sepulture at Durham, literally boiled his dead body in a large cauldron, and preserved his bones till an opportunity for burying them in the Cathedral-yard of Durham presented itself.—*Surtces Soc. Pub.*

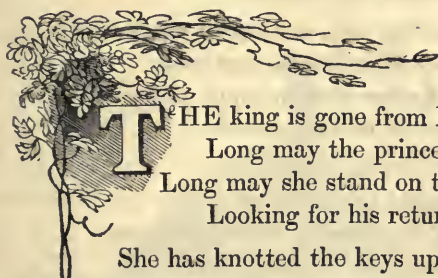
THE LAIDLEY* WORM OF SPINDLESTON-HEUGH.

*Virgo jam serpens sinuosa volumina versat,
 Mille trahens varios adverso sole colores,
 Obrectis horret squamis et sibilat ore ;
 Urduaque insurgens navem de littore pulsat.*

A song about 500 years old, made by the old mountain-bard, Duncan Frasier, living on Cheviot, A.D. 1270.

First printed from an ancient manuscript.

BY THE REV. ROBERT LAMBE, VICAR OF NORHAM.



THE king is gone from Bambrough Castle,
 Long may the princess mourn,
 Long may she stand on the castle wall,
 Looking for his return.

She has knotted the keys upon a string,
 And with her she has them ta'en,
 She has cast them o'er her left shoulder,
 And to the gate she is gane.

She tripped out, she tripped in,
 She tript into the yard ;
 But it was more for the king's sake,
 Than for the queen's regard.

It fell out on a day, the king
 Brought the queen with him home ;
 And all the lords, in our country,
 To welcome them did come.

Oh ! welcome father, the lady cries,
 Upon our halls and bowers ;
 And so are you, my step-mother,
 For all that's here is yours.

A lord said, wondering while she spake ;
 This princess of the North
 Surpasses all of female kind
 In beauty, and in worth.

* This is a northern corruption for loathly, i.e. loathsome.

The envious queen replied, at last,
You might have excepted me ;
In a few hours, I will her bring
Down to a low degree.
I will her liken to a Laidley worm,
That warps about the stone,
And not, till Childy Wynd¹ comes back,
Shall she again be won.
The princess stood at the bower door
Laughing, who could her blame ?
But e'er the next day's sun went down,
A long worm she became.
For seven miles east, and seven miles west,
And seven miles north, and south,
No blade of grass or corn could grow,
So venomous was her mouth.
The milk of seven stately cows,
It was costly her to keep,
Was brought her daily, which she drank
Before she went to sleep.
At this day may be seen the cave,
Which held her folded up,
And the stone trough, the very same
Out of which she did sup.
Word went east, and word went west,
And word is gone over the sea,
That a Laidley worm in Spindleston-Heughs
Would ruin the North Country.
Word went east, and word went west,
And over the sea did go ;
The Child of Wynd got wit of it,
Which filled his heart with woe.
He called straight his merry men all,
They thirty were and three :
I wish I were at Spindleston,
This desperate worm to see.
We have no time now here to waste,
Hence quickly let us sail :

¹ There is now a street called the Wynd, at Bamborough.

My only sister Margaret,
Something, I fear, doth ail.
They built a ship without delay,
With masts of the rown tree,¹
With fluttering sails of silk so fine,
And set her on the sea.
They went on board. The wind with speed
Blew them along the deep,
At length they spied an huge square tower
On a rock high and steep.



The sea was smooth, the weather clear,
When they approached nigher,
King Ida's castle they well knew,
And the banks of Bambroughshire.
The queen look'd out at her bower window
To see what she could see ;
There she espied a gallant ship
Sailing upon the sea.
When she beheld the silken sails,
Full glancing in the sun,
To sink the ship she sent away
Her witch wives every one.
The spells were vain ; the hags returned
To the queen in sorrowful mood,

¹ Mountain ash:

Crying that witches have no power
Where there is rown-tree wood.

Her last effort, she sent a boat,
Which in the haven lay,
With armed men to board the ship,
But they were driven away.

The worm lept up, the worm lept down,
She plaited round the stone ;
And ay as the ship came to the land
She banged it off again.

The Child then ran out of her reach
The ship on Budle-sand ;¹
And jumping into the shallow sea,
Securely got to land.

And now he drew his berry-broad sword,
And laid it on her head ;
And swore if she did harm to him
That he would strike her dead.

O! quit thy sword and bend thy bow,
And give me kisses three ;
For though I am a poisonous worm,
No hurt I'll do to thee.

Oh! quit thy sword, and bend thy bow,
And give me kisses three ;
If I'm not won, e'er the sun go down,
Won I shall never be.

He quitted his sword and bent his bow,
He gave her kisses three ;
She crept into a hole a worm,
But out stept a lady.

No clothing had this lady fine,
To keep her from the cold ;
He took his mantle from him about,
And round her did it fold.

He has taken his mantle from him about,
And in it he wrapt her in,
And they are up to Bambrough castle,
As fast as they can win.

¹ Budle is a small village and port at a little distance from Bamborough.

His absence and her serpent shape,
The King had long deplored,
He now rejoiced to see them both
Again to him restored.

The queen they wanted, whom they found
All pale, and sore afraid ;
Because she knew her power must yield
To Childy Wynd's, who said,

Woe be to thee, thou wicked witch,
An ill death mayst thou dee ;
As thou my sister hast lik'ned,
So lik'ned shalt thou be.

I will turn you into a toad,
That on the ground doth wend ;
And won, won, shalt thou never be,
Till this world hath an end.

Now on the sand near Ida's tower,
She crawls a loathsome toad,
And venom spits on every maid
She meets upon her road.

The virgins all of Bambrough town
Will swear that they have seen
This spiteful toad, of monstrous size,
Whilst walking they have been.

All folks believe within the shire
This story to be true,
And they all run to Spindlestone,
The cave and trough to view.

This fact now Duncan Frasier
Of Cheviot, sings in rhyme ;
Lest Bambrough-shire-men should forget
Some part of it in time.

This Ballad was printed in Hutchinson's History of Northumberland, from a communication by the Rev. Robt. Lambe, of Norham, (editor of the old Poem, entitled Flodden Field), who pretended to have transcribed it from a very ancient Manuscript.



THE MAN-STEALER BAFFLED:

An incident of *Cynedale*.

IN the early part of the last century, the law, in several cases, was very feebly administered throughout the northern Counties of England. In Northumberland, for instance, so much were the rights of the lower part of the population overlooked, that a family or clan, of the name of Widdrington,* were in the habit of seizing by force, able bodied young men, and sending them, as slaves, to the sugar plantations in the West India Islands. They contrived, for the purpose of shielding themselves from popular outrage, to have it generally understood that they were invested by government, with authority for such proceedings, and being universally dreaded, wherever they were known, not an individual had the hardihood to enquire into the legality of their conduct. The very last of their acts was thus related by the late Henry Atkinson, teacher in Newcastle,—a gentleman who, to a general knowledge of science and an intimate acquaintance with mathematical analysis, united an excellent taste for the higher departments of British literature, and was endowed with a memory uncommonly retentive of legendary lore.

On the day preceding a Stagshaw Bank fair, John Hall, Esq.† of Otterburne, gave directions to a young man in his service to meet him at the Bank at a certain hour next day, and proceeding onward himself to Corbridge, slept there during the night. Riding up to the fair

* Not of the same stock, we would hope, as the brave race of Northumbrian Heroes!

† This gentleman was a Magistrate of the County, and proprietor of the beautiful estate of Otterburne in Redesdale, a great part of which he himself managed with considerable judgment and ability. He, however, had the misfortune to sustain some severe losses; for a destructive fire consumed the house in which he lived, his offices, and the better part of his farming stock; and the Reed, swelling into a high flood, swept away the whole of the produce of his extensive haughs. at the time when it was almost ready to be conveyed into the barn yard. These calamities were, by his superstitious neighbours, accounted as a *judgment* upon him for being concerned in, and not preventing an affray which in 1701 took place near the white Cross, in Newgate Street, Newcastle, between J. Fenwick of Rock, and F. Forster of Bamborough Abbey, in which the former killed the latter, and was, in the following month, executed for the murder on the spot where it was committed. Unhappily, in 1715, with other gallant and brave spirits, he espoused the Jacobite cause, was taken prisoner at Preston, condemned, and, after being five several times reprieved, was at last executed at Tyburn 13th July, 1716. He was a generous man and beloved by his dependants, but of a fiery and energetic temper, which procured him the name of "*Mad Jack Hall of Otterburne.*"

on the following morning, he was surprised to see his servant in the charge of a mounted horseman, who was turning into a lane which branches off from the main road to the left, leading to Sandhoe. He advanced, and addressing the young man, enquired the cause of his being thus taken into custody. The servant replied, his visage brightening at the same time, that he knew of no cause whatever; but while awaiting his arrival, according to the instructions received on the previous day, the stranger on horseback came up to him—told him he was his prisoner, and dragged him away in the manner he now witnessed. This stranger, Hall knew to be a Widdrington and on questioning him as to the circumstances, the fellow replied, he would not be interfered with in discharge of his duty, or if he was it would be at Hall's peril; that the youth was in his keeping, and to no person would he be accountable, save only, to her gracious Majesty the Queen.* The previous misdeeds of the Widdringtons now crowded on Hall's recollection, who, at once perceiving that the whole scope and design of the unfeeling wretch before him, was to get the poor lad conveyed away as a slave to the West Indies, interceded for his liberation, with all the eloquence of which he was master, urging that the youth had an aged mother and a sister relying upon him for support. But the other was inexorable: he only requested the suppliant would not trouble him with his entreaties. Hall however was not to be thwarted after this fashion: his pride was somewhat chafed, and conceiving that justice was on his side, he drew up his horse in front of that of Widdrington, and commanded him to produce credentials proving that, in the present instance, he acted conformably to the law. Any man in those days who could afford to purchase arms, wore them at his pleasure, and Widdrington, unsheathing his piece of pointed steel, held it before him, and exclaimed, "This is my commission." "Then we will test its truth," said Hall, and ere another word was spoken, he alighted from his horse.

The lane in which this parley took place, being confined where it joined the main road, owing to some inclosures bordering upon it, gradually grew wider as the party advanced; and now where they stood the road crossed a piece of level green sward that might, in other times, have served as the scene of a more splendid chivalric spectacle. Unfastening from his neck the clasp of a large cloak, such as horsemen at that period were in the habit of wearing, Hall flung it from his shoulders and, drawing his trusty *Ferrara*, the basket hilt of which was like a ram's head, stood ready for battle. Widdrington in compliance with the laws of honour, likewise dismounted and confronting his

* Queen Anne.

opponent manfully, threw himself on his guard. To work they went, and though Hall was an admirable swordsman, he found himself for a time sharp enough beset by his adversary; yet he was cunning as well as skillful, and when he had given him play for a brief period, he watched an opportunity, and catching in his hilt the point of Widdrington's weapon, by a sudden jerk, wrenched it from his grasp, throwing it behind him to a distance of nearly twenty yards. The defenceless man now supplicated for mercy, and Hall was too much of a gentleman to deny him the request.

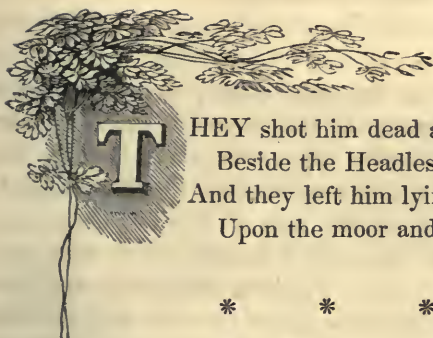
Widdrington had scarcely partaken of the clemency of his conqueror when his life was again put in the most imminent peril, and in a much more disgraceful way. The encounter had drawn around a large concourse of people, to the greater part of whom his evil practices were known and by whom he was thoroughly detested, and these witnessing or making known to each other the whole affair, attacked him so fiercely with sticks and stones that he had great difficulty to escape.

The poor people in Northumberland were thenceforth permitted to live unmolested, none of the odious clan ever daring to shew face among them; and Hall for his prompt resistance, and exposure of the infamous system which the scoundrels had practised, received the most cordial expressions of praise and gratitude.—*R. White's MSS.*

BARTHRAM'S DIRGE.

The following beautiful fragment was taken down by the late R. Surtees, of Mainsforth, from the recitation of Anne Douglas, an old woman, who weeded in his garden. It is imperfect, and the words within brackets were inserted by Mr. Surtees, to supply such stanzas as the chantress's memory left defective. The hero of the ditty, if the reciter be correct, was shot to death by nine brothers, whose sister he had seduced, but was afterwards buried at her request, near their usual place of meeting; which may account for his being laid, not in holy ground, but beside the burn. The name of Barthram, or Bertram, would argue a Northumbrian origin, and there is, or was, a Headless Cross, among many so named, near Elsdon in Northumberland. But the mention of the Nine-Stane Burn, and Nine-Stane Rig, seems to refer to those places in the vicinity of Hermitage Castle, which is countenanced by the mentioning our Lady's Chapel. Perhaps the hero may have been an Englishman, and the Lady a native of Scotland, which renders the catastrophe even more probable.

BARTHRAM'S DIRGE.



HEY shot him dead at the Nine-Stone Rig,
 Beside the Headless Cross,
 And they left him lying in his blood,
 Upon the moor and moss.

* * * *

They made a bier of the broken bough,
 The sauch of the aspin gray,
 And they bore him to the Lady Chapel,
 And waked him there all day.

A lady came to that lonely bower,
 And threw her robes aside,
 She tore her ling [long] yellow hair,
 And knelt at Barthram's side.

She bathed him in the Lady-Well
 His wounds so deep and sair,
 And she plaited a garland for his breast,
 And a garland for his hair.

They rowed him in a lily-sheet,
 And bare him to his earth,
 [And the Gray Friars sung the dead man's mass,
 As they pass'd the Chapel Garth.]

They buried him at [the mirk] midnight,
 [When the dew fell cold and still,
 When the aspin gray forgot to play,
 And the mist clung to the hill.]

They dug his grave but a bare foot deep,
 By the edge of the Ninestone Burn,
 And they covered him [o'er with the heather-flower,]
 The moss and the [Lady] fern.

A Gray Friar staid upon the grave,
 And sang till the morning tide,
 And a friar shall sing for Barthram's soul,
 While the Headless Cross shall bide.

THE WILD CATTLE.



HERE was formerly a very singular species of wild cattle in this country, which is now nearly extinct; those which are kept in the park at Chillingham Castle, Northumberland, belonging to the earl of Tankerville, being, probably, the only remains of the true and genuine breed. The late Mr. Bailey, agent to his lordship, has given the following curious and picturesque description of this singular race of animals: "Their colour is invariably white, muzzle black; the whole of the inside of the ear, and about one-third of the outside from the tip, downwards, red; horns white, with black tips, very fine, and bent upwards; some of the bulls have a thin upright mane, about an inch and a half, or two inches long: the weight of the oxen is from thirty-five to forty-five stone; and the cows from twenty-five to thirty-five stone, the four quarters; fourteen pound to the stone. The beef is finely marbled, and of excellent flavour.

"From the nature of their pasture, and the frequent agitation they are put into, by the curiosity of strangers, it cannot be expected they should get very fat; yet the six-years old oxen are generally very good beef; from whence it may be fairly supposed that, in proper situations, they would feed well.

"At the first appearance of any person they set off at full speed, and gallop to a considerable distance; when they make a wheel round, and come boldly up again, tossing their heads in a menacing manner; on a sudden they make a full stop, at the distance of forty or fifty yards, looking wildly at the object of their surprise; but upon the least motion being made, they again turn round, and gallop off with equal speed; but forming a shorter circle, and returning with a bolder and more threatening aspect, they approach much nearer, when they make another stand, and again gallop off. This they do several times, shortening their distance, and advancing nearer, till they come within a few yards, when most people think it prudent to leave them.

"The mode of killing them was, perhaps, the only modern remains of the grandeur of ancient hunting. On notice being given that a wild bull would be killed upon a certain day, the inhabitants of the neighbourhood came in great numbers, both horse and foot: the horsemen rode off the bull from the rest of the herd until he stood at bay, when a marksman dismounted and shot. At some of these huntings, twenty

or thirty shots have been fired before he was subdued : on such occasions, the bleeding victim grew desperately furious, from the smarting



of his wounds, and the shouts of savage joy that were echoing from every side. From the number of accidents that happened, this dangerous mode has been seldom practised of late years, the park-keeper alone generally shooting them with a rifled gun at one shot.

“When the cows calve, they hide their calves for a week or ten days in some sequestered situation, and go and suckle them two or three times a day. If any person come near the calves, they clap their heads close to the ground, and lie like a hare in form, to hide themselves. This is a proof of their native wildness, and is corroborated by the following circumstance, that happened to the writer of this narrative, who found a hidden calf, two days old, very lean, and very weak : on stroking its head, it got up, pawed two or three times like an old bull, bellowed very loud, retired a few steps, and bolted at his legs with all its force ; it then began to paw again, bellowed, stepped back, and bolted as before ; but knowing its intention, and stepping aside, it missed him, fell, and was so very weak that it could not rise, though it made several efforts ; but it had done enough, the whole herd were alarmed ; and, coming to its rescue, obliged him to retire ; for the dams will suffer no person to touch their calves without attacking them with impetuous ferocity.

“When any one happens to be wounded, or grown weak and feeble through age or sickness, the rest of the herd set upon it, and gore it to death.”

The following additional particulars respecting these interesting animals, are extracted from a paper, by L. Hindmarsh, esq. of Alnwick, embodying a communication on the subject, from their noble proprietor to that gentleman, and read by him before the Zoological and Botanical Section of the British Association, at their meeting at Newcastle, in 1838 :—

‘In the first place’ says his lordship, ‘I must premise that our information as to their origin is very scanty ; all that we know and believe in respect to it rests in great measure on conjecture, supported, however, by certain facts and reasonings, which lead us to believe in their ancient origin, not so much from any direct evidence, as from the improbability of any hypothesis ascribing to them a more *recent* date. The probability is, that they were the ancient breed of the island, inclosed long since within the boundary of the park.

“The park of Chillingham is a very ancient one. By a copy of the endowment of the vicarage, extracted from the records at Durham, and referring to a period certainly as early as the reign of King John, about which time, viz. 1220, the church of Chillingham was built, the vicar of Chillingham was, by an agreement with Robert de Muschamp, to be allowed as much timber as he wanted for repairs, of the best oak out of the Great Wood of Chillingham, the remains of which were extant in the time of my grandfather. The more ancient part of the castle also appears to have been built in the next reign, that of Henry III., since which it has been held, without interruption, by the family of

Grey. At what period, or by what process, the park became inclosed, it is impossible to say ; but it was closely bounded by the domains of the Percies on the one side, and by the Hibburnes on the other, the latter of whom had been seated there since the time of King John ; and as the chief branch of the Greys always made Chillingham their principal residence, until it passed into the hands of Lord Ossulston, by his marriage with the daughter and heiress of Ford Lord Grey, it is reasonable to suppose that, in order to secure their cattle, wild and tame, they had recourse to an inclosure probably at an early period. They have, pre-eminently, all the characteristics of wild animals, with some peculiarities that are sometimes very curious and amusing. They hide their young, feed in the night, basking or sleeping during the day ;—they are fierce when pressed, but, generally speaking, very timorous, moving off on the appearance of any one, even at a great distance. Yet, this varies very much in different seasons of the year, according to the manner in which they are approached. In summer, I have been for several weeks without getting a sight of them,—they, on the slightest appearance of any one, retiring into a wood, which serves them as a sanctuary. On the other hand, in winter, when coming down for food into the inner park, and being in contact with the people, they will let you almost come among them, particularly if on horseback. But then they have also a thousand peculiarities. They will be feeding sometimes quietly, when if any one appear suddenly near them,—particularly coming down the wind, they will be struck with a sudden panic, and gallop off, running one after another, and never stopping till they get into their sanctuary. It is observable of them as of red deer, that they have a peculiar faculty of taking advantage of the irregularities of the ground, so that on being disturbed, they may traverse the whole park, and yet you hardly get a sight of them. Their usual mode of retreat is to get up slowly, set off in a walk, then a trot, and seldom begin to gallop till they have put the ground between you and them in the manner that I have described. In form, they are beautifully shaped, short legs, straight back, horns of a very fine texture, thin skin, so that some of the bulls appear of a cream colour ; and they have a peculiar cry, more like that of a wild beast, than that of ordinary cattle. With all the marks of high breeding, they have also some of its defects. They are bad breeders, and are much subject to the *rush*, a complaint common to animals bred in and in, which is unquestionably the case with these as long as we have any account of them. When they come down into the lower part of the park, which they do at stated hours, they move like a regiment of cavalry in single files, the bulls leading the van, as in retreat it is the bulls that bring up the rear. Lord Ossulston was witness to a curious way in which

they took possession, as it were, of some new pasture recently laid open to them. It was in the evening about sunset. They began by lining the front of a small wood, which seemed quite alive with them, when all of a sudden they made a dash forward altogether in a line, and charging close by him across the plain, they then spread out, and after a little time began feeding. Of their tenacity of life the following is an instance. An old bull being to be killed, one of the keepers had proceeded to separate him from the rest of the herd, which were feeding in the outer park. This the bull resenting, and having been frustrated in several attempts to join them by the keeper's interposing, (the latter doing it incautiously) the bull made a rush at him and got him down; he then tossed him three several times, and afterwards knelt down upon him, and broke several of his ribs. There being no other person present but a boy, the only assistance that could be given him was, by letting loose a deer-hound belonging to Lord Ossulston, who immediately attacked the bull, and by biting his heels drew him off the man and eventually saved his life. The bull, however, never left the keeper, but kept continually watching and returning to him, giving him a toss from time to time. In this state of things, and while the dog with singular sagacity and courage was holding the bull at bay, a messenger came up to the castle, when all the gentlemen came out with their rifles, and commenced a fire upon the bull, principally by a steady good marksman from behind a fence at the distance of twenty-five yards; but it was not till six or seven balls had actually entered the head of the animal, (one of them passing in at the eye) that he at last fell. During the whole time he never flinched nor changed his ground, merely shaking his head as he received the several shots. Many more stories might be told of hair-breadth escapes, accidents of sundry kinds, and an endless variety of peculiar habits observable in these animals, as more or less in all animals existing in a wild state: but, I think I have recapitulated nearly all that my memory suggests to me, as most deserving of notice."

In addition to the above, Mr. Hindmarsh communicated the following information, collected from Mr. Cole, the keeper, and from his own observation. There are about eighty in the herd, comprising twenty-five bulls, forty cows, and fifteen steers, of various ages. The eyes, eye-lashes, and tips of the horns alone are black, the muzzle is brown, and the inside of the ears red or brown, and all the rest of the animal white. Even the bulls have no manes, but a little coarse hair on their neck. They fight for supremacy, until a few of the most powerful subdue the others, and the mastery is no longer disputed. When two bulls are separated by accident, they fight when they meet, although friendly before, and do so till they become friends again. One was caught and kept, and

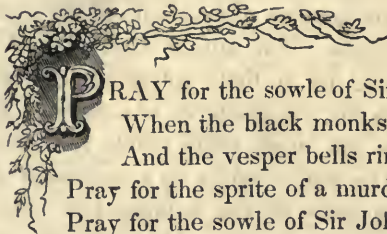
became as tame as the domestic ox, and thrived as well as any short-horned steer could do, and, in its prime, was computed to weigh sixty-five stones. They are shy in summer, but tame in winter, and will eat hay from a fold, although they will not taste turnips. At the end of the last century, similar cattle existed at Burton Constable, Yorkshire, and at Dunnlary, in Dumfriesshire, but these are now extinct. From the absence of all recent notice of these animals, there appears to be little doubt but that they are genuine descendants of the wild cattle of the ancient Caledonian forests. The author then quoted a passage from Boetius, which, allowing for a little colouring, described these animals very well, except in the non-existence of a mane. The cattle at Dunnlary had black ears, but in all other points resemble those of Chillingham; and this may be accounted for by a statement of Bewick, that about forty years ago some of the animals had black ears at Chillingham, and were shot by the keeper. On the whole, the author was inclined to think these animals the survivors of the Caledonian cattle, which undoubtedly extended through the northern provinces of England; and that, under the protection of the owners of Chillingham, they had escaped the general destruction dependent on the advancement of civilization, &c. in the country.

The author of a recent publication, entitled "Rambles in Northumberland," has the following anecdote:—

"About seven years ago, when the keepers were about to shoot a bull which they had ridden off from the herd, the infuriated animal suddenly turned upon Lord Ossulston, who was mounted on a pony, and after a short chase came up with him, and threw both his lordship and the pony to the ground. The bull then retired a few paces to gain the advantage of a run, but just as he was advancing to renew the attack, one of the keepers fired his rifle and brought him to the ground. The Countess of Tankerville was in the park at the time, and beheld the imminent danger to which her son was exposed. A tree is now planted on the spot where the young heir of Tankerville had so narrow an escape." The same writer informs us that "Mr. ———, an *active* member of the Wernerian Society of Natural History, nearly fell a martyr to his love of science in September, 1833. He had advanced near the herd for the purpose of making some particular observations, when a gruff-fronted, sharp-horned bull, offended at the intrusion, turned upon the inquisitive naturalist, and coursed him over the park "in gallant style," as they say at Melton-Mowbray, and was gaining ground, when the chase ran to earth in a conduit adjoining the park wall.

SIR JOHN LE SPRING.

WHO WAS MURDERED IN THE ARMS OF HIS LEMAN, IN HIS BOWER AT
HOUGHTON-LE-SPRING, 1311.



PRAY for the sowle of Sir John-le-spring,
When the black monks sing—
And the vesper bells ring ;
Pray for the sprite of a murdered Knight,
Pray for the sowle of Sir John-le-spring.

He fell not, before the..... ¶
The waning crescent fled,
When the Martyr's palm and golden crown
Reward Christ's soldier dead.

He fell not in the battling field,
Beneath St. George's banner bright,
When the pealing cry of victory—
Might cheer the sowle of a dying knight ;
But at dead of night, in the soft moonlight,
In his garden bower—he lay ;
And the dew of sleep, did his eye-lids steep
In the arms of his leman gay.

And by murderous hand, and bloody brand,
In that guilty bower—
With his paramour,
Did his sowle from his body fleet,
And through mist and mirk, and moonlight gray,
Was forc'd away from the bleeding clay,
To the dreaded judgment seat.

In the southern aisle, 'his coat of mail,
Hangs o'er his marble shrine :
And his tilting spear is rusting there,
His helm, and his gaberdine.

And aye the mass priest, sings his song,
And patters many a prayer ;
And the chaunting bell tolls loud and long,
And aye, the lamp burns there.

And still, when that guilty night returns,
 On the eve of St. Barnaby bright,
 The dying taper faintly burns—
 With a wan and a wavering light.

And the clammy midnight dew breaks forth
 Like drops of agony,
 From the marble dank, and the armories clank,
 Affrights the priest on his knee.

And high over head, with shivering tread,
 Unearthly footsteps pass ;
 For the spirits of air, are gathering there,
 And mock the holy mass.

Lordlings, mind how your vows you keep,
 And kiss no leman gay ;
 For he that sinks in sin to sleep,
 May never wake to pray.

Judge not sinner as thou art,
 Commune with thy sinful heart—
 And watch, for thou knowest not the hour ;
 And to Jesus bright, and Mary of might,
 Pray for the sowle of the murder'd Knight,
 That died in the moonlight bower.

Sharp's Bishoprick Garland.

RIDE THROUGH SANDGATE.

Ride through Sandgate, both up and down,
 There you'll see the gallants fighting for the crown :
 All the cull cuckold's in Sunderland town,
 With all the bonnie blue caps, cannot pull them down.

This is a genuine fragment of a ballad relating to Newcastle, besieged by Lesley and the Scots army. The blue caps (or Scotchmen) did, however, at last succeed in pulling them down, after a most gallant defence, 19th October, 1644. *Ibid.*

Edward the First

AT NEWCASTLE, A.D. 1296.

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * *

* * * * *

Meantime within Newcastle walls,
 Crowding her squares, her streets and halls,
 Ready to march to hill or glen,
 Full more than thirty thousand men,
 All armed and wearing mail and plate,
 The orders of their king await.
 Himself, within his massive hold,
 Surrounded by his barons bold,
 Discoursed of Baliol's perfidy,
 And how due chastisement should be
 Dealt upon those who dared disown
 His right to Scotland's ancient crown.
 Tall he appeared, his frame was spare,
 Swarthy his hue, and dark his hair ;
 Firm was his look, his deep black eyes,
 As thoughts of war or high emprise
 To rouse his spirit might conspire,
 Flamed in his head like coals of fire.
 So plain his garb that those who gazed
 Upon their monarch were amazed,
 He should appear, arrayed so mean,
 In midst of such a martial scene ;
 For arms and pennons waving far
 On every side, showed pomp of war,
 And thronged around him, bold and free,
 The pride of England's chivalry,
 Whilst her broad standard to the sky
 Streamed on the castle turrets high.

* * * * *

R. W.

THE CAPTIVE PRELATE.



THE death of Richard Kellow, bishop of Durham, in A. D. 1316, opened a wide field for ecclesiastical intrigue; and four competitors for the vacant see appeared, supported by powerful interests. The earl of Lancaster recommended his chaplain, John de Kinardslee; the earl of Hereford brought forward John Walwayne, a civilian; and the king (Edward II.) recommended Thomas Charleton, also a civilian, and keeper of the Signet. The queen, meanwhile, supported the interest of her kinsman, Lewis Beaumont, a descendant of the royal blood of France. The election was fixed for the feast of St. Leonard. The earls of Lancaster, Hereford, and Pembroke, waited within the church the event of the conclave; Henry Beaumont, a brave and successful soldier, well known on the borders, was also there to support the interests of his brother; and some of the savage nobility threatened, with characteristic violence, "if a monk were elected, to split his shaven crown." Surrounded by violence and intrigue, the electors preserved their purity and firmness, and announced to the impatient and irritated nobles, that their unanimous choice had fallen on the venerable prior of Finchale, Henry de Stamford, a man recommended only by the mild dignity of age and of virtue.

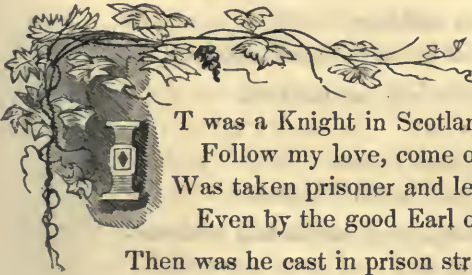
The king, who was at York, would have readily admitted the bishop elect who had been honourably chosen; but the tears and prayers of a beautiful and kneeling queen, who begged the promotion of her kinsman as the only favour she had ever solicited, were irresistible; and the king, refusing to ratify the election of Stamford, wrote to the Papal court, to demand the bishopric for Beaumont. Despairing of justice at home, Stamford, with three companions, undertook a painful journey across the Apennines; but the royal letters far outstripped the tedious footsteps of age and infirmity, and Stamford, on his arrival at Rome, found that pope John XXII. had already, at the joint request of the sovereigns of France and England, irrevocably bestowed the see of Durham on his opponent.

Lewis Beaumont had been consecrated at Westminster on the 26th of March 1318, and purposing to be installed at Durham on the high festival of St. Cuthbert, in September the same year, began his progress for the North, attended by a numerous and splendid retinue, accompanied by his brother Henry Beaumont, and by two Roman Cardinals, who were charged with a pacific embassy into Scotland. At Darlington the bishop was met by a messenger from the convent to warn him that the road was in possession of marauders; but the high

rank and sacred dignity of Lewis and his companions seemed to place danger at defiance, and the friendly notice was treated with neglect or suspicion. A few hours verified the prediction. At the *Rushy Ford*, midway betwixt the small villages of Woodham and Ferryhill, the road crosses a small and sullen rivulet in a low and sequestered spot, well calculated for surprise and prevention of escape. Here a desperate band anxiously waited the arrival of their prey, and the bishop and his companions had no sooner reached the ford than they were enveloped in a cloud of light horsemen, under the command of Gilbert Middleton, a Northumbrian gentleman, whom the necessities of the times had driven to adopt the lawless life of a freebooter, and who on this occasion is said to have added motives of private resentment to the desire of plunder. After rifling the whole party, Middleton restored the cardinals' horses, and suffered them to proceed on their journey to Durham, where their influence was successfully used in exciting the liberality of the monasties towards their captive prelate. The bishop meanwhile, and his brother Henry Beaumont, were carried off with the rapidity of a border raid across a tract of sixty miles, through the heart of the bishopric and Northumberland, to the castle of Mitford, of which says Graystones, Middleton was the keeper, not the proprietor. The treasures of the church were cheerfully lavished for Lewis's redemption, and after giving security for the payment of a heavy ransom to the successful freebooter, both the captives were liberated.

The king, had it seems, used Middleton's relative, Adam Swinburn, harshly in some business of the marches; and the former, in vindication of the family honour, adopted the pious resolution of robbing the bishop of Durham. The times were lawless; the government weak; and the gentry of the north were frequently obliged to take upon themselves the defence of their own property; and with all its hazards and inconveniences, the life of a freebooter had some romantic and some substantial attractions, which seem to have rendered it very difficult for a borderer who had once adopted it, to retrace his steps towards the path of allegiance and legitimate subjection. Under the first Edward the gentlemen of the English march were faithful subjects; under his feeble successor they were frequently, from necessity rather than choice, freebooters and outlaws. Middleton's good fortune soon after deserted him; he was surprised in his stronghold of Mitford by some neighbouring chief, who had suffered from his depredations, betrayed into the hands of government, and executed at London. His followers, neither reclaimed nor dismayed by the fate of their leader, fled to range themselves under the banners of Walter Selby, one of Middleton's associates, who then held the little fortress of Horton.—*Surtees.*

THE FAIR FLOWER OF NORTHUMBERLAND.



T was a Knight in Scotland born,
 Follow my love, come over the strand—
 Was taken prisoner and left forlorn,
 Even by the good Earl of Northumberland !

Then was he cast in prison strong,
 Follow my love, &c.
 Where he could not walk, nor lay along ;
 Even by the good Earl of Northumberland !

And, as in sorrow thus he lay,
 Follow my love, &c.
 The Earl's sweet daughter walks that way,
 And she is the Fair Flower of Northumberland,

And passing by, like an angel bright,
 Follow my love, &c.

The prisoner had of her a sight ;
 And she, &c.

And aloud to her this Knight did cry,
 ' Follow, my love ! come over the strand,'—
 The salt tears standing in his eye,
 And she the Fair Flower of Northumberland !

' Fair Lady,' he said, ' take pity on me,
 Follow my love, and come over the strand,
 And let me not in prison die,
 And you the Fair Flower of Northumberland !'

' Fair Sir, how should I take pity on thee,
 Follow my love, &c.
 Thou being a foe to our country,
 And I the Fair Flower of Northumberland ?'

' Fair Lady ! I am no foe,' he said,
 Follow my love, come over the strand ?
 Through thy sweet love here was I stay'd,
 For thee—Fair Flower of Northumberland !

' Why shouldst thou come here for love of me,
 Follow my love, &c.
 Having wife and children in thy country,
 And I the Fair Flower of Northumberland ?

' I swear by the blessed Trinity—
 Follow my love, &c.
 I have no wife nor children, I ;
 Nor Dwelling at home in merry Scotland !
 ' If courteously thou wilt set me free,
 Follow my love, &c.
 I vow that I will marry thee,
 So soon as I come in fair Scotland :
 ' Thou shalt be a Lady of castles and towers—
 Follow my love, &c,
 And sit like a queen in princely bowers,
 When I at home in fair Scotland.'

Then parted hence this Lady gay,
 Follow my love, &c.
 And got her father's ring away,
 To help this Knight into fair Scotland :
 Likewise much gold she got by sleight,
 Follow my love, &c.
 And all to help this forlorn Knight •
 To wend from her father to fair Scotland.

Two gallant steeds, both good and able,
 Follow my love, &c.
 She likewise took out of the stable,
 To ride with the Knight into fair Scotland.

And to the jailor she sent the ring,
 Follow my love, &c.
 Who the Knight from prison forth did bring,
 To wend with her into fair Scotland.

This token set the prisoner free,
 Follow my love, &c.
 Who straight went to this fair Lady,
 To wend with her into fair Scotland

A gallant steed he did bestride,
 Follow my love, &c.
 And with the Lady away did ride,
 And she the Fair Flower of Northumberland !

They rode till they came to a water clear,
 Follow my love, &c.
 ' Good Sir ! how should I follow *you* here,
 And / the Fair Flower of Northumberland ?—

‘The water is rough, and wonderful deep,
Follow my love, &c.
And on my saddle I shall not keep;
And I the Fair Flower of Northumberland!’
‘Fear not the ford, fair Lady!’ quoth he,
Follow my love, &c.
For long *I* cannot stay for thee,
And *thou* the Fair Flower of Northumberland.
The Lady prickt her gallant steed,
Follow my love, &c.
And over the river swam with speed;
And she the Fair Flower of Northumberland.
From top to toe all wet was she:
‘Follow, my love! come over the strand?’
This have I done for love of thee,
And I the Fair Flower of Northumberland?
Thus rode she all one winter’s night,
Follow my love, &c.
Till Edinborough they saw in sight,
The fairest town in all Scotland.
‘Now choose,’ quoth he, ‘thou wanton Flower!
(Follow my love, come over the strand)
If thou wilt be my paramour,
Or get thee home to Northumberland!—
‘For I have a wife and children five,
Follow my love, &c.
In Edinborough they be alive;
Then get thee home to fair England!
‘This favour thou shalt have, to boot,
Follow my love, &c.
I’ll have thy horse; go thou on foot,
Go! get thee home to Northumberland.’
‘O false and faithless Knight! quoth she,
(‘Follow my love, come over the strand’)
And canst thou deal so bad with me?—
And I the Fair Flower of Northumberland!
‘Dishonour not a Lady’s name,
Follow my love, &c.
But draw thy sword, and end my shame!
And I the Fair Flower of Northumberland.’

He took her from her stately steed,
 Follow my love, &c.
 And left her there in extreme need,
 And she—the Fair Flower of Northumberland !'
 Then sat she down full heavily,
 Follow my love, &c.
 At length, two Knights came riding by,
 Two gallant Knights of fair England.
 She fell down humbly on her knee,
 Follow my love, &c.
 Saying, ' Courteous Knights, take pity on me !—
 And I the Fair Flower of Northumberland !
 ' I have offended my father dear,
 Follow my love, &c.
 And by a false Knight, that brought me here
 From the good Earl of Northumberland.'
 They took her up behind them then,
 Follow my love, &c.
 And brought her to her father again ;
 And he the good Earl of Northumberland.
 All you, fair Maidens ! be warned by me,
 (' Follow my love, come over the strand ?)
 Scots never were true, nor ever will be,
 To Lord, nor Lady, nor fair England.

ON THE RUINS OF FINCHALE ABBEY.

WRITTEN BY THE LATE WM. RICHARDSON, ESQ., NORTH SHIELDS.

WAND'RER with reverence tread this sacred earth ;
 And while the ravish'd eye with endless gaze,
 Strays o'er the wonders of these holy ruins,
 And to thy memory brings those awful days,
 When stern Religion with her iron rod.
 And form terrific, harmoniz'd the soul ;
 Dare not with impious thoughts arraign her name :
 ' Those wild Austerities of barb'rous Man
 Unlock'd the springs of Light, and wak'd the soul
 ' To Life, and Immortality, and Heaven.

FOLLOWERS OF PRINCE CHARLES

In Redesdale.



ON an evening at the close of the year 1745, according to tradition, two strangers, presented themselves at the door of a cottage at Rooking in Redesdale, and asked permission to lodge during the night. The occupier, a shepherd distinguished for his hospitality, led them to his cheerful hearth; his wife added a fresh portion of turf to the fire, spread her whitest cloth on the board, and heaped it before them with her best fare. To the way-worn guests this reception could not fail to be agreeable, especially as they might perceive it arose from motives of pure and unaffected benevolence.

One was a young man, approaching the prime of life, dressed very plainly, but whose elegant and unobtrusive manners indicated the bearing of a gentleman. He was sad and woe-begone; his looks bore evidence that anxiety and disappointment pressed heavy upon him; he ate little at supper, and to speak, save by answering respectfully any remark addressed to him, was a task he seemed unwilling to undergo. In only one slight instance he varied from the homely practice observed by the inmates; instead of kneeling, while the shepherd, in performing family worship, prayed, he remained standing, and rested himself gently on the back of his chair. On retiring to rest, it may be presumed, he slept little from the audible though suppressed sighs which escaped from him during the whole period of repose.

The other of middle age, had seen much of the world, and was an active, sagacious man. Prompt and decisive, yet combining with these qualities great affability, he conversed freely with the shepherd on the excitement which agitated the country, spoke of the march of the Highlanders through Lancashire, of their retreat, of the surrender of the castle at Carlisle, and described most minutely the figure and appearance of Prince Charles Edward, not even omitting the slight pimples below his chin, and his hand, the fingers of which were *webbed*, or bound together by the skin.* Unlike his younger companion, he knelt while the venerable old man addressed the Deity, and slept soundly till aroused by the crowing cock at approaching day.

After breakfast, when his guests were about to depart, the generous host took such interest in their welfare, that he saddled his pony,

* This peculiar formation of the Prince's hand, though unnoticed by historians and novelists generally, is not undeserving of credit. The following stanza of a violent invective

desired the young man to mount, and accompanied them as far eastward as Coquet-head. From the other, who considered him a confidential man, the shepherd gleaned, in the course of conversation, some memorials of their history. The younger was closely allied to an ancient and honourable Catholic family, and had taken up arms on behalf of Prince Charles, when the unfurled standard of that seion of a royal race was borne across the boundaries of England. Brave, and desirous of renown, he was ever ready to head a charge against the enemy; and, unhappily, in one of these, which he conducted without due precaution, he was made a prisoner. The elder, being a distant relative of the same family, had likewise united himself to the insurgents; but when his friend was captured, it became to him an object of ambition to effect his escape, which, at the imminent risk of life, he accomplished. Foreseeing how the insurrection would in all probability terminate, they had now to provide for their safety, and were hastening, by the most unfrequented route, to the eastern coast, where they might obtain a vessel, and embark for France.—*R. White's MSS.*

ONLAFBAL, a pagan chief, who held possessions in Bernicia during the lifetime of bishop Cutheard, proceeded to such a height of insolence as to seize on the very glebe land of the bishoprick. He treated the bishop, who wished to save a sinner more than to recover his possessions (*volens cum Deo lucrari*), with the utmost contempt, and uttered the most profane blasphemies against St. Cuthbert. "Why do you threaten me" he said "with your dead man? I swear by the power of my Gods I will be a fearful enemy both to this dead man and all of you." The *dignus vindice nodus* had now arrived: St. Cuthbert thus braved and threatened, exerted his miraculous powers, and just as the caitiff was entering the church to pillage the holy shrines, nailed him by both feet to the threshold *ibi tanquam clavis*, &c. After suffering extreme torture, he confessed the power and sanctity of St. Cuthbert and expired. The rest of the pagans and Scuta amongst them, terrified, with so notable an example, fled to their ships, and left the possessions of the church free for evermore.—*Surtees.*

tive against the insurgents, occurs in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1745, p. 663:—

"Britannia they thought with fine words to bewitch,
But she would not, she thanked them, shake hands with the itch:
Such vermin wont live long on this side the Forth,
As scab-fingered Charles, Tullibardine, and Perth."

It is proverbial that a person whose fingers are thus united, is remarkable for either good or bad fortune. The saying bears very strongly on the case before us,



SUNDERLAND BRIDGE.

WRITTEN BY MICHAEL WATSON, NORTH SHIELDS,

YE sons of Sunderland, with shouts that rival ocean's roar,
Hail Burdon in his iron boots, who strides from shore to shore!
O, may ye firm support each leg, or much, O, much, I fear,
Poor Rowland may o'er stretch himself, in striding 'cross the Wear.

A patent quickly issue out, lest some more bold than he,
Should put on larger iron boots, and stride across the sea!
Then let us pray for speedy peace, lest Frenchmen should come over,
And foll'wing Burdon's iron plan, from Calais stride to Dover.

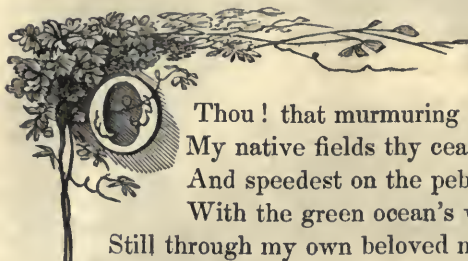
The second line is well worthy of preservation. Rowland Burdon, esq., M.P., for the county of Durham, from 1790 to 1806. built this splendid bridge; the advantages of which have never been sufficiently appreciated. It is singular enough, that the act of parliament for its erection does not determine its name, and it is now called indifferently, Sunderland Bridge, Wearmouth Bridge, and the Iron Bridge.—

Sharp's Bishoprick Garland.

Ode to the River Blyth.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL LATIN OF DEAN OGLE,

WRITTEN A. D. 1763.



Thou ! that murmuring tellest along
 My native fields thy ceaseless song,
 And speedest on the pebbled bed,
 With the green ocean's waves to wed,
 Still through my own beloved meads
 Thy never failing stream proceeds :
 To me the mind is not the same
 Since first upon thy banks I came,
 And like another joyous child,
 The hours in harmless sport beguiled ;
 Or heaps upon thy winding shore,
 Of shining pebbles laid in store ;
 Or-loved within thy cooling wave
 My yet too tender feet to lave ;
 Or caught thy fry in fisher's toils,
 And boasted of my numerous spoils :
 So passed my days in labour vain,
 Days never to return again.
 So late a boy ! to-morrow old !
 And so the years on years are rolled :
 Day steals on day with steady feet :
 And what, dear stream, with speed more fleet,
 Than thy loquacious waters sweep
 To mingle with the mighty deep ?
 But take unto the troubled main,
 Take all my grief and all my pain,
 And keep, as erst, thy winding ways,
 And cheer our house with happy days.

Hodgson's Northumberland.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.



IN the north-western parts of Northumberland, where there are no large towns, and where the rather scanty population reside in small villages and lonely farmsteads, many traces of popular superstitions still remain; and houses which had the character of being haunted, and lonely places where spirits were wont to walk, a century ago, have not yet entirely “given up the ghost.” It is a common practice at *lyke-wakes*,* where both young people and old assemble to watch the dead, to relate ghost-stories: and it is at such times, when the company is assembled in the room in which a corpse lies, that they produce the most powerful impression. Persons who have been born and educated in large towns, and who have seldom after dark been beyond the circle of lamp-light—within which no spirit dare enter—can form but an imperfect idea of the hold which ghost stories take upon the minds of those who live in the country, and who have frequently to pass the spot where a murder has been committed, the three loaning-ends where a suicide has been buried, or the lonely church-yard where the spirit of a miser, who has died without discovering his hidden treasure, is still said to walk.

He who in boyhood has listened to stories of ghosts, narratives of the appearance of the departed spirits of men and women who once had a local habitation and a name in the neighbourhood of the village in which he resides, related by persons who fully believed in them, and perhaps ghost-seers themselves, finds considerable difficulty in after life, in divesting himself of his early impressions; and even when he is rationally convinced that ghosts have never existed, except in the minds of those who professed that they had seen things which they only imagined, his feelings are sometimes not in perfect accordance with his belief. When riding home from fair or market, there are certain places on the road which he has a great aversion to pass at the “dead hour of the night.” As he approaches them, notwithstanding the courage-inspiring influence of John Barleycorn, he feels himself rather chill. He reins in his horse a little tighter, seats himself more firmly in the saddle, and thrusts his feet home in the stirrups, ready to strike spurs into his horse, should aught supernatural appear; and more

* *Lyke* is from the German *Leiche*, a corpse. It is customary, among the lower classes in Northumberland, for several of the friends and neighbours of the deceased to sit up each night in the same room with the body until it be interred.

than once, as he has passed the end of the plantation where the headless woman jumped up behind the butcher, he has started at the rustling of the withered leaves, and fancied that the same fearful spectre was about to spring from the wood and seat herself behind him.

Though among the Northumbrian peasantry the number is not great of persons who profess to testify, from their own experience, of the appearance of ghosts, wraiths, death-hearses, and similar apparitions, and of the power of warlocks and witches, yet there are many who are firmly persuaded that "such things have been;" and not a few who continue to believe that there are ghosts and witches still. The troubled spirits which most frequently vexed the upper air, and made night hideous, were those of persons who had been murdered, and of misers who had hidden treasure, and failed to discover it before their decease. Persons who mourned with inordinate grief the death of parent, child, husband, wife, or friend, were sometimes visited by the spirit of the departed, and solemnly warned not to disturb the repose of the dead by their unavailing lamentations, and murmurs at the dispensations of Providence. It was believed that though human justice should fail in detecting the murderer, yet went he not without punishment even on earth, for not unfrequently did the spirit of his victim appear to him in the darkness and solitude of night, filling his mind with terror, to which death would have been to him a relief, had he not dreaded the greater torments which awaited him hereafter.

About eighty years ago, according to popular report, a pedlar, who had the character of being possessed of a large sum of money, which he always carried about with him, entered a lone farm-house above Rothbury, at which, in his regular visits to that part of the country, he had been accustomed to call. From that hour he was never more seen, and tradition ascribes his murder to the farmer's wife. She was the only person at home when the pedlar called; and as she and her husband had before spoken of killing him for the sake of his money, she resolved to avail herself of the present opportunity of executing the foul deed. As he was sitting in the kitchen, with his back to the door, eating of some food which she had set out, she came suddenly behind him, and felled him to the ground with a blow from a churn-staff; and after taking the purse out of his pocket, threw him into a deep well in the yard. On her husband's return from the field, she informed him of what she had done, and the next day, when the servants were absent, they drew the body from the well and buried it. Though their neighbours noticed that their worldly circumstances were much improved, and that they had much more money at command than formerly, yet they were never suspected of having murdered the pedlar. Their ill-got gain, however, brought them not happiness. The

husband, a few years afterwards, fell from his horse and broke his neck ; and at times the widow was seized with fits of terror, which appeared to deprive her of reason. She survived her husband several years, and on her death-bed communicated to a person who attended her the circumstances of the pedlar's murder, and the cause of her terrors. Frequently when she entered the kitchen where the deed was done, she fancied that she saw the pedlar sitting at the table ; and after she had removed to another house, he used sometimes to seat himself opposite to her, with his hair wet and hanging down over his face, as he appeared when she and her husband drew him from the well.

In passing a cottage, in which I remembered that an old woman had dwelt who was suspected of having caused the death of one of her children, I inquired of a person, a native of the village, who was with me, if he knew anything of the circumstance, and received from him the following account. "I knew the woman, who is now where the Lord pleases, very well. She was the wife of a day-tale * man, and they had more small bairns than they could well provide for ; and in harvest she used to go out a-shearing. One year, about the harvest time, she had a young bairn at the breast, which she thought was one too many ; and that she might not be hindered of the shearing by staying at home with it, and that she might get rid of it altogether, she smothered it in the cradle. There was no public inquiry made, nor inquest held, but all her neighbours, especially the women folk, believed that the bairn was wilfully made away with, for she had the character of being a cold-hearted mother. She never did well, though she lived for nearly forty years afterwards. She fell into a low way, and was, at times, almost clean past herself. She was always at the worst about the time of the harvest moon ; and would then often walk about the house, and sometimes go out and wander about the common, all night, moaning and greeting in a fearful way. I have many a time seen her holding her head atween her hands, rocking herself backwards and forwards on a low chair, groaning and sighing, and every now and then giving an awful sort of shriek, which folks, who knew her best, said was her way when she fancied that she heard the bairn cry out in the same way that it did when she was smooching it. About the harvest time, she often used to see the spirit of the innocent that she had put to death, and her neighbours often heard her talking to it, bidding it to be gone, and not to torment her longer with its cries. She is now dead and in her grave, and has been many years ; and whatever may

* A *day-tale* man is a labourer not engaged by a master for a certain time, but working for any person who will employ him by the day or by the week.

be her punishment in the next world for taking away the life of a harmless bairn of her own flesh and blood, she certainly dreed a heavy penance in this."

A *wraith*, or *wauf*, as it is frequently called in Northumberland, is the apparition of a person which appears *before* his death. The wraith is commonly seen by a near relation or friend of the party, whose death it portends; and it is sometimes seen, though the person whose death is thus announced be in a distant country. I have heard of a man who saw and spoke to his own wraith, though without receiving an answer, and who died next day. When the *death-hearse*, drawn by headless horses, and driven by a headless driver, is seen about midnight proceeding rapidly, but without noise, towards the church-yard, the death of some considerable person in the parish is sure to happen at no distant period. After the death of a person, the following was the mode of proceeding to ascertain which member of the family was next to depart for their "long home." The straw or chaff of the bed or mattress on which the person last deceased had died, was to be taken into the yard and burnt, and in the ashes would be seen the print of a foot; and that member of the family whose foot corresponded with the impression was the person who was next to die. It is an article of general belief, that if there be pigeons' feathers in a bed on which a dying person lies, the struggle of the departing spirit in liberating itself from its tenement of clay is painfully protracted; and that a person cannot even die on such a bed, but must be lifted out before the troubled spirit can obtain its release.—*Rambles in Northumberland.*

Amongst the middle classes in the North of England, it is customary when a person dies, either to remove the looking-glass from the apartment, or cover it with a white cloth. No person can enter such a place without a mixture of feelings partaking of awe or fear, and the imagination being excited, shadows might, in the glass, assume the appearance of unearthly forms; hence the propriety, at such a time, of discontinuing its use. The custom of placing on the breast of the corpse a table plate containing salt is still very generally observed; and the females, who attend on such occasions, say that it prevents the body from swelling; but this was practised in former times under very different motives,—the salt was considered typical of immortality, and it was thus employed for the purpose of propitiation, and for averting the influence of the powers of darkness.

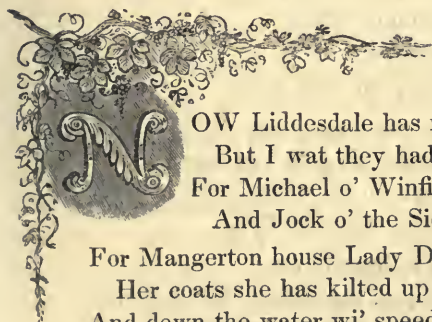
JOCK O' THE SIDE.

FROM "THE MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER."

The reality of this story rests solely upon the foundation of tradition. Jock o' the side seems to have been nephew to the Laird of Manger-toun, cousin to the Laird's Jock, one of his deliverers, and probably brother to Christie of the Side, mentioned in the list of Border clans, 1597.

Jock o' the Side appears to have assisted the earl of Westmoreland in his escape after his unfortunate insurrection with the earl of Northumberland, in the twelfth year of Elizabeth. The two earls went into Liddesdale, but being opposed by Martin Elliott and others, adherents to the Regent of Scotland, they were compelled to fly to one of the Armstrongs, who lived on the debateable land on the Borders between Liddesdale and England, and who, to his perpetual disgrace, ultimately betrayed Northumberland into the hands of his enemies. On their departure with their followers, they amounted to not more than fifty horse, and Westmoreland, that he might be unknown, changed his coat of plate and sword with Jock o' the Side, and departed like a Scottish Borderer. The countess of Northumberland, and her retinue appear to have remained in Liddesdale; for after the earls departed, the Border thieves stole the horses of her ladyship, of her two women, and of ten others of the company,—hence she was left on foot at Jock o' the Side's house, a cottage not to be compared with many a dog kennel in England.

JOCK O' THE SIDE. *



NOW Liddesdale has ridden a raid,
 But I wat they had better hae staid at hame;
 For Michael o' Winfield he is dead,
 And Jock o' the Side is prisoner ta'en.
 For Mangerton house Lady Downie has gane,
 Her coats she has kilted up to her knee;
 And down the water wi' speed she rins,
 While tears in spaits¹ fa' fast frae her ee.

¹ *Spaits*—Torrents.

* This Ballad was first published 1784 in the *Hawick Poetical Museum* from an ancient Manuscript, communicated by John Elliott, Esq., of Reidheugh, a gentleman well skilled in the antiquities of Liddisdale. It was republished with some slight emendations by Scott, 1802, in his justly celebrated "MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER."

Then up and spoke her gude auld lord—

“What news, what news, sister Downie, to me?”—

“Bad news, bad news, my Lord Mangerton;

Michael is killed, and they hae ta'en my son Johnie.”

—“Ne'er fear, sister Downie,” quo' Mangerton;

“I have yokes of ousen, eighty and three;

My barns, my byres, and my faulds, a' weil fill'd,

I'll part wi' them a' ere Johnie shall die.

“Three men I'll send to set him free,

A' harneist wi' the best o' steil;

The English louns may hear, and drie

The weight o' their braid-swords to feel.

“The Laird's Jock ane, the Laird's Wat twa,

O Hobbie Noble, thou ane maun be!

Thy coat is blue, thou hast been true,

Since England banished thee, to me.”—

Now Hobbie was an English man,

In Bewcastle-dale was bred and born;

But his misdeeds they were sae great,

They banished him ne'er to return.

Lord Mangerton them orders gave,

“Your horses the wrang way maun be shod;

Like gentlemen ye mauna seem,

But look like corn-caugers¹ ga'en the road.

“Your armour gude ye mauna shaw,

Nor yet appear like men o' weir;

As country lads be a' array'd,

Wi branks and brecham² on each mare.”—

Sae now their horses are the wrang way shod,

And Hobbie has mounted his grey sae fine;

Jock his lively bay, Wat's on his white horse behind,

And on they rode for the water of Tyne.

At the Cholerford³ they a' light down,

And there, wi' the help of the light o' the moon,

A tree they cut, wi' fifteen nogs on each side,

To climb up the wa' of Newcastle toun.

But when they cam to Newcastle toun,

And were alighted at the wa',

¹ *Caugers*—Carriers.—² *Branks and Brecham*—Halter and cart-collar.

³ *Cholerford* is a ford on the Tyne, above Hexham.

They fand thair tree three ells ower laigh,
 They fand their stick baith short and sma'.
 Then up and spak the Laird's ain Jock ;
 "There's naething for't ; the gates we maun force."—
 But when they cam the gate until,
 A proud porter withstood baith men and horse.
 His neck in twa the Armstrangs wrang ;
 Wi' fute or hand he ne'er play'd pa !
 His life and his keys at anes they hae ta'en,
 And cast the body ahint the wa'.



Now sune they reach Newcastle jail,
 And to the prisoner thus they call ;
 "Sleeps thou, wakes thou, Jock o' the Side,
 Or art thou weary of thy thrall ?"
 Jock answers thus, wi' dulefu' tone ;
 "Aft, aft I wake—I seldom sleep :
 But whae's this kens my name sae weel,
 And thus to mese' my waes does seik ?"—
 Then out and spak the gude Laird's Jock,
 "Now fear ye na, my billie," quo' he ;
 "For here are the Laird's Jock, the Lairds Wat,
 And Hobbie Noble, come to set thee free."—
 "Now haud thy tongue, my gude Laird's Jock,
 For ever, alas ! this canna be ;
 For if a' Liddesdale were here the night,
 The morn's the day that I maun die.

“Full fifteen stane o’ Spanish iron,
 They hae laid a’ right sair on me;
 Wi’ locks and keys I am fast bound
 Into this dungeon dark and dreirie.”—

“Fear ye na’ that,” quo’ the Laird’s Jock;
 “A faint heart ne’er wan a fair ladie;
 Work thou within, we’ll work without,
 And I’ll be sworn we’ll set thee free.”—

The first strong door that they cam at,
 They loosed it without a key;
 The next chain’d door that they cam at,
 They garr’d it a’ to flinders flee.

The prisoner now upon his back
 The Laird’s Jock has gotton up fu’ hie;
 And down the stairs, him, airns and a’
 Wi’ nae sma’ speid and joy brings he.

“Now, Jock, my man,” quo’ Hobbie Noble,
 “Some o’ his weight ye may lay on me.”—
 “I wat weel no!” quo’ the Laird’s ain Jock,
 “I count him lighter than a flee.”—

Sae out at the gates they a’ are gane,
 The prisoner’s set on horseback hie;
 And now wi’ speed they’ve ta’en the gate,
 While ilk ane jokes fu’ wantonlie:

“O Jock! sae winsomely’s ye ride,
 Wi’ baith your feet upon ae side;
 Sae weel ye’re harneist, and sae trig,
 In troth ye sit like ony bride!”—

The night, tho’ wat, they did na mind,
 But hied them on fu’ merrilie,
 Until they cam to Cholerford brae,
 Where the water ran like mountains hie.

But when they cam to Cholerford,
 There they met with an auld man;
 Says—“Honest man, will the water ride?
 Tell us in haste, if that ye can.”—

“I wat weel no,” quo’ the gude auld man;
 “I hae lived here thretty years and three,
 And I ne’er yet saw the Tync sae big,
 Nor running anes sae like a sea.”—

Then out and spoke the Laird's saft Wat,
 The greatest coward in the companie
 "Now halt, now halt! we need na try't
 The day is come we a' maun die!"—
 "Puir faint-hearted thief!" cried the Laird's ain Jock,
 "There'l nae man die but him that's fie;¹
 I'll guide ye a' right safely thro';
 Lift ye the pris'ner on ahint me."—
 Wi' that the water they hae ta'en,
 By ane's and twa's they a' swam thro';
 "Here are we a' safe," quo' the Laird's Jock,
 "And, puir faint Wat, what think ye now?"—
 They scarce the other brae had won,
 When twenty men they saw pursue;
 Frae Newcastle toun they had been sent,
 A' English lads baith stout and true.
 But when the land-serjeant² the water saw,
 "It winna ride, my lads," says he;
 Then cried aloud—"The prisoner take,
 But leave the fetters, I pray, to me."—
 "I wat weel no," quo' the Laird's ain Jock,
 "I'll keep them a'; shoon to my mare they'll be:
 My gude bay mare—for I am sure,
 She has bought them a' right dear frae thee,"—
 Sae now they are on to Liddesdale,
 E'en as fast as they could them hie;
 The prisoner is brought to's ain fire-side,
 And there o's airns they make him free.
 "Now, Jock, my billie," quo' a' the three,
 "The day is com'd thou was to die;
 But thou's as weel at thy ain ingle-side,
 Now sitting, I think, 'twixt thee and me."

¹ *Fie*—Predestined.

² The land-serjeant was an officer under the warden, to whom was committed the apprehending of delinquents, and the care of the public peace.

“THE FALSE HEARTED HA’.”



LITTLE to the north of Otterburn, and on the east side of the Otter, on a spot of rich green sward, stood GIRSONFIELD a farm house, which since the time of Queen Elizabeth, had belonged to the proprietors of Otterburn castle. Some parts of its walls still remain; and a new house of the same name has been built on the hill side to the east of it, in a much more exposed, poor, and inconvenient situation. There it was that “*the false hearted Ha’*” resided, whose treachery bred a long and bitter feud between the clans of Hall and Reed. The occupier of Girsonfield had been enjoying the confidence, and friendship of Percival Reed; but when the latter, as keeper at Redesdale, was leading out a party of his neighbours against an inroad of the clan of Crozier from the opposite border, Hall betrayed him into the hands of the enemy, who slew him at Batenshope, on the Whitelee ground. Some say, that Hall secretly damped the inside of Mr. Reed’s musket, after it was loaded; and that it burst at the first fire and killed him. All agree that he came to his death by the circumvention of Hall, whose clan were privy to his plot, and ever after holden in the greatest detestation. They say, too, that the spirit of Reed, ever after it was disembodied, could find no rest; but was seen wandering far and near, in trouble, and in various forms, till one gifted with words to lay it to rest, summoned it to his presence, and offered it the place and form it might wish to have. It chose the banks of the Rede, between Todlawhaugh and Pringlehaugh and there

(“Trained forward to his bloody fall,

“By Girsonfield the treacherous Hall;)

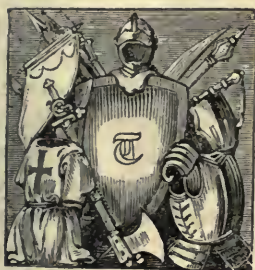
“Oft by the Pringle’s haunted side

“The shepherd sees his spectre glide.”—*Rokeby*.

It had five miles of river-side scenery to range among, in which it flitted about by night, and roosted on some stone or tree by day. One of its favourite haunts was about the Todlaw mill, now in ruins, where the people, as they went to the meeting house at Birdhope Cragg, often saw it, uncovered their heads as they passed, and bowed, and the courteous phantom bowed again, till its “certain time” was expired; on the last day of which, as the conjurer who laid him was following his ordinary occupation of a thatcher at the Woollaw, he felt something touch him like the wing of a bird whisking by, came down the ladder, was seized with a cold trembling, shivered, and died.—*Hodgson’s Northd.*

THE RISING IN THE NORTH.

FROM "THE RELIQUES OF ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY."



HE subject of this ballad is the great northern insurrection in the 12th year of Elizabeth, 1569; which proved so fatal to Thomas Percy, the seventh earl of Northumberland.

There had not long before been a secret negociation entered into between some of the Scottish and English nobility, to bring about a marriage between Mary Queen of Scots, at that time a prisoner in England, and the Duke of Norfolk, a nobleman of excellent character and firmly attached to the protestant religion. This match was proposed to all the most considerable of the English nobility, and among the rest to the earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, two noblemen very powerful in the north. As it seemed to promise a speedy and safe conclusion of the troubles in Scotland, with many advantages to the crown of England, they all consented to it, provided it should prove agreeable to Queen Elizabeth. The earl of Leicester (Elizabeth's favourite) undertook to break the matter to her; but before he could find an opportunity, the affair had come to her ears by other hands, and she was thrown into a violent flame. The duke of Norfolk, with several of his friends, was committed to the tower, and summonses were sent to the northern earls instantly to make their appearance at court. It is said that the earl of Northumberland, who was a man of a mild and gentle nature, was deliberating with himself whether he should not obey the message, and rely on the queen's candour and clemency, when he was forced into desperate measures by a sudden report at midnight, November 14, that a party of his enemies were come to seize on his person*. The earl was then at his house at Topcliffe in Yorkshire. When rising hastily out of bed, he withdrew to the earl of Westmoreland, at Brancepeth, where the country came in to them, and pressed them to take arms in their own defence. They accordingly set up their standards, declaring their intent was to restore the ancient religion, to get the succession to the crown firmly settled, and to prevent the destruction of the ancient nobility, &c. Their common banner † (on which was displayed the cross, together

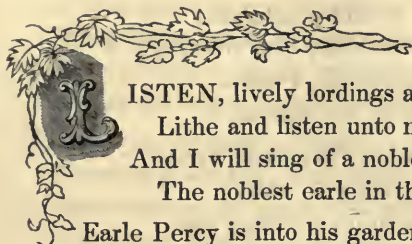
* This circumstance is overlooked in the ballad.

† Besides this, the ballad mentions the separate banners of the two noblemen.

with the five wounds of Christ,) was borne by an ancient gentleman, Richard Norton, esq. of Norton-Conyers: who with his sons (among whom Christopher, Marmaduke, and Thomas, are expressly named by Camden,) distinguished himself on this occasion. Having entered Durham, they tore the bible, &c., and caused a mass to be said there: they then marched on to Clifford moor near Wetherby, where they mustered their men. Their intention was to have proceeded to York; but, altering their minds, they fell upon Barnard's castle, which Sir George Bowes held out against them for eleven days. The two earls, who spent their large estates in hospitality, and were extremely beloved on that account, were masters of little ready money; the earl of Northumberland bringing with him only eight thousand crowns, and the earl of Westmoreland nothing at all for the subsistence of their forces, they were not able to march to London, as they at first intended. In these circumstances, Westmoreland began so visibly to despond, that many of his men slunk away, though Northumberland still kept up his resolution, and was master of the field till December 13, when the earl of Sussex, accompanied with Lord Hunsdon and others, having marched out of York at the head of a large body of forces, and being followed by a still larger army under command of Ambrose Dudley, earl of Warwick, the insurgents retreated northward towards the borders, and there dismissing their followers, made their escape into Scotland. Though this insurrection had been suppressed with so little bloodshed, the earl of Sussex and Sir George Bowes, marshal of the army, put vast numbers to death by martial law, without any regular trial. The former of these caused at Durham sixty-three constables to be hanged at once. And the latter made his boast, that for sixty miles in length, and forty in breadth, betwixt Newcastle and Wetherby, there was hardly a town or village wherein he had not executed some of the inhabitants. This exceeds the cruelties practised in the west after Monmouth's rebellion: but that was not the age of tenderness and humanity.

Such is the account collected from Stow, Speed, Camden, Guthrie, Carte, and Rapin; it agrees in most particulars with the following ballad, which was apparently the production of some northern minstrel, who was well affected to the two noblemen. It is here printed from two manuscript copies, one of them in the Editor's folio collection. They contained considerable variations, out of which such readings were chosen as seemed most poetical and consonant to history.

THE RISING IN THE NORTH.



LISTEN, lively lordings all,
 Lithe and listen unto mee,
 And I will sing of a noble earle,
 The noblest earle in the north countrie.

Earle Percy is into his garden gone,
 And after him walkes his faire ladie¹;
 I heard a bird sing in mine eare,
 That I must either fight, or flee.

Now heaven forefend, my dearest lord,
 That ever such harm should hap to thee:
 But goe to London to the court,
 And faire fall truth and honestie.

Now nay, now nay, my ladye gay,
 Alas! thy counsell suits not mee;
 Mine enemies prevail so fast,
 That at the court I may not bee.

O goe to the court yet, good my lord,
 And take thy gallant men with thee:
 If any dare to doe you wrong,
 Then your warrant they may bee.

Now nay, now nay, thou lady faire,
 The court is full of subtiltie;
 And if I goe to the court, ladye,
 Never more I may thee see.

Yet goe to the court, my lord, she sayes,
 And I myselfe will ryde wi' thee:
 At court then for my dearest lord,
 His faithfull borrowe I will bee.

Now nay, now nay, my lady deare;
 Far lever had I lose my life,
 Than leave among my cruell foes
 My love in jeopardy and strife.

¹ This lady was Anne, daughter of Henry Somerset, Earl of Worcester.

But come thou hither, my little foot-page,
 Come thou hither unto mee,
 To Maister Norton thou must goe
 In all the haste that ever may bee.

Commend me to that gentlemàn,
 And beare this letter here fro mee;
 And say that earnestly I praye,
 He will ryde in my companie.

One while the little foot-page went,
 And another while he ran;
 Untill he came to his journeyes end,
 The little foot-page never blan.

When to that gentleman he came,
 Down he kneeled on his knee;
 And tooke the letter betwixt his hands,
 And lett the gentleman it see.

And when the letter it was redd
 Affore that goodlye companye,
 I wis, if you the truthe wold know,
 There was many a weeping eye.

He sayd, Come thither, Christopher Norton,
 A gallant youth thou seemest to bee;
 What doest thou counsell me, my sonne,
 Now that good erle's in jeopardy?

Father, my counselle's fair and free;
 That erle he is a noble lord,
 And whatsoever to him you hight,
 I would not have you breake your word.

Gramercy, Christopher, my sonne,
 Thy counsell well it liketh mee,
 And if we speed and scape with life,
 Well advanced shalt thou bee.

Come you hither, my nine good sonnes,
 Gallant men I trowe you bee:
 How many of you, my children deare,
 Will stand by that good erle and mee?

Eight of them did answer make,
 Eight of them spake hastilie,
 O father, till the daye we dye
 We'll stand by that good erle and thee.

Gramercy now, my children deare,
 You shoue yourselves right bold and brave ;
 And whethersoe'er I live or dye,
 A father's blessing you shall have.

But what sayst thou, O Francis Norton,
 Thon art mine eldest sonn and heire :
 Somewhat lyes brooding in thy breast ;
 Whatever it bee, to mee declare.

Father, you are an aged man,
 Your head is white, your bearde is gray ;
 It were a shame at these your yeares
 For you to ryse in such a fray.

Now fye upon thee, coward Francis,
 Thou never learnedst this of mee :
 When thou wert young and tender of age,
 Why did I make soe much of thee ?

But, father, I will wend with you,
 Unarm'd and naked will I bee ;
 And he that strikes against the crowne,
 Ever an ill death may he dee.

Then rose that reverend gentleman,
 And with him came a goodlye band
 To join with the brave Erle Percy,
 And all the flower o' Northumberland.

With them the noble Nevill came,
 The Erle of Westmorland was hee:
 At Wetherbye they mustred their host,
 Thirteen thousand faire to see.

Lord Westmorland his ancyeut raisde,
 The Dun Bull he rays'd on hye,
 And three Dogs with golden collars
 Were there set out most royallye¹.

¹ "Dun Bull, &c.] The supporters of the Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland, were Two Bulls Argent, ducally collar'd Gold, armed Or, &c. But I have not discovered the device mentioned in the ballad, among the badges, &c., given by that house. This however is certain, that, among those of the Nevilles, Lords Abergavenny (who were of the same family), is a dun cow with a golden collar: and the Nevilles of Chyte in Yorkshire (of the Westmoreland branch) gave for their crest, in 1513, a dog's (grey-hound's) head erased. So that it is not improbable but Charles Neville, the unhappy Earl of Westmoreland here mentioned, might on this occasion give the above device on his banner. After all, our old minstrel's verses here may have undergone some corruption; for in another ballad in the

Erle Percy there his ancyent spred,
 The Halfe-Moone shining all soe faire¹ :
 The Norton's ancyent had the crosse,
 And the five wounds our Lord did beare.
 Then Sir George Bowes he straitwaye rose,
 After them some spoyle to make :
 Those noble erles turn'd backe againe,
 And aye they vowed that knight to take.
 That baron he to his castle fled,
 To Barnard castle then fled hee.
 The uttermost walles were cathe to win,
 The earles have wonne them presentlie.
 The uttermost walles were lime and bricke ;
 But thoughe they won them soon anone,
 Long e'er they wan the innermost walles,
 For they were cut in rocke of stone.
 Then newes unto leewe London came
 In all the speede that ever might bee,
 And word is brought to our royall queene
 Of the rysing in the North countrie.

same folio manuscript, and apparently written by the same hand, containing the sequel of this Lord Westmoreland's history, his banner is thus described, more conformable to his known bearings :

Sett me up my faire dun bull,
 With gilden hornes, hee beares all soe hye.

¹ "The Halfe-Moone," &c.] The Silver Crescent is a well known crest or badge of the Northumberland family. It was probably brought home from some of the Crusades against the Saracens. In an ancient pedigree in verse, finely illuminated on a roll of vellum, and written in the reign of Henry VII. (in possession of the family), we have this fabulous account given of its original. The author begins with accounting for the name of *Gernon* or *Algernon*, often born by the *Percies* ; who, he says, were

.....Gernons fyrst named Brutys bloude of Troy :
 Which valliantly fyghtynge in the land of Persè [Persia]
 At pointe terrible ayance the misereants on nyght,
 An hevynly mystery was schewyd hym, old bookys reherse ;
 In hys scheld did schyne a *Mone* veryfying her lyght,
 Which to all the oost yave a perfytted fyght,
 To vaynquys his enemys, and to deth them persue :
 And therefore the Persès [Percies] the Cressant doth renew.

In the dark ages no family was deemed considerable that did not derive its descent from the Trojan Brutus ; or that was not distinguished by prodigies and miracles.

Her grace she turned her round about,
 And like a royall queene shee swore¹,
 I will ordayne them such a breakfast,
 As never was in the North before.
 Shee caus'd thirty thousand men be rays'd,
 With horse and harneis faire to see ;
 She caused thirty thousand men be raised,
 To take the earles i' th' North countrie.
 Wi' them the false Erle Warwick went,
 Th' Erle Sussex and the Lord Hunsdèn ;
 Untill they to Yorke castle came
 I wiss, they never stint ne blan.
 Now spred thy ancyent, Westmorland,
 Thy dun bull faine would we spye :
 And thou, the Erle o' Northumberland,
 Now rayse thy half moone up on hye.
 But the dun bulle is fled and gone,
 And the halfe moone vanished away :
 The Erles, though they were brave and bold,
 Against soe many could not stay.
 Thee, Norton, wi' thine eight good sonnes,
 They doom'd to dye, alas ! for ruth !
 Thy reverend lockes thee could not save,
 Nor them their faire and blooming youthe.
 Wi' them full many a gallant wight
 They cruellye bereav'd of life :
 And many a childe made fatherlesse,
 And widowed many a tender wife.

¹ This is quite in character: her majesty would sometimes swear at her nobles, as well as box their ears.

Sir Cuthbert Sharp, the talented editor of "The Bishoprick Garland," visited Bishop Percy, at Dromore in 1798, and ascertained "The Rising in the North" to be his favourite ballad. The venerable compiler of the far famed "Reliques" recited it to him with great energy and effect. Sir Cuthbert was indeed

"Happier in this than mightiest bards have been ;"

For to be present on such an occasion, would, to many, have been an intellectual feast of no ordinary kind. Considering the influence which the worthy Prelate's editorial labours have had on our national literature, we think he has not yet acquired more than a portion of his fame.

NORTHUMBERLAND BETRAYED BY DOUGLAS.

FROM "THE RELIQUES OF ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY."



HIS ballad may be considered as the sequel of the preceding. After the unfortunate earl of Northumberland had seen himself forsaken of his followers, he endeavoured to withdraw into Scotland, but falling into the hands of the thievish borderers, was stript and otherwise ill-treated by them. At length he reached the house of Hector of Harlaw, an Armstrong, with whom he hoped to lie concealed: for Hector had engaged his honour to be true to him, and was under great obligations to this unhappy nobleman. But this faithless wretch betrayed his guest for a sum of money to Murray the regent of Scotland, who sent him to the castle of Loughleven, then belonging to William Douglas. All the writers of that time assure us, that Hector, who was rich before, fell shortly after into poverty, and became so infamous, that "to take Hector's cloak," grew into a proverb to express a man who betrays his friend. *See Camden, Carleton, Holingshed, &c.*

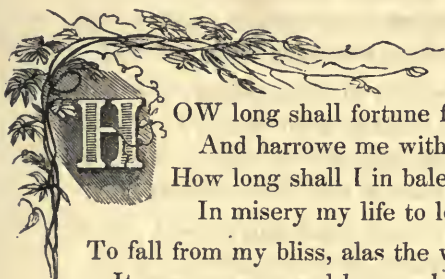
Lord Northumberland continued in the castle of Loughleven till the year 1572; when James Douglas earl of Morton being elected regent, he was given up to the lord Hunsden at Berwick, and being carried to York suffered death. As Morton's party depended upon Elizabeth for protection, an elegant historian thinks "it was scarce possible for them to refuse putting into her hands a person who had taken up arms against her. But as a sum of money was paid on that account, and shared between Morton and his kinsman Douglas, the former of whom, during his exile in England, had been much indebted to Northumberland's friendship, the abandoning this unhappy nobleman to inevitable destruction, was deemed an ungrateful and mercenary act." *Robertson's Hist.*

So far history coincides with this ballad, which was apparently written by some Northern bard soon after the event. The interposal of the witch-lady (v. 26.) is probably his own invention: yet, even this hath some countenance from history; for, about 25 years before, the lady Jane Douglas, Lady Glamis, sister of the earl of Angus, and nearly related to Douglas of Loughleven, had suffered death for the pretended crime of witchcraft; who, it is presumed, is the witch-lady alluded to in verse 34.

The following is selected (like the former) from two copies, which

contained great variations; one of them in the Editor's folio manuscript. In the other copy some of the stanzas at the beginning of this ballad are nearly the same with what in that manuscript are made to begin another ballad on the escape of the earl of Westmoreland, who got safe into Flanders, and is feigned in the ballad to have undergone a great variety of adventures.

NORTHUMBERLAND BETRAYED BY DOUGLAS.



HOW long shall fortune faile me now,
 And harrowe me with feare and dread?
 How long shall I in bale abide,
 In misery my life to lead?
 To fall from my bliss, alas the while!
 It was my sore and heavy lott:
 And I must leave my native land,
 And I must live a man forgot.
 One gentle Armstrong I doe ken,
 A Scot, he is much bound to mee:
 He dwelleth on the border side,
 To him I'll goe right privilie.
 Thus did the noble Percy 'plaine,
 With a heavy heart and wel-away,
 When he with all his gallant men
 On Bramham moor had lost the day.
 But when he to the Armstrongs came,
 They delt with him all treacherouslye;
 For they did strip that noble earle:
 And ever an ill death may they dye.
 False Hector to Earl Murray sent,
 To shew him where his guest did hide:
 Who sent him to the Lough-leven,
 With William Douglas to abide.
 And when he to the Douglas came,
 He halched him right courteouslie:
 Say'd, Welcome, welcome, noble earle,
 Here thou shalt safelye bide with mee.

When he had in Lough-leven been
 Many a month and many a day;
 To the regent¹ the lord warden² sent,
 That banisht earle for to betray.
 He offered him great store of gold,
 And wrote a letter fair to see:
 Saying, Good my lord, grant me my boon,
 And yield that banisht man to mee.
 Earle Percy at the supper sate
 With many a goodly gentleman:
 The wylie Douglas then bespake,
 And thus to flyte with him began:
 What makes you be so sad, my lord,
 And in your mind so sorrowfully?
 To-morrow a shooting will be held
 Among the lords of the North countrye.
 The butts are sett, the shooting's made,
 And there will be great royaltie:
 And I am sworne into my bille,
 Thither to bring my Lord Percy.
 I'll give thee my hand, thou gentle Douglas,
 And here by my true faith, quoth hee,
 If thou wilt ryde to the worldes end,
 I will ryde in thy companye.
 And then bespake a lady faire,
 Mary a Douglas was her name:
 You shall byde here, good English lord,
 My brother is a traiterous man.
 He is a traitor stout and stronge,
 As I tell you in privitie;
 For he hath tane liverance of the earle³,
 Into England nowe to 'liver thee.
 Now nay, now nay, thou goodly lady,
 The regent is a noble lord:
 Ne for the gold in all England
 The Douglas wold not break his word.

¹ James Douglas Earl of Morton, elected Regent of Scotland, November 24, 1572.

² Of one of the English Marches. Lord Hunsden.

³ Of the Earl of Morton, the Regent.

When the regent was a banisht man,
With me he did faire welcome find ;
And whether weal or woe betide,
I still shall find him true and kind.
Betweene England and Scotland it wold breake truce,
And friends againe they wold never bee,
If they shold 'liver a banisht erle
Was driven out of his own countrie.
Alas ! alas ! my lord, she sayes,
Nowe mickle is their traitorie ;
Then lett my brother ryde his wayes,
And tell these English lords from thee,
How that you cannot with him ryde,
Because you are in an ile of the sea¹,
Then ere my brother come againe
To Edenborrow castle² Ile carry thee.
To the Lord Hume I will thee bring,
He is well knowne a true Scots lord,
And he will lose both land and life,
Ere he with thee will break his word.
Much is my woe, Lord Percy sayd
When I thinke on my own countrie,
When I thinke on the heavye happe
My friends have suffered there for mee.
Much is my woe, Lord Percy sayd,
And sore those wars my minde distresse ;
Where many a widow lost her mate,
And many a child was fatherlesse.
And now that I a banisht man
Shold bring such evil happe with mee,
To cause my faire and noble friends
To be suspect of treacherie :
This rives my heart with double woe ;
And lever had I dye this day,
Than thinke a Douglas can be false,
Or ever he will his guest betray.
If you'll give me no trust, my lord,
Nor unto mee no credence yield ;

¹ i. e. Lake of Leven, which hath communication with the sea.

² At that time in the hands of the opposite faction.

Yet step one moment here aside,
He showe you all your foes in field.
Lady, I never loved witchcraft,
Never dealt in privy wyle ;
But evermore held the high-waye
Of truth and honour, free from guile.
If you'll not come yourselfe, my lorde,
Yet send your chamberlaine with mee ;
Let me but speak three words with him,
And he shall come again to thee.
James Swynard with that lady went,
She showed him through the weme of her ring
How many English lords there were
Waiting for his master and him.
And who walkes yonder, my good lady,
So royallye on yonder greene ?
O yonder is the Lord Hunsdèn¹ :
Alas ! he'll doe you drie and teene.
And who beth yonder, thou gay ladye,
That walkes so proudly him beside ?
That is Sir William Drury², shee sayd,
A keene captaine hee is and tryde.
How many miles is itt, madàme,
Betwixt yon English lords and mee ?
Marry it is thrice fifty miles,
To saile to them upon the sea.
I never was on English ground,
Ne never saw it with mine eye,
But as my book it sheweth mee,
And through my ring I may descrye.
My mother shee was a witch ladye,
And of her skille she learned mee ;
She wold let me see out of Lough-leven
What they did in London citie.
But who is yond, thou lady faire,
That looketh with sic an austerne face ?

¹ The Lord Warden of the East Marches.

² Governor of Berwick.

Yonder is Sir John Foster¹, quoth shee,
 Alas ! he'll do ye sore disgrace.
 He pulled his hatt down over his browe ;
 He wept ; in his heart he was full of woe :
 And he is gone to his noble Lord,
 'Those sorrowful tidings him to show.
 Now nay, now nay, good James Swynàrd,
 I may not believe that witch ladie ;
 The Douglasses were ever true,
 And they can ne'er prove false to mee.
 I have now in Lough-leven been
 The most part of these years three,
 Yett have I never had noe outrake,
 Ne no good games that I cold see.
 Therefore I'll to yon shooting wend,
 As to the Douglas I have hight :
 Betide me weale, betide me woe,
 He ne'er shall find my promise light.
 He writhe a gold ring from his finger,
 And gave itt to that gay ladie :
 Sayes, It was all that I cold save,
 In Harley woods where I cold bee².
 And wilt thou goe, thou noble lord,
 Then farewell truth and honestie ;
 And farewell heart and farewell hand ;
 For never more I shall thee see.
 The wind was faire, the boatmen call'd,
 And all the saylors were on borde ;
 Then William Douglas took to his boat,
 And with him went that noble lord.
 Then he cast up a silver wand,
 Says, Gentle lady, fare thee well !
 That lady fett a sigh soe deep,
 And in a dead swoone down shee fell.
 Now let us goe back, Douglas, he sayd,
 A sickness hath taken yond faire ladie ;

¹ Warden of the Middle March.

² i. e. where I was. An ancient idiom.

If ought befall yond lady but good.
 Then blamed for ever I shall bee.
 Come on, come on, my lord, he sayes ;
 Come on, come on, and let her bee :
 There's ladyes enow in Lough-leven
 For to cheere that gay ladie.
 If you'll not turne yourself, my lord,
 Let me go with my chamberlaine ;
 We will but comfort that faire lady,
 And wee will return to you againe.
 Come on, come on, my lord, he sayes,
 Come on, come on, and let her bee :
 My sister is craftye, and wold beguile
 A thousand such as you and mee.
 When they had sayled¹ fifty myle,
 Now fifty mile upon the sea ;
 Hee sent his man to ask the Douglas,
 When they shold that shooting see.
 Faire words, quoth he, they make fooles faine,
 And that by thee and thy lord is seen :
 You may hap to think itt soone enough,
 Ere you that shooting reach, I ween.
 Jamye his hatt pulled over his browe,
 He thought his lord then was betray'd ;
 And he is to Erle Percy againe,
 To tell him what the Douglas sayd.
 Hold upp thy head, man, quoth his lord ;
 Nor therefore lett thy courage fayle,
 He did it but to prove thy heart,
 To see if he cold make it quail.
 When they had other fifty sayld,
 Other fifty mile upon the sea,
 Lord Percy called to Douglas himself,
 Sayd, What wilt thou now doe with mee ?
 Looke that your brydle be wight, my lord,
 And your horse goe swift as shipp att sea :
 Looke that your spurres be bright and sharpe,
 That you may pricke her while she'll away.

¹ There is no navigable stream between Lough-leven and the sea: but a ballad-maker is not obliged to understand geography.

What needeth this, Douglas ? he sayth ;
 What needest thou to flyte with mee ?
 For I was counted a horseman good
 Before that ever I mett with thee.
 A false Hector hath my horse,
 Who dealt with me so treacherouslie :
 A false Armstrong hath my spurres,
 And all the geere belongs to mee.
 When they had sayled other fifty mile,
 Other fifty mile upon the sea ;
 They landed low by Berwicke side,
 A deputed 'laird' landed Lord Percy.
 Then he at Yorke was doomde to dye,
 It was, alas ! a sorrowful sight :
 Thus they betrayed that noble earle,
 Who ever was a gallant wight.

¹ The folio MS. reads "land," and has not the following stanza.



BERWICK-UPON-TWEED.

THE PICKTREE "BRAG."



O many, and in such various shapes, has the brag appeared, that it became necessary to procure the best local information on the subject, and an old woman [M. A.] of respectable appearance, of about ninety years of age, living near the spot, was universally referred to as knowing "most" about it; and her deposition is therefore given verbatim.

She said, I never saw the "brag" very distinctly, but I frequently heard it. It sometimes appeared like a calf, with a white handkerchief about its neck, and a bushy tail.

It came also like a galloway, but more often like a coach horse, and went trotting along the "lonin, afore folks, settin up a great nicker and a whinney every now and then;" and it came frequently like a "dickass," and it always stopped at the pond at the four "lonin ends and nickered and whinnied."

My brother once saw it like four men holding up a white sheet. I was then sure that some near relation was going to die; which was true. My husband once saw it in the image of a naked man without a head.

I knew a man of the name of Bewick, that was so frightened, that he hanged himself "for fear on't." Whenever the midwife was sent for, it always came up with her, in the shape of a "galloway."

Dr. Harrison wouldn't believe in it; but he met it one night as he was going home, and it "maist" killed him, but he never would tell what happened, and didn't like to talk about it; and whenever the "brag" was mentioned, he sat "trimilin and shakin" by the fireside.

My uncle had a white suit of clothes, and the first time he ever put them on he met the "brag" and he never had them on afterwards, but he met with some misfortune; and once when he met the "brag" and had his white suit on, (being a bold man,) and having been at a christening, he was determined to get on the brag's back; but when he com to the four "lonin ends," the brag "joggled him so sore," that he could hardly keep his seat, and at last it threw him off, into the middle of the pond, and then ran away, setting up a great nicker and laugh, just "for all the world like a christian."

But this I know to be true of my own knowledge, that when my father was dying, the brag was heard coming up the lonin like a coach and six, and it stood before the house, and the room "shaked," and it gave a terrible yell when my father died, and then it went clattering

and gallopin down the lonin, as if, “yeben and yerth was coming together.”—*Sharp's Bishoprick Garland*.

The following remarks from a recent publication of peculiar merit,* serve very materially to illustrate the present subject:—

“Sir Walter Scott, speaking of the bogle or goblin—‘a freakish spirit, who delights rather to perplex and frighten mankind, than either to serve or seriously to hurt them,’—mentions *Shellycoat* as a spirit of this class, ‘who resides in the waters, and has given his name to many a rock and stone upon the Scottish coast.’ Sir Walter adds: ‘He may, perhaps, be identified with the goblin of the northern English, which, in the towns and cities, Durham and Newcastle, for example, had the name of *Bar-guest*; but, in the country villages, was more frequently termed *Brag*. He usually ended his mischevious frolics with a horse-laugh †.’ With respect to the name, *Bar-guest*, I am inclined to think that sir Walter had been misinformed. A *Bo-guest* used not unfrequently to tease and frighten the inhabitants of Newcastle and the city of Durham before lamp and watch acts were obtained for those places, but a *Bar-guest*, I am inclined to think, they were never annoyed by. Sir Walter adds, in a note; ‘His name [*Bar-guest*] is derived by Grose, from his appearing near bars and stiles, but seems rather to come from the German—*Bahr-Geist*, or Spirit of the Bier.’ Grose’s derivation is worth little, though not far-fetched; and that of sir Walter himself is not in accordance with the goblin’s character. The mischevious sprite which sir Walter calls the *Bar-guest* was not at all associated with the bier, nor with man’s going out of the world, though he was a frequent attendant on the *howdy* or midwife, who assists to bring him into it; following her, sometimes in the shape of a dog, a monkey, or a little deformed man, to the dwelling of the good woman who was about to make an addition to the population of the country, where he used to chatter at the window and imitate, in a ludicrous manner, the conversation of the gossips and the out-cries of the ‘lady in the straw.’ There is a *Berg-geist* which haunts the German mines, more especially those in the neighbourhood of the Harz forest, and which occasionally plagues and frightens the workmen; and if ever a *Bar-guest* had played similar tricks, either above ground or below, with the miners of Northumberland and Durham, it might be conjectured with some appearance of probability, that those goblins were the same both in name and disposition. With respect to *BO*—a name terrific to children, and a test of manhood when addressed to a goose—Warton gives him a Scandinavian origin, and describes him as a Mighty cleaver of skulls, worthy of a high place in the hall of Odin; while Chalmers,

* Rambles in Northumberland.

† Border Minstrelsy.

ever willing to exalt the celts, though at the expence of the 'mighty Goths,' has provided him with a Welsh pedigree. In the great literary contest between the Goths and Celts, it is probable that the party who can clearly establish their claims to BO will obtain the victory. Great must have been the fame of this hero. The name of Marlborough, who has been dead little more than a century, is no longer terrific to the children of France, while that of BO is still potent in the nurseries of England."

THE HEDLEY KOW.



ABOUT sixty years ago, the country people in the neighbourhood of Hedley, a small village in the south of Northumberland, not far from Ebechester, in the County of Durham, were frequently annoyed by the pranks of a bogle called the *Hedley Kow*. His appearance was never terrific, and, like the *Barguest* of sir Walter, he usually ended his frolics with a horse-laugh at the fear or the astonishment of those on whom he had played a trick. To an old woman, gathering sticks by the hedge-side, he would sometimes appear like a *fad*, or truss of straw, lying in the road. This the old dame was generally tempted to take possession of; but, in carrying it home, her load would become so heavy, that she would be obliged to lay it down. The straw would then appear as if *quick*; would rise upright, and shuffle away before her, swinging first to one side and then to another, every now and then setting up a laugh, or giving a shout—in the manner of a *country* dancer when he *knacks* his heels and snaps his fingers at the turn of the tune—and at last wholly vanishing from her sight.

Two young men belonging to Newlands, near Ebechester, went out one night to meet their sweet-hearts; and, on arriving at the appointed place, they saw, as they supposed, the two girls walking at a short distance before them. The girls continued to walk onward for two or three miles, and the young men to follow, without being able to overtake them. They quickened their pace, but still the girls kept before them; and, at length, when the lovers found themselves up to the knees in a mire, the girls suddenly disappeared with the most unfeminine Ha! Ha! The young men now perceived that they had been beguiled by the *Hedley Kow*; and, after getting clear of the mire, ran homeward as

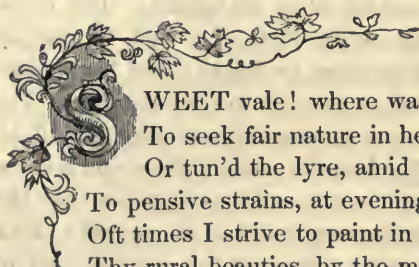
fast as their legs could carry them, the bogle following, hooting and laughing, close at their heels. In crossing the Derwent, a small stream near Ebchester, the one who took the lead fell down in the water, and his companion, who was not far behind, tumbled over him. In their fright, the one mistook the other for the *Kow*, and loud was the cry of terror as they rolled over each other in the stream. They, however, managed to get out separately; and, on reaching home, each told a fearful tale of being chased by the *Hedley Kow*, and of being nearly drowned by him in the Derwent. A farmer of the name of Forster, who lived near Hedley, went out into the field, early one morning, and caught, as he believed, his own grey horse. After putting the harness on, and yoking him to the cart, Forster was about to drive away, when the horse, whose form had been assumed by the *Kow*, for the purpose of having a laugh at the surprise of the farmer, 'slipped away from the *limmers* like a knotless thread,' and set up a great *nicker* as he flung up his heels, and scoured away out of the farm-yard. This bogle was a perfect plague to the servant girls at farm houses; sometimes calling them out by imitating the voice of their lovers, and, during their absence overturning the kail-pot, setting the cat to the cream, undoing their knitting, or putting their spinning-wheel out of order. Sometimes, in the shape of a favourite cow, he would lead the milk-maid a long chase round the field before he would allow himself to be caught; and after kicking and rowting, during the time of milking 'as if the deil was in *Hawkie*,' would at last upset the pail, and, slipping clear of the tie, give a loud laugh, which informed the astonished girl that she had been the sport of the *Kow*. Such were the freaks of this bogle, who was mischevious rather than malignant. The house of death he rarely visited; though, at the birth of a child, he was almost certain to make himself either seen or heard; and his appearance at those times was so common as scarcely to excite alarm. The man who rode for the midwife on such occasions was often teased by him: sometimes by appearing to the horse in a lonely place—for a horse often sees a bogle when the rider does not—and making him take the *reist*; and, at other times, by some cantrip, causing the animal to kick and plunge in such a manner as to dismount his double load of messenger and *howdy*. Sometimes, when the goodman would rush out with a thick stick, to drive away, from the door or the window, the *Kow* that was mocking the groaning wife, the stick would be snatched from him by an invisible hand and lustily applied to his own shoulders; and, sometimes, after chasing the bogle round the farm-yard, he would tumble over one of his own calves.

A farmer riding homeward late one night, observed, as he approached a lonely part of the road where the *Kow* used to play many of his

tricks, a person also on horseback at a short distance before him. Wishing to have company in a part of the road where he did not like to be alone at night, he quickened the pace of his horse. The person whom he wished to overtake, hearing the tramp of a horse rapidly advancing, and fearing that he was followed by some one with an evil intention, put spurs to his steed, and set off at a gallop; an example which was immediately followed by the horseman behind. At this rate they continued, whipping and spurring as if they rode for life and death, for nearly two miles; the man who was behind calling out with all his might, "Stop! Stop!" The person who fled, finding that his pursuer was gaining upon him, and hearing the continued cry, the words of which he could not make out, began to think that he was pursued by something unearthly, as no one who had a design to rob him would be likely to make such a noise. Determined no longer to fly from his pursuer, he pulled up his horse, and thus adjured the supposed evil spirit: "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, what art thou?" Instead of an evil spirit, a terrified neighbour, at once answered and repeated the question: "I's Jemmy Brown o' the High Field.—Wha's thou?"—*Rambles in Northd.*

Sonnet on Jesmond Dean,

BY JANE HARVEY OF NEWCASTLE.



WEET vale! where wand'ring fancy oft has stray'd,
 To seek fair nature in her summer bower;
 Or tun'd the lyre, amid thy much lov'd shade,
 To pensive strains, at evening's silent hour:
 Oft times I strive to paint in humble song,
 Thy rural beauties, by the muse inspir'd,
 Whose votary shuns, the gay and busy throng;
 And contemplation woos, in scenes retir'd:
 But ah! in vain their aid divine I ask;
 Though my dull verse no fire poetic breathes,
 My rustic lays, unequal to the task,
 Can claim no poets crown, no laurel wreathes;
 Yet would my muse a garland ask, sweet Dean
 Form'd of the rose buds wild that deck thy lovely green.

BISHOP-MIDDLEHAM.



IN the beginning of the fourteenth century, Bishop-Middleham was a fortress of the first class, and was the chief residence of bishop Anthony Beck within the county of Durham. The reasons which led to this preference are obvious: defended by a morass on two sides, and by broken ground to the north, the fortress presented an almost impregnable stronghold during the wars of the border, whilst Auckland lay bare and defenceless, on the direct rout of Scottish invasion. It is no wonder that in after-times Middleham was deserted for the green glades of Auckland.

The following lines are extracted, from an inedited poem on the "Superstitions of the North."

"There Valour bowed before the rood and book,
 And kneeling Knighthood served a Prelate Lord;
 Yet little deigned he on such train to look,
 Or glance of ruth or pity to afford.
 There Time has heard the peal rung out by night,
 Has seen from every tower the cressets stream:
 When the red balefire on yon Western height,
 Had roused the Warder from his fitful dream;
 Has seen old Durham's Lion banner float
 O'er the proud bulwark, that, with giant pride,
 And feet deep plunged amidst the circling moat,
 'The efforts of the roving Scot defied.
 Long rolling years have swept those scenes away,
 And Peace is on the mountain and the fell;
 And rosy dawn, and closing twilight gray,
 But hears the distant sheep-walks tinkling bell.
 And years have fled since last the gallant deer
 Sprung from yon covert at the thrilling horn;
 Yet still, when Autumn shakes the forest sear,
 Black Hugo's voice upon the blast is borne.
 Woe to the wight who shall his ire provoke,
 When the stern huntsman stalks his nightly round,
 By blasted ash, or lightning-shivered oak,
 And cheers with surly voice his spectre hound."

Of this black Hugh take the following legendary account:—

"Sir Anthon Bek, bussshop of Dureme in the tyme of king Eduarde, the son of king Henry, was the maist prowde and masterfull bussshop

in all England, and it was com'only said that he was the prowdest lord in Christienty. It chaunced that among other lewd persons, this sir Anthon entertained at his court one Hugh de Pountchardon, that for his evill deeds and manifold robberies had been driven out of the Ingliche courte, and had come from the southe to seek a little bread, and to live by stalyinge. And to this Hughe, whom also he imployed to good purpose in the warr of Scotland, the busshopp gave the lande of Thikley, since of him caullid Thikley-Puntchardon, and also made him his chiefe huntsman. And after, this blake Hugh dyed afore the busshop; and efter that the busshop chasid the wild hart in Galtres forest, and sodainly ther met with him Hugh de Pontchardon, that was afore deid, on a wythe horse; and the said Hugh loked earnestly on the busshop, and the busshop said unto him, 'Hughe, what makethe thee here?' and he spake never word, but lifte up his cloke, and then he shewed sir Anton his ribbes set with bones, and nothing more; and none other of the varlets saw him but the busshop only; and y^e saide Hughe went his way, and sir Anton toke corage, and cheered the dogges; and shortly efter he was made Patriarque of Hierusalem, and he sawe nothing no moe; and this Hughe is him that the silly people in Galtres doe call *le Gros Veneur*, and he was seen twice efter that by simple folk, afore y^e the forest was felled in the tyme of Henry, father of king Henry y^e now ys."—*Surtees*.

A FARMER residing in the neighbourhood of Belford, Northumberland, who regularly attended the markets there, was returning home one evening, after drinking rather freely, and not being able very well to maintain his equilibrium, he rolled off into the middle of the road. His horse stood still, but after remaining patiently for some time, and not observing in its rider any disposition to get up and proceed further, he took him by the collar and shook him. This had little or no effect, for the farmer only gave a grumble of dissatisfaction at having his repose disturbed. The horse was not to be put off with any such evasion, and so applied his mouth to one of his coat laps, and after several attempts by dragging at it, to raise him upon his feet, the coat lap gave way. Three individuals who witnessed this extraordinary proceeding then went up, and assisted him in mounting his horse, putting the one coat lap into the pocket of the other, when he trotted off and safely reached his home. This horse was deservedly a favourite of his master, and had occasionally been engaged in gambols with him like a dog.—*Wilson's Horses*.

GEORGE COUGHROON'S

Farewell to Coquetdale.

FROM MR. ROBERT WHITE'S MANUSCRIPTS.



HIS little piece, simple and unadorned though it be, has a claim on the attention of all who take an interest in the early effusions of men of genius; being, in all probability, the only composition of the kind its author ever produced. Science seems, afterwards, to have occupied all the energies of his mind; and as his labours can only be appreciated by those who are acquainted with the scientific periodicals of the time preceding his death, his fame has been limited;—hence, in his native district, he is almost unknown, save to the few who have heard of his extraordinary talents as a mathematician.

Some account of the life of GEORGE COUGHROON may be found in Mackenzie's history of Northumberland, vol. 2. page 72. He was born at Wreigh-hill, a small village near Rothbury; on the 24th day of August 1752. His father was a farmer, and his ancestors for several generations had followed the same occupation at Wreigh-hill. Growing up amidst his family, this remarkable young man was distinguished, at a very early period of life, by his attachment to books and study; and though intended, by his father, to follow the profession of a farmer, inclination had its sway, and, with him, every spare hour from bodily labour and sleep, was appropriated to mental cultivation. It seldom happens that a man's hand prospers in one calling, while his heart follows another; and it would seem from the following poem, which was written on the eve of his departure from Wreigh-hill, when he completed his eighteenth year, that previous to that period he had, like Samuel Johnson and a still greater man, John Milton, made an attempt to earn his bread by teaching school. This pursuit would afford him a greater degree of leisure for his favourite studies; but probably owing to the trifling encouragement given to the conductor of a poor country school, it was at last abandoned. He removed to Newcastle upon Tyne, and was employed there as a clerk in the office of Mr. George Brown, wine and spirit merchant. In this place he occasionally met with some young men, amongst whom was Charles Hutton, who, like himself, were votaries of science; and, enjoying an acquaintanceship of this kind, there can be no doubt, it exerted a considerable effect on his future career. He very soon made

such progress in mathematical research, as entitled him to the honour of being, in that department, the first man of his day,—having obtained, for answering questions in Fluxions only, no less than ten different prizes. The Rev. Dr. Maskelyne, astronomer-royal at the observatory of Greenwich, by whom he was highly esteemed, engaged him on very liberal terms to be his calculator. But alas, for genius! The most gifted are the soonest to depart! Before he could enter on his new line of life, he died of the small pox, at Newcastle, on the commencement of 1774, in the twenty-first year of his age. His remains were interred in Saint Andrew's church yard,—the Rev. John Brand, the eminent antiquarian and historian, officiating on the occasion.*

It very rarely occurs that a taste for analytical science, and poetical composition is found in an individual, and still more rarely are those talents united, which would enable the possessor to arrive at distinction, both as a mathematician and poet. In the former of these departments, George Coughron, considering his age, acquired wonderful proficiency, and it cannot be denied that he was by nature eminently qualified for this species of investigation. In the latter, the following couplets will prove that his ability was considerably above mediocrity: and though they glow not with that energy and breathing life which characterize the creations of our great masters of the lyre; yet they exhibit much of what constitutes true and exalted poetry. His regret on leaving home, so pregnant to him with deep-rooted associations,—his generous sympathy towards his friends and acquaintances, with his ardent, unaffected desire for their welfare,—and the solicitude he evinces for the developement of the talents of his brother, who, like

* The following particulars relating to Mr. Coughron may not be uninteresting to those who are curious in matters of a local nature. He lodged, says Muckenzie, in the Broad Chare. Mr. Brown's office, in which he transacted business, was, according to the most authentic information, situated at the head of the Side, nearly opposite to Amen Corner. When a gentleman, by authority of Dr. Maskelyne, arrived at Newcastle for the purpose of obtaining an interview, and arranging some important scientific business with our young student, he enquired for him at the shop of the late Mr. Charnley, the well known bookseller, which then stood on the spot now forming the east end of Collingwood Street, and from thence was directed to the office of Mr. Brown. Here he met with the object of his search; but could not, from his youthful appearance, believe him to be the great mathematician: and when proof was given of his identity, the stranger in astonishment exclaimed—"God bless my soul—a Child!" He was tall; but his frame was slender, his hair light, and complexion fair. The following entry occurs in Saint Andrew's register of burials;—"1774. January 10th, George Coughron, Gent., an eminent mathematician:—*John Brand, Curate.*" A stone was erected at his grave; but on endeavouring to discover this index of the spot where his dust reposes, the search has not altogether been successful. There is an old stone, and probably the one in question, about sixteen inches square, on the south side of the church and nearly adjoining the flagged pathway. It seems to have borne the initials G. C. but is so much defaced by time, that the lower part of the last letter is obliterated.

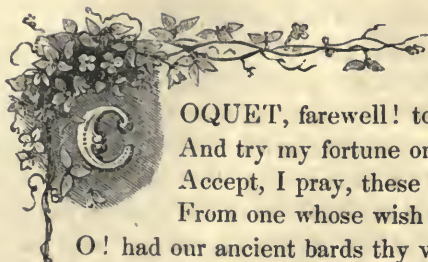
many a noble of nature's making, seems to have been, by circumstances, "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined,"—these are all genuine elements of the divine art, and could only have arisen from a mind, not merely susceptible of poetic impulse, but influenced by and overflowing with the best and most precious feelings of our nature.

When we consider the untimely fate of the author, there is something, towards the close of the poem, peculiarly touching and impressive. His anticipations of the future seem to have been chequered by hope and fear—hope that his prospects in life would become brighter, and fear, almost amounting to a forewarning, that his days were soon to be numbered. These lights and shadows of the soul, in the course of the three following years of his earthly pilgrimage, were but too truly realized. Pursuing the bent of his own vigorous intellect, notwithstanding the narrowness of his means and the fitful opportunities he had for study, which to a man who toils for bread are ever "few and far between," he wrestled for and obtained in science a position which not only reflected on him the highest honour; but was of itself proof that he was entitled to move in a sphere of life more congenial to his own feelings, where his exertions might be better remunerated, and in which he might enjoy more ample scope for the exercise of those talents which would have borne him to "perpetuity of fame." Fortune at last opened up before him a new path; but he was only permitted to cast upon it a departing look:—the angel of death passed over him, and the green laurel, which ought to have decorated his brow, had to be intermingled with cypress, and strewed upon his grave.



ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, NEWCASTLE.

Farewell to Coquetdale. *



COQUET, farewell! to leave thee I design,
And try my fortune on the banks of Tyne.
Accept, I pray, these low, unpolished lays
From one whose wish is but to sing thy praise:

O! had our ancient bards thy virtues known,
Never had they repaired to Helicon;
Nor would Parnassian hills been e'er so famed,
Had thy encircling banks been once but named;
For thy pure, limpid streams have virtues more
Than any sung of in the days of yore.
This is not all—thy pleasant plains can boast
Of things more precious than Golconda's coast:
Here, we have all that nature can produce
Fitting for raiment, food or other use:
Thy nymphs and swains all others far out-do
In learning, wisdom, yea and virtues too;
And in each person blended you will find
Nature's best gifts with a most noble mind.
In short, both art and nature do combine
To make their morals like their faces shine;
Nothing they owe unto the painter's art,—
Their portraits live in each beholder's heart.
Did I but judgment true and genius share,
I'd draw the picture of each lovely fair;
And as that task demands superior skill
I may desist, and so lay by my quill:
But stop, my pen—I must, before I pass,
Pay my respects to every worthy lass;
So with permission, I'll approach the FAIR
Whose trust and friendship oft I used to share.

* In bringing this production before the public, the transcriber's obligations are especially due to Mr. George Patterson, master of St. Andrew's school, Newcastle, who some years ago kindly procured him a copy of the poem, and who ultimately, furnished him, from a variety of sources, with some important biographical memorials of its young and aspiring author.

Farewell, MISS STOREY ; * now I take my leave :
 May you each blessing from above receive !
 Farewell, MISS DONKIN ; may your prudent choice
 Make both your parents and your friends rejoice !
 Farewell, MISS SPEARMAN ; may you ever share
 Each virtue that can decorate the FAIR !
 Farewell, MISS RAMSAY, and may fortune kind
 Procure you one befitting to your mind !
 Farewell, MISS ROBSON,—votary of the quill !
 For which I loved you long, and love you still.
 Farewell, MISS WEALANDS,—art and nature's boast !
 In social circles, oft you'll be the toast.
 Farewell, ye FAIR, from south, north, east and west,
 With whom I used betimes to smile and jest :
 Where'er I go, let friendship still subsist
 Between us, while on earth we both exist.
 Bear in your minds that true and mutual love
 Makes this low world resemble that above,
 In which, dear girls, you should lay up your store,
 Since there you mean to live for evermore :
 There neither moth nor rust shall e'er impair
 Aught you possess, and where no stealers are ;
 There, only there, you can live satisfied,—
 All is enjoyment, nothing is denied ;
 So, lovely maids, on this one truth rely,
 That you were born,—but only born to die.
 Would I were done ; yet, ere I make an end,
 I must take leave of every neighbouring friend,
 With whom I did associate frequently ;
 And hence I cannot—must not pass them by.
 Then, friendly pen, pray tell these youths that I
 Must leave this place,—the time approaches nigh :
 On each I'll call before I quit my home
 To wander forth amongst I know not whom.
 Farewell, BOB STOREY ; neither time nor space
 Shall from my mind your friendship e'er deface !
 Farewell, BILL REDHEAD ; your kind love shall be,

* The names enumerated here, and in the following page, distinguish families who, at the date of the poem, flourished in the vicinity of Wreigh-hill. Seventy years make changes in the population of a district:—a part are now either removed or nearly extinct ; others flourish still about the places where dwelt their forefathers,—and of these some have acquired considerable opulence, with its usual accompaniments—honour and respectability.

Go where I will, locked in my memory !
 Farewell, JOHN RAMSAY ; may your searching mind
 To books and study ever be inclined !
 Farewell to ANDREW RAMSAY ; never may
 His tongue th' unwary virgin's heart betray.
 Farewell, BILL STOREY ; I must part with you ;
 But O ! reluctantly the same I do !
 Your genius is adapted to my taste :
 O ! could we but our days together waste !
 But I do fear—alas ! I greatly fear,
 Distance will break those ties I hold most dear.
 Farewell, my BROTHER, and my SISTER too ;
 May health and happiness attend on you !
 Farewell, my BROTHER JOHN ; now we must part,
 Which like a dagger thrills me to the heart :
 Would that my tongue could proper language find
 To show the compass of thy soaring mind !
 But O ! alas ! it far exceeds the skill
 Of both my head and heart, tongue, hand, or quill,—
 Whose genius great and lofty muse should be
 In books recorded to futurity ;
 For every science and each liberal art
 Proclaims you master of a noble part.
 Much I lament, whene'er I think upon
 Your fate, thus buried in oblivion :
 O ! that you would procure some worthy friend,
 Who could promote you to a noble end,
 In which you might advance, and leave the plough
 To such as nothing better seek to know.
 Farewell to all who did my school frequent ;
 May your desire on learning still be bent !
 Were you aware how it might you advance,
 You would it prize, and hate all ignorance.
 Farewell, farewell, my friends and neighbours all :
 Remember, while you tread this earthly ball,
 To make your calling and election sure,
 That a bright CROWN OF LIFE you may procure ;
 This well observed will all your joys increase
 And lead you where delight shall never cease,
 When the pale king of terrors draweth nigh,
 And we have nothing more to do, but die.
 But, Coquetdale, what boots it to declare

The truth and virtues of thy SONS and FAIR ?
 Alas ! from all, soon parted must I be,—
 Yes, severed from their joyful company :
 O ! sad, alas ! O, how I grieve to think,
 That I *no more* shall tread sweet Coquet's brink !

But stay, my pen,—in vain it sure must be
 To grieve for those, who may not grieve for me !
 How many will, of all I mention here,
 At my departure, drop a bursting tear ?
 Let that be as it may,—farewell ! farewell !
 All you who in these plains around me dwell.
 Adieu ! adieu ! thou ever famed Wreigh-hill !
 My native village, and my favourite still !
 But hush ! I think I hear Tyne's murmurs say,
 Welcome ! O, Coughron !—Welcome, come away !
 Ne'er shalt thou rue,—I take thee as my son :
 Thy Coquet-nymphs forget :—thy sorrow's done !

GEO. COUGHRON, *Wreigh-hill.*

Oct. y^e 12th. 1770.

THE BROWN MAN OF THE MUIRS.

FROM "SURTEES'S HISTORY OF DURHAM."



IN the year before the great Rebellion, two young men from Newcastle were sporting on the High Moors above Elsdon, and after pursuing their game several hours, sat down to dine in a green glen, near one of the mountain streams. After their repast, the younger lad ran to the brook for water ; and, after stooping to drink, was surprised, on lifting his head again, by the appearance of a brown dwarf, who stood on a crag covered with brackens across the burn. This extraordinary personage did not appear to be above half the stature of a common man ; but was uncommonly stout and broad-built, having the appearance of vast strength ; his dress was entirely brown, the colour of the brackens, and his head covered with frizzled red hair ; his countenance was expressive of the most savage ferocity, and his eyes glared like those of a bull.

It seems he addressed the young man : first threatening him with

his vengeance for having trespassed on his demesnes, and asking him if he knew in whose presence he stood? The youth replied that he supposed him to be the lord of the moors; that he had offended through ignorance, and offered to bring him the game he had killed. The dwarf was a little mollified by this submission; but remarked, that nothing could be more offensive to him than such an offer; as he considered the wild animals as his subjects, and never failed to avenge their destruction. He condescended further to inform him, that he was, like himself, mortal, though of years far exceeding the lot of common humanity, and (what I should not have had an idea of) that he hoped for salvation. He never, he added, fed on any thing that had life, but lived in the summer on whortle-berries, and in winter on nuts and apples, of which he had great store in the woods. Finally, he invited his new acquaintance to accompany him home, and partake his hospitality: an offer which the youth was on the point of accepting, and was just going to spring across the brook, (which if he had done, the dwarf would certainly have torn him in pieces,) when his foot was arrested by the voice of his companion, who thought he tarried long, and on looking around again, 'the wee Brown Man was fled.' The story adds, that he was imprudent enough to slight the admonition, and to sport over the moors on his way homewards; but soon after his return, he fell into a lingering disorder, and died within the year.

THE PIPER.

The following curious entry occurs in Gateshead parish register under the year 1633.

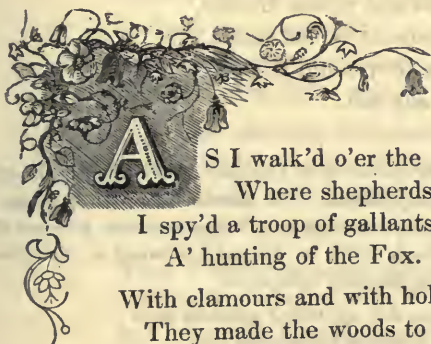
"To workmen, for making the streats even at y^e King's coming, 18s. 4d.; and paid the piper for playing to y^e menders of y^e high waies five severall daies, 3s. 4d."

"It was not unusual, I believe," says Mr. Surtees, "to amuse the labourers on these *bounty days* with music; a piper generally attended on highway days. I recollect reading a trial at Durham, in which a Mr. Spearman made a forcible entry into a field of Mrs. Wright's, at Birtley, and mowed and carried away the crop whilst his piper played from the top of the loaded wains. It was observed in Court that Mr. Spearman piped the corn away: 'Aye' said he (when he had gained a verdict), 'but you see I knew who would pay the piper.'"—*History of Dnrham.*

THE

Jolly Huntsman's Garland.

The Jolly Huntsman's Garland, with considerable local interest but little poetic merit, was transcribed from a printed copy in possession of the Rev. John Hutton, of Houghton-le-Spring, and of Hole, near Rolveden, Kent.—It must have been written about 1670-80, as it presents a catalogue of most of the sportsmen living at that period in the neighbourhood of Houghton-le-Spring.—*Sir C. Sharp's Collections.*



AS I walk'd o'er the mountains
 Where shepherds feed their flocks,
 I spy'd a troop of gallants
 A' hunting of the Fox.
 With clamours and with hollows
 They made the woods to ring;
 The hounds they bravely follow
 Making a merry din.
 Brave *Beauty*, she did cry him,
 Hard by the break of day,
 And *Lady* came so nigh him,
 He could no longer stay.
 Brave *Countess* and young *Nancy*
 Did freely cry him out,
 Which made *Comely* and *Fancy*
 Betake them to their foot.
 Then came *Tickler* and *Towler*
 And *Myrkyn* and *Ryal*,
 And *Bonny Lass* and *Jowler*
 With *Cappe* and *Tryall*.

*Nic. Conyers*¹ cries, *Hi, Golksounge!*

O, hark! how they cry him;
Let us uncouple all our hounds,
Or we'll ne'er come nigh him.

The shepherds were amazed

To hear the lovely cry:
The shepherdesses gazed
To see them all come by.

The Sylvan Nymphs abounded

To yield them free content:
The hunters bravely sounded
Their horned instrument.

Cap. Conyers, bravely mounted,

Rode freely o'er the plain;
Cap. Hutton,¹ well accounted,
Came in with might and main.

Fravel Lambton and young *Hutton*,²

Tho' their persons be but small,
Rode as fast as they could put on,
Not fearing any fall.

¹ Nicholas Conyers, of Biddick, in the county of Durham, and Bowlby, in the county of York, esq. high sheriff in the county palatine. He married Margaret, daughter and co-heir of Nicholas Freville, of Hardwick, esq., widow of Thomas Lambton, governor of the Leeward Islands. He died 27th March, 1687, æt. 57, and lies buried in the church of Houghton-le-Spring, with the following bouncing epitaph:—

“ See, here his dust shut up, whose generous mind

“ No stop before in honour's path could find;

“ Truth, faith, and justice, and a loyal heart

“ In him shew'd nature, which in most is art.”

This is all very well;—but how much more familiar a view of the high sheriff we obtain in the ballad, where he is represented as crying, *Hi! Golksounge!* and again when he threatens to pay the fox's dock.

¹ Captain Robert Hutton, (who is said to have built Houghton Hall with the gold taken at the sacking of Dundee) a brave officer under Monk, was a mighty hunter, and sleeps in his own orchard, surrounded by his favourite hounds and horses. His portrait, sallying forth with his hounds, dressed in a blue shag coat and red lining, was and is perhaps still preserved at Houghton Hall. He died 9th Aug. 1680. (V. Surtees, vol. 1. p. 148.)

² Freville Lambton, of Biddick, afterwards of Hardwick, esq. son of Thomas Lambton, governor of the Leeward Islands, by Margaret Freville, who re-married Nicholas Conyers before named, and Robert Hutton, son of Captain Robert Hutton, above mentioned—they were slender striplings at the time of this gallant chase. Lambton was born in 1662, and Hutton in 1666.

Then follow'd bravely after
 Two other gallant squires,
*Nic. Conyers*¹ and *Tom Shadforth*,²
 Which made me much admire ;

To see them with what pleasure
 They made their horses fly ;
 Rejoicing out of measure
 To hear the lovely cry.

Brave *Middleton*³ did rant it ;
 He made the ground to knell :
 And his *Dragon* did so chaunt it,
 I thought it had been Bow-bell.⁴

With *Comely* and with *Fancy*,
 To help to mend the cry ;
 I thought I had been in the abbey,
 The organ very nigh.

*Jack Lamb*⁵ he came a whipping
 Upon his bonny bay ;
 And over hedges tripping
 As if it was plain way.

O'er hills and over mountains,
 And all the campaign o'er ;
 Which made him shout and hollow,
 Crying, *Trowley—In Lady. W—e !*

Then *Vulcan* he came plying,
 Upon his metal fee ;
 But when the hounds came by him,
 He quietly let it be :

¹ Son of the high sheriff, by his second wife, Jane, daughter of Sir William Lambton, aged 11 in 1666.

² Of Eppleton, esq. was an ancient sportsman, born in 1605, father-in-law to Captain Hutton : so that the whole of the sportsmen seem to have been nearly related by blood and connection.

³ Richard Middleton, of Offerton, esq. who married Catherine, the daughter of the high sheriff, by his second wife.

⁴ On reading this passage, the author was strongly suspected of being little better than a Cockney ; the allusion, however, must evidently apply to St. Mary-le-Bow, in Durham.

⁵ Mr. John Lamb, of West Herrington, an alderman of Durham, buried at St. Giles', 31st March, 1710.

Which made *Venus* speak with laughter,
 To *Cupid* her young son ;
 Thou hast a gallant father,
 His name is *Bonny Tom*.

These gallant hounds did chase him,
 For all his cunning wiles ;
 And they scorn to forsake him,
 Tho' he'd run forty miles.

Over hills and over vallies,
 And many a stony rock ;
 Which made *Congers* shout and hollow,
 "In faith, we'll pay his dock."

Of foxes, by fair running,
 A brace they had destroyed ;
 In this part, by their cunning,
 Our hens and geese annoyed :

Which made the country lasses
 For to extol their fame ;
 They were the bravest hunters
 That ever this way came.

This gallant troop hath spenden
 A long and pleasant day ;
 And when the sport was enden
 They homeward took their way :

With mirth that was exceeding,
 All sorrow to destroy :
 Heaven send them a happy meeting,
 And send them health and joy.

And when our sport was ended,
 I straightway look'd about ;
 I spy'd a man offended
 Because he was left out.

This man was *Anty Shadforth*,¹
 A hunter very fierce ;
 Cause *Wickliff*² had him cheated
 With a Roman snouted horse.

¹ A younger son of Thomas before named.

² This may have been one of the Wycliffes of Offerton ; but is strongly suspected to have been John Wycliffe, of Thorpe, æt. 50 in 1655, master of the horse to the Duke of Buckingham.

TRADITIONS OF TUDHOE.



OWARDS the close of the last century the occupier of Tudhoe mill, a quiet, sober, steady man, had been at Durham on business, and was returning home; but, by the time he reached Sunderland bridge, it was nearly dusk, and being on foot he felt rather desirous of company. The wish had scarcely crossed his mind, when, on looking up the bank before him, he espied, at the distance of about twenty paces, a stiff built man, who seemed to wear a broad-brimmed hat:—he wondered he had not observed him before, as the road was quite straight at this place, however he hastened on to overtake him. It was very strange; the quicker he walked, so much the quicker glided on the person in advance, and yet without appearing to exert himself! They kept at about the same distance the whole of the way, until they arrived at “Nicky-nack bridge,” and the miller was about to turn off to the gate on the right hand. He withdrew his eyes from the object before him, it might be for a moment, and when he looked again there was nothing on the bridge, nor on the slight ascent beyond it, nor yet in the lane further away. It was suggested to him that probably the man had passed behind some tree, and so escaped observation; but he replied in his quiet, meek manner, that recollecting he never harmed any body, he needed not to fear *ill things*; and trusting that good was about and around him, he determined to see if he had been mistaken. He therefore proceeded onward, and searched every place which could possibly shield a person from view, but all to no purpose; the mysterious being had vanished “like the morning mist before the summer-sun.”

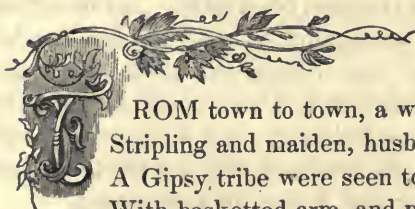
Many years previous to the period when the above adventure took place, when there was no public house either in the village of Tudhoe, or nearer than that at Sunderland bridge, a company of reapers had assembled at a farmer's house to enjoy a “Mell supper.” A good supply of spirits and ale had been laid in by the farmer, but either the party was larger than had been expected, or they drank more freely, for the supply was exhausted before many of the reapers were satisfied; so they agreed to contribute each a small sum, and send one of the company for more. The mission was entrusted to a poor fellow, who was defective in intellect, and when he had been absent nearly three hours, the distance being only about a mile and half, several began to be impatient for his return. At length one of them swore, with a deep oath, he would wrap a sheet round him and meet him at “Nicky-nack

field," and frighten him. Accordingly he procured a white sheet, drew it round him, and stalked out to meet the poor man. His companions waited long—hour followed hour, and yet neither the reaper nor the messenger appeared; at last when their patience was exhausted, and morning began slowly to break, the latter rushed in amongst them, pale and trembling. When they asked him if he had seen any thing, he said "yes, I saw a white ghost which came and frightened me much, but I saw a black one behind it, so I cried, 'black ghost catch white ghost,' and the white one looked about, and, perceiving the black one, screamed out amain, and attempted to run away; but, *blackey* was too swift for him, and after much struggling, he flew away with *whitey* altogether!!" When day dawned and the peasants ventured forth to seek their companion, they discovered in the "field of Nicky-naek," a few fragments of the sheet in which he had been wrapped, but he himself was neither then nor ever afterwards found.

Communicated by Mr. William Pearson, Bishop Auckland.

Judith, the Gipsy Belle.

BY DELTA.



FROM town to town, a wandering life!
 Stripling and maiden, husband and wife,
 A Gipsy tribe were seen to pass,
 With basketted arm, and pannier'd ass.

Road, path, and style, on either hand,
 They knew through all Northumberland;
 And often, by Tweed, they saunter'd down
 As far as pleasant Kelso town.

They roam'd, by day, o'er the flowery lea;
 They couch'd, through night, by the spreading tree:
 And well could their deep-brow'd mastiff mark
 The tread of a stranger's foot—and bark.

But love is lawless, as legends say;
 So, by a hedge, on a summer day,
 The black-eyed Judith, fair and tall,
 Attracted the heir of Riccon Hall.

He check'd his steed, and sigh'd to mark
Her coral lips, her eyes so dark,
And stately bearing,—as she had been
Bred up in courts, and born a queen.

Again he came, and again he came,
Each day with a warmer, a wilder flame ;
And still again—till sleep by night,
For Judith's sake, fled his pillow quite.

He brought her gifts, he brought her gold,
Her beauty praised, and his passion told,
Till the woman's heart, within her breast,
Yielded—need I tell the rest.

And did nor father nor mother guess,
Who gifted their child her gaudy dress ?
And did no brother bid beware
His sister from the hidden snare ?

No ! but amid that wandering throng,
Was one whose bosom fear'd her wrong ;
For, jealousy, his eye had seen
What pass'd the ill-match'd pair between.

A stalwart man was Gemmel Græme,
With fearless heart and sinewy frame ;
But when he thought of his last love, grief
Would seek, in unmanly tears, relief.

But revenge into his spirit crept,
Awakening fires that only slept,
Till all his fierce Egyptian blood
Boil'd over—like a lava flood.

Beneath Eve's star, in thicket green,
Hath Gemmel Græme their meeting seen ;
His pistol flash'd, and bleeding lay
The heir of Riccon,—senseless clay !

Forth stepping to Judith, then he said,
“ False maiden, now fondle with the dead ;
And try if thy wild embrace can charm
His lips to speak, or his heart to warm ! ”

And turning aloof on his heel, he cried—
“ Thine be the downfall that follows pride ;
And take back your worthless troth,—ye see
That both your lovers have left you free ! ”

Straight from her presence, and his clan,
 The murderer fled—a branded man !
 Nor floats a trace on time's after tide,
 Or where he lived, or where he died !
 And what became of the Gipsy maid,
 By worldly pride, to sin betray'd ?
 As by the lightning flash the flower,
 So a blight came over her heart that hour.
 With sun-burnt neck, and tresses black,
 Hanging dishevell'd half down her back,
 And tatter'd robes, till round her rang
 The woods, a maniac roam'd and sang.
 For years and years was Judith known,
 Queen of a wild world all her own,
 By Wooler Haughs, by silver Till,
 By Coldstream-bridge and Flodden Hill.
 Until at length, one morn, when sleet
 Hung frozen round the traveller's feet,
 By a grey ruin, on Tweedside,
 The creature laid her down,—and died !

Lament.

Lamentation on the death of sir Robert Neville, lord of Raby, in the year 1282; alluding to an ancient custom of offering a stag, at the high altar of Durham Abbey, on Holy Rood day, (Sep. 18th) accompanied with the winding of horns:—

“WEL-I-WA, sal ys hornes blaw,
 Holy-rode this day ;
 Now es he dede, and lies law
 Was wont to blaw tham ay.”

This is probably the oldest genuine rhyme connected with the bishoprick of Durham.—*Bishoprick Garland.*



THE SMUGGLER OF CHEVIOT.

A Border Tradition.

Aye! there are peasants,
 Meek, humble, and submissive, who, if roused
 By force or insult to maintain their cause,
 Put on a lion's boldness, and become
 The dread of those who chafe them. Lowliness
 Often conceals true courage; and the serf,
 Weighed with his lord, may prove the braver man.

Old Play.



BOUT the close of the last century, when only a few excise officers were stationed on the Borders, Scotch whiskey, in very considerable quantities, was conveyed into England. Many people, by becoming smugglers, obtained, while fortune favoured them, the means of a tolerably fair livelihood; and the profession had this to recommend it, that, like a species of gambling where

much might be won, and not a great deal lost, it kept the mind, with some occasional exceptions, in a state of excitement, by no means disagreeable. These adventurers, though living to a certain degree in defiance of the law, were, amongst their friends, often jovial and good hearted: and reckless and daring though they wished generally to appear, it rarely occurred that they injured the excisemen, unless in self-defence, when these "limbs o' the law" carried matters to a greater length than was accounted gentlemanly.

Donald M'Donald, a native of the Highlands of Scotland, was a personage of this description, having, on the Borders for several years, led the restless and unquiet life of a smuggler. Tired at length with the locomotion he had almost daily to undergo, he bethought him of a plan by which business, in a more retired manner, and even more lucrative, might be transacted with considerably less risk than on the old principle. In the wilds of Inverness-shire, by the tributary streams of Loch Ranach, Donald had distilled "the pure mountain dew," and why could not the like process be performed amongst the ridgy range of the Border hills? On considering this subject, sanguine anticipations more and more occupied his mind, till he had not a shadow of doubt either as to the practicability of his project, or his assurance of its success. A suitable spot, in one of the most unfrequented recesses

of Cheviot, was accordingly chosen; all things necessary for the undertaking were procured, and in a wonderfully short space of time the energetic Highlander had the whole in a complete state of operation. He constructed with turf, wooden spars and rushes, a rude hut over the working part of his apparatus; a small table coarsely put together, he erected on the middle of the floor, with a seat or two round it; a couple of boards, fixed horizontally beside the doorway, served for another table; in a corner was placed a quantity of dried heath, with the tops upward, which formed his bed; and here was he to be found day and night, following his occupation with unceasing perseverance and industry.

In a short period, Donald's whiskey, from its fine flavour and other excellent qualities, became to be so much admired throughout the neighbourhood, that scarcely a day passed without bringing him visitors, whom, out of courtesy, he could not allow to depart till they had tasted; and in this respect several were difficult to satisfy,—some even asked for more, while the giver was frequently constrained to accept of the most unqualified expressions of *praise*, instead of *payment*. And though liberality of this description, especially when repeated again and again, pressed heavily on his means, he could not discover how, with security to himself, it could be laid aside. In his position, he was unable to bid defiance to the world, and prudential motives suggested to him the policy of obtaining as far as possible the good will of all. Yet he had great sagacity, and judged so truly of mankind, that he comprehended, at a glance, the various dispositions of his customers; and when a stranger appeared before him, Donald rarely failed in guessing his errand.

On the afternoon of a solitary day, while he was about to transfer a portion of malt to the mashing tubs, a man on horseback approached, and dismounting, entered the hovel with an air of less ceremony than Donald was accustomed to receive. There was something in his manner and appearance which, to the smuggler, boded no good fortune; yet the latter wisely resolved to make the best he could of such a circumstance, and desiring the stranger to be seated at the central table, he placed upon it a bottle of his best "stuff," bread, cheese, a couple of glasses and an earthen pot full of water. On supplying his own glass liberally from the bottle, he withdrew to the temporary table in order that, whatever should occur, he might be at no great distance from the door. He deemed this precaution the more necessary, as his visitor was a strong man in the prime of life, and had any scuffle taken place, Donald, who was slightly made, would in all probability have been worsted. After some distant compliments had passed between them, other matters were introduced, and

the following conference is said to have occurred, when the stranger unfolded to his host the most essential part of his business.

"What is your name?" he enquired.

"Tey ca' ma Tonal," replied the other drily.

"What more than Donald?" asked the intruder.

"No muckle mair," observed the other;—"Tonal' M' Tonal'."

"Well, Donald," said the stranger, "you distil smuggled whiskey; and I am an Excise officer. I came here to make you a prisoner!"

"Ough! tat needna pe tune," replied Donald with seeming indifference; "ye maun pe tak' ta things, she'll warrant; put fat wad ye tu wi' her sell?"

"I must *take* you, Donald," continued the other; "it becomes me as an officer to do my duty."

"Troth! put tuty pe no owre muckle mindit, now a tays;" sarcastically observed Donald, grinning and shewing an excellent set of white teeth in a mouth whose dimensions ranged considerably above the usual standard. "I'm no pe want to quarrel wi' ye're honour; put I'm no shust willing to pe ta'en. Only as twa can keepit a secret, fan three canna, let us no rife out ane anither's hearts apout ta piziness, an nought ta petter. We'll shust transackit ta matter snodly, an kin ye tak' ilka thing tat pe mine, an' gie ma *leg-bail* for payment,—certainly, to gudeness, ye get ta pest o' ta pargain!"

"I cannot, Sir, reason the business with you," said the exciseman, raising his voice as if he intended to overawe the Highlander. "According to my oath, I must detain you a prisoner, and take possession of these materials. If I am opposed, I have only to command help where it may be found."

"Fery sefere! fery hard, inteed!" obdurately continued the smuggler; "put Tonal' winna pe triven like a cow or sheep py efer a shentleman i' Ningland! If help pe gotten, she maun shust help her nain sell. She has frien's nane sae far awa' as ye may trow; an' ken't they o' siccan a feesitor peing here, they wad sune pe at Tonal's side. Tid any pody saw ye come in?"

"Not a soul;" observed the officer, rising from his seat as if determined to perform his duty, and waive all further conversation.

"THEN T——D A ONE SALL SEE YE GO OUT," thundered Donald, with a rapidity of expression that instantly arrested the progressive movement of the officer. "A man's house pe him's castle, an' if ye pe finger eyther ta swort or pistol, by C——d, she'll tak ta first shance;—sae ye're plood pe on ye're nain head!"

While the excited Highlander uttered these words, he produced from behind the door a brace of horseman's pistols, which he cocked, and laying one on the board at his side, he held the other in his right

hand. His left was applied to his dirk which he unsheathed in a moment, and thus prepared, he awaited the onset of his adversary. He presented a very different appearance from the tame, conciliating, submissive man he seemed to be only a few minutes previously: his features betokened dignity, and determination of purpose; and his dark eyes, kindling at the prospect of coming strife, sparkled, like those of a wild beast, from under the sable locks of hair which profusely shaded his brow. And yet a slight gleam of satisfaction seemed to play over all this sternness of demeanour, as the "salvage man," felt more and more assured he had the officer in his power. Indeed the latter on perceiving how the tide of fortune had ebbed from him, was sadly nonplussed: he had as it were evoked a demon who threatened him with instant destruction, and experiencing a sudden and wonderful prostration of his combative faculties, he sat down again at the table. Either by way of setting a better face on his lack of courage, or from a resolution not to depart this life, should it eventually occur, with an empty stomach, he helped himself, a second time, with bread, cheese, and a copious draught from the heart-supporting bottle. This mode of proceeding was exactly what Donald desired: he had no wish to follow out his scheme of vengeance, nor was he in the slightest degree urged to it, for the other kept his seat, ate and drank manfully, and by the time the sun's last rays reddened the tops of the neighbouring hills, he staggered to the bed and fell into a sonorous and profound slumber.

Now came the Highlander's time for exertion, and he wisely proceeded to employ it in the way mostly conducive to the preservation of his own property. Like a shifty, bitter, biting knave, he impressed into his service the exciseman's horse, and proceeded to clear away the apparatus and material,—all of which, ere the dawn of next morning, he succeeded in transferring to a place of security. Through the course of the night, the bewildered officer awoke, groped his way, *unseen* truly, out to the open air, and finding his horse gone, betook himself to retrace, in the best way he could, the path by which he advanced on the preceding day. In the course of the following forenoon, he returned with a sufficient force to carry into effect, against Donald, the most severe measures of the law; and was fortunate enough to recover his own jaded and bridle-less horse: but the place was deserted,—every thing of value was removed; and on an elevated position near the entrance, the detached end of a large cask bore, in conspicuous characters, the Highlander's taunting words, "LABOUR IN VAIN," which greatly increased the chagrin of the exciseman, while it contributed in no small degree to the quiet merriment of the company.—*R. White's MSS.*

Jockie's Lamentation,

WHOSE SEDITIOUS WORKS WAS THE LOSS OF HIS COUNTRY AND HIS KIRK;

TO A STATELY NEW SCOTTISH TUNE.

From a Black Letter Folio in the British Museum.

CONTRIBUTED BY FREDERIC R. SURTEES, ESQ., OF THE INNER TEMPLE.



THESE singularly quaint lines though “evil appalled in the dust cobweb of an uncivil age,” are antique and interesting. They allude to the treacherous conduct of the Scottish nation, during the early part of the civil wars of Charles the I. and II., and particularly refer to the vengeance taken upon them by Cromwell at the battle of Dunbar, when, having previously profited by their rebellion, he then invaded their country and reduced them to subjection. In that action which took place in 1650, a full measure of retaliation was given, and it is the pitiful figure of the Scotch there and subsequently, that elicits Jockie's Lamentation, when contrasted with their rapacity in sacking Newcastle, after having stormed it at the conclusion of a two years siege under Lesley lord Leven A.D. 1644. The style of the pasquinade somewhat resembles that of the well known song:—

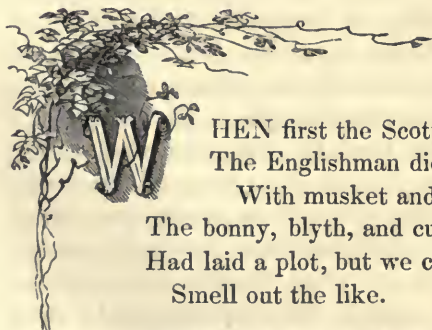
“Bonny Scot all witness can
England has made thee a gentleman,” &c.

It may be observed, there is a strong coincidence between the ‘Lamentation’ and the statements of historians in several little incidents connected with the siege of Newcastle and the battle of Dunbar.

The pilfering of ‘the suits and silks’ for instance ascribed in the former, exactly tallies with the following extract from Lithgow's inflated account of the storm and siege of Newcastle, published in the ‘Newcastle Reprints.’ “Then begun the whole Armie, commanded, and uncommanded (observing king David's ancient rule, that they who stayd with the Baggage, and they that fought in the field, should share the booties alike) to plunder, I say, for twenty foure houres time, being an act of permission although to no great purpose. And why? because the common souldiers being onely able to plunder the common people (although they might have justly stretched their hands further) had for the greatest part of them but small benefite, excepting only household stuff, as bed-cloaths, linnings, Tanned leather, calve skins, men and womens apparell, pans, pots, and plates, and such like common things.” Advert too, to Echard's account of the battle of Dunbar, in

his History of England. Cromwell, the night before the action "having refreshed his men in the Town, *and above all things secured his match locks against the weather, while his enemies were careless of theirs*; early in the morning, being Tuesday the third of Sept., drew out a strong party of horse, and falling on the horse guards made them retire; and if his design was formerly but to have made his way, he now altered it, by this opportunity of the supine security of his enemies. So immediately his bodies both of horse and foot advanced, and without any considerable resistance took the Scots cannon, and entered their camp, where presently there was nothing but noise, tumult and confusion, men running all ways they knew not whither, the cries and groans of dying men, shouts and loud acclamations of the conquerors, flying, blood and slaughter. All the general officers fled in time, and most of the foot souldiers left their poor souldiers to the mercy of Cromwell; and most of the horse, with the committee and ministers saved themselves, though several of the latter suffered. Three thousand were killed, and nine thousand taken prisoners; fifteen thousand arms, all the artillery and ammunition, with above two hundred colours, fell into the hands of the conquerors, and all with the loss of scarce three hundred English—The prisoners, after the wounded, weak, and those of no value, were set at liberty, were driven like turkeys to Newcastle in England, where about sixteen hundred of them were starved, having nothing to eat but green cabbage leaves and oats in small proportion: the stronger persons, that outlived this diet, were condemned to the sugar mills, and by the English planters transported to the West Indies. So much kindness had Cromwell for his brethren in Scotland."—

JOCKIE'S LAMENTATION.



WHEN first the Scottish wars began;
The Englishman did lead the van
With musket and pike;
The bonny, blyth, and cunning Scot
Had laid a plot, but we could not,
Smell out the like.

Although he could neither write nor read,
Yet general Lesly past the Tweed,

With his gay gang of blew caps tall,
Along we march't with our general ;
Newcastle we took all in a trice,
And thought for to make it our Paradise ;
And then we were gallant and gay,
For why ? we took their pillage away.

Then straight to plundering we did fall
Of great and small, for we were all,
Most valiant that day ;
And Jenny in her silken gown,
The best in town from foot to crown,
Was bonny and gay.

Our suits and our silks did make such a smother,
That hardly next day we knew one another ;
For Jockie he was wondrous fine,
And Jenny in her silks did shine ;
For there I'se did get me a beaver then,
But now it is bent to a cap again ;
For a red coat got every rag,
That Jockie now and Jenny must bag.

The English raised an army straight,
With meikle state, and we did wait
To charge them all :
Then every valiant musket man
Put fire in pan, that we began
Apåce to fall.

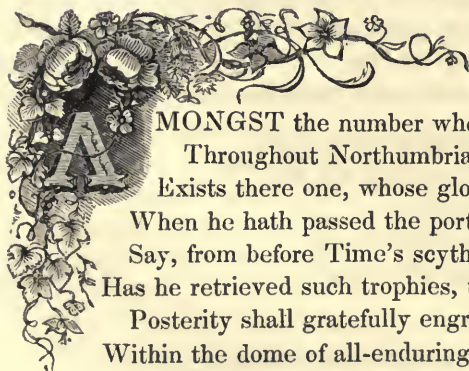
For when that the powder was touched by the coal,
Then every man did pay for his poll ;
For the red coat the battle won,
And Jockie fast to Scotland did run :
And at Dunbar fight, a weel and a neer,
For there we were put to a meikle fear :
They took our guns and silver all,
And hung up our silks in Westminster hall.

Full well I wot in Lancashire,
Our brethren dear did plunder there,
Both rich and poor :
Which caused the fury of the north,
When we set forth to be in wroth,
And were as sore ;

For when that the red coats had knocked us down,
 The country people in every town
 Did beat Jockie over the face ;
 And was not this a pitiful case :
 They bid us remember our plundering tricks,
 And thumpt us, and beat us with cudgels and sticks :
 But the deil burn my body and wame,
 If ever I'se gang to England agen.

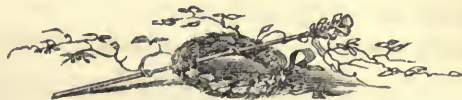
SONNET.

On the Historian of Northumberland.



AMONGST the number who for honours strive,
 Throughout Northumbria's bounds, by hill or wave,
 Exists there one, whose glory shall survive,
 When he hath passed the portals of the grave ?
 Say, from before Time's scythe, with ardour brave,
 Has he retrieved such trophies, that his name
 Posterity shall gratefully engrave
 Within the dome of all-enduring Fame ?
 Yes, Hodgson, such renown thy merits claim ;
 Northumbria's faithful chronicler art thou !
 Thy page to future ages will proclaim
 What can of her be known ; and she thy brow
 With never-fading leaves may now entwine :
 Her immortality is wreathed with thine !

R. W.



TRADITIONS OF BERWICK-UPON-TWEED.

CONTRIBUTED BY MARK JAMESON, ESQ.



OME time between the years 1765 and 1770, much hostile feeling existed between the inhabitants of Berwick, and a regiment of soldiers, who at that period were stationed in the garrison. It happened that an officer belonging to the regiment, in walking down Church street * met a young lad of the town, nearly opposite to Shaw's lane, † who, it was alleged, attempted to take the wall of the officer, and, some say, jostled him in a rude manner. The military gentleman feeling irritated at this insult, raised a walking cane, which he held in his hand, and struck the young man with such force, that he staggered, fell forward, and, unfortunately, never rose again. The officer was immediately taken into custody, and a coroner's inquest being held upon the body, the jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against him, and he was forthwith committed to take his trial for the crime. As the law then stood, a person convicted of murder was obliged to be executed within twenty-four hours, or, in case of a Sunday intervening, within forty-eight hours after the passing of the sentence: hence it followed that unless the executive government made previous provision for a case of this kind, there could be no possibility of obtaining the royal pardon.

A week or two previous to the day fixed for the trial of this case a stranger appeared in Berwick and took up his quarters at an inn, in the immediate vicinity of the Town-hall; and though his presence naturally excited much speculation, yet nothing transpired to satisfy public curiosity, until the day of the trial, when, respectably attired in a dark coloured surtout, he took his station in court, as near as he conveniently could to the prisoner's box. The trial proceeded in due form; after a full and impartial hearing of the evidence, the jury retired, and in about an hour afterwards returned into court with an unanimous verdict of "guilty" against the unfortunate prisoner. The recorder, in a very solemn and affecting manner, pronounced the awful sentence of death; and appointed it to be carried into execution between the hours of twelve and three o'clock on the following Monday.

Some expressions of surprize arose amongst the culprit's fellow-officers; but as soon as silence was obtained, our unknown visitor,

* Formerly Church-gate, or Souter-gate.

† Now called Chapel Street.

throwing aside his sad coloured surtout, and appearing respectably dressed in black, with a silver greyhound (the badge of his office) on his arm, announced himself to be a king's messenger, and produced, to the wonder of the court, to the great joy of the military part of the audience, and more especially to that of the condemned person, a free pardon under the great seal. The prisoner was forthwith discharged from the bar, and accompanied his brother officers to their quarters where a sumptuous entertainment was prepared on the occasion.

Not many years ago, the following tragical story was fresh in the recollection of some of the oldest inhabitants of Berwick, and related by them as a fact.

At a time when the walls and ramparts of the town were guarded with the most rigid care, and it was a most serious offence for a sentinel to be found asleep on his post, that Captain F—— going the usual round with a file of men, and coming to the post called Meg's mount, where a sentinel was placed, was somewhat astonished to find, after giving the watchword, that no answer was returned; on a nearer approach however, he soon discovered the real cause, he found the sentinel in his box closely wrapped in his great coat, and apparently fast asleep. Exasperated at this conduct and being a man of strict discipline, and of a naturally hasty temper, he ordered one of the guard to fire upon the unfortunate man; the wound was mortal, he spoke not, the pale cold hand of death had sealed his eyes! But what tongue can express or language describe the grief and horror that filled his mind when the youth that fell bleeding at his feet, was found to be none other than his own son, a lieutenant in the same regiment. This singular and unaccountable catastrophe, together with the loss of his only child, and that by his own deed, almost deprived him of reason, and he more than once attempted his own life, and would no doubt have effected his purpose, had it not been for the timely interference of the guard, who led him from the appalling scene in a state of mind not easy to describe.

It appears that this unfortunate youth, having indulged too freely in his cups, in the early part of the evening, had as it grew later strolled to this spot in quest of a female whom he expected to meet, but being disappointed, he prevailed upon the sentinel to go in search of her, which was complied with, upon the promise that he would take his post until his return; but having been overcome by inebriation had fallen asleep, and was found in that situation by his father, when this melancholy event took place.

A Lamentable Ditty

ON THE DEATH OF

LORD GUILFORD DUDLEY AND LADY JANE GREY,

THAT FOR THEIR PARENTS' AMBITION IN SEEKING TO MAKE THESE TWO YOUNG PRINCES KING AND QUEEN OF ENGLAND, WERE BOTH BEHEADED IN THE TOWER OF LONDON.

CONTRIBUTED BY FREDERIC R. SURTEES, ESQ.



URING the bloody reign of Queen Mary of England, no one, either at the stake or on the scaffold, died more really innocent, or more generally lamented than Lady Jane Grey. Her melancholy fate is well known. To advance the aspiring views of her father the Duke of Suffolk, and her father-in-law the Duke of Northumberland, whose fourth son she had married, she was compelled to usurp a crown which she was too happy to abandon to its rightful owner, and which she had positively refused, until overcome by the authority of her father and the entreaty of her husband, she reluctantly acceded to their wishes. This, the Duke of Northumberland acknowledged in his letter to the council, in which he declared, "that the good Lady Jane was so far from aspiring to the crown, as to be rather made to accept of it by enticement and force." He was beheaded August 25, 1553. It would have been well for his kinsmen had he only fallen a victim to his ambition. His brother, his eldest son, the Earl of Warwick, Lord Dudley, Lady Jane Grey, as well as many others, expiated their disloyalty on the scaffold. At his execution he abjured the religion which he had professed for thirty years, hoping by so doing to obtain the Queen's mercy, of which (according to Fox) "he had a promise made him if he would recant, yea though his head were on the block." It is difficult to understand how he could have expected a pardon, since he had been the principal instigator of the rebellion, but whilst there is life there is hope, says the adage, and to that reed this unhappy man must have trusted. The following letter extracted from the Harleian MS. 787 (which is supposed hitherto never to have been printed) will demonstrate how humbly the boon was solicited. The volume containing that MS. is said to be a "transcript of many letters and papers found in the study of Mr. Dell, secretary to Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury."

“The Duke of Northumberland ‘his letter to y^e Earl
of Arundell Fitz Allen.

Honble L^d, and in this my distress my especiall refuge, most woeful was y^e newes I receyved this Eveninge by Mr. Lieutenant. That I must prepare myselfe ag^t tomorowe to receyve my deadly stroke. Alas ! my good L^d, is my crime soe heynows as noe redemptōn but my blood can wash away y^e spottes thereof ; (an old proverbe there is) y^t most true, y^t a lyvinge dogge is better than a dead Lyon.* Oh ! y^t it would please her good grace to give me life, yea the life of a dogge, y^t I might but lyve, and kiss her feet, and spend both life and all in her hon’ble services, as I have y^e best part already, under her worthy brother and her most glorious ffather. Oh that her mercy were such, as she would consyder, how little proffitt my dead and dismembered body can bring her, but how great and glorious an hon’r it will be in all posterities, when y^e report shall be, y^t soe gracious and mighty a Queen, had granted life to soe miserable and penitent an Abject. Your hon’ble usage and promises to me since these troubles, have made me bold to challenge this kindness at your handes. Pardone me, if I have done amiss therein, and spare not I pray your bended knees for me in this distress, y^e God of heaven, it may be, will requite it one day on you or yours. And if my life be lengthened by your media’con, and my good Lord chancellors, (to whom I have also sent my blurred L^r), I will ever vowe it to be spent at your hon’ble feet. Oh ! good my Lord, remember how sweet life is, and how bitter the contrary, spare not your speech and paines, for God I hope hath not shut out all hopes of comfort from me in y^t gracious Princely and womanlike Harte, but that, as the doleful newes of death has wounded to death both my soul and body, soe the comfortable newes of life shall be as a new Resurrectōn to my woeful hart. But if noe remedy can be founde, cyther by Imprisonm^t, confiscatōn, Banishm^t and y^e like, I can say noe more, but God graunt me patyence to endure, and a hart to forgive the whole world.

Once your fellowe and loving companōn, but now worthy of noe name but wretchedness and misery.

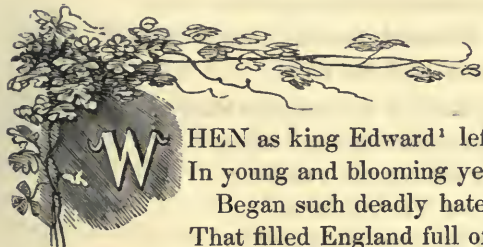
J. D.”

The Ballad here given was originally taken from a copy in the Cotton MSS., but it was subsequently found, that it had been before printed in ‘Evans’ Ballads,’ published in 1777, a work now scarce, the latter edition especially so. It has been compared with the copy in that collection. Mr. Evans has not stated where he

* For to him that is joined to all the living there is hope: for a living dog is better than a dead lion. Eccles: ix. 4.

discovered it, however, as on comparison his ballad exactly corresponds with this, it may be presumed they have both come from the same source.

A LAMENTABLE DITTY.



WHEN as king Edward¹ left this life,
In young and blooming years,
Began such deadly hate and strife,
That filled England full of tears.

Ambition, in those ancient days,
More than ten thousand, thousand, thousand,
Troubles did arise.

Northumberland² being made a duke,
Ambitiously did seek the crown,
And Suffolk³ for the same did look,
To put queen Mary's title down ;
That was king Henry's daughter bright,
And queen of England, England, England,
And king Edward's heir by right.

Lord Guilford and the lady Jane,
Were wedded by their parents' wills ;
The right from Mary so was ta'en,⁴
Which drew them on to further ill :

¹ Edward the 6th.

² The earldom and the baronies of Percy and Poynings having become extinct on the death of the sixth earl of Northumberland, of the Percy family, by the failure of issue, and the attainder of sir Thomas Percy barring the succession to the nephews of the late earl, the title of duke of Northumberland was conferred on John Dudley, earl of Warwick, the nobleman here mentioned. However, in 1557, twenty years after his execution, the title was restored by queen Mary to the Percy family in return for eminent services performed by the eldest son of the attainted sir Thomas Percy.

³ Henry Grey, duke of Suffolk, who had married Frances, one of the co-heirs of Charles Brandon duke of Suffolk, by Mary his wife, youngest sister of king Henry the 8th.

⁴ The duke of Northumberland had persuaded Edward the 6th to make a will in their favour. Queen Mary rested her claims to the throne on a will of Henry the 8th. See Rapin and other historians.

But mark ! the end of this misdeed,
 Mary was crowned, crowned, crowned,
 And they to death decreed.

And being thus adjudged to die,
 For these their parents' haughty aims,
 That thinking thus to mount on high,
 Their children king and queen proclaims :
 But in such aims no blessings be,
 When as ten thousand, thousand, thousand,
 Their shameful endings see.

Sweet princes, they deserved no blame,
 That thus must die for fathers' cause,
 And bearing of so great a name,
 To contradict our English laws.

Let all men then conclude in this,
 That they are hapless, hapless, hapless,
 Whose parents do amiss.

Now, who more great than they of late ?
 Now, who more wretched than they are ?

And who more lofty in estate,
 Thus suddenly consumed with care.

Then princes all, set down this rest,
 And say the golden, golden, golden, ⁵
 Mean is always best.

Prepar'd, at last drew on the day,
 Wherein the princes both must die,
 Lord Guilford Dudley by the way, ⁶
 His dearest lady did espy.

⁵ Auream quisquis mediocritatem
 Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti
 Sordibus tecti, caret invidendâ
 Sobrius aulâ.

Hor: Lib. ii. Car. x.

⁶ On the morning of his execution, lord Guilford requested permission to have an interview with his wife, to bid her farewell, though she strongly advised him to the contrary. "All she could do was to give him a farewell out of a window, as he passed towards the place of execution on Tower Hill. His dead body being laid in a car and his head wrapped up in a linen cloth, were carried to the chapel within the Tower, in the way to which, they were to pass under the window of lady Jane, which sad spectacle she likewise beheld; but of her own account, and not either by accident, or, as some have insinuated, by design, and with a view to increase the weight of her affliction."—*Biographia Britt.*

Whilst he unto the block did go,
She in her window, weeping, weeping, weeping,
Did lament her woe.

Their eyes that looked for love erewhile,
Now blubbered were with pearly tears,
And every glance and lover's smile,
Were turned to dole and deadly fears :
Lord Guilford's life did bleeding lye,
Expecting angels, angels, angels,
Silver wings to mount on high.

His dearest lady long did look,
When she unto the block should go,
When sweetly praying on her book,
She made no sign of outward woe ;
But wished that she had angels wings,
To see that golden, golden, golden,
Sight of heavenly things.

And mounting on the scaffold then,
Where Guilford's lifeless body lay,
"I come" quoth she "thou flower of men,
For death shall not my soul dismay :
The gates of heaven stand open wide,
To rest for ever, ever, ever,"
And thus those princes died.

Their parents likewise lost their heads,
For climbing thus one step too high :
Ambitions towers have slippery leads,
And fearful to a wise man's eye.
For one's amiss great houses fall,
Therefore take warning, warning, warning,
By this you gallants all.



WILD ADVENTURES.

Spirits that have o'er water government
Are to mankind alike malevolent.

HEYWOOD.



THE following encounters with the *Duergar*, a species of mischevious elves, are said to have taken place on Simonside Hills, a mountainous district between Rothbury and Elsdon in Northumberland. A person, well acquainted with the localities of the place, went out on a dark night to amuse himself with the pranks of these mysterious beings. When he had wandered a considerable time, he shouted loudly "*Tint! Tint!*" and a light appeared before him, at a short distance, like a burning candle in the window of a shepherd's cottage. Thither with great caution he bent his steps, and speedily approached a deep slough from whence a quantity of moss or peat had been excavated, and which was now filled with mud and water. Into this he threw a piece of turf which he raised at his feet; and when the sound of the splash echoed throughout the surrounding stillness, the decoying light was extinguished. The adventurer retraced his steps, overjoyed at his dexterity in outwitting the fiendish imps; and in a moment of exultation, as if he held all the powers of darkness in defiance, he again cried to the full extent of his voice, "*Tint! Tint!*" His egotism subsided, however, more quickly than it arose, when he observed three of the little demons, with hideous visages, approach him, carrying torches in their diminutive hands, as if they wished to inspect the figure of their enemy. He now betook himself to the speed of his heels for safety; but found that an innumerable multitude of the same species were gathering around him, each with a torch in one hand and a short club in the other, which they brandished with such gestures, as if they were resolved to oppose his flight, and drive him back into the morass. Like a knight of romance he charged with his oaken staff the foremost of his foes, striking them, as it seemed, to the earth, for they disappeared; but his offensive weapon encountered in its descent no substance of flesh or bone, and beyond its sweep, the demons appeared to augment both in size and number! On witnessing so much of the *unearthly* his heart failed him; he sank down in a state of stupor, nor was he "himself again" till the grey light of the morning dispersed his unhallowed assailants, and revealed before him the direct way to his own dwelling.

Another time, a traveller, wandering over these mountain solitudes, had the misfortune to be benighted; and perceiving near him a glimmering light, he hastened thither and found what appeared to be a hut, on the floor of which, between two rough, grey stones, the embers of a fire, which had been supplied with wood, were still glowing and unconsumed. He entered, and the impression on his mind was, that the place had been deserted an hour or two previously by gipsies; for on one side lay a couple of old gate-posts ready to be split up for fuel, and a quantity of refuse brushwood, such as is left from besom-making, was strewn upon the floor. With this material he trimmed the fire, and had just seated himself on one of the stones, when a diminutive figure in human shape, not higher than his knee, came waddling in at the door, and took possession of the other. The traveller being acquainted with the manner in which beings of this description ought to be regarded, retained his self-possession, kept his seat and remained silent, knowing that if he rose up or spoke, his danger would be redoubled; and as the flame blazed up, he examined minutely the hollow eyes, the stern vindictive features, and the short, strong limbs, of the visitor before him. By degrees he perceived the hut to afford little or no shelter from the cold night air, and as the energy of the fire subsided he lifted from the floor a piece of wood, broke it over his knee, and laid the fragments upon the red-hot embers. Whether this operation was regarded by his strange neighbour as a species of insult we cannot say; but the demon seized, as in bitter mockery, one of the gate posts, broke it likewise over his knee, and laid the pieces on the embers in the same manner. The other, having no wish to witness a further display of such marvellous agency, thenceforth permitted the fire to die away, and kept his position in darkness and silence, till the fair dawn of returning day made him aware of the extreme danger to which he was exposed. He saw a quantity of white ashes before him; but the grim, dwarfish intruder, with the roof and walls of the hut, were gone: and he, himself, sat upon a stone, sure enough; but it formed one of the highest points of a deep, rugged precipice, over which the slightest inadvertent movement had been the means of dashing him to pieces.—*Contributed by Robert Bolam.*



The River Wansbeck.

This river discharges itself into the sea at a place called Cambois, about nine miles to the eastward, and the tide flows to within five miles of Morpeth. Tradition reports that Michael Scott, whose fame as a wizard is not confined to Scotland, would have brought the tide to the town, had not the courage of the person failed, upon whom the execution of this project depended. This agent of Michael, after his principal had performed certain spells, was to run from the neighbourhood of Cambois to Morpeth without looking behind, and the tide would follow him. After having advanced a certain distance, he became alarmed by the roaring of the waters behind him, and forgetting the injunction, gave a glance over his shoulder to see if the danger was imminent, when the advancing tide immediately stopped, and the burghesses of Morpeth thus lost the chance of having the Wansbeck navigable between their town and the sea. It is also said that Michael intended to confer a similar favour on the inhabitants of Durham, by making the Wear, navigable to their city; but his good intentions, which were to be carried into effect in the same manner, were also frustrated through the cowardice of the person who had to "guide the tide."—*Rambles in Northumberland.*

A DYRGE ON THE SOULE OF JAMIE, KINGE OF SCOTLANDE, SLAYNE AT FLODDEN, A.D. 1513.

CONTRIBUTED BY F. R. SURTEES, ESQ.



OF the battle of Flodden, Ritson the antiquary has observed that "no event in English history has produced a greater number of poetical effusions"—and there can be no doubt his remark is correct. Of all such, whether ancient or modern, of course Sir Walter Scott's 'Marmion' stands far pre-eminent: it is, of itself alone sufficient to immortalize that fatal fight. As it is not unlikely that the subject is as interesting as ever, a very curious poem connected with it is here given to the public, as a fresh leaf in the Flodden Garland. But some account of it is necessary:—

It has been copied from a MS. in the Harleian Collection, of very great antiquity, written in the character of the reign of Henry VIII. and perfectly illegible to all but those skilled in reading old

MSS. Mr. Ritson in his 'Ancient English Songs' tells us in an introduction to one of them, that there is amongst the Harleian MSS. a poem on Flodden, commencing as this does 'As I lay musing'—and he also says that there is another one in the same volume, and on the same subject, which begins 'O Rex Regum, in thy Realme celestial,' which had been printed in Mr. Lambe's Poems on Flodden Field. Now, on turning to Mr. Lambe's work, it was found that he had taken this last mentioned one, not from the Harleian MSS. but from an edition published in the year 1587, of a very rare work entitled the 'Mirror of Magistrates,' which was printed first as early as 1527. In the Mirror, this Lamentation, which, for some reason, Mr. Lambe had not inserted in his book, may be seen prefixed to 'O Rex Regum' &c. and annexed to it, by way of introduction, are the following amongst other observations, which tend to prove that the Harleian MSS. was the original from which they were transcribed into that work:—

"It seemes by the cōpye (i. e. the MSS. from whence the poem was copied) that it was pende above fifty yeares agone, (it must be borne in mind that this work itself is of as early a date as 1587) or even shortlye after the death of the sayd king, for I founde therewith, in an olde hand, the cōpyes of the sayd king James' letter sent unto king Henry at Turwin, and the king's aunsweres and letters sent to him againe, with this lamentation among them."

These letters and the poem 'ensuing them' are in the Harleian MSS. just as the writer of the Mirror declares his 'cōpye' was, and from that as well as the circumstance of the Harleian MSS. having been manifestly written about the time before assigned, there can be no doubt the original of the Mirror and the Harleian MSS. were one and the same. Assuming this to be the case, the antiquarian necessarily wonders how the MS. had been so long preserved safely. The proper answer perhaps should be, that the Lamentation was the work of an ecclesiastic, and so formerly treasured in the archives of some monastery or other religious house. The last line of every stanza indicate a monkish composition.

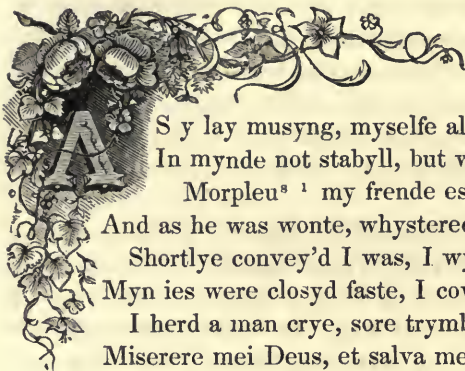
In the 'Mirror of Magistrates' this poem, (which is to be taken as an account of a vision * seen by the narrator), has been confes-

* It cannot but remind the reader forcibly of the following passages in the Book of Job. Chap. iv. ver. 12-16.

Now a thing was secretly brought to me, and mine ear received a little thereof. In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up: It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes, there was silence, and I heard a voice, saying, &c.

sedly altered to meet the taste of a somewhat later period than when it was written: it is also stripped of its abbreviations and comparatively modernized. It here appears as accurate as it can be printed with ordinary types, not as a modern antique, but rather as the diamond unpolished, rude and rough, but still in its primitive beauty.

A Dyrge on the Soule of Jamie, Kinge of Scotlande.



S y lay musyng, myselfe alone,
In mynde not stabyll, but waveryng here and there,
Morpheu¹ my frende espyed me anon,
And as he was wonte, whystered in myne ere;
Shortlye convey'd I was, I wyst not where,
Myn ies were closyd faste, I cowde not see,
I herd a man crye, sore trymblyng for fere;
Miserere mei Deus, et salva me.

Miserere mei Deus, ofte he dyd reporte,
W^t sorowful syghes as ev^r man herd;
For sorow and petye, I began to resorte,
Hys sore exclamacons made me sore aferd;
Myn ies opened, I saw hee had a berd;²
I knowe not verylye whoo hyt shuld be:
He cryed as he had byn steked w^t a swerde;
Miserere mei Deus, et salva me.

Of Scotland, he seyde, late I was kyng,
W^t crowne on hed, and sept^r in hande;

¹ Morpheus, the god of sleep.

² This must mean either that he saw he was conversing with a bard, one able to tell of past events, which formed a portion of the duties of that class of men, or, as the Mirror of Magistrates has it

‘I saw he had a bearde’

Probably the latter is the correct reading as James the IV. is represented by Historians as wearing a long red beard. His brother-in-law Henry VIII. as is very well known to those who have seen Holbein's portraits of him wore one too, as did Francis king of France, a contemporary monarch, whom Lewis the XII. succeeded. Henry the VIII's beard is said to have been worn pointed in order to take from the effect of his round features, which procured him the nickname of ‘Bluff Hal.’

In welthe and hon^r I lackyd nothyng;
 In pesybyll man^{er} I ruled my lande;
 Ordyr my realme I coud w^t a whyte wan:¹
 Now am I exiled from lande and lyberte,
 Kyng w^t owte realme, lo now where I stand;
 Miserere mei Deus, et salva me.

Thus for my folye, I fele I do smarte,
 Bothe lawe and nature dothe me accuse
 Of grete unkyndnes, that I shulde take p^{er}
 Agenste my brother and hys lyege refuse;
 I purposyd warre, yet I fayned truse:
 Thys dyd I, Frenshe kyng, for y^e love of the,
 Yn ordinat affeccion so dyd me abuse;
 Miserere mei Deus, et salva me.

Jesus.

All thys kyng Lewys,² I suffryde ffor yⁱ sake;
 Woo be the tyme that eu^r I the knewe;
 Ffor the am I put yn sorowfull brake,
 Thy wylfull apetyte dothe me sore rewe.
 Thys world ys not stable, yt chaungeth aye newe;
 Now am I bounde, sometyme I was ffree,
 Exiled ffrom liberty, I am kepte yn mewes;³
 Miserere mei Deus, et salva me.

Moreover for the and the realme of Ffraunce,
 Contrary to my oythe solely made,
 Unto kyng Herry I made deffyaunce,
 To ffolow yo^r apetyte, I dyde as ye me badde;
 In moste cruwell wyse I ded hys realme ynvade,
 I trobylled hys subjets by lande and by see;⁴

¹ Alluding to the peaceable state of Scotland during his reign.

² Lewis the XII. king of France who, according to Grimstone's History of France, "had stirred up James king of Scotland an ancient ally to this crowne, but the success of arms was nothing fortunate for him neither by land nor at sea."—Grimstone's History of France, Fol, 1611.

³ This seems to allude as doth the former expression 'in sorrowful brake' to purgatory, "that unknown land" as Mr. Hallam terms it "which the hierarchy swayed with so absolute a rule, and to which the earth was rendered a tributary province."

⁴ The engagement at sea which took place in 1511 between the son of Lord Surrey and Andrew Barton a Scotch sea officer, was, according to Bishop Percy, "in a great measure the cause of the battle of Flodden, in which James the IV. lost his life."—See the Ballad of Sir A. Barton in Percy's Reliques and Introduction to the same.

My rewarde ys no more but hence for to fade ;
Miserere mei Deus, et salva me.

Ffor my wyllful p'jury, thus am I brought
Ffrom high degree to the lowyste of all ;

Whom shuld I blame, I fflownde that I sowght ;
Yn my owen torne I had a gret ffall,

Wherefore I ffere me that now I shall
Have payne eternall for my inequyte :

Lord full of m^r cy, yet to the I calle ;
Miserere mei Deus, et salva me.

Vanquesshyd yn ffield I was, to the rebuke
Of me and my realme, and ek to ow^r shame ;

There fflawght agenste me ney y^r kyng, nor duk,
Prynce, ne marques, ne many lords of name ;

On valyaūnte erle ¹ ow^r powere overcame ;
Yet were we yn no'byre, to his on, three.

Lord whom y^u ffaveryst, he wynneth y^e game ;
Miserere mei Deus, et salva me.

I was onley awthur of my woo,
But began by wekyd counsell ²

Of my lords sperytuall and temporall also,
Whiche for y^e meryst yn feld w^t me ffell. ³

I was curssyd w^t candyll, boke, and bell ; ⁴
I cowde not achyve yn no man a degre,

To assyst a sysmatyke we did not well ;
Miserere mei Deus, et salva me.

¹ Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, reinstated on the 1st Feby., 1514, in the Dukedom which his father had forfeited as an adherent of Richard III.

² This is not historically correct. Maitland in his History of Scotland, says, "Some of them (his ministers) either timid by nature or discontented with the administration in the interest of the Queen or gained by English money, endeavoured to stem the general propensity to war."—See too, Sir W. Scott's Tales of a Grandfather.

³ "Scarce a family of eminence in Scotland (according to Sir W. Scott) but has an ancestor killed at Flodden." And there is no province in Scotland even at this day, where the battle is mentioned without a sensation of terror and sorrow.—Notes to Marmion.

⁴ James IV. had been excommunicated for not joining the continental league against Lewis XII. set on foot by Pope Leo X. and his predecessor Pope Julius, in which Henry VIII. was nothing less than a dupe in the hands of his father-in-law Ferdinand of Arragon.

Cryste awtoryte I dyde all refuce,
 The sensures of the chyrche y dyd not regarde,
 Therefore I am damed by ryghtfull justyce ;
 Sore ys his sentens and cruell swerde,
 Exsepte thy m^r cy lord I am marde ;
 Save me for whom thowe soffryd on a tree ;
 To thy m^r cy I appele for my savegarde ;
 Miserere mei Deus, et salva me.

Here after by me my successo's may be ware,
 And example take by my wrechyd ruynes,
 Lest yn lyke wyse they be take yn the snare,
 As I am nowe, and paye a lyck ffyne.
 Venquesshyd we were w^t power devyne,
 For by mann^{'s} pow^r hyt semyd not to be ;
 Here nowe I lye yn an homelye shryne ;
 Miserere mei Deus, et salva me.

I am a spectakyll also yn lyke case
 To the ffrenche kyng, yf he lyst to take hede ;
 I fferre and he canne not for lacke of grace,
 The chyrche and he be not yet agreede ;
 Therefore let hym looke for a lyke spede,
 As we had y^t whereof hys lege and verite ;
 I trowe he doth god neythre love nor dred ;
 Miserere mei Deus, et salva me.

Whoo ev^r knewe Crystyn man yn worse case
 Then I, wrechyd caytyfe, that cannot have
 In chyrch, or chyrchyerd any man^r of place,
 Among Crysten pepyll to lye yn a grave ? ¹
 The erthe abhorryth me, all men me deprave,
 My ffrends forsakyth me and hathe no petye,
 The world takyth ffrom me all he me gave ;
 Miserere mei Deus, et salva me.

There ys no more nowe, I moste take my leve,
 Yn thys wrechyd world I may no long^r dwell ;
 But on thyng y^t ys y^t dothe me sore grêve,
 I not where to rest yn hevyn or yn hell.

¹ James's body was according to Maitland, " by permission of the Pope, buried at East Sheen in Surrey, for having been excommunicated he could not be interred without that." In Stowe's annals a story is told of the unceremonious manner in which the remains were treated, when Sheen shared the fate of other monasteries at their general subversion. The story is repeated in the Tales of a Grandfather.

None els y^r of but only God can tell:
 Adewe y^e world, yt's full of vanyte:

I may no long^r be w^t the, ffarewell;
 Miserere mei Deus. et salva me.

Ffarewell my quene, swete ladye Margrete; ¹
 Ffarewell my prynce, w^t whom I usyd to playe,

I wot not where we shall togethere mete;
 Ffarewell my lords and como's for aye;

Adewe, ye shall no raunssom for me paye.;

Yet I beseche you of y^r cheryte,

To the hyghe m^ccyffull lord for me pray:²
 Miserere mei Deus, et salva me.

Explicit &c.—

He was slayne at Brancstones

hill y^e yeare of our Lord 1513.

The batayle of Brancston or Floddon fielde,

fought in y^e yeare of our lorde 1513,

and in y^e fithe yeare of y^e rayne of

that victorious prince K. Henry y^e eight.

¹ Sister to Henry VIII. It is a singular circumstance that previous to her marriage with James in 1502, the earl of Surrey had been her conductor with an immense cavalcade to Scotland.

² These words and the previous allusions to purgatory in this and some of the foregoing stanzas, sufficiently prove their author to have been a Roman Catholic. In the first liturgy after the reformation put forth by Edward VI. prayers for departed souls were retained either out of respect to the prejudices of the people or to the immemorial antiquity of the practice, but in a revision of the liturgy, which took place four years afterwards, they were laid aside and several other changes made to eradicate the vestiges of the ancient superstition.—Vide Hallam's Constitutional History.

Epitaph,

IN THE CHURCH YARD OF BERWICK-UPON-TWEED.

“ If breath were made for men to buy,
 The poor man could not live the rich man would not die:
 Life is a blessing can't be sold, the ransom is too high;
 Justice will ne'er be brib'd with gold, that man may never die.”

NIMMO OF THE ROCKING TOWER; *

In Redesdale.



N old house, or the spot where a house has stood, cannot to us be devoid of interest, if we have heard of something peculiar that was said or done by those who lived there, and have long ago terminated their earthly career. Nor is it necessary that this charm should depend altogether on the forcible expressions or heroic deeds of the departed :—it may be felt stronger, no doubt in those places which are celebrated as having been the abodes of distinguished men ;—but wherever words, on any particular occasion, have been uttered, expressive of human feeling or thought,—or actions performed which were striking from their singularity, although the speaker or actor may have been, in respect to intellect, one of the humblest of men,—still the attraction is there. We look wistfully on the place while fancy conjures up before us what, we are told, did occur, in brighter colours perhaps, and regularly defined, as if the whole dialogue or circumstance had passed under our own observation.

Upwards of a mile north east from Otterburne in Redesdale, on the opposite side of the stream from the Dow Craig, and near to the present farm steading of Hope Foot, stood an old peel house called the Rocking Tower. It was, about eighty years ago, inhabited by a small farmer or cottager, Nimmo by name, and his wife, with their son—a lad probably about ten or twelve years of age. The wife's name was Marjory,—a rallying, magisterial woman, who, according to the country saying, “got the heavy end of the barrow to carry,”—poor Nimmo being by nature a silly, inactive, inoffensive man, ready to do any thing for a quiet life. John, the son, partook largely of his mother's qualities, and as the old people had little at home wherewith to keep him employed, they hired him as a cowherd to a neighbouring farmer who resided at Elishaw. Equipped with bonnet and plaid, and accompanied by Moss, the dog, the boy entered on his new avocation with the idea that he was about to perform a part in the world's drama, of no inconsiderable importance.

He had been only a short time at place, when a report reached

* Communicated to the transcriber by the late Robert Beighet of Otterburne Walk Mill, who died at an advanced age about fifteen years ago, and of whom some account will be given in an early part of this work.

Marjory that in consequence of his master's pantry not being over fully stored, he was but sparingly supplied with food. Like many mothers, she was on this point very sensitive, and conceiving the tidings to be true, she speedily adopted the resolution of sending over her husband to bring home the boy. She told him twice over what he had to do, that no mistake might occur, and the old man departed on his errand. On arriving at Elishaw, he soon met with Jack—brisk as a bee—following his cows—plaiting a rush cap, and liltng like a lintwhite the old Border ditty “Wha’ daur meddle wi’ me?” After listening to his father’s message, he contradicted the report, said he got a sufficiency of food, was well treated, and would on no account go home till the term, for which he engaged, was expired. Moss, however, was not so scrupulous—he fawned on his old master, “as glad to see him,” and very readily accompanied him back to the Rocking Tower.

“Weel, where has tu John?” enquired Marjory as her husband entered the house.

“O, he says he gets plenty o’ meat,” replied Nimmo, “an’ winna come hame, for a’ I can eyther dey or say.”

“Then thou’s gettin thy labour for thy pains,” said the dame in a bantering mood,—“thou’s gane a’ the way to ‘Lisha’ an’ back, an’ no a hair the better—”

“Nay, gudewife,—no just sae bad as that eyther,” interposed Nimmo, looking at Marjory and directing her eye to the dog.

“O, thou’s brought hame Moss,—has thou?” she observed, darting a still more displeased glance at her husband; “an’ thou’s left the callant by his ain sel’? Should the sticking bull o’ the Stobbs come down amang the kye, an’ they gang a’ wrang, an’ he hae nae dog to hound them wi’, he may rin, puir thing, till he burst his vera heart! Dye, thou’s o’ nae use kind;—an’ naebody ’ill miss thou, if thou’ll just get a rape an’ hang thyself at yence. Mercy me! was ever woman like myself i’ this world pestered wi’ sic a sackless, dozen’d creature as thou?”

“Wey, gudewife, sae nae mair about it,” replied Nimmo in an unmoved tone, for practice had perfected his forbearance. “I did the thing for the best; but I’ll tak’ back the dog to the callant again, to please ye. Only, when I was at ‘Lisha’, kenin’ that Moss was our ain as weel as Jack, I brought the puir tyke away, thinking *it better to save aye than lose twa!*!”

* * * * *

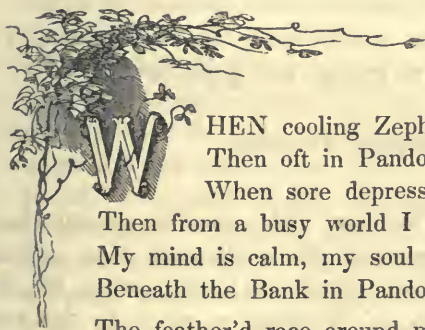
Where intellect is wanting, the defect cannot possibly be supplied by other means, and Nimmo’s imbecility was observable in almost every act he performed. On slaughtering a sheep, he first of all

cut off the shanks, and afterwards bled the animal to death. Jack had, on an evening, witnessed a cruel exhibition of this kind, and meeting, on the following day, with a neighbouring shepherd, an acquaintance of his, he, in the spirit of communicativeness, related to him the leading points of the whole transaction: "We killed a ewe last night," said he, "an' dye, she was a rook! *she ran out o' the house after feyther had the spaulds cut off her!*"

These anecdotes, trifling in themselves, will to many appear unworthy of notice; yet, to those acquainted with the localities of Redesdale, they may at least possess some degree of interest. The remains of the Rocking Tower are now level with the surrounding soil; and it is not without some impressions of a melancholy nature that the transcriber observes, such scanty *memoranda* are, he believes, all that tradition has recorded of several generations, to whom, formerly, the spot was a residence and a home.—*R. White's MSS.*

Pandon Dean.

FROM "NEWCASTLE WEEKLY MAGAZINE," MDCCLXXVII.



W HEN cooling Zephyrs wanton play,
Then oft in Pandon Dean I stray;
When sore depress'd with grief and woe,
Then from a busy world I go;
My mind is calm, my soul serene,
Beneath the Bank in Pandon Dean.

The feather'd race around me sing,
They make the hills and vallies ring;
My sorrow flies, my grief is gone,
I warble with the tuneful throng;
All, all things wear a pleasing mien,
Beneath the Bank in Pandon Dean.

At Distance stands an ancient tower;
Which ruin threatens every hour;
I'm struck with rev'rence at the sight,
I pause and gaze with fond delight;
The antique walls do join the scene,
And make more lovely Pandon Dean.

Above me stand the tow'ring trees,
 And here I feel the gentle breeze ;
 The water flows by chance around,
 And green enamels all the ground ;
 Which gives new splendour to the scene
 And adds a grace to Pandon Dean.

But when I mount the rising hill,
 And there survey the purling rill ;
 My eye delighted—but I mourn
 To think of winter's quick return,
 With with'ring winds, and frost so keen :
 I sighing leave the Pandon Dean.

O spare for once a female pen,
 And lash licentious wicked men ;
 Your conscious cheek need never glow,
 If you your talents thus bestow :
 Scarce fifteen summers have I seen,
 Yet dare to sing of Pandon Dean.

Rosalinda.

THE MUTINEER PARDONED.

A Royalist Tradition.



ABOUT the year 1642, when his majesty Charles the first, and the parliament were adopting measures in opposition to each other, Sir John Fenwick of Wallington, aided by his friend Thomas Loraine, Esq. of Kirkharle, and other gentlemen, adherents to the royal cause, raised in Newcastle, it is said, a regiment in defence of the King. The tide of popular feeling, however, set strongly in favour of the parliament, and sir John, who was colonel, experienced great difficulty in maintaining regular subordination amongst his men. In all probability the remuneration allowed them would be trifling, and amongst other causes of dissatisfaction this seems to have been the ostensible one ; for a state of mutiny was the consequence, and one of the restless spirits, who had been most active in the matter, was brought before a court martial, and sentenced to death. Some days however elapsed before this could be carried into execution, and the

culprit, a young man, and allied to a respectable family, was strongly recommended to mercy.

In the mean time, Sir John Fenwick, both for his own credit and that of his regiment, felt desirous to investigate the matter, and, if possible, discover how far the soldiers had reason to complain. He suspected that a considerable portion of their money was spent by them in taverns and ale houses; and communicating his ideas to Mr. Loraine, it was resolved that they should forthwith adopt measures to ascertain the fact. Having effectually disguised their persons, they sallied forth under shadow of night, to observe whether or not, in these places of resort, the men were accustomed to spend their weekly allowance.

On they went from house to house, without meeting with any of the men, until at last, entering a small tavern near the Nun's-gate, they encountered corporal Steel, an old soldier, who was partially known to them, seated at a table with a tankard of ale before him. They sat down near him, and called for a pot themselves; but before it was brought, the old corporal very generously placed his own before them, begging that they would pledge him therein. They complied, and when their full pot was produced, it of course, was presented to the corporal, with a request that he would favour them with a toast; and he, his eye glistening with delight over the foaming beverage, gave "May our soldiers ever preserve in their *noddles* due obedience to their colonel; and may he resolve in his *noddle* to increase their pay!" This was drunk with acclamation,—another pot was emptied,—and when it came to the corporal to provide for a second round, he excused himself, alleging that he had not the means to procure more. On being asked if he had nothing he could pledge with the hostess until he received his pay; he replied that his sword a Ferara, with which he boasted of having performed many surprising feats, was the only thing he possessed that could be appropriated to such a purpose; but that having to appear on parade, on the morrow (the day appointed for putting the mutineer to death), he could not possibly dispense with it. By persuasion, however, he was at last induced to substitute a smooth lath, which was immediately procured; the blade was delivered to the hostess,—the ale produced,—another and another tankard were emptied,—and the party separated.

Next day, when the whole brigade was drawn up, on the town moor, to witness the death of the criminal, Sir John Fenwick stated to the adjutant that, understanding a corporal Steel in the regiment had been, when engaged in several battles, uncommonly dextrous in hewing off the heads of the enemy, he intended his skill should be proven once more, and that he should behead the mutineer. To all

appearance every thing was arranged for this tragical scene. The corporal was ordered to the front, his instructions were given him,—and he begged hard to be excused, saying he had no heart to execute such an act on one of his poor comrades.

“It must be done” cried the commandant firmly. “Perform your duty, sir, without another murmur.”

“Will your honour,” said the rueful corporal, “first allow me to say my prayers?”

“To them instantly then,” said the colonel, and turning to Mr. Loraine, a suppressed smile passed between them. The corporal fell on his knees, and with much apparent sincerity and fervour, and in a loud voice prayed that if the act he was commanded to perform should be inconsistent with justice, it might be rendered apparent to all, by the immediate transformation of his weapon into wood.

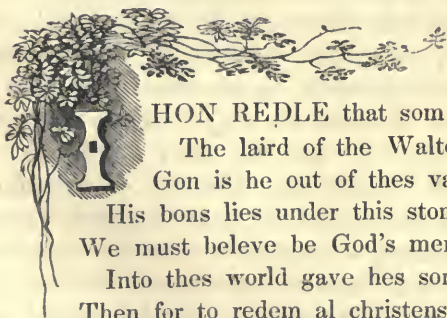
The corporal rose up—drew what was supposed to be his sword, and behold, the change had been effected! “A miracle! a miracle! the man must be pardoned” shouted the multitude. “Be it so” laughingly cried Sir John “and may all our *noddles* remain where they are, and serve us as well in time of need, as corporal Steel’s has served the criminal!”

This saying, it is alleged, conferred the term “NODDLES,” or “NOODLES” on Sir John Fenwick’s regiment; and thus, in all probability, its application may be accounted for, at a much later period.—
Communicated by A. Fenwick.

Inscription on a Tombstone.

IN THE CHURCHYARD AT HALTWHISTLE, NORTHUMBERLAND.

From Bell's "Rhymes of Northern Bards."



HON REDLE that som tim did be,
The laird of the Waltoun;
Gon is he out of thes vale of misery,
His bons lies under this ston.
We must beleve be God's mersy,
Into thes world gave hes son;
Then for to redem al christens,
So Christ haes hes soul woon.

All faithful peple may be faen,
 When dath coms, that non can fre ;
 The bode kept the soul in paen,
 Through Christ is set at liberte.
 Among blesed compane to remaen,
 To slep in Christ nowe is he gon ;
 Yet stil beleves to hav again,
 Though Christ a joulful resurrecshon.
 Al frends ma be glad to hear,
 When hes soul from paen did go,
 Out of this world, as doeth appear,
 In the year of our Lord, 1562.



Barnard Castle Bridge.

My Blessings on your pate, your groats in my purse,
 You are never the better, I am never the worse.

Alexander Hilton, curate of Denton, of the ancient family of Hilton, of Dyons, in the Bishopric, left a son, Cuthbert, of great notoriety, who having taken orders in *no* church, but having been trained up as a bible clerk under his father, considered himself fully competent to perform marriages upon the Bridge of Barnard Castle, which connects the counties of York and Dnrham.

The old rhyme, which he used on these occasions (and quoted above) after having made the parties leap over a broomstick, is still remembered in the neighbourhood.—*Sharp's Bishoprick Garland*.

THE REGION OF THE HEART!



N the reign of Robert Bruce, the second, the Scottish dalesmen were called to arms in great haste, to join in one of those raids or forays (which were so frequent with that nation), into the bishopric of Durham.

One of the troopers from the domains of the proprietor of Fairnihurst, had procured strong plates of steel to defend his heart; and there lived in the town of Hawick at this period an armourer, named Brogg Paterson, who was employed to put the harnessing into the clothes. Learning however that the raiders were to depart early in the morning, and seeing the trooper so intent on protecting his heart; instead of placing the steel plates on the inside of his doublet, Paterson fastened them into the seat of his trowsers.

The next morning at daybreak the invading host assembled, arrayed in their armour, and in high spirits for the enterprise. Moving forward with alacrity, they passed the borders of Northumberland, and crossing the intervening country, reached the Tyne, which they forded, and after gaining the opposite bank, encamped within a half-moon of an impervious brake.

From thence they dispatched a party of foragers, among whom, was this trooper, whose name was Turnbull. The party was pursued by a body of English horse, and several of them slain; but Turnbull reaching the brake, plunged into it, horse and man. The horse stuck fast, and just as Turnbull was trying to extricate himself, by scrambling over the horse's head, an Englishman came riding fiercely up and struck him such a blow behind, with his lance, as would have spitted him to the neck; but hitting right on the steel plate, he made him fly heels over head, beyond the brake, and into a place of safety.

A comrade perceiving him, came to his assistance, and found Turnbull lying on the ground, repeating to himself these words with the utmost devotion:—"God bless Brogg Paterson in Hawick! God bless Brogg Paterson in Hawick!" "Wherefore that?" said the other "Because," said Turnbull, "he ken'd better where my heart lay than I did mysel'."—*Hogg.*

LAMENTE OF HENRYE PERCYE VI. EARLE OF NORTHUMBERLAND
OVER ANNE BOLEYN.



THE following lines have been recently composed in memory of a circumstance which was one of ten thousand that tend to show 'the course of true love never did run smooth.'

The beautiful but unhappy Anne Boleyn, before her marriage with Henry the 8th, had been deeply beloved by Henry Algonon Percy the 6th earl of Northumberland, and there is every reason to believe that she returned his love; but Cardinal Wolsey, at the suggestion of the king, broke off the match. The earl's fate, if not as tragical as that of his mistress, was at least not far removed. He died broken hearted in the same month in which his brother was executed, A. D. 1536.

Lamente of Henrye Percy.

(A modern imitation of an old style of ballad writing.)

What joy can fayre earth offer, nowe to me ?

Ah none ! I wepe that ever I was born,
No more delight I in swete minstrelsy, ¹
Or trumpets clang, or sound of hunting horn.

What boots, gif happiness he cannot bryng,
Phœbus his bryght rays shed's on Alnwick towers,
Where birds in wodes bedeckt with leafis syng,
Chauntynge melodiouslé ² in yon green bowers.

¹ Percy in his Essay on the ancient minstrels informs us that as the House of Northumberland had anciently three minstrels attending on them in their castles in Yorkshire, so they still, in his time, retained three in their service in Northumberland, who wore the badge of the family (a silver crescent) on the right arm.

² Suggested by the recollection of a couplet in Chr. Marlow's 'Passionate Shepperd,' which is quoted in the Merry Wives of Windsor, and runs thus—

"By shallow rivers to whose falls
Melodious birds sing Madrigals."

One birde there was, a faulcon ¹ fine to view ;
 Why hyndered fate that I myght be her fere, ²
 Whose harte to mine and mine to hers beat trew
 But she is flowne—and I'm distraught wi' care.
 What's lyfe to me, Northumberland's proud pere ?
 Lyfe without love is erth without a sunn,
 Why dyd the fates then ev' place me here,
 Why was I dom'ed life's chereless course to run !
 Pale is the crescent ³ of my hope, and fledd
 Is all my thoughte of happyness e'er more,
 Soon be my days as summer shaddows sped,
 And soon my breaste as cold as Laplande shore.
 But thee fond mayd, to starry hyght upborne,
 Whose name my lips to 'plaine of, scarce may move ;
 Thee, lyke Philomela, wyll I ever mourn,
 Anna ! my fyrste, my laste, and onlye love. ⁴

Frederic. R. Surtees.

Temple, London, May, 1841.

¹ A figurative expression for Anne Boleyn herself, whose family device was a falcon. In ancient times nothing was more common in writing than to distinguish any noble individual by their armorial bearings ; thus for instance the lines in Gray's 'Bard,' are in allusion to the custom—

"The Bristled Boar in infant gore,
 Wallows beneath the thorny shade."

the Boar meaning king Richard the 3d of the house of York, whose crest was a silver Boar. Again, in the Harleian MSS. in 'A Ditty setting forth the inconstancy of Fortune from a Fable of a Falcon who flew from the other birds to the top of a mountain adorned with a fine Rose-tree, where a loving Lyon choose her nest,' which begins "In a fresh mornyng among the Flowry's," there is this explanation—"By the Falcon is meant Queen Anne Bolyn it being her device,—By the mountain, England,—and by the Lyon, King Henry the 8th, to be sure."

² Fere, feare, or feire,—a mate. Vide Glossary to 'Percy's Reliques.'

³ One of the crests of the Percy family. Their motto is 'Esperance en Dieu.' Hope is in God.

⁴ Notwithstanding this vow, Percy, it will be found, did marry after Anne Boleyn's death. His wife was a daughter of George Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury ; however, his marriage was unhappy, without issue, and ended in separation.

CARD-PLAYING FOR GEESE.

A Custom in Northumberland.



N Redesdale and Coquetdale, since the commencement of the present century, it was customary amongst such small farmers as might have reared from a dozen to a score of geese, to invite, about the latter end of the year, a number of their friends and neighbours to their houses, and dispose of the brood by a species of lottery or card-playing,—wherein each goose was put up at a value—stakes advanced by the party to the amount—a game at cards played thereon, and the winner became possessed of the prize. The same plan was observed with each cackler in succession till the whole were played for and won. An excellent supper was then served up to the guests—two or more bottles of whiskey were supplied—songs, fun, and amusement circulated amongst them; and it frequently occurred that morning approached ere they could muster resolution to break up and retire, in detached groups, to their respective homes.

Sometimes a successive number of meetings of this description took place in a small district; and each was regarded with much attention by the inmates of the house at which it was held, forming to them a kind of era for the whole year. Where the neighbourhood was populous, and it occurred that a public house, with an agreeable landlord or pleasing landlady, was stationed in a central position, the “Play” was generally *performed* there, especially if the dwelling house of the farmer was too small to accommodate the company. To those who never witnessed a scene of this kind, the following comic sketch may not be unacceptable. It is from a pen, unfortunately too seldom employed, which, were its progress proportioned to its power, would add another wild blossom to the imperishable chaplet of our native literature. A certain graphic truth, and homely fidelity about the draught, forcibly remind us of some of the humorous delineations of Hogarth. The speaker is represented as an inhabitant of Jedburgh, whose gastric capability has procured him the appellation of “*Wull the Slowan*,”* and his account of

* The word *Slowhoun* is, on the borders of Scotland, applied as a term of reproach to any person who can and does consume food of a liquid kind in very large quantities. It means the *Sleuth hound* or Blood hound, and indicates clearly that these animals were remarkable for the voracity with which they seized upon and swallowed their food.

what he saw and how he acted, holding thereby the mirror up to his own deformity, is elicited by an acquaintance asking him if he intended to go to Coquetdale again to the *Guse Plays*. His reply is as follows:—

“O aye, ye may swear that,—ye may swear that. My friends Jacky Robson o’ Barrow, Raff Bolam o’ Clennel and Kit Cowson o’ Warten wad be awfully disappointed if I didna visit them at the Chris’mas. O man! what a time we had o’t last year, and what through-gangings! We garr’d the week last for ten days, and there was a guse play every night, and losh me, man, sic feasting! It was just roast and boiled for ever, and dumplins and puddings and pasties without number, and then sic lashins o’ drink! O man, O man! But the best sport of a’ was at Harbittle at auld Jacky Common’s. It was on a Friday’s night: there were fifteen geese to play for, and the players sat down exactly at six o’clock, and just as the clock warned for twal’ the hin’most game was concludet. Jacky Robson had gotten twae geese, Kit Cowson three; neither Raff Bolam nor me had gotten ony. Nae less than eight out o’ the fifteen was won by a little crouse, chantin chieldie o’ the name o’ Tom Fenwick. Says auld Jacky Common the landlord, ‘now lads’ says he, ‘as yere through wiv’ the geese, and as its nit late yet, what wad ye think iv a play for a Scots haggis?’ ‘The vara thing, Jacky,’ cried the hail company with a shout; ‘dye, man, put the haggis on the board.’ ‘Here’s for ye then, my hearties,’ cried Jacky, and down he sets a gayen sizeable gudely haggis, just new ta’en out o’ the pot, the clear beads o’ fat sweaten out o’t and stannin owr’t like drops o’ morning dew. A single look o’t was enough to make a hungry heart rejoice. Weel, the cards war dealt, the play began, and it wasna lang till the nashgob of a creature, Tom Fenwick, wins the haggis. ‘Hurray, lads,’ cries he, ‘I’m lucky. Bring spunes, Jacky, its a haggis ’ill ser’ the hail company.’ ‘Ser’ the hail company,’ said I, ‘if it do, the company winna be ill to ser’. I’ve seen a hungry man that wad hae lent it a gude lift himsel’.’ ‘Wuns, Scotsman,’ cries Tom, ‘if thou’ll eat the haggis theesel’ there where thou sits, and have dune in an hour’s time, I’ll giv thee’t, aye and a’ my winnings the night into the bargain.’ ‘Haud out your hand, friend,’ said I, ‘I take the company to witness.’ Sae he held out his hand, and the thing was choppit off. ‘Now cut up the haggis, Jacky’ said I, ‘and bring me a horn spune—nane o’ your pewter dirt,—and I call upon the company to see fair play.’ ‘Jethert yet,’ shouted the company, ‘ye shall have fair play, Scotsman, for the sake o’ your noble stomach.’ Weel, I falls to the haggis like a day’s work,—it was a prime gude anc, baith fat and weel seasoned,—

and, my certy, I made few banes o't. When I was within half a score o' spunefuls o' being dune, I cries out to Jacky Common to fetch a quart o' yill, that I might synde my throat. 'Nit a drop,' cries the mean creature, Tom Fenwick, 'nit a drop; its nit i'th' bargain.' 'If it binna i'th' bargain' says I, 'that's just the reason ye canna hinder me to hae it,—I refer to the company.' 'Jethert yet,' shouted the company again. 'Nothing but fair play! Jacky, bring the quart,—a gallon if he'll drink it.' Sae the quart was brought, and nae suner had I gotten a waught o' the yill than, my truly, I wasna lang in clawing off what remained o' the haggis. 'Now friend,' says I, just as I swallowed owre the last mouthfa' o' the bag, 'ye'll be sae gude as table the eight geese.' 'Aye table the geese, Tom' cried the company all at once, 'every thing's been dune fairly, and the honest man shall have his bargain.' 'Here they ir then,' cries Tom, layin' the hail eight delightful creatures on the table,—'here they ir, I fancy I needna wish ye a stomach to eat them.' 'Na,' says I, 'ye may save yoursel' that trouble, friend; I'll excuse ye for that pairt o't. If ye had had the mense to offer me the quart o' yill when ye saw me in need o't, I wad ablins hae gi'en ye a guse back again, but as ye behaved sae shabbily, ye need expect naething if ye war gaspin—ye manna think to put tricks upon travellers, especially upon a man like me.' 'Jethert for ever!—dye, nought can gang wi' Jethert,' shouted the company again, and the creature, Tom, findin' what an a customer he'd gotten, hadna another word to say, but sneaket off like a tyke wi' a shangy on his tail. Sae I cam away, conqueror, wi' hail eight geese, gude anes they war. I wan other five by play, three at Rodbury, ane at Thropton, and ane at Snitter,—by that means I had nae less than thirteen geese when I cam hame to Jethert. O man! what a shot it was! I canna expect to play sic a yin every year.'"

Such festive occasions and mirthful meetings are now less and less observed, and ere long will in all probability be classed with things which are held only in remembrance. The introduction of roads through the most retired parts of the country—trade working its way, like water, through every channel where profit may be gained—the human race increasing, and individuals communicating more and more with each other—and the effect which railway conveyance has and will have, on the present and future generations,—all tend to erase, from men's minds, recollection and observance of what was done in bygone days. If the change make us more virtuous, it is well; but our forefathers, while they kept and devoted many times in the year to innocent amusement and jocund hilarity, were distinguished not less for simplicity of life, than for honesty of purpose, and adherence

to, and triumph of principle over selfish, worldly interests. These qualities made them renowned like "the invincible knights of old," and have called forth so much of our veneration, that we have given whatever pertained to them a place with the objects of our love,—hence we cannot look upon the discontinuance of their "sports and pastimes" without regret,—such memorials being inwoven with our deepest and most cherished associations.—*R. White's MSS.*

EARL MORAY'S CAPTURE.

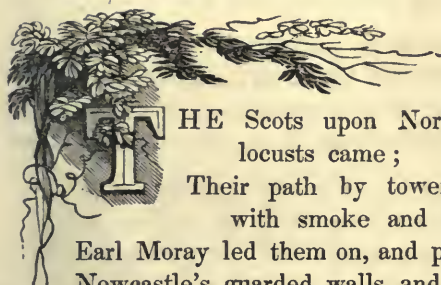
A Ballad.



HEN David, King of Scotland and son of the BRUCE, returned from France to his own territory about the year 1342, he was informed that in his absence, his people had suffered much from the insolence of England; and, raising a large army, he gave the command thereof to Randolph, earl of Moray, and made, by way of reprisal, a hostile incursion into that kingdom. Laying waste the villages through which they passed, the Scots reached the Tyne and forthwith besieged Newcastle. The command of the fortress at that time was entrusted to Sir John Neville, who would appear, from the following instance of martial skill and gallantry, to have been a brave and chivalrous knight. Taking advantage of a thunder storm, which occurred about midnight shortly after the arrival of the besiegers, the heroic leader sallied forth with two hundred spears—rushed into the enemy's camp—seized the Earl of Moray who was in bed—and brought him a prisoner into the town. This bold achievement aroused the most vindictive hostility on the part of the Scots, who renewed their assault on the barriers with great vigour; but owing to the promptitude and intrepidity of the defenders, they were beaten off, and compelled to raise the siege. Advancing southward, they exercised uncommon severity on the city of Durham—taking and reducing it to ashes,—and putting to the sword the whole of its defenceless inhabitants.—*Froissart. Brand. Dibdin's Northern Tour, &c.*

The following ballad is a delineation, or rough sketch of what may be supposed to have taken place when Moray was made a prisoner; and is only given as an illustration to that fragment of local history.

EARL MORAY'S CAPTURE.



THE Scots upon Northumberland, like swarming locusts came ;
 Their path by tower and hamlet was marked with smoke and flame ;
 Earl Moray led them on, and paused not till he came before Newcastle's guarded walls, and these he has assaulted sore.

King David Bruce is in the camp ;—each man before his eyes Endeavours boldly to perform some feat of high emprise :
 Midway between the threatening towers a struggle they maintain ;
 They try to pierce the barriers, but find all efforts vain.

Sir John, the gallant Neville, of the fortress held command,
 And round his floating banner thronged a brave and martial band—
 True men who in the town's defence would stand or nobly die ;
 Would hurl each fierce invader back, or in its ruins lie.

A stirring day of warfare passed :—the sun's last troubled beam
 Fell dimly o'er St. Nicholas' spire and Tyne's broad rushing stream ;
 Then rain came on and thunder growled, and the watchfires' ruddy light,
 With bolts of flame, glared wildly through the darkness of the night.

Out spake the noble Neville, amongst the warriors all,
 As they in close discourse were set within his lofty hall :
 "Methinks at such a time as this, it were a fitting thing,
 To rush within the Scottish lines and try to seize their king.

Myself for one will venture : what numbers can we raise ?
 The deed, though we should miss our mark, at least may gain us praise,
 And will a fair reprisal be on such a hated foe."—
 With one long shout the band arose and answered, "We will go!"

Then there were buckling on of arms, and rivetting of mail ;
 And prayers were breathed from female lips which fear had rendered pale :

Sir John upon a charger black before the troop appears ;
 Their number when he marshalled them was twice an hundred spears.

From out dark Newgate's frowning arch they softly rode and slow ;
No sound as they advance must rouse the unsuspecting foe ;
But the storm was on their favour,—as near the camp they drew,
The drenching rain came pouring down, the wind more fiercely blew.

"Now every man for his good king, and for his lady's love,
Take out his blade and by its use his claim to honour prove,"—
Thus spoke the Neville as he drew his broad and sweeping brand,
And forward rushed with lightning's speed amongst his eager band.

All opposition soon they cleared, and onward—onward went
O'er prostrate head and writhing limb, until, around the tent
Which proudly rose the highest, each reined his prancing steed :
Earl Moray, rouse thee—seize thy sword—defend thee—there is
need!!

The blood of four devoted guards was on the English steel ;
The edge and force of Moray's blade three Englishmen did feel ;
But ere another blow was dealt, the assailants closed around
The vengeful leader where he stood, and bore him to the ground.

Full soon they searched the tent, but found no other living wight ;
The king resided there at day, but left it in the night :
Ah! this precaution served him well, for had he present been,
That very night his capture, or else his death had seen!

Upon a steed was Moray borne, and close on either side,
With watchful eye and ready hand a trusty knight did ride ;
Each spear again was in its rest when thus Sir John did say ;
"Now are our foes awake and roused ;—come let us clear our way!"

As through the grove the whirlwind sweeps with all-subduing
force,

The strongest oak, the tallest pine, uprooting in its course,
So through the serried, closing ranks of the fierce, unyielding foe,
Dispersing death on every hand, the English horsemen go.

Again beneath dark Newgate's arch are heard the horses feet ;
Again advancing two abreast they issue on the street ;
A thousand voices welcome them of loving maid and dame,
A thousand tongues, where'er they go, their bravery proclaim.

Then let us pledge, with honour due, the memory of those
Who captured thus at such an hour the leader of their foes ;
And with us all remembered be the gallant Neville's name ;
He nobly played a hero's part—be his a hero's fame!

R. W.

Conyers of Sockburn,

IN THE COUNTY OF DURHAM.



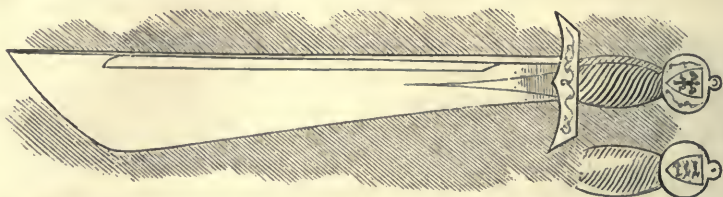
VERY soon after the Norman conquest, Sockburn became, by episcopal grant, the seat of the Norman family of Conyers. The legend which accounts for their establishment is as follows:—

In an ould manuscript w^h I have sene of y^e descent of Connyers, there is writ as followeth: Sr John Conyers, Knt., slew y^t monstrous and poysonous vermine or wyverne, and ask or werme, w^h overthrew and devoured many people in fight, for that y^e sent of y^t poison was so strong y^t no person might abyde it. And by y^e providence of Almighty God this John Connyers, K^t, overthrew y^e saide monster, and slew it. But before he made this enterprise, havinge but one sonne, he went to the church of Sockburne in compleate armour, and offered up y^t his onely sonne to y^e Holy Ghost. Y^t place where this great serpent laye was called Gray stane;* and as it is written in y^e same manuscript, this John lieth buried in Sockburne church in compleat armour before the conquest.

The ancient service by which the manor of Sockburn was held, proves that the legend is of no modern origin, and I will not doubt that some gallant exploit is veiled under this chivalrous tale, with at least an adumbration of truth. At the first entrance of the bishop into his diocese, the lord of Sockburn, or his steward, meets him in the middle of the river Tees, at Nesham-ford, or on Croft bridge, and presents a faulchion to the bishop with these words: "My Lord Bishop, I here present you with the faulchion wherewith the champion Conyers slew the worm, dragon, or fiery flying serpent, which destroyed man, woman, and child; in memory of which, the king then reigning gave him the manor of Sockburn, to hold by this tenure, that upon the first entrance of every bishop into the country, this faulchion should be presented." The bishop takes the faulchion in his hand, and immediately returns it courteously to the person who presents it, wishing the lord of Sockburn health and a long enjoyment of the manor. The tenure is distinctly noticed in an inquest on sir John Conyers in 1396. The observance is still continued, and the faul-

* The grey stone is still pointed out in a field near the church.

chion * has since been presented to all bishops on their first entrance. The Visitation of Durham in 1666, contains a sketch of the faulchion which was then kept at the manor house of Sockburn.



The MS. already quoted, states that "Roger Conyers was by William the Conqueror made constable of Durham-castle and keeper of all the armes of y^e souldiers within the castle, w^h was after past to him y^e saide Roger by deede to him and his heires mailles for ever, under the great seal of William de Sancto Carilepho, bishop of Durham." According to the MS. a second Roger succeeded his father, and to him followed a third. I know of no actual proof to establish this transmission of the constablenesship for three descents; but there is sufficient evidence from charters in the treasury to prove, that the Norman family of Conyers, lords of Bishopton (and possibly from the same early date owners of Sockburne) held the rank of nobles or barons of the bishopric, at least from the reign of Henry I. Bishop Ralph Flambard gave Rungetun in Yorkshire to Roger Conyers before 1126. His son, who is distinctly mentioned as a baron of the bishopric, was that Roger Conyers whose important services to bishop William de St. Barbara are on record in Simeon. Conyers afforded the bishop a safe retreat in his strength or peel-house of Bishopton: and he afterwards had the address to bring the Scotch intruder Comyn a humble, kneeling penitent before the episcopal throne. To bring about this most wished conclusion, implies as much courage, and certainly more address, than if the constable had finished the contest in the usual manner with bloody hand. The constable's staff and the wardenship of Durham castle, which he had recovered from Comyn, seem a most appropriate reward; and if the green acres of Sockburn were added to the gift, he was still not overpaid.—*Surtees' Durham*.

The veneration of the late Historian of Durham for old families proceeded not merely from the barren taste of a genealogist and antiquary, but by associating itself with the feelings of a benevolent heart, it ripened into a cordial pleasure in witnessing their prosperity

* Dimensions: pomel, 2 inches; hilt, $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches; cross of the hilt, $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches; length of the blade, 2 feet $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches; breadth of the blade next the hilt. $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch.

and into a kindly sympathy towards them in their fallen fortunes. This trait of character was strongly marked by the considerate and effectual exertions he made to shed comfort on the latter days of the descendant "of one of the most honourable houses in the north." Sir Thomas Conyers, on behalf of whom he appealed to the titled and opulent, by a letter of characteristic simplicity and feeling which appeared in the *Gentlemen's Magazine* for December 1809, and Supplement. Sir Thomas was the last decayed representative of the Conyers'. After stating the antiquity, noble alliances, and large possessions of the family, Mr. Surtees says, "that on the death of sir George Conyers, who had squandered the little that was left, the barren title descended to his uncle Thomas Conyers, who after a life perhaps of some imprudence, certainly of much hardship, after an unsuccessful attempt in a humble business, and a subsequent service of several years at sea, was then, in his seventy-second year, solitary and friendless, a pauper in the parish workhouse of Chester-le-Street. Sir Thomas had received from nature, in his fine manly figure and open expressive countenance, the native marks of a gentleman. He bore his lot with a degree of fortitude equally removed from misplaced pride, or querulous meanness. Accustomed to a life of hardship and labour, he wished for neither affluence nor luxury; but his then humiliating situation he felt severely."

On the 26th of Feb. 1810, before the subscriptions had been received, Mr. Surtees hastened to the relief of the old Baronet, accompanied by the late Rev. Patrick George, then curate of Bishop Middleham, who used to speak with admiration of the delicate and kind manner in which he executed his commission. His own grey head uncovered, he accosted sir Thomas at once with cordiality and respect, simply stating the purpose of his visit. The old man was at first much affected. But soon, a dormant sense of pride seemed to be awakened, and he said "I am no beggar, sir, I won't accept any such offers." Mr. Surtees gently soothed this temper, assuring him, that the gentlemen by whom he was deputed were actuated by no motive that could be offensive to him, but only by feelings proper to their rank, and his own; and that, by acceding to their wishes, he could only evince his own sense of that propriety, and prove that he, in their situation, would have felt and acted as they now did. Thus his scruples were gradually overcome, and he consented to the proposed arrangement, with many expressions of gratitude to those who had so kindly interested themselves in his situation.

It is pleasant to remark, that instead of any feeling of mean triumph over the remains of fallen greatness, there is, in the middle, and even lower ranks of this country, a kindly sympathy prompting them to

respect and commiseration ; and Mr. Surtees accordingly observes, " In justice to the officers of the workhouse, it is proper to mention, that sir Thomas receives every degree of attention compatible with the rules of the place ; that he has a separate apartment, and is provided with decent clothing." Immediate enquiries, nevertheless, were made for more comfortable and respectable accommodation than such an institution could afford. But Mr. Surtees was not easily to be satisfied for the old man. At length, however, on the 1st of March, although the proposed amount of the subscription was not then filled, sir Thomas was removed to a situation of ease and comfort,* which he was destined to enjoy but a short time. His strength had been for some time declining, and his constitution, naturally vigorous and robust, sunk under the increasing burthens of age and infirmity. For the last fortnight he had medical assistance ; but the springs of life were exhausted ; and on the morning of Sunday the 15th, he arose evidently weaker, and, under the awful impression of approaching dissolution, passed the day in religious exercises, and in taking an affectionate farewell of his friends and relations. At six in the evening, his usual hour for retiring to rest, he expressed a wish to be removed to bed, and almost immediately expired, without pain, and without a sigh. His mental faculties remained unaltered ; and the closing scene of a life, chequered by more than ordinary vicissitude, was serene and unclouded. In him the last male heir of a long line of ancestry, whose origin may be traced to a period of high and romantic antiquity, the name and title expire, and the blood of Conyers must hereafter flow undistinguished in the channels of humble and laborious life. Sir Thomas left three daughters, married in very inferior situations.

The result of Mr. Surtees' benevolent exertions was, that of one hundred pounds five shillings subscribed, forty-seven pounds would remain for the service of the family when the whole of the subscriptions should have been received.

The tone of feeling in which Mr. Surtees here speaks of the extinction of the noble and ancient race of Conyers, is in such complete accordance with that in his beautiful description of the ruined residence of the family, or rather of the site where "*etiam periere rumæ*," that the passages must not be left separate.

" From John, the son of Galfrid, descended, in a long lineal procession, gallant knights and esquires, who held Sockburn till the reign of Charles I. whilst the younger branches of this ancient stately cedar

* At the house of Mr. William Pybus, Chester-le-Street, whose respectful and affectionate treatment of the old Baronet deserves the highest praise.

shadowed both Durham and Yorkshire. All are now fallen ; and not a foot of land is held by Conyers in either county. Of the house of Conyers not one stone is now left on another. The little church, standing lonely on its level green, has survived the halls of its ancient patrons. Deep traces of foundations of gardens and orchards, a little to the south, point out the site of the mansion, and an old decaying Spanish chesnut, spared by the axe, and whose bulk and indurated bark have protected it from other injury, seems alone to connect the deserted spot with some recollection of its ancient owners.”—*Memoir of Mr. Surtees.*

The following extract is given from a Poem entitled “TEISA,” descriptive of the river Tees, written by Anne Wilson, and published at Newcastle in 1778. In point of poetical merit, little perhaps can be said on behalf of the couplets ; yet the relation which they bear to our present subject may, it is hoped, render their insertion not unacceptable.

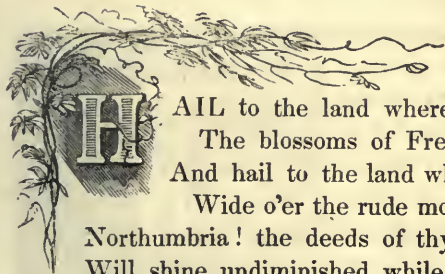
To Nesham TEISA has its course,
 This sweet village lays to the river close ;
 Here its silver stream the traveller fords,
 And in this limpid stream we find the Lords
 Of Sogburn meet the Bishop new elect ;
 To him they homage pay, with great respect ;
 For these two manors, Sogburn and Dinsdale,
 They hold a sword, and tell a wond’rous tale
 Of a wing’d serpent which did infest
 Sogburn’s fine plains, of Durham lands the best :
 From the lunar circle (’twas thought) there fell
 A serpent, as the hydra terrible ;
 Like her, so dread, so fearful to behold,
 That no courageous knight, tho’ e’er so bold,
 Durst him attack, none, none was to be found :
 He rul’d the lord and master of this ground ;
 The people many years this grievance bore ;
 (For man’s short date live serpents o’er and o’er)
 Thus these piteous people were distress’d,
 ’Till a deliverer to the opress’d
 Arose, whose name was Conyers, he a wight,
 Did, like Alcides, in great deeds delight ;
 In his own prowess wrapt, and coat of mail,
 He with his sword this serpent did assail ;
 First on the neck he gave him such a stroke,
 As might have fell’d the stoutest, tallest oak
 That e’er in Britain grew, when Druids possest

Vast groves of these, where they the people blest;
 At which, indignant, wide he flapt his wing,
 The hero underneath a dart did fling,
 For in this part (like great Achilles' heel)
 Tho' else invulnerable, he could feel
 Death's leaden hand, and, for the first time, here
 His undaunted soul stood appall'd with fear;
 Bold Conyers then advancing with his dart,
 In this unguarded, this neglected part
 Soon found a passage to the serpent's heart;
 The purple life this oblique passage found,
 And sally'd forth out of the gaping wound;
 The vanquish'd serpent clos'd his glaring eyes,
 And, like a blasted oak, in ruin lies!
 A large shrill horn the hero sounded then,
 On which appear'd a group of sturdy men,
 Who drew this pond'rous ruin to a pit;
 Many a massive stone there heap'd on it:
 The good Bishop to Conyers then decreed
 These manors for this great and noble deed;
 Where he in peace, and glory flourish'd long,
 And built three holy churches, fair and strong:
 At Sogburn one, where he the serpent slew;
 There, in fine stone, his monument we view;
 His body at full length, in sculpture fine,
 A female on each side, all rare design;
 With his large trusty dog beneath his feet,
 That with his master did the serpent meet.
 This tale now being done, they to his Grace
 Present the sword, that in this fatal place
 Did the old fiery dragon's life destroy,
 Which he, returning, wishes them all joy
 Of these fair lands, which they so justly claim;
 They to their homes then all return again.
 A tale so plausible, none can refuse
 To credit; yet the deep, discerning Muse,
 In this fable, of the antients setting forth,
 Discovers a knight of undaunted worth;
 Who here, perhaps, some robber overthrew,
 Like Robin Hood with his stout valiant crew;
 Or some tyrannic baron, who oppress'd
 His neighbours, to mankind a common pest.

Lines to Northumberland.

“ Dear, even to the savage, is the land of his fathers.”

ALLISON.



HAIL to the land where my forefathers nourished
 The blossoms of Freedom, immortal in worth;
 And hail to the land where sweet Liberty flourished
 Wide o'er the rude mountains that border the north.
 Northumbria! the deeds of thy chieftains, in story,
 Will shine undiminished while virtue remains;
 And Mem'ry's soft smile, consecrated by glory,
 Shall hallow the goblet that foams to their names.

Illustrious land! where the Percies inherit
 The splendour and worth that distinguish their line,
 United with Hotspur's magnanimous spirit,
 Who ne'er bent a knee at servility's shrine.
 In the archives of Britain, see, Truth is pourtraying
 Their patriot merits to eagle-eyed Fame:
 Thy sons, with delight the bright pages surveying,
 Rear high the bright goblet that foams to their name!

Hail to the land! where the bright eye of beauty
 Reflects the mild lustre of sympathy's tear!
 And hail to the land where firm Honour and Duty
 Restrain the wild ardour of valour's career!
 Brave Collingwood! once his loved Island's defender,
 Illumined thy shore with the halo of Fame:
 We breathe a warm sigh to his mem'ry, and tender
 A tear to the goblet that foams to his name.

Ye Heroes! whose day-star of glory is clouded,
 And wrapt in the darkness that shadows the tomb!
 Still, still it shall beam, though in night it is shrouded,
 And spread like a meteor its rays through the gloom.
 The laurels ye've won e'en the grave must relinquish,
 They're due to your children; and gratitude claims
 Each gay trophied garland of fame, to distinguish
 The goblet affection still rears to your names.

Thou PRIDE OF THE NORTH! while the billowy ocean
 Shall roll its white surge on thy cliff-broken strand,
 The hearts of thy children, in rapt'rous emotion,
 Shall bound at each thought of their dear native land.
 Sweet spot of my birth, I will ever caress thee,
 And cherish each wish that redounds to thy fame:
 May the Amaranth and Olive of Peace ever bless thee,
 And twine round the goblet that foams to thy name.

J. Service.

Temple, near Warrenford.



It is recited by tradition, and not without appearance of truth, that a Scotch gentleman named David Dunbar, having travailed through several nations, bearing a fox tail in his cap, as a challenge for any man to fight with him; and lastly, coming thro' England, going towards his owne countrey, was fought with, by one sir Robert Ogle, and by him slain with a pole axe, which, as a monument, remained till lately, in the great hall of Bothal castle.—*Gent. Mag.*



Auncient Rhymer,

SHEWING HOWE HENRY PERCYE, EARLE OF NORTHUMBERLAND* FOR HIS
COVETOUS AND TRAITOROUS ATTEMPT WAS PUT TO DEATH AT
YORK, ANNO, 1407.

CONTRIBUTED BY F. R. SURTEES, ESQ.



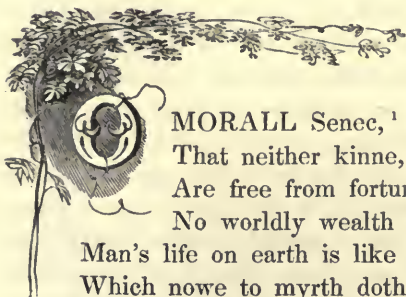
HIS poem has been taken from an edition of the 'Mirror of Magistrates,' published in black letter, in 1574, *'wherein may be seen by examples passed in this realm with how grievous plagues, vices are punished in great princes and magistrates.'* As that work is generally but little known, it may be as well to observe that in the reign of queen Elizabeth and afterwards, it was in considerable repute when books of all kinds were

few, and almost the only mode of acquiring a knowledge of English history was by searching the Monkish Chronicles. It purposes to be an account of various historical events in which men of rank had figured, during the time when England was in its very infancy, where either they had had their ambition checked or terminated their vices by an untimely end. No doubt its tendency was likely to be highly beneficial to the few who could read. The mode in which it was compiled is somewhat singular. The different poems contained throughout the book are supposed to be told to Baldwin the author as he informs us—*'by divers learned men whose gifts need no prayses.'* Who *'take upon themselves every man for his part to be sondrye personages and in their behalfe wail unto me their grievous chaunces hieve destinies and woeful misfortunes.'* These several informants give him an introduction to each poem as well as a few observations at the conclusion. The following is a portion of the introduction to this particular one.—

'In Henry the fourth's time, the conspiracy made by the byshop of Yorke and the lord Mowbray .∴ was .∴ pricked forward by the earl of Northumberlād, father to sir Henry Hotspur, who fled himsele, but his partners were apprehended and put to death with Bainton and Blinkinsops which could not se their duty to their king

* He was so created at the coronation of Richard II. July 16, 1377, being previously only lord Percy of Alnwick. The patent of his creation is still preserved in the records of the Tower of London.

but tooke part with Percy that banished rebell.....To th'
 ende ∴ Baldwin ∴ that you may know what to saye of the Percies,
 whose storie is not all out of memorie (and it is a nota-
 ble storie) I wyll take upon me the persone of
 the Lord Henry Percy, Earle of Nor-
 thumberland, father of Syr Henry
 Hotspur in whose behalfe
 this may be saide as
 followeth.'—



MORALL Senec,¹ true finde I thy saying,
 That neither kinne, riches, strength or fauour,
 Are free from fortune, but are aye decaying;
 No worldly wealth is ought saue doubtful labour :

Man's life on earth is like vnto a tabour,
 Which nowe to myrth doth mildly men prouoke,
 And straight to warre, with a more sturdy stroke.

All this full true I Percy find by prooffe,
 Which whilome was erle of Northumberland ;
 And therefore Baldwin, for my piers behoof,
 To note men's falles, sith thou hast tane in hande,
 I would thou should my state well understand ;
 For fewe kinges² were more than I redouted,
 Whom double fortune lifted vp and louted.

As for my kinne, their noblenesse is knowen ;³
 My valiaunt actes were folly for to prayse,

¹ Seneca.

² It is almost needless to state that at all times the Percy family has been about the mightiest as well as the noblest of the English nobility. When a descendant of this earl in king Henry VII's reign, conducted that monarch's daughter Margaret to Scotland, for her marriage with James IV., who with all his nobles was ready to receive her, it has been recorded. "The Scotts very very richly appparelled but above all other the earl of Northumberland who exceeded in the richness of his coat, being of goldsmiths work garnished with pearls and stones, and for the costly apparell of his henchmen and gallant trappings of their horses, besides four hundred tall men well horsed and appparelled in his collars, he was esteemed both of the Scots and Englishmen more like a prince than a subject."

³ When his brother sir Thomas Percy, afterwards created earl of Worcester, was sent to France in 1391, to conclude a peace with king Charles VI. of France. "The day

Where through y^e Scots so oft were ouerthrowōn,
 That who but I was doubted in my dayes :
 And that king Richard founde at all assayes ;
 For never Scots rebelled in his raigne,
 But through my force were eyther caught or. slaine.

A brother I had was earle of Worcester,
 Always in office and favour with the king,
 And by my wyfe dame Elinor Mortimer, ¹
 A sonne I had which soe the Scots did sting,
 That being yonge and but a very spring,
 Henry Hotspur they gave him unto name,
 And thoughe I say it, he did deserve the name.

Wee three triumphed in king Richard's tyme,
 Till fortune ought both him and vs a spite ;
 But chiefly mee, whom clearely from any crime,
 My king did banishe from his fauour quite,
 Proclaiming me a trayterous knight : ²
 Where through false slaunder forced me to be,
 That which before I did most deadlye flee,

Let men beware how they true folke defame,
 Or threaten on them the blame of vices nought,
 For infamy bredeth wrath, wreke followeth shame ;
 The open slaunder oftentimes has brought
 That to effect, that erst was neuer thought,
 To be misdeemed, men suffer in a sort :
 But none can beare the grieve of misreport.

Because my king did shame me wrongfullye
 I hated him, and in deede became his foe ;

before that they should depart (says Froissart) out of Parys the king came to the palais and there he made a dinner to the Englyshe knightes and caused sir Thomas Percy to sytte at his borde (his own table) and called hym cosin by reason of his Northumberland bloude. At which dinner there was given to sir Thos. Percy great giftes and fayre jewels." Sir Thomas Percy was by his mother lineally descended from king Lewis VIII. of France.

¹ This is an error. The mother of Hotspur was a daughter of lord Neville of Raby, she was married at a very early age in 1358—after her death the earl married a second wife, Maud, sister and heir of lord Lucy. The mistake has arisen by confounding Hotspur's wife and his mother. He himself married Elizabeth daughter of Edward Mortimer, earl of March, by Phillippe only daughter of Lionel Plantagenet second son of Edward III.—Vide Collins' Peerage.

² Previous to the king's departure for Ireland he had on urgent suspicion proclaimed the earl a traitor and declared his estates confiscated.

And while he did at warre in Ireland lye,
 I did conspire to turn his weale to woe :
 And through the duke of York and other moe,
 All royall power from him we quickly toke,
 And gaue the same to Henry Bolingbroke. ¹

Neither did wee this onely for this cause,
 But to say truth, force draue vs to the same ;
 For he despising God and all his lawes,
 Slew whom he would, made sinne a very game,
 And seing neither age, nor counsaile could him tame,
 We thought it well done for the kingdome's sake,
 To leaue his rule who did all rule forsake.

But when sir Henry had attaynd his place,
 He straight became in all pointes worse than he,
 Destroyed the piers & slewe king Richard's grace,
 Against his othe made to the lordes and mee ;
 And seeking quarrels howe to disagree,
 He shamelessly required me and my sonne,
 To yeld him Scots which we in fiede had wonne. ²

My nephew also Edmonde Mortimer,
 The very heyre apparent to the crowne,
 Whom Owen Glendour helde as prisoner,
 Vilely bound in dongeon deepe cast doune,
 He would not raunsome but did fellye frowne,
 Against my brother and mee which for him spake,
 And him proclaymed traytour for our sake.

¹ King Henry IV. The earl always declared as we are assured by Hardinge the historian, and by Collins, that he was deceived by Bolingbroke's oaths and protestations, that he had no intention to depose king Richard and when he was sent to Conway castle to persnade Richard to go with him to Bolingbroke at Flint, he did not scruple to tell the king of the errors of his government, but entered into a most solemn engagement that the differences between him and Bolingbroke should be settled in parliament, and till the same should be called, he undertook for the safety of his person.

² Henry IV. after the battle of Homildon Hill, being desirous of gaining some of the spoils of victory, forbad Northumberland to ransom his prisoners, and demanded such of them as could pay largely for their redemption. To this the earl observed, that as it was most just that they who had undergone the danger of the battle should have all the advantage of prey and prisoners, so it had been the custom of the kings of England to allow the lords of the north all advantages of the Scotch wars to encourage them in defending his dominions, and to make up the damage of the continual depredations of that faithless people. The king however not only took the prisoners but was so displeased with the earl as not to suffer him to come into his presence.—Collins' Peerage.

This foule despite did cause us to conspire,
 To put him doune as we did Richard erst ;
 And that we might this matter set on fire,
 From Owen's iayle, our cossin we remeerst,
 And unto Glendour all our griefes reherst,
 Who made a bond with Mortimer and mee
 To priue the king, and part the realm in three.

But when king Henry heard of the devise,
 Toward Edward Glendour he sped him very quicke,
 Mynding by force to stop our enterprise ;
 And as the deuill would, then fell I sicke, ¹
 Howbeit my brother and sonne more politicke
 Than prosperous, with an hoaste from Scotland brought,
 Encountred him at Shrewsbury where they fought.

The one was taen and kild, the other slayne,
 And shortly after was Owen put to flight :
 By meanes whereof I forced was to fayne,
 That I knew nothing of the former fight.
 Fraude oft auayles more than doth sturdy might :
 For by my fayning I brought him in beliefe,
 I knewe not that wherein my parte was chiefe.

And while the king thus toke me for his frend,
 I sought all meanes my former wrong to wreake,
 Which that I might bring to the soner end,
 To the bishop of Yorke ² I did the matter breake ;
 And to th'earle Marshall likewyse did I speak,
 Whose father was throughe Henry's cause exiled,
 The bishop's brother with trayterous death defiled.

These straight assented to do what they could,
 So did the lord Hastings and lord Faucōbridge,
 Which altogether promised they would,

¹ This indisposition probably saved Henry his crown, as the earl of Worcester, instead of waiting for his brother with the remainder of their forces, encountered the king and was himself slain by a chance arrow in the very heat of the fight. Hotspur was also killed fighting, though in the next stanza it is said 'one was taen and kild, and the other slayne.' But there is a difference between historians on this matter, some asserting that Worcester was beheaded after the battle.

² Richard Scroope, archbishop of York, who with Thomas Mowbray had entered into a conspiracy to dethrone Henry. Their design was frustrated by the sagacity of the earl of Westmoreland. After that event the earl of Northumberland fled, first into Scotland, and then into Wales.

Set all their power the king's days to abridge :
 But see the spite, before the byrdes were flydge,
 The king had word and seasoned on the nest,
 Whereby alas my frends were all opprest.

The bloudye tyraunt brought them al to ende
 Excepted me, which into Scotland scapt,
 To George of Dunbar th'erle of March my frende,
 Who in my cause all that he could ey scapt,
 And when I had for greater succour gapt,
 Both at the Frenchmen and the Flemings hand,
 And could get none, I took such as I fand.

And with the helpe of George my very frend,
 I did inuade Northumberland full bold,
 Whereas the folke drew to me still on end,
 Bent to death my partye to uphold:
 Through helpe of these full many a fort and hold,
 The which the king right manfully had man'd,
 I casely wonne, and seized in my hand.

Not so content (for vengeance draue me on)
 I entered Yorkshyre there to waste and spoyle ;
 But ere I had farre in the countrey gone,
 The sheriffe thereof, Rafe Rokesbye ¹ did assoyle,
 My troubled hoaste of much part of our toyle ;
 For he assaulting freshly toke through power,
 Me and lord Bardolph both at Bramham More.

And thence conveyed us to the towne of Yorke,
 Until he knewe what was the kinge's intent,
 Where then lord Bardolph ² kinder than the Storke,
 Did lose his head which was to London sent,
 With whom for friendship mine in like case went :
 This was my hap, my fortune, or my faute,
 This life I led, and then I came to nought.

¹ He had been a friend of the earl's, and it has been asserted by Scottish historians, that he invited the earl into Yorkshire, with promises of assistance, but whether this be true or not, after the defeat of Northumberland on Bramham Moor, near Weatherby, in Yorkshire, he was certainly rewarded by a grant of the earl's manor of Spofford.

² Lord Bardolph died of his wounds after being made prisoner; his head, with that of Northumberland, then white with age, was sent to London. The earl's body was quartered and part sent to Lincoln, part to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, part to Berwick, and another part to London. In the following May, they were, by the king's permission, taken down and buried in consecrated ground.

Wherefore, good Baldwin, will the piers take heede,
 Of slaunder, malice, and conspiracye,
 Of couetise, whence all the rest proceede ;
 For couetise joynt with contumacye,
 Doth cause all mischief in mens hartes to breede :
 And therefore this to Esperance iny worde,
 Who causeth bloudshed shall not escape the sword.

MEG OF MELDON,

A Northumbrian Tradition.

O, madam, madam,
 Your gold will call down curses on your head !
 We loved the youth, and could have wished him still
 In his paternal halls ; but he was driven
 A wanderer amongst strangers, by your gold.
 O, fie upon it ! let its love not quench,
 Within your heart, all generous sympathy
 For human suffering. You have filled your barns
 Up to the doors with grain, and when the poor,
 For very hunger are compelled to buy,
 The heavy charge is tendered with a curse !
 Madam, beware of popular dislike :
 It is a fiend that tears you when alive,
 And, when you die, gibbets your memory,
 To the derision of all future time.

Old Play.



WE are not, in this country, like the early inhabitants of that classical land on the south-eastern point of Europe, whose fertile imaginations peopled the earth and air with divinities, by whom they produced a system of mythology, which has drawn forth the wonder and admiration of the most gifted men through all succeeding times. Our ideas are more circumscribed, and imagination with us would seem to be much more limited in its power : we are able to follow where a master-spirit has pioneered the way ; but incapable of inventing or furnishing forth a creation of our own. Our forefathers, we allow, admitted that ghosts, at murky midnight, walked

their lonely rounds by churchyards and places where the dead were inurned; they denied not that witches, encouraged by the presence of their master, held meetings and revelry on lonely moors, or in places where the hallowed rites of religion were once administered; and they gave credence to the avowal that sportive fairies danced from "eve till dewy morn," under the mellow moonlight, on green knolls and in romantic solitudes,—but these were only faint echoings or, a deteriorated modification of some bright imaginings of the wonderful men of old. Hence it follows that where, in our own times, the people of a district have, from a period immemorial, given a name to a shadow, and marked out particular places for its haunts, the legend must in all probability have had some foundation in truth; but no pen having in due time enrolled its materials on the page of history, they may have undergone change in floating downward from age to age on the stream of popular tradition.

"MEG OF MELDON," says the Revd. John Hodgson, in his elaborate history of Northumberland, "would seem to have been Margaret Selby, mother of sir William Fenwick of Meldon, who distinguished himself as a royalist in the civil wars, and died in May, 1652. She was a daughter of William Selby, of Newcastle, esq., and brought to her husband, sir William Fenwick of Wallington, a considerable fortune, which being mortgaged upon Meldon, was the cause of that manor passing into the possession of the Fenwick family. On the decease of her husband, she resided at Hartington hall, and is represented to have been a miserly, pityless, money-getting matron. In a picture of her, which was at Seaton Deval in 1810, she was habited in a round hat, with a large brim, tied down at each ear, and in a stiff gown turned up nearly to the elbows, with a vandyked sleeve of linen; the whole shoulders were covered with a thickly gathered ruff or frill. The investment of her fortune in the mortgage of Meldon, and the hard case of young Heron being forced to join in conveying the ancient seat and lands of his ancestors to her son, were circumstances likely enough to cause a strong popular feeling in favour of the ousted heir, and as strong a hatred to his wealthy oppressors.

In addition to her hoarding propensities, tradition reports that she was a witch, and being a person of considerable celebrity in her day, she has, since her death continued the subject of many a winter evening's ghost tale. She used to go between Meldon and Hartington hall by a subterraneous coach road, and the entry at Hartington into this underground way, was by a very large whinstone, in the Hart called the *battling stone* upon which people used to beat or *battle* the lie out of their webs in the bleaching season. As a retribution for her covetous disposition, and practice in unearthly arts, her spirit

was condemned to wander seven years, and rest seven years, alternately. During the season she had to *walk*, she was the terror of the country from Morpeth to Hartington Hall. She frequented those places where she had bestowed her hoarded treasure; but always abandoned them when the pelf was discovered and turned to useful purposes. Many nights of watching and penance are said to have been spent over a well, a little to the south-east of Meldon tower, where she had deposited a bull's hide full of gold. The most frequent scene of her midnight vagaries was about Meldon bridge, along the battlements of which she was often seen running in the form of a little dog. Another of her haunts was in an ancient stone coffin on the site of Newminster abbey, where those who had the gift of seeing ghosts, have seen her sitting in a doleful posture for many nights together. This coffin was called by the country people *the trough of the maid of Meldon*, and water found in it was a specific in removing warts, and curing many inveterate complaints. One of her most favourite forms was that of a beautiful woman. But she was Proteus-like, and appeared in a thousand forms, lights and colours, flickering over the Wansbeck, or under a fine row of beech trees, by the river side, in the lane between the bridge and Meldon park. The people of Meldon however became so familiarized with her appearance as to say when she passed them, 'there goes Meg of Meldon.'—Such were the fables with which the calumny of an ignorant and superstitious age aspersed the character and memory of a person who was probably



REMAINS OF NEWMINSTER ABBEY.

much more enlightened and virtuous than her credulous contemporaries.

Within the last century some large fortunes are attributed to the discovery of bags of her gold. That which was deposited in the well near Meldon tower has never been found; but the ceiling of Meldon school-house once gave way with the weight of a bag of her money. This occurred while the master was out at dinner, and the varlets who were fortunate enough to be in, and devouring the contents of their satchels at the time, had a rare scramble for the coins." *

It is related by a correspondent, that an attempt was once made by an honest countryman to recover the mass of treasure which had been deposited in the well near Meldon tower. He was requested, but whether the revelation was made when he was asleep or awake tradition tells not, to repair to the place, alone, on a particular night, exactly at 12 o'clock, and he would meet another person like himself, who would assist him in raising the gold. He was further reminded that to be successful, profound silence was necessary to be observed. Being a man not destitute of courage, he attended at the time, and found the assistant, apparently a decent-looking personage, awaiting his arrival. Having brought with him a piece of chain and a set of grappling hooks he attached them to a *Jack Roll* which at that period would appear to have been fixed over the well for the purpose of drawing water. His comrade seemed to be perfectly acquainted with the nature of their business, for he rendered him all the assistance in his power; and when a loop was formed towards the middle of the chain, the countryman thrust one leg therein, while the other allowed him to descend with all possible care. To his surprise he found the well nearly empty of water, and, fastening his grapplers round the money, succeeded once more in ascending to the top. Grasping the other handle of the *Jack*, he and his fellow exerted themselves so well that the treasure was speedily raised; and the former, siezing it firmly, gave it a swing toward him, that he might land it safely on the bank. Unfortunately however, when he was performing this last important part of his task, excitement had wound him to the highest pitch: the store of wealth was about to be placed at his feet, and the words, "we have her now," escaped from his lips. This operated like a dissolving spell on what was done, the hooks quitted their hold, the object of his anxiety eluded his grasp, and descended again into the well, out of which it is never more to be raised by mortal power. Even the personage who had assisted the countryman seemed changed

from the masculine to the feminine gender, and appeared to be no other than MEG herself, who, strange to relate, had endeavoured to bestow on the poor man what, had his own folly not marred the design, would have made him "a gentleman for life." By what cause he was thus favoured, report sayeth not; but such generosity, was more than could have been expected from the lady, were her character equally as bad as it has been represented. We are commanded to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, and MEG's intention in this instance was surely more rational, redeeming and praiseworthy than that of those testators, who bequeath their property to such favourites of fortune, as are previously in possession of more wealth than they can fully enjoy.

No fabulous obscurity, however, hangs over the circumstance of the ceiling of the school house at Meldon giving way with the weight of a quantity of coin which was concealed there; and of which MEG, according to report, had been the proprietor. The transcriber of this notice numbers amongst his friends a worthy individual now advanced in years, who, when a boy, was present on the occasion, and who succeeded in securing at the time two or three of the pieces. But, as in all popular squabbles, when *might* usurps the place of *right*, the weaker boys shared least in the spoil: some of the stronger ones had the good fortune to carry away a considerable number.

An opinion is generally entertained by the sagacious people in the neighbourhood, that MEG was possessed of a large amount of money besides that which she invested on the manor of Meldon; and being ever desirous of turning it to account, she frequently laid out heavy sums on such commodities as could be disposed of again to advantage. Amongst these, she is said to have dealt largely in corn; and being enabled, when prices were low to make extensive purchases, she would, when a rise in the market took place, realize thereby a proportional profit. Such dealings, though perfectly legal, and, in a business point of view, unblameable, have always to the present hour called forth the maledictions of the poorer part of the people, and amongst other causes would operate very powerfully against her ladyship's popularity.

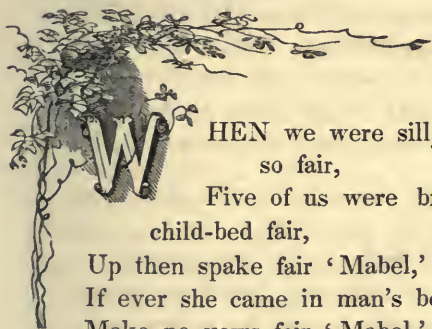
On an examination of such fabulous accounts as have descended to us respecting this remarkable woman, nothing in either her conduct or actions can be found to prove that the peasantry in the vicinity of Meldon or Hartington Hall, could be justified, even on such slender grounds as were adopted formerly, in ascribing to her the crime of witchcraft. Had she performed any single exploit which might be put in comparison with the least of those attributed to the celebrated wizard Michael Scott, that, heightened, as it had

been by the marvellous and supernatural, would have obtained a sure place in legendary lore, and we had heard it early as the wild Border melodies sung by our mothers and nurses over us in our childhood. It would rather appear that her activity in buying and selling, and the influence and means she acquired thereby, had so far exceeded the circumscribed notions of her contemporaries, and those of their descendants, that they supposed she must have been in league with the Prince of darkness, whose powers would become subservient to her will. Such an opinion was likely to be circulated after her death, and would gain undoubted credence amongst those by whom her history came to be discussed, since it afforded at all times a ready mode of accounting for whatever, in her character or performances, lay beyond the range of common comprehension.

Such are the reports, traditionary and authentic, which have come down to us, respecting the famous MEG OF MELDON. Her story is not without its moral, and may serve as a lesson to many who are placed in a similar station of life. If fortune has profusely showered down her favours upon us, instead of exerting ourselves to the utmost in amassing together still more and more of the world's wealth, we ought rather to exercise the gentler feelings of our nature, and be kind and hospitable to those who are placed in a lower grade than ourselves. Where it occurs that men are poor, they should not thereby be overlooked or despised ; but rather, while they adhere to moral rectitude, and perform their duties uprightly and honestly, be treated by the wealthier classes with respect and goodwill. A virtuous peasantry are the "thews and sinews" of a nation's strength ; and though the bodily labour they have to undergo, is a cause of preventing to a certain extent the cultivation of their mental faculties, yet they are not deficient of wisdom, nor are they insensible to generous and benevolent actions. The unfortunate earl of Derwentwater kept at Dilston an open table for the poor, and when he came to suffer by the hands of the executioner, no man's fate was ever more generally deplored ; even the fame of his good deeds still survives, and his memory is yet devoutly cherished by many of the natives of the northern counties of England. MEG's gloomy history, with the exception of the fabulous trait already mentioned, presents no relieving lights of this description ; her avaricious spirit would seem to have withered the genial influences of her heart ; and instead of administering, christian like, to the distresses or wants of her fellow creatures, she probably omitted no opportunity of grinding the wages, of such as she employed, down to the lowest farthing. She has accordingly reaped her reward : the wealth she acquired has long ago passed from her family into other hands, while the neighbouring people to whom

her sympathy was not extended, have unsparingly shorn her name of its just proportion, and "gibbeted her memory to the derision of all future time."—*R. White's MSS.*

Fair 'Mabel' of Wallington.



WHEN we were silly sisters seven, sisters [we] were
so fair,

Five of us were brave knights wives, and died in
child-bed fair,

Up then spake fair 'Mabel,' marry wou'd she nane,
If ever she came in man's bed the same gate wad she gang.
Make no vows fair 'Mabel,' for fear they broken be,

Here's been the knight of Wallington asking good will of thee.
Here's been the knight [of Wallington], mother, asking good-will
of me;

Within three-quarters of a year you may come bury me.

When she came to Wallington, and into Wallington-hall,
There she spy'd her mother dear walking about the wall.
You're welcome, daughter dear, to thy castle and thy bower.
I thank you kindly, mother, I hope they'll soon be your's.
She had not been in Wallington three-quarters and a day,
Till upon the ground she could not walk, she was a weary prey;
She had not been in Wallington three-quarters and a night,
Till on the ground she cou'd not walk, she was a weary 'wight.'

Is there ne'er a boy in this town who'll win hose and shun,
That will run to fair Pudlington, and bid my mother come?
Up then spake a little boy, near unto [her] a-kin,
Full oft I have your errands gone, but now I will it run.
Then she call'd her waiting-maid to bring up bread and wine:
Eat and drink, my bonnie boy, thou'll ne'er eat more of mine:
Give my respects to mother, as [she] 'sits' in her chair of stone,
And ask her how she likes the news of seven to have but one.

Give my love to my brother William, Ralph, and John;
 And to my sister Betty fair, and to her white as bone,
 And bid her keep her maidenhead, be sure make much on't,
 For if e'er she come in man's bed the same gate will she gang.
 Away this little boy is gone as fast as he could run,
 When he came where brigs were broke he lay down and 'swum.'
 When he saw the lady, he said, Lord may your keeper be!
 What news, my pretty boy, 'hast' thou to tell to me?

Your daughter 'Mabel' orders me, as you sit in a chair of stone,
 To ask you how you like the news of seven to have but one;
 Your daughter gives commands as you sit in a chair of 'state,'
 And bid you come to her sickening, her 'weary' lake-wake:
 She gives command to her brother William, Ralph, and John;
 To her sister Betty fair, and to her white [as] bone,
 She bids her keep her maidenhead, besure make much on't,
 For if e'er she come in man's bed the same gate wou'd she gang.

She kickt the table with her foot, she kickt it with her knee,
 The silver plate into the fire so far she made it flee:
 Then she call'd her waiting-maid to bring her riding-hood,
 So did she on her stable-groom to bring her 'steed so good.'
 Go saddle to me the black, go saddle to me the brown,
 Go saddle to me the swiftest steed that e'er rid Wallington.
 When she came to Wallington, and into Wallington-hall,
 There she espy'd her son Fenwick walking about the wall.

God save you, dear son, Lord may your keeper be!
 Where is my daughter fair, that used to walk with thee?
 He turn'd his head round about, the tears did fill his eye;
 'Tis a month, he said, since she took her chambers from me.
 She went on, and there were in the hall
 Four and twenty ladies letting the tears down fall:
 Her daughter had a scope into her chest, and into her chin,
 All to keep her life till her dear mother came.

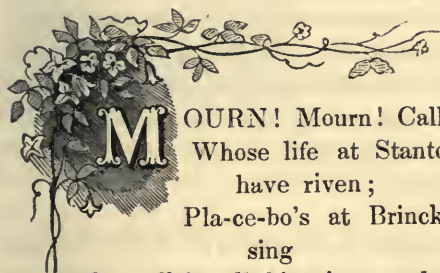
Come take the rings off my finger, the skin it is [so] white,
 And give them to my mother dear, for she was all the 'weight';
 Come take the rings off my fingers, the veins are so red,
 Give them to sir William Fenwick, I'm sure his heart will bleed.
 She took out a razor, that was both sharp and fine,
 And out of her left side has taken the heir of Wallington.
 There is a race in Wallington, and that I rue full sare,
 Tho' the cradle it be full spread up, the bride-bed is left bare.

THE DEATH OF CLAVERING.



N Stanton township in the parish of Long-Horseley, Northumberland, the remains of a stone cross are yet to be seen, of which the Rev. John Hodgson, in his history of the county, thus briefly makes mention:—

“On the Lime kiln flats about a quarter of a mile north of the village a stone cross still stands in a field on the east side of the way, which the tradition of the neighbourhood says was set up in memory of a gentleman of the name of Clavering being slain on the spot in an encounter with a party of Scots.” In the ensuing verses this unfortunate person is presumed to have been a member of the house of Callally, a matter which the pedigree of that family might perhaps throw some light on. The best apology perhaps that can be offered for them, is that they have in some respects followed the model of a very beautiful ballad, however slight may be their resemblance. The ballad alluded to may be found in “Percy’s Reliques,” described as ‘The Braes of Yarrow.’



MOURN! Mourn! Callally for the gentle Clavering,
Whose life at Stanton stone cross the foul Scots
have riven;
Pla-ce-bo's at Brinckburn the holy monck's shall
sing
Cut off in all his sins,—unhouseled and unshriven.

Woe's the day Callally ! that thus the youth should die,
And cursed be the hand that did his life unsever ;
Lamenting o'er his fate, how fills the tearful eye,
A bonnier youth than he, there never was, no never.

Most cheerful was the morn, ay, bright, bright, was the morn,
When he left his home and prom'sed at eve returning ;
His sisters did his doublet with flowers sweet adorn,
But oh ! at vesper-time, at Callally all was mourning.

Stark were then his wounds, and his long, his dark brown hair
Was all steep'd in gore, and his broadsword it was broken :

Gash'd was the face that had been fairest of the fair ;
 Ah ! the gold around his neck, it was his true love's token.

His true love—pereless maid, how did she woeful weep,
 And how did her sobs and sighs re-echo through the valley ;
 For ever from her eyes was banished sweet sleep ;
 These the words she would repeat—"Alas the day Callälly."

And will his kinsmen bold, will they avenge his loss ?
 Yes ! on the traitrous Scots—though routed they will rally,
 Their war-cry then shall be, "Remember Stanton cross,
 And the rose that there was cropt, the flower of Callälly."

Temple, London.

Frederic R. Surtees.

ANECDOTES.

A person of the name of Collins, who lived at Kilmerston, near Wooler, in Northumberland, had a tame otter (*Lutra Vulgaris*), which followed him wherever he went. He frequently took it to fish in the river, and when satiated it never failed to return to him. One day, in the absence of Collins, the otter, being taken out to fish by his son, instead of returning as usual, refused to come at the accustomed call, and was lost. The father tried every means in his power to recover the animal ; and, after several days search, being near the place where his son had lost it, and calling it by name, to his inexpressible joy it came creeping to his feet, and shewed many marks of affection and attachment.—*Bewick*.

Some years since, at a bull baiting in the north of England, when the barbarous practice of bull baiting was very common, a young man, confident of the spirit of his bull dog, laid a wager that he would at separate times, cut off all the animal's feet, and that he would continue to attack the bull after each amputation. The experiment was tried, and the brutal wretch won his wager.—*Ent. Nat.*

A Jay (*Garrulus glandarius*) kept by a person in the north of England, had learned at the approach of cattle to set a cur dog upon them, by whistling and calling him by his name. One winter during a severe frost the dog was by this means excited to attack a cow that was big with calf, when the poor animal fell on the ice, and was much hurt. The Jay was complained of as a nuisance, and its owner was obliged to destroy it.—*Ibid.*

OUR LADY'S WELLS.

Of annient time there was a springing well,
 From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,
 Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good.
 Whylome, before that cursed dragon got
 That happy land, and all with innocent blood
 Defiled those sacred waues, it rightly hot
The well of life : ne yet his vertues had forgot.

SPENSER.



NEAR Longwitton-hall, Northumberland, there is an agreeable walk for nearly a mile, by a woody dingle, called the Deneburn, a lovely and romantic spot, sheltered on all sides by the steep and well wooded banks of the Hart. In an adjacent wood, are three wells, called by the people of the neighbourhood *Our Lady's Wells*, and *The Holy-wells*. They are all chalybeate, contain sulphur and alumine, and were formerly in high reputation

through the neighbourhood for their "very virtuous" qualities. That farthest to the east is called the *Eye well*, on account of its beneficial effects in cases of inflammation of the eyes, and flux of the lachrymal humour. It has a very antient inscription, in four lines, in the rock immediately above it; but many of the letters have been purposely defaced, and to me it seemed illegible. Great concourses of people from all parts, also used to assemble here in the memory of old people on "Midsummer Sunday and the Sunday following" and amuse themselves with leaping, eating gingerbread brought for sale to the spot, and drinking the waters of the wells. A tremendous dragon too, that could make itself invisible, formerly guarded these fountains, till the famous knight, Guy earl of Warwick, wandering in quest of chivalrous employment, came this way and waged battle with the monster. With words that could not be disobeyed, the winged serpent was commanded from his den, and to keep his natural and visible form; but as often as the knight wounded him, and his strength from loss of blood began to fail, he glided back, dipt his tail into the well,

and returned healed, and with new vigour to the combat ; till the earl, perceiving the cause of his long resistance, leapt between him and the wells, and in one furious onset stabbed him to the heart.—*Hodgson's Northd.*

In the “Legend of Sir Guy” in Percy’s Reliques, this redoubted champion observes ;—

“A dragon in Northumberland
I alsoe did in fight destroye,
Which did bothe man and beast oppresse,
And all the countrey sore annoye.”

And in an ancient metrical romance “Imprynted at London—for Wylliam Copland,” occurs the following description of the dragon ;—

“.....A messenger came to the king.
Syr king, he sayd, lysten me now,
For bad tydinges I bring you,
In Northumberlande there is no man,
But that they be slayne everychone :
For there dare no man route,
By twenty myle rounde aboute,
For doubt of a fowle dragon,
That sleath men and beastes downe.
He is blacke as any cole,
Rugged as a rough fole ;
His bodye from the navill upwarde
No man may it pierce it is so harde ;
His neck is great as any summere ;
He renneth as swifte as any distrere ;
Pawes he hath as a lyon :
All that he toucheth he sleath dead downe.
Great winges he hath to flight,
That is no man that bare him might.
There may no man fight him agayne,
But that he sleath him certayne :
For a fowler beaste then is he,
Ywis of none never heard ye.”

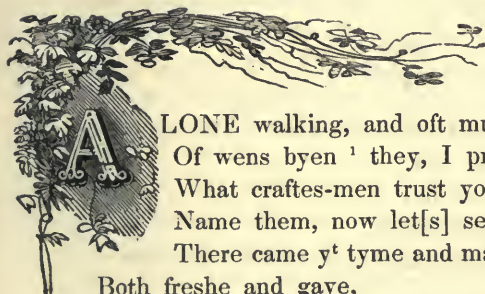


Ballad.



THE following curious ballad ; copied from the Harleian MS. No. 7578, will form a portion of the second edition of "The Bishopric Garland," and is used on the present occasion by the kind permission of the editor of that collection. The original is so badly and incorrectly written as to be, in many passages, perfectly obscure ; it is difficult to say how the lines are to be di-

vided, and although it is set to music, yet not being reduced to the modern scale, the notes afford no assistance towards a division. The manuscript collection from which it is taken, (as appears by a memorandum written at the commencement by Ritson,) was given in 1718 to Wanley by James Mickleton, esq. of Gray's Inn, and of Durham, and contains the treble part of a collection of old songs, &c. set to music, and used within and about the bishopric of Durham in the time of queen Elizabeth. The names of the composers are sometimes given, as Heath and Johnson. It was from this MS. that Ritson printed in his "Ancient Songs" the ballad of "Ty the mare tom boy" and two others. With these exceptions the MS. consists of hymns and religious songs.



ALONE walking, and oft musing, all be a reiver syde,
Of wens byen ¹ they, I pray yow saye,
What craftes-men trust yow they be ?
Name them, now let[s] se.
There came y^t tyme and many mo, with marchandes also,

Both freshe and gaye,
For the morow was the marked day.
From everey villag ther be-syde,
Y^t markyd tyde.
Bullockkes, fat swyne and shepe,
Otes, bygg, bochery ² and whete,
Pigges, gese and copons fat,

¹ Whence be.

² Butchery, butchers meat.

Butter, chese, nuttes, scrabes¹ and eggess,
 With lekes, both grene and grete
 And chesys frome *Dentone* and *Medomsley*
 Y^t cumeth among, and harowes strong
 Spades, shewlys² and gades³ ryght lone.⁴
 Non to presume for sell
 Whylles⁵ they had rong the corne bell
 Tynkell tong, tynkell tong, tynkell tong, ty to tynkell tonge.

To ax a mare, and other gere,
 O yet, O yet, O yet, O yet,
 To a gret bay mare
 She is slyt in the ryght eyre,
 And by moathe, she came from *Whytborne*
 Rake towards the felde of *Kimlesworth*, of *Kimlesworth*
 Tell us, let se for glade wold we, where to, quod he?
 I am here, say what you will, yt is Sainte Cudbarde's day
 Yff yt so be, I holde, quod he.—

There came Peres of *Pelton*, Jenkin and Davy
 Sade Olyver abide, abide, and I will bere yow company
 Unto y^t place, thus dyde they pace,
 Fast dyde they thryng and some dyde cry,
 Alas, my lege, ware, ware, ware⁶ my knyfe,
 Softelye, fy for shame!
 Make roume, go backe, I trust not y^t
 They shouted all, then for a fray.
 Both Sandy, Joke, Dyke and Wyllye,
 Ther browes fast bled, y^t was no play.

There was Hogge of *Howghton* with one showe⁷ of,
 And at the table sone was he set
 On highe, to call, he wold not let,
 Gyfe me y^t dyshe, with y^t rede fyshe,
 For our Tybe and Genye both lames and yowes⁸ this day
 For the and me.

In Sylwer strete as I came bye, we hard colyares crye,
 By coles, by by coles, by by coles, by by coles,
 By by coles, by by coles, by by coles, by by coles,
 By by coles, by.

¹ Quære—crab apples. ² Shovels. ³ Quære—Goads for oxen, or fishing gads.

⁴ Long. ⁵ Until. ⁶ Beware. ⁷ Shoe. ⁸ Lambs and ewes.

From *Brandon* ¹ more and *Ranton* also
 From *Fery* furth and eke *Braside*
 And thes are of *Fendon* a lytill her besyde
 Pene fardyne, ² mastres, ye pay no less, ye pay no less,
 The are raweris ³

[A new hand begins here, but there is no apparent hiatus.]

Rych and of great plenty, nott fare from the Cete ⁴
 Woodes, medowes, great and fayre, and holsom of ayre,
 In all this realme non such truly; a strong palis ⁵
 A goodly moot
 But one place to enter, save only with a boott ⁶
 Upon a craggi rock it standeth pleasantly.
 Now will we go [to] the bayley to yer ⁷ of
 sum thing now for to syng.

In lusty May, the north bayley,
 At Elvet hede did mett
 There was dysgysyng, piping and dansyng,
 And as we cam nere, which thus begane,
 Robyne, Robyne, Robyne,
 And many [a] man haith a fayre wyffe,
 Y^t doth him lythil good
 Robyn, Robyn, Robyn
 And joly Robyn, lend you me the bowe
 Through every strett thus can they go
 And every man his horne dyd blowe,
 Tro, tro, tro, tro, ro, ro, ro, ro, ro, ro,
 tro, ro, tro, tro, tro, ro, ro, tro, tro, tro, tro,
 ro, ro, ro, ro, tro, tro, ro, ro, ro, ro, ro, ro,
 tro, ro, row.

The maydens came, when I was in
 My mother's bower, I hade alle y^t I wolde,
 The bayley berithe the belle away.
 The lylle, the rose, the rose, I lay
 The sylver is white, rede is the golde,
 The robes they lay in fold,
 The bayley berithe the belle away.
 The lyly, the rose, the rose I lay,

¹ This enumeration shews where the coals came from which supplied the city of Durham.

² Penny-farthing.

³ A term of praise, which it is difficult to explain.

⁴ City.

⁵ Palace.

⁶ Boat.—This description of Durham is very curious.

⁷ Hear.

And through the glasse wyndow shines the sone,
 How shuld I love and I so young,
 The bayley berithe the belle away.
 The lylly, the rose, the rose I lay,
 The bayley berithe the belle away.

For to report, it were now tedious ; we will
 therefore now syng no more of y^s game joins.
 Ryght myghty and famus Elizabeth our Quen,
 Pryncis prepotent and eke victorious and eke
 victorius, victorius, vertuus and benign.

Let us pray alle to Cryst, eternalle,
 Which is the heavenly Kyng,
 After y^s lyffe grant them a place
 Eternally to syng.
 A. Amen.

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF FIDELITY.

Edwin, king of Northumberland was one of the greatest princes of the Saxon Heptarchy, and distinguished himself not only by his influence over the other kingdoms, but by the strict execution of justice in his own dominions. He reclaimed his subjects from the licentious life to which they had been accustomed ; and it is a common saying, that during his reign a woman or child might openly carry every where a purse of gold, without any danger of violence or robbery. There is a remarkable instance transmitted to us of the affection borne him by his servants. Cwihelm king of Wessex, was his enemy ; but finding himself unable to maintain open war against so gallant and powerful a prince, he determined to use treachery against him, and employed one Eumer for that guilty purpose. The assassin having obtained admittance, by pretending to deliver a message from Cwihelm, drew his dagger, and rushed upon the king. Lilla, an officer of the army, seeing his sovereign's danger, and having no means of defence, interposed with his own body between the king and Eumer's dagger, which was pushed with such violence that after piercing Lilla, it even wounded Edwin. But before the assassin could renew his blow he was dispatched by the king's attendants.—*Universal Mag.*

SOME REMARKS

ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF

Dr. John Leyden,

FROM MR. ROBERT WHITE'S MANUSCRIPTS.

—Leyden came from Border land
 With dauntless heart and ardour high,
 And wild impatience in his eye.
 Though false his tones at times might be,
 Though wild notes marred the symphony
 Between, the glowing measure stole
 That spoke the bard's inspired soul.—
 Leyden! a shepherd waits thy fate,
 And Scotland knows her loss too late. HOGG.



VENERABLE authority has said that "He who would write a heroic poem ought to make his whole life a heroic poem," and certainly, if such means could produce the qualifications necessary for that undertaking, few men have existed, who were more capable of performing it than Dr. John Leyden. Born in a humble sphere of life, he wrought his way onward, exploring at one time the fabulous history of his country, at another gathering together its traditions and wreathing them into verse; now laying up stores of general information, and again applying himself to the acquisition of some new tongue, until as a linguist, especially in regard to the oriental languages, he had no equal whatever. Bearing that within him which warred everlastingly with "rude inglorious ease," he was ever progressing; and though at last, in a distant land, he was cut off, so early as his thirty-sixth year, he left behind him more than one memorial by which he might be held in remembrance. In his own country the metrical compositions which bear his name, "posterity will not willingly let die;"—and in the east, his labours in arranging, and bringing to a state of written perfection several languages, have, amongst the inhabitants by whom they are spoken, invested his memory with imperishable renown.

John Leyden was born at Denholm on the 8th September, 1775; and was descended from a family of small farmers, who, for several

generations had been settled on the estate of Cavers, in the vale of Teviot, a few miles below Hawick. He was ten years of age before he had an opportunity of attending school,—and even then the course of his progress was interrupted from the changes which took place with the conductors of the school, and the lengthened intervals during which it was altogether closed. It was however, difficult to retard the career of Leyden: he pressed onward, and his insatiable desire of learning having induced his parents to bestow upon him an education suitable to a clergyman, he attended the college at Edinburgh in 1790, and commenced his professional studies. In 1793 and 1794, several of his small pieces found their way into the *Edinburgh Magazine*. In 1801 he furnished a ballad to *Lewis's Tales of Wonder*, and in 1803 two odes and three ballads appeared in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

Previous to this period he had abandoned the design of pursuing the clerical profession and his poetical taste leading him to the study of the oriental languages, the east became to him a region of great interest, being the source from whence many of our most splendid and romantic fictions were derived. With the view of procuring him a situation in the service of the East India company, some of his influential friends represented to the right hon. William Dundas, who had a seat at the board of controul, the talents and inclination of Leyden; but it happened, unfortunately, that the only appointment which then awaited the disposal of that gentleman was surgeon's assistant; and this office could only be held by one who had taken a surgical degree, and who could bear an examination before the medical board. Leyden, however, intimated his readiness to accept it, under the conditions by which it could be obtained, and applying himself with his usual assiduity to the study of medicine and surgery, he, in little more than six months, received an appointment to the Madras establishment. On accepting the office of assistant-surgeon, it was understood that such a position would bring him within the compass of Mr. Dundas's patronage; and that he would be employed chiefly in literary researches, and in investigating the languages of the eastern tribes. The last sheets of his desultory yet beautiful piece, the *Scenes of Infancy*, reached him in April, 1803, when he was about to quit for ever the shores of Britain.

The remaining years of his life were spent in India. His studies, although he suffered much from ill health, were of the most severe and protracted kind, being continued, generally, through the course of ten hours each day. His success was evidently beyond all precedent; and he wrote to a friend in his usual energetic manner, "I may die in the attempt; but if I die without surpassing sir William

Jones a hundred-fold in oriental learning, let never a tear for me profane the eye of a borderer." He fell at last a martyr to his desire of knowledge; for on the capture of Batavia by the British troops, he entered a library in which, it was said, several Indian manuscripts of great value were deposited; and being seized on leaving the place, with a fit of shivering, he took to his bed, and in three day's illness, died on the 28th Aug. 1811, in the thirty-sixth year of his age.

In 1819, the whole of the poetical remains of Dr. Leyden, together with a sketch of his life by the Rev. Jas. Morton, were published at London, by Longman, and Co., in one octavo volume. Amongst these the *Scenes of Infancy* occupies a considerable place, and though somewhat irregular in its plan and execution, yet, on account of the freedom with which a great part of it appears to have been written, and its spirited and touching allusions to places and objects, which were dear to the author's feelings, it will remain probably the most popular of all his productions. We well remember when in our boyhood, we first, gloated over its energetic and beautiful passages; and since that time Leyden has ever been to us an especial favourite. His traditionary ballads are not unworthy of being placed in rivalry with those of the editor of the *Border Minstrelsy*—the *Mermaid* in particular exhibiting an ideal beauty and mellow flow of numbers which even the great romancist never surpassed. Of the sonnets, that to Camoens from the Portuguese of De Matos is a gem of the kind, and instead of a translation, seems to have all the ease and force of originality. Camoens, of whose noble epic the hero would frequently be in Leyden's eye on his voyage to India, undoubtedly stood high in his estimation; and sympathizing with the talents and misfortunes of that great poet, the lines had, as it were, flowed directly from his own thoughts, which may account for the felicity with which they were penned. Some of his odes contain appeals which "rouse us as with the sound of a trumpet," proving that he was gifted with that glowing enthusiasm, which, beyond all art or effort, distinguish the genuine poet. Strains likewise of eloquent pathos occur, whenever he allows the impulses of his own heart, or the feeling of national attachment to enter into his subject. Nothing can be finer than the train of reflection under which the stanzas to an Indian gold coin would seem to have been struck off; and on a perusal of the ode on visiting Flodden, it would be difficult to say whether, in the writer's mind, vindictive energy against the enemies of Scotland, or compassionate tenderness for the loss she sustained on that fatal field, predominated. Four of the plaintive lines are chased into the title page of "*MARMION*."

We think that nearly all the leading traits in Leyden's character

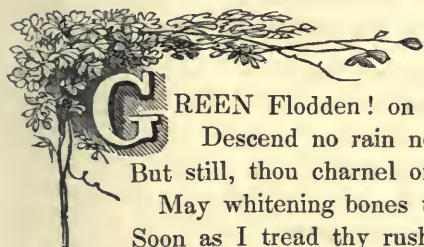
may be gleaned from an examination of his writings. A straightforwardness and honest sincerity about them, shew the author to have been free from all aping affectation ; and that whatever he resolved to perform he entered upon it with downright earnestness, and such perseverance as rarely failed in securing him success. A sudden abruptness in the introduction of imagery and sentiment will occasionally occur even in his shorter pieces : and betimes his illustrations and similes would appear to be far fetched instead of arising naturally out of his subject ; but he was remarkable for the rapidity of his mental emotions, and much of his verse being hastily composed, the variety of his reading had stored his memory so amply with material, that he was not over scrupulous in the selection or exact setting of his diamonds if, at the time, they came readily to his hand. Yet with these slight discrepancies on the score of good taste, his pages are never dull—"he never slumbers at his post." In many instances it may be seen that he looked upon nature with a poet's eye, and that her varied aspects and seasons awakened within him corresponding feelings of gratitude and adoration. Indeed whatever was chaste and beautiful in human nature, or the universe, commanded and obtained Leyden's homage and regard. With a mind open to such impressions, we can wonder not if woman in her purity, with her unwearied love and deep affections found a place there ; and his pen has more than once acknowledged that his soft breathings were neither unlistened to, nor unrequited. Candour, manliness, and unshaken fidelity would seem to have marked and regulated his friendships ; and the tribute which, in the latter end of the second part of the *Scenes of Infancy*, he awarded to Scott, who had then scarcely thrust the sickle into his harvest of fame, is not less expressive of the warmth and disinterestedness of his own nature, than remarkable for the prophetic announcement it conveys of the astonishing career of that talented and wonderful man. Beyond these objects, attachment to the haunts of his youth, and to those spots which the literature of his country had rendered classical, grew with him almost to a passion, and may be traced less or more through all his productions. And yet, amiable though he was, and earnest as he felt at all times to promote the welfare of those around him, the milk of human kindness in his bosom did not subdue, or hold in abeyance, those stern and fearless energies which are engrafted in man's nature for high and important purposes. Leyden bore in his veins the mounting blood of a borderer, and was no stranger, as his writings testify, to that savage and inexpressible delight which the prospect and heat of battle only can produce ; and to which all other stirrings of the soul are, in comparison, tame and insipid. Had the privileges of

his countrymen been in danger, and it had been his fortune to arm himself in repelling the aggression of a foreign foe, none would have surpassed him in the spirit of honest patriotism—no knight that ever put lance in rest would have offered up his life more freely in defending the liberties of his own beloved land.

We close these remarks with a specimen of Dr. John Leyden's poetry, suitable to the limits of this work. It appeared first in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and was afterwards included in his "Poetical Remains."

Ode

ON VISITING FLODDEN.



GREEN Flodden! on thy blood-stain'd head
Descend no rain nor vernal dew;
But still, thou charnel of the dead,
May whitening bones thy surface strew!
Soon as I tread thy rush-clad vale,

Wild fancy feels the clasping mail;
The rancour of a thousand years
Glow in my breast; again I burn
To see the banner'd pomp of war return,
And mark, beneath the moon, the silver light of spears.

Lo! bursting from their common tomb,
The spirits of the ancient dead
Dimly streak the parted gloom
With awful faces, ghastly red;
As once, around their martial king,
They closed the death-devoted ring,
With dauntless hearts, unknown to yield;
In slow procession round the pile
Of heaving corses, moves each shadowy file,
And chants, in solemn strain, the dirge of Flodden field.

What youth, of graceful form and mien,
Foremost leads the spectred brave,
While o'er his mantle's folds of green
His amber locks redundant wave?
When slow returns the fated day,
That view'd their chieftain's long array,

Wild to the harp's deep plaintive string,
 The virgins raise the funeral strain,
 From Ord's black mountain to the northern main,
 And mourn the emerald hue which paints the vest of spring,¹

Alas! that Scottish maid should sing
 The combat where her lover fell!
 That Scottish bard should wake the string,
 The triumph of our foes to tell!
 Yet Teviot's sons, with high disdain,
 Have kindled at the thrilling strain,
 That mourn'd their martial fathers' bier;
 And at the sacred font, the priest
 Through ages left the master-hand unblest,²
 To urge, with keener aim, the blood-encrusted spear.

Red Flodden! when thy plaintive strain
 In early youth rose soft and sweet,
 My life-blood, through each throbbing vein,
 With wild tumultuous passion beat;
 And oft, in fancied might, I trode
 The spear-strewn path to Fame's abode,
 Encircled with a sanguine flood;
 And thought I heard the mingling hum,
 When, croaking hoarse, the birds of carrion come
 Afar, on rustling wing, to feast on English blood.

¹ Under the vigorous administration of James IV., the young earl of Caithness incurred the penalty of outlawry and forfeiture, for revenging an ancient feud. On the evening preceding the battle of Flodden, accompanied by 300 young warriors, arrayed in green, he presented himself before the king, and submitted to his mercy. This mark of attachment was so agreeable to that warlike prince, that he granted an immunity to the earl and all his followers. The parchment on which this immunity was inscribed, is said to be still preserved in the archives of the Earls of Caithness, and is marked with the drum-strings, having been cut out of the drum-head, as no other parchment could be found in the army. The earl and his gallant band perished to a man in the battle of Flodden; since which period, it has been reckoned unlucky in Caithness to wear green, or cross the Ord on a Monday, the day of the week on which the chieftain advanced into Sutherland.

² In the Border counties of Scotland, it was formerly customary, when any rancorous enmity subsisted between two clans, to leave the right hand of male children unchristened, that it might deal the more deadly, or, according to the proper phrase, "unballed" blows to their enemies. By this superstitious rite, they were devoted to bear the family feud, or enmity. The same practice subsisted in Ireland, as appears from the following passage in CHAMPION'S *History of Ireland*, published in 1633. "In some corners of the land, they used a damnable superstition, leaving the right armes of their infants, males, unchristened, (as they termed it,) to the end it might give a more ungracious and deadly blow."—P. 15.

Rude Border Chiefs, of mighty name,
 And iron soul, who sternly tore
 The blossoms from the tree of fame,
 And purpled deep their tints with gore,
 Rush from brown ruins, scarr'd with age,
 That frown o'er haunted Hermitage ;
 Where, long by spells mysterious bound,
 They pace their round, with lifeless smile,
 And shake, with restless foot, the guilty pile,
 Till sink the mouldering towers beneath tho burden'd ground.¹

Shades of the dead ! on Alfer's plain
 Who scorn'd with backward step to move,
 But struggling 'mid the hills of slain,
 Against the Sacred Standard strove ;²
 Amid the lanes of war I trace
 Each broad claymore and ponderous mace :
 Where'er the surge of arms is tost,
 Your glittering spears, in close array,
 Sweep, like the spider's filmy web, away
 The flower of Norman pride, and England's victor host.

But distant fleets each warrior ghost,
 With surly sounds that murmur far ;
 Such sounds were heard when Syria's host
 Roll'd from the walls of proud Samâr.

¹ Popular superstition in Scotland still retains so formidable an idea of the *guilt of blood*, that those ancient edifices, or castles, where enormous crimes have been committed, are supposed to sink gradually into the ground. With regard to the castle of Hermitage, in particular, the common people believe, that thirty feet of the walls sunk, thirty feet fell, and thirty feet remain standing.

² The fatal battle of the Standard was fought on Cowton-Moor, near Northallerton, (A. S. Ealfertun,) in Yorkshire, 1138. David I. commanded the Scottish army. He was opposed by Thurston, Archbishop of York, who, to animate his followers, had recourse to the impressions of religious enthusiasm. The mast of a ship was fitted into the perch of a four-wheeled carriage ; on its top was placed a little casket, containing a consecrated host. It also contained the banner of St. Cuthbert, round which were displayed those of St. Peter of York, St. John of Beverley, and St. Wilfred of Ripon. This was the English standard, and was stationed in the centre of the army. Prince Henry son of David, at the head of the men-of-arms, chiefly from Cumberland and Teviotdale, charged, broke, and completely dispersed the centre ; but unfortunately was not supported by the other divisions of the Scottish army. The expression of Alfred, (p. 156,) describing this encounter, is more spirited than the general tenor of monkish historians ;—" *Ipsa globi australis parte instar cassis aranæ dissipata* "—that division of the phalanx was dispersed like a cobweb.

Around my solitary head
 Glean the blue lightnings of the dead,
 While murmur low the shadowy band—
 “Lament no more the warrior’s doom !
 Blood, blood alone, should dew the hero’s tomb,
 Who falls, ’mid circling spears, to save his native land.”



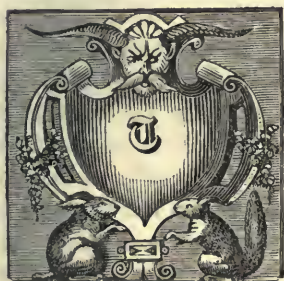
Ruins of Tynemouth Priory.



ACCORDING to Matthew Paris, Tynmouth, which was a cell of the abbey of St. Alban's, was a place of banishment for the refractory monks of that house. He further states that in the time of John, elected abbot of St. Alban's in the year 1195, and who died in 1214, there was in the monastery, one who wore the habit, but was not a monk ; but like Lucifer among the angels, or Judas among the apostles, a most wicked hypocrite among religious men. This man, whose name was William Pigun, being corrupted by Robert our adversary, thrust himself busily, as it were, to assist them, among those appointed to search the writings of the house ; and, observing that the common-seal was not so strictly watched as it ought to have been, being kept

among these writings, he artfully found an opportunity, while the others were busy, to put the seal to a counterfeit deed prepared for that purpose, and delivered the same to the aforesaid Robert our adversary; who having got it into his hands, began to boast that he had not yet produced that which would confound all his opposers. This being told to the abbot, he soon concluded that there must needs have been some treachery in his own house, and, sifting into the matter, the fraud was detected, and the manager of the same convicted; whereupon he was sent away to the cell of Thinemue, there to do perpetual penance for his crime. Being implacable, he often bitterly cursed the abbot, who had sent him to Thinemue; but all his curses fell upon his own head; for, falling asleep in the necessary-house, when he had over-eaten and drank, he never waked again; and the monks who were in the cloister distinctly heard a voice crying in the privy, "Take him, Satan—take him, Satan."—*Brand.*

FEATS OF FOX HOUNDS.



HE late proprietor of Spittle-hill house, (William Bullock, esq.) which is situate at the east end of Mitford, was a keen and skilful sportman, and always kept a small but choice and valuable pack of hounds. So excellently were they trained, that, like the *slough dogs* of the Borderers, they could trace out a thief through all his turnings and windings. One morning for amusement Mr. B. pursued a young man, who, according to the custom of the country, had spent the night in sweet dalliance with his mistress, and discovered him in a wood at some distance. The girl however, was greatly offended, and all the fair maids of the neighbourhood espoused her cause, and refused to hire to the wag-gish sportsman, but on the express condition, that their sweethearts should be permitted, agreeably to ancient usage, to visit them unmolested.

Whenever a hen-roost was robbed, geese killed, or any other depredation committed by reynard in the neighbouring country, Mr. B. was always applied to, and seldom failed to exterminate the nocturnal robber. At one time, a most extraordinary instance occurred of the quality of two of his fox hounds. He threw off his pack on a covert

near this place, when, on beating the bushes, a fox was unkenneled on the flank of the rear hounds. They doubled upon him with their usual eagerness, and after a spirited chace lost his tract ; but the two leading hounds were missing, and they neither came up at the voice of the huntsman nor the sound of the bugle. The fox took towards Rothbury forest, where it was seen, followed by the hounds. Here it appears, he was headed off, when he directed his course to a stronghold on Simonside hill, from whence, being still pursued, he ran northward, and crossed the Coquet at Cragend, where he expected to find an asylum. Being again disappointed, he made towards Thornton crag, where he was equally unsuccessful : he then stretched across the country towards Cheviot. In the evening, a shepherd, on the skirts of that mountain, heard the cry of the hounds at a distance, and shortly after saw a fox coming towards him at a slow pace, and two hounds a few yards behind him, running abreast, and alternately chaunting in a feeble key. The man confined his cur, and stood stationary, till they came up to the fox, which they tumbled down, and fell upon, but were unable to worry. The spectator then sprung to the spot, took Reynard by the brush, and pulled him forward in order to dispatch him ; but he was already on the point of expiring. As soon as the hounds were a little recovered, he gave them some pieces of bread, and then conveying them to his cottage, entertained them with the best viands his cupboard could afford. He had them called at Wooler market, and the neighbouring churches ; but no person claiming them, they continued under his hospitable roof, until Mr. B. accidentally heard of their place of residence, when he instantly recovered his two favourites, and liberally rewarded their kind host. The zig-zag course they had run in the chace, was computed at upwards of seventy miles ; and what is remarkable, the fox seemed perfectly well acquainted with all the strongholds in this passage. This skilful sportsman's matchless breed of hounds was kept untainted by his heir, the late Thomas Bullock, esq. Since his death they have been disposed of to the Northumberland Hunt, except a few aged favourites, that are allowed to range about their old haunts.—*Mackenzie's Northd.*

BRAND informs us, that among the fines in the 6th year of the reign of king John, he found a singular entry concerning the wife of Hugh de Nevill, who gave the king, two hundred hens, to lie one night with the said Hugh, at that time probably a state prisoner.—*Hist. of Newc.*

THE BITER BIT;

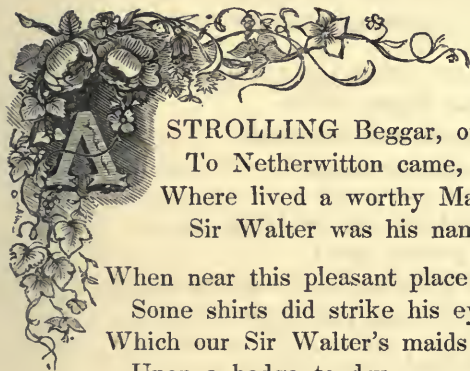
A Poem.

FOUNDED ON FACTS,

BY M. WILSON, HEXHAM.

"While 'tother one, who did no hurt,
 "Was clapt up close in prison for't;
 "Thus justice while she winks at crimes
 "Stumbles on innocence sometimes."

BUTLER.



ASTROLLING Beggar, on a day,
 To Netherwitton came,
 Where lived a worthy Magistrate,
 Sir Walter was his name.

When near this pleasant place he drew,
 Some shirts did strike his eye,
 Which our Sir Walter's maids had laid
 Upon a hedge to dry.

"A fair exchange," the Beggar cried,
 "No robbery can be;
 "And if I one of these should take,
 "Who will find fault with me?"

"I'll leave my old one in its stead,
 "And that is surely fair;
 "And put this new one on my back,
 "'Twill fit me to a hair."

Sir Walter heard, while thus he spoke,
 And saw him all the time;
 Yet silence kept, when he might there
 Have check'd him for his crime.

But, tho' Sir Walter saw the man,
 He did not see the Knight;

And, as no one objected, he
Concluded all was right.

The shirt was taken off the hedge,
And soon his back adorns;
And his old ragg'd and greasy one,
Was laid upon the thorns.

When thus equipp'd, onward he goes,
In quest of bread and meat,
Money or ale, whatever he
Could get to drink or eat.

Sir Walter now resolv'd to take
This Beggar by surprise;
For he, good gentleman, like all
The other Knights, is wise.

He took a circuit round the road,
And near the Beggar drew;
Who little thought the Magistrate
His base behaviour knew.

He boldly asked him for an alms,
And told a piteous tale!
"Come," said the Knight, "into the hall,
"I'll give you meat and ale."

The Beggar follow'd overjoy'd;
Sir Walter led the way;
But had the Beggar known his drift,
He had not been so gay.

He eat and drank, and smil'd for joy,
That fortune was so kind:
Not so the Knight—the stolen shirt
Was running in his mind.

A letter he with speed indites,
And to it puts his seal;
For who can question, but these Knights
Like other mortals feel?

Then, thus the Beggar he address'd—
"Sir, do you Morpeth know?"
"Yes," said the man. Then, said the Knight,
"For me an errand go.

“Ye’s have a shilling for your pains,
“If ye’ll this letter take,
“And give it to that worthy man,
“I mean good Mr. Bl-ke.

“He keeps a house, as you must know,
“Bad people to correct ;
“Here’s your reward—and now, my friend,
“I trust you’ll not neglect.”

With joy the shilling he receives,
And towards Morpeth hies ;
Ah! little thinks the hapless wight,
How near his ruin lies.

But now a thought came in his mind,
And to himself he said,
“’Twill take me far out of my way,
“I really am afraid.

“I mean to steer another course,
“And if a man I see
“Upon the road, I’ll try if he
“Will take this charge from me.”

So on he trudg’d till he o’ertook
A Chimney Sweeper Boy,
And deeming him a likely lad,
It filled his breast with joy.

“My Boy,” he cried, “where art thou bound ? ”
“To Morpeth, Sir,” said he.
“And wil’t thou take this letter, then,
“Unto that place for me?

“I’ll give thee sixpence for thy pains ; ”
The lad was overjoy’d,
And thought himself in fortune’s books.
To be so well employ’d.

They parted friends ; the Beggar straight
Another road did roam ;
The sun was setting in the west,
When Sweep arriv’d at home.

And to the house of Mr. Bl-ke,
He walk’d without delay,

And to the Keeper gave the note,
And was desir'd to stay.

The Keeper read the letter through,
Wherein was written down ;
“ Detain the bearer, I command,
“ Until I come to town.

“ This is your warrant for the same”—
They seiz'd the trembling Sweep ;
And in the prison shut him up,
Designing him to keep.

“ What have I done” the Sweeper cried,
“ That you should use me so ?”
“ No matter,” Mr. Bl-ke replied,
“ I will not let you go.”

And there they kept him safe and sound,
Till Walter came to town,
And to the house of Mr. Bl-ke,
He took his journey down.

“ Bring out the prisoner,” he cried,
“ I sent the other day ;
“ The rascal trick'd me of a shirt,
“ And dearly he shall pay.”

The Keeper brought the Sweeper out,
Sir Walter look'd aghast ;
He thought that the *Old Gentleman*
Was come for him at last.

But when he saw he was a Sweep,
He ask'd what brought him there ;
The lad quite artlessly replied,
“ I know not—I declare.

“ I saw a Beggar on the road,
“ Who me a letter gave,
“ And sixpence—Sir, it is the truth,
“ As I've a soul to save.

“ I brought the letter to this place,
“ As he directed me ;
“ And more than this I do not know,
“ What 'tis my crime can be.”

Sir Walter smok'd the whole affair,
 And gave him his release ;
 Besides a little money too,
 And bid him go in peace.

Soon as the Beggar knew the snare,
 From which he'd saved been,
 He sung and danc'd, a merrier man
 Was seldom ever seen.

And oft he doth recite the tale,
 And often he doth sing ;
 Now let us drink Sir Walter's health,
 And say, God save the King.

Diverting Tricks

OF THE

NORTH COUNTRY FARMERS.

Man, what changes come o'er us ! I mind when master and servant sat a' at ae table ; and, if ye'll believe me, I've seen mair wit played off at a dinner time, than ye'll gather now in half a year.—*Scots Comedy.*



UPWARDS of thirty years ago, when preparations for war with France had raised the prices of agricultural produce beyond all reasonable expectation, the jovial farmers of Coquetdale were particularly distinguished for their love of fun, humour, and drollery. The fertile soil in their possession made them large returns, and being good farmers and liberal minded men, they fed their servants well, and exercised such hospitality in their houses, that no stranger was allowed to depart without partaking freely of their cheer. Such prosperity and abundance were singularly at variance with discontent and moping melancholy ; and it followed, of course, that these men, being full of heart, were apt, in all matters of either a local or general nature, to look especially at the laughing side of the question. When opportunity served,

they never omitted to elicit mirth from whatever quarter it could be found, and though it frequently came at their own expence, no class of men ever enjoyed their *ain sport* more, or entered into it with greater spirit and good will.

Amongst this number of yeomen, no better specimen can be given than the late John Donkin, whose forefathers farmed Tosson, a tract of land on the east of Simonside hills, for nearly a century, and who was a very respectable and well informed man. He had great natural shrewdness, was possessed of an excellent musical ear, loved diversion for its own sake, and his talents for wit and mimicry were of the very highest order. His memory was stored with anecdotes which, from a distant period, were connected with his native valley;—of these a great many were of a dramatic and humourous description, and in relating them to his intimate friends, he was not less distinguished for his happy representation of individual character, than for the life, reality and earnestness which he threw into the performance. He was a tall, well made man of prepossessing manners, and he carried into public life the delicacy and generous bearing of a gentleman.

Some time previous to the termination of the French war he removed from Coquetdale, and entered on the farm of Gallowhill, near Bolam, about fourteen miles north west of Newcastle. During harvest, he hired his shearers chiefly from the neighbourhood of Rothbury, with all of whom he was well acquainted, and so highly did they respect him that, whether the subject was duty or diversion, they strove with each other who should most readily contribute to either his word or will. Hence the toil of the season was most agreeably relieved by a succession of jokes or tricks, played off amongst the party, which in nine cases out of ten, originated, unknown to them, from the plans and contrivance of their good humoured and mirth-loving master.

It fell out that one of the shearers, Jack Swan of Pondicherry, a weaver by trade, went on an evening to Whalton to carry home some butcher meat for the use of the house. It was purchased of R. Crawford, and transferred to Swan's charge, with orders that, as a number of disorderly people were strolling about, he was not to allow it to be taken from him on his way home. Jack protested that rather than yield it up he would die on the spot, and his master appearing satisfied therewith, mounted his horse, and rode off in a contrary direction. Following however a circuitous route, he speedily came between Swan and the Gallowhill; and intending to try his mettle, he dismounted, and having fastened his horse at some distance from a stile which led into his own farm, he quietly awaited the weaver's arrival. The night was gloomy and favourable to the experi-

ment, and no sooner did Jack's footsteps announce his approach to the stile than Donkin advanced, and in a strange voice which he could admirably assume, commanded him to stand. Self-preservation was to the weaver the *first law*, and he took no time to deliberate; but instantly dropped the basket of meat on the road—flung himself over the stile with all expedition—and committed himself to flight, down the field, as speedily as ever his legs could carry him. Before approaching the house at the Gallowhill he was at some pains, however, to make his exterior correspond with what he would say of his adventure:—accordingly, when he entered the kitchen, his clothes were torn and soiled, and like the humourous knight of our immortal dramatist, he magnified the danger he had passed by relating that seventeen Irishmen had set upon him—assaulted him—and robbed him of the meat! On the arrival of his master, who quietly conveyed the basket and its contents into the shepherd's house, Jack appeared before him in his rent habiliment, and related his story,—to which with seeming gravity he gave great attention, and appearing to sympathise with the weaver in the pretended misfortune which had overtaken him, he observed that he cared nothing about the loss of the meat, and was very glad the rogues had spared his life. So well was the affair managed that Swan, through the harvest, never even suspected the trick. Many were the times he was desired to recapitulate the tale, and the joke, to those in the secret, was a source of never-failing merriment.

On another occasion towards the end of harvest, Cuddy Wintrip, a joiner, and Clem Hall, a kilnman, both of Tosson, went to Morpeth for the purpose of buying one of the fat cattle whereby they might, between them, be supplied with beef through the winter. They could not however suit themselves, as to a likely animal, and, wetting their mouths freely at several of the public houses, they were driven as night approached to take up their lodgings in the town. Next morning they felt no great inclination to move,—quart of ale after quart was drunk,—and day after day passed on, until the whole amount of their money was expended. On the following market day, they were very glad to see their old friends, the farmers; and, meeting with John Donkin, already mentioned, and William Wilson of Hople, they communicated to them the emptiness of their purses, and solicited assistance to enable them to return home. The farmers, entering with great good-will into the views of the moneyless men, took them to a public house, which at that time was kept by one Michael Swan who himself had lived in Coquetdale, *dined* and *glassed* them, and made arrangements to provide a post chaise, in which they might, apparently, be sent safely back to Tosson. So far all went well: the

vehicle at length drove up to the door—received the travellers, and as it whirled off over the pavement again, their benefactors, for liberality and good-heartedness, were, by the joiner and kilnman, praised beyond all bounds. After a good drive, Cuddy remarked to his companion that they were surely not on the right road, for he saw the rigging of vessels, and he well knew “there were ney ships at Tosson!!” “Hout, them are ney ships,” said the kilnman; “they’re the tree tops iv Hollowell dean!!” It turned out, however, that Cuddy’s opinion was correct; for the driver shortly afterwards drew up, and set down his passengers in the open space of ground adjoining the new quay at North Shields. He was known to John Donkin, and having been by him commissioned how to act, he gave them each five shillings, wherewith they had to make the best of their way homeward to Tosson. This was the first and last time these *worthies* ever attempted to provide themselves with winter beef at Morpeth market.

“There is” says the proverb “a time for all things,” and changes have taken place in other districts as well as in Coquetdale. We scarcely now hear a single echo of the innocent mirth which flowed so full and freely around its hearths in former days. The very disposition of the inhabitants would appear to have undergone alteration, and its joyful men have passed away. Of him who was the prime mover in what has been related, we may say with Hamlet that we “shall not look upon his like again.” Musicians may still be found skilful enough to equal his admirable *bow-hand*; but where shall we find a parallel to his spirit, his humour and his mimicry? In the last quality especially, he stood unrivalled: and in proportion to the singularity of either the appearance or speech of the person he imitated, in like degree was the fidelity of the representation. Every line of the face, every word, the pitch and very tone of the voice were brought before you; and to retain your gravity was impossible—you laughed outright—and so heartily too, that often the tears would have streamed over your cheeks, while his own countenance exhibited not even the semblance of a smile.—*R. White’s MSS.*

Epitaph.

FORMERLY IN THE CHURCH YARD OF HARTLEPOOL, DURHAM.

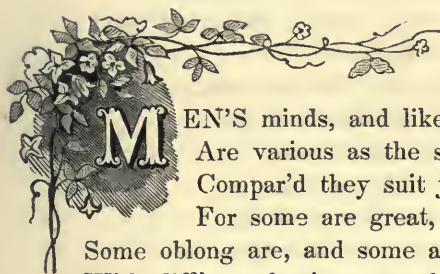
“She was —— but room forbids to tell you what;
Think what a wife should be —— and she was that.”

THE NEWCASTLE RIDER;

OR,

Ducks and Pease.

A TALE, BY JOHN LUND.



MEN'S minds, and likewise their opinions,
 Are various as the size of onions ;
 Compar'd they suit just to a tittle,
 For some are great, and some are little ;
 Some oblong are, and some are round,
 With diff'rent fancies men abound.

Some men i'th' morning, when they rise,
 Will tell you, it will rain by th' skies ;
 Because they're red, or black, or blue,
 They guess their changes by their hue ;
 Yet, e'er an hour passeth over,
 They other sentiments discover ;
 And for a certainty declare,
 The day is likely to prove fair,
 Or calm, or windy, frost, or snow ;
 And yet they never truly know,
 But only for the sake of talk,
 'They others' expectations baulk.

Some others, menial slaves in trade,
 By masters or superiors paid,
 Will (when they can) transform their shape,
 And gentlemen of fashion ape ;
 An instance, and a true one too,
 In my succeeding Tale I'll show.

There is a wealthy thriving town,
 To tradesmen and to merchants known ;
 'Tis seated in *Northumberland*,
 And doth upon the borders stand ;
Newcastle-upon-Tyne's the name,
 Which long hath stood enroll'd in fame.

As all things are ordain'd by fate,
 There lived within this town of late,

A sprightly enterprizing youth,
 Whose name, I'm told, is *Joseph Booth*.
 He really was a gallant spark,
 And to one 'Squire C—k—n clerk ;
 His rider too, from town to town,
 To transact bus'ness up and down.
 These Riders are well known for smarts,
 And chiefly pitch'd on for their parts ;
 As health, and sense enough (though young)
 And volubility of tongue.
 To talk on trade with diff'rent men,
 Likewise a quick command of pen ;
 And of these qualities so rare,
 Our *Joseph* had sufficient share ;
 And every one of these cou'd do,
 Could talk with men and—women too.

The time at length again comes on,
 When our friend *Joseph* must be gone,
 And take his old half-yearly round,
 Where trade and money may be found ;
 His master's correspondents visit.
 And orders fresh from them solicit ;
 Yet was resolv'd before he went,
 A little money should be spent,
 In certain necessities needful,
 Which shews that *Joseph* was grown heedful ;
 That he might good appearance make,
 For credit, and his master's sake.

What things they were, we have forgot,
 And truly, sirs, it matters not,
 We only know of one, and that,
 Was a new jemmy, gold-lac'd hat ;
 But *Joseph* would not have this known,
 And so he travell'd out of town
 Some way, before he put it on. }
 But when he'd gotten far enough,
 To fear no jeering friends reproof,
 He gave his nag a gentle switch,
 And threw his old hat in the ditch ;
 Then from his great-coat lining drew,
 His gold-lac'd nab to public view ;
 And as he rode along at leisure,
 He view'd it o'er and o'er with pleasure ;

Then fiercely clapp'd it on his head,
And look'd a deal worse taught than fed.

Now let days, weeks, and months pass over,
That better scenes we may discover,
And to the very crisis come,
By bringing *Joseph* nearer home :
From *Leeds*, about noon time of day,
To *Knaresbro'*, *Joseph* bent his way ;
But trav'ling slowly, it was late,
When he arriv'd at *Harrogate* ;
So thought he would stay there that night,
And at the *Queen's-Head* did alight ;
Order'd his horse both corn and hay,
And to the kitchen bent his way,
And took upon himself some state,
Whilst landlord did his orders wait.
" A room above—here, quickly show ;
" I hate those dampy rooms below ;
" And let me have my supper soon,
" Be sure that it be neatly done.
" What can I have ?"—Sir, what you please.
" Then hark ye—get me *Ducks and Pease*.
" A couple ? yes, and fat ones too,
" Or else by G—d they will not do :
" And let a peck of pease be boil'd,
" Or otherwise my supper's spoil'd ;
" Set them directly to the fire,"
Sir,—all shall be as you desire.

When *Joseph* in the room advanc'd,
He capriol'd about and danc'd,
And *tol de roll* did roaring sing,
As made the very house to ring.
A chariot to the door did come,
Which made the landlord leave the room
To ope' the door ; from whence there came,
A gentleman and lovely dame.
The gentleman within the house,
Directly handed then his spouse ;
Along the passage as they went,
Her nose received a grateful scent,
More grateful than the best perfume ;
So when they came into the room,

The Lady to the Landlord said,
 I wish some supper could be had,
 And pray ye, let me have it soon,
 I have not broke my fast since noon;
 The smell that from your kitchen comes,
 Hath caus'd a wat'ring in my gums;
 Pray what is roasting at your fire?
 Some such a thing I should desire;
 It must be *Goose* or *Duck* I smell,
 And either would content me well.

Madam you're right (the Landlord said)
 Two *Ducks* before the fire are laid,
 And *Pease* are boiling on the fire,
 Both which a Ge'man did desire
 Should be got ready for his supper,
 Who's in a room we call an upper;
 For there indeed he would be shewn,
 What, is the Gentleman alone?
 Yes, Madam, he came single here,
 And is a merry man I'll swear;
 He struts about, and laughs, and talks,
 Sings, and *toll loll ders* as he walks;
 'That was you Madam, something near him,
 I'm very certain you might hear him.
 O! Landlord, as to that ne'er mind,
 To something else I'm more inclin'd;
 Pray go you with our service to him,
 And tho', perhaps, we do not know him;
 Tell him two strangers just alighted,
 Like other travellers be-nighted,
 Send him their compliments by you,
 And will themselves the honour do,
 Of his good supper to partake,
 For company and friendship's sake.

Up stairs away the Landlord went,
 And to the ground his body bent;
 Sir, I'm afraid I do intrude,
 But hope you will not think me rude;
 A Gentleman and Lady fair,
 Who are but just arrived here,
 By me, Sir, in a civil way,
 Their compliments unto you pay,

And humbly hope you'll be so kind,
To let their company be join'd
To yours, good Sir ; and if you please,
They'll sup upon your *Ducks and Pease*.

How ! join with me, Sir, do you say,
No, no such thing ;—so go your way :
I am not such a simple elf,
I order'd supper for my self ;
And what I call for, I shall pay for,
So get you gone, what do you stay for.
This he concluded with a frown ;
Away the Landlord trundled down,
And *Joseph's* answer did declare,
Which made them at each other stare
With equal wonder, who the devil,
Could send an answer so uncivil,
To their request, so complaisant,
He must both sense and manners want ;
A gentleman he could not be,
So void of all civility.

The gentleman was vex'd, and swore,
He ne'er was served so before ;
As to himself he did not mind,
But to his wife it was unkind ;
He thought he might a little spare,
And yet enough fall to his share.
I think my Lady's much abus'd,
As Ladies seldom are refus'd ;
I value not his *Ducks and Pease*,
For I can sup on bread and cheese ;
So, pray ye, Landlord, go again,
(Although to send you gives me pain)
And tell him I shall sup below,
But beg some favour he will shew,
Accept the company of my bride,
The Ladies should not be deny'd.

Accordingly, the Landlord went,
Told him the message that was sent,
And hop'd his answer would be mild,
Perhaps the Lady was with child,
And had a longing in her crupper,
For what he'd order'd for his supper.

At this he turned bluff and blunt,
 D'ye mean (says he) to give affront;
 D—n ye, be gone, and say no more,
 You scurvy, curst Son of a Whore,
 Or else I'll kick you out of door;
 Was she the Queen, you stupid clod,
 She should not sup with me by G—d.

}

Away the Landlord came again,
 And tho' he knew 'twould give them pain,
 His answer he before them laid,
 And told them what *Lord Joseph* said.

This made them wonder more and more,
 And vex'd them worse than all before.
 Pray Landlord, tell me (if you can)
 What kind of person is this man?

Why, Sir, as sure as you stand there,
 A gentleman he doth appear;
 A jolly-looking man—not fat;
 Well drest, and wears a gold-lac'd hat.

Why, what you say, doth me surprize,
 And I cou'd wish with my own eyes,
 To see this man, this very night,
 But privately, and out of sight.
 Then sir, step but up stairs with me,
 And I'll contrive to let you see.

Up stairs they went, and said no more,
 The Landlord open set the door,
 To lay the cloth, and spread it smooth,
 The more to honor '*Squire Booth*.
 The table near the fire drew,
 The gentleman did *Joseph* view,
 Who, strutting, *toll de roll'd* away,
 'Cause he'd nought else to do or say.

Guess, Reader, guess, the great surprize,
 That fill'd good '*Squire C—k—n's* eyes,
 When this same *toll de rolling* spark,
 He found was *Joseph*, his own clerk.

In straight he rush'd, and like a *sprite*,
 He put poor *Joseph* in a fright;
 Off went his hat beneath the bed,
 His face grew pale, his mirth was fled.

Come, *Joseph*, come, you're right (says he)
 To uphold my house's dignity;

I'm not displeas'd at what you've done,
 It's such a noble piece of fun.
 I own, indeed, you did me vex,
 To hear you treat the other sex,
 With such ill manners, and refuse,
 That company, which all wou'd chuse.

Apologies yon need not make,
 I hope we now shall both partake
 Of this good supper you've bespoke,
 And that alone will crown the joke.
 What say you?—Ye—s, Sir, if you please,
 You may have all the *Ducks and Pease*.
 No, *Joseph*, no, I do declare,
 You shall sit down and have your share,
 Since you the supper did provide,
 'Tis proper you should stuff your hide.
 Go tell your *mistress* to come up,
 And we three will together sup.

Joseph obey'd, and up she came,
 The Landlord thought it pleasant game;
 So down he went, and told the story,
 Not over much to *Joseph's* glory.
 The waiters laugh'd to find it so,
 For *toll de roll*, was now plain JOE.

“Thus for to grace dramatic story,
 “Stage-hero struts in borrow'd glory;
 “Proud and august, as ever man saw,
 “Then ends his empire in a stanza.”

A poor boy, who had passed some time at a sunday-school in Durham, had made so great a proficiency, that his father, who had never learnt to read, determined to go to the same school. He went for two sundays, when it was observed, that his child, who had been remarkable for his regular attendance, had missed school, two sundays following. The boy was sought for, and questioned about his neglecting to attend school as usual. He said, “he could not bear to be at the same school with his father.”

Pennington's Moral Annals, 1793.

Miracles at Mitford,

FROM HODGSON'S NORTHUMBERLAND.



EGINALD, a monk of Durham, who lived in the time of king Stephen, and wrote a work on the miracles done by St. Cuthbert after the time of Bede, has a tale about a miracle performed at "*a certain ville called Midford,*" which he afterwards calls *villula*—a term incapable of any higher meaning than *a small village*. The tale briefly told is this, an old man of the name of Udard, who had long been servant to a preaching friar of Durham, called Silvanus, had also taken the office of bearer of the holy relics, with which his master had a commission, according to the fashion of the times, to travel about the country, and ask and take the alms of the faithful. This poor fellow, Udard, for ten whole years, had been dreadfully afflicted with dysentery; but, one day, about the year 1006, in the time of Ethelred the Second, as they were journeying in the ordinary way of picking up pence for indulgences, and for a sight or a touch of the contents of their cabinet, and were passing through Mitford, a young man came calling after them; and they were told that an old matron of the place, who had lost her sight for full six months, believed that she would recover the use of her eyes, if she could get a wash for them, in which a portion of the relics of St. Cuthbert had been infused. The dish of a neighbouring well was immediately filled with its crystal waters, the relics of St. Cuthbert taken from their cabinet, and a piece of cloth that had enwrapt the holy body for 418 years produced; but when the actor in this scene began to wash the virtues of the cloth into the waters, though it was repeatedly covered with them, no art could make it wet. Udard, on perceiving the miracle, was seized with a transport of admiration and holy feeling of faith, drank of the waters, and found himself instantly healed. The old woman, too, on her eyes being bathed in the healing fluid, recovered her former vision. These three miracles, our author gravely asserts, he could most certainly prove to have happened all on the same day. It will not be wondered that all knowledge of these events has been long since lost at Mitford. No well or fountain here retains the name of saint or holy to mark the *latex limpidissimus* to the waters of which these healing qualities were imparted.

STANZAS TO A FRIEND,

At Byrness, Redesdale.

BY MR. ROBERT ROXBY.

(FROM R. WHITE'S MSS.)



THESE verses are from the pen which, about thirty years ago, produced "THE LAY OF THE REEDWATER MINSTREL."* On perusal they will bring to the memory of those acquainted with Redesdale, the whole district as it appears under the mild and genial influence of Spring. We confess our partiality for lines like these,—

"The snaw wreaths are gane frae the *gray Girdlestane*,
And the whaups are at *Chattlehope spout*."

Though simple in themselves, they convey to us the impression of the writer so happily and so very forcibly, that they hang on the recollection like our "familiar household words." Hereby is shewn the poet's triumph of nature over art: as he is actuated by genuine impulse and feeling, so, in proportion, every syllable he jots down tells to his purpose, and comes home to our bosoms with irresistible power. If we are thus led captive, we have proof sufficient of his "high calling;" and although he may be misunderstood by some, and even disregarded by others, he has, nevertheless, within him that "light from heaven" which constitutes *poetic genius*,—a gift depending almost essentially upon superior mental endowment, and which no education or external circumstances can ever possibly bestow.

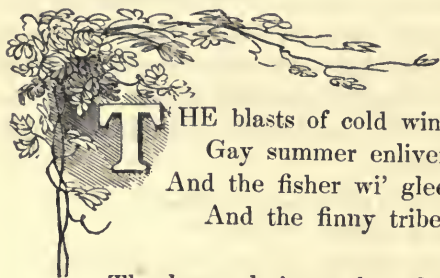
The piece may be considered as a notice to the author's friend,

* First Published in Quarto, at Newcastle in 1809. A second edition, uniform with the Publications of the Typographical Society of Newcastle, appeared in 1832; and the whole impression was almost immediately sold. A copy of the Quarto edition occupies a place in the Abbotsford Library, Press P. Shelf 1., and at the latter end of the volume is placed in MS. the old ballad of "Parcy Reed," which was taken down from the recitation of an aged female in Redesdale, and presented to the late Sir Walter Scott, by my respected friend, Mr. James Telfer, of Saughtree, Liddesdale, author of "Barbara Gray." R. W.

that the season is so inviting, he is resolved to visit Byrness. Lumsdon, the Girdlestane, Chattlehope, Deadwood and Saughenside, are all places within the limits of Redesdale, and exhibit, during the joyous time of the year, the distinguishing marks which the poet has impressed upon them. The latter part of the last stanza refers to some pursuits of a geological nature; the Reed near its source, flowing over many specimens of minerology, which would add considerably to the value of not a few well stored collections.

STANZAS TO A FRIEND,

AT BYRNESS, REDESDALE.



THE blasts of cold winter are gone,
Gay summer enlivens the plain;
And the fisher wi' glee is *throwing the flee*,
And the finny tribe louping amain.

The laverock is soaring aloft,
And hailing the bright orb of day;
The breeze o'er the Border blaws soft,
And the hills are in verdant array.

The lambkins are sporting at *Lumsdon*,
And the peewits are flying about:
The snaw wreaths are gane frae the *gray Girdlestane*,
And the whaups are at *Chattlehope spout*.

The wild rose is blooming at *Deadwood*,
And the foxglove on lone *Saughenside*:
The bonny heathbell is again on the fell,
And the streams down the vale sweetly glide.

I will come in the coach over *Blackster*,
And drive to the *Byrness* with speed;
And together we'll pick out the jasper,
That shines in the dark, mossy Reed.

Remarkable Instances
OF
HEROISM IN SUNDERLAND SAILORS.



URING the last long-protracted war, the Sunderland colliers often defied and beat off the enemy's privateers. The following instance of heroism, related in the *Perey Anecdotes*, is scarcely to be paralleled in the annals of British daring:—The *Isabella*, of Sunderland, captain Hornsby, while steering for the Hague, fell in with the Marquis of Brancas, a French privateer, with a crew of 75 men, ten guns, and eight swivels, besides 300 small arms. The *Isabella's* crew consisted of five men and two boys: she carried four guns and two swivels. Upon observing the privateer, captain Hornsby asked his men to stand by him; they promised to stand by him to the last. He then hoisted the British colours; returned the fire of the enemy's chase with his two swivels. The Frenchman called upon him to strike. He coolly returned an answer of defiance. Upon this the privateer poured such showers of bullets into the *Isabella*, that her crew retreated to close quarters. Twice the enemy attempted to board on the larboard quarter; Hornsby by a turn of the helm, frustrated their attempts. The Frenchman still kept firing upon him. The action had now lasted an hour, when the privateer running furiously upon his larboard bow, entangled his bowsprit among the shrouds. The captain of the privateer bawled out, "Strike you English dog." Hornsby challenged him to come on board and strike his colours if he durst. The Frenchman then threw twenty men on board; but a general discharge of blunderbusses from the *Isabella's* crew soon caused them to retreat. The ships now got disentangled, and the privateer tried to board on the starboard side; when Hornsby and his mate shot each his man as they were lashing the ships together. The Frenchmen again commanded him to strike; upon his refusal, twenty fresh men were ordered to attack the crew in their quarters with hatchets and pole axes; but Hornsby and his crew, from their close quarters, kept up a constant fire, and a second time the Frenchmen retreated, hauling their dead after them with hooks. The ships being still lashed together, the enemy kept up a

constant fire upon their close quarters; Hornsby returned the fire with spirit and effect. Observing them crowded together behind their mainmast for shelter, he aimed a blunderbuss, which happened to be doubly loaded, through a mistake, with twice twelve balls, which burst and threw him down; but in an instant he started up, though much bruised. The blunderbuss made terrible havoc among the Frenchmen; they disentangled the ships, leaving their pistols, pole-axes, and grapplings behind them. Hornsby then fired his two starboard guns into the enemy's stern. The ships engaged each other for two hours, yard-arm to yard-arm. The *Isabella's* hull, masts, yards, sails, and rigging, were shot through and through, and her ensign dismantled. A shot striking the *Brancas* between wind and water, she sheered off. Hornsby, erected his shattered ensign, and gave the Frenchman three cheers. The Frenchman returning, fired a dreadful volley into the stern of the *Isabella*. Captain Hornsby was wounded in the temple, which bled profusely. He called to his men to stand to their arms; and taking close quarters, they sustained the shock of three most tremendous broadsides, returning the fire, and the privateer again sheered off. They cheered and set up again their ensign. The Frenchman returned, and fired two broadsides, summoning a surrender—a final defiance was hurled at him. The captain of the privateer ran his ship alongside—his crew refused to board. He then cut the lashings and sheered off. Hornsby fired a gun; upon which the magazine blew up, and the privateer went to the bottom. Out of 75 men, 36 were killed or wounded; all the rest perished in the deep except three. The king presented Hornsby with a large gold medal for this heroic act.

In the memorable engagement which Admiral Lord Duncan had with the Dutch fleet, on the 11th October, 1797, the flag of the *Venerable*, Lord Duncan's ship, was shot away by the Dutch Admiral, De Winter. John Crawford, a sailor belonging to Sunderland, then on board the *Venerable*, upon observing this, immediately ran up the shrouds (amidst the fire of the enemy) with a marlin-spike in his hand, and, with the greatest coolness and intrepidity, nailed the *Venerable's* flag to the topgallantmast head. For this heroic and daring action, he received a pension of £30 a year; and his townsmen, in testimonial of his heroism, presented him with a silver medal, bearing this inscription: "Orbes est Dei. The town of Sunderland to John Crawford, for gallant services on 11th October 1779." Reverse, "Duncan and Glory! British Valour!"

The Fairies of Fawdon Hill.

FROM

"METRICAL LEGENDS OF NORTHUMBERLAND,"

BY JAMES SERVICE.

"Oh! well I knew the enchanting mein
 Of my lov'd muse, my Fairy Queen!
 Her rokley of green with its sparry hue,
 Its warp of the moon-beam, and west of the dew;
 Her smile, where a thousand witcheries play,
 And her eye that steals the soul away." Hogg.



POPULAR tradition has evinced her faithfulness in transmitting from age to age the superstitious belief that Fawdon Hill is the royal residence of the "Queen Mab" of Northumberland and all her elfin courtiers, and that the picturesque grounds adjacent are the scenes of their moonlight gambols and midnight revelries. Legends still existing among the peasantry represent the mystical attendants of 'fancy's midwife' as being very diminutive in stature, with features delicate, complexion fair, expressive of infantine innocence and beauty, and always decked in pea green costume. Others again partake of a portraiture altogether dissimilar; being deemed cunning, deceitful, selfish, and cruel; while the disposition of the first exhibits much activity, intelligence, and kindness. They are divided into tribes or castes, each exhibiting a distinct character, manifested by the single-hearted acts of benevolence in some, and in the uncouth oddity and mischievous pranks of others. Their abodes are supposed to be in the bowels of mountains, hollow rocks and caves, shades, and solitudes, far removed from the busy haunts of man.

All the theories that have been started to explain the origin of these preternatural beings have terminated in this common hypothesis, that they form an intermediate link between man and the spirits of air. If the tales of the credulous "can be in aught believed," they were introduced into Britain from Palestine by the Crusaders. Yet we read that our Saxon ancestors believed in their existence long

before they left their German forests. The popular belief of northern nations is that they are spirits out of the pale of salvation, as noticed in a Swedish Legend.

“Thine airy form is drooping,
Thy cheek is pale with dree;
And torrents thou wilt weep poor fay,
No Saviour lives for thee.”

The following poetical picture, illustrative of the habits and avocations of these “righte merrie” elves, will afford some interesting amusement to trace the whimsical opinions of the Poets concerning them.

“Come, follow, follow me,
You, fairy elves that be:
Which circle on the greene,
Come follow Mab your queene.
Hand in hand let’s dance around,
For this place is fairye ground.

Upon a mushroome’s head,
Our table-cloth we spread;
A grain of rye, or wheat,
Is manchet, which we eat;
Pearly drops of dew we drink
In acorn cups fill’d to the brink.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve for our minstrelsie;
Grace said, we dance awhile,
And so the time beguile:
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The glee-worm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewie grasse,
So nimbly do we pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne’er bends when we do walk:
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.”

Percy’s Reliques.

“Some flit the sluttish housewife’s couch around,
And pinch and plague her while in slumber bound,
Or lead with meteor fire the pilgrim wrong,
Or glide with corse-lights churchyard’s paths along,
Or from its cradle steal the new-born heir.
To place some fairy’s idiot offspring there,

Or lure young wanton knights to join their band,
 And live the pleasant life of elfin land,
 Till seven swift years elapsed (so legends tell),
 Their souls discharge king Oberon's debt to hell.*
 But others gentle, sweeter tasks pursue,
These quaff in acorn cups the nectairne's dew,
 Which *those* by fire-flies borne through ether soar,
 Or secret ocean's coral groves explore,
 Or plunder the wild bee, or gild their plumes
 With gleam of moonshine ; or condense perfumes
 Of power in spells, from flowery banks, or play
 (Close hid in heather bells) a thousand frolics gay,
 And bid the wings of love waft their blithe hours away."

Oberon's Henchman.

Corbet supposes these little creatures to have fled from this country during the progress of the Elizabethan march of intellect, and to have taken refuge in some other kingdom "more friendly to supernatural spirits, and more grateful for supernatural assistance." Chaucer thus accounts for their disappearance :—

"In olde dayes of the king Artour,
 Of which that Bretons speken gret honour,
 All was this lond fulfilled of faerie ;
 The elf-quene with hire joly compaignie,
 Danced ful oft in many a grene mede.
 This was the old opinion as I rede ;
 I speke of many hundred yeres ago :
 But now can no man see non elves mo,
 For now the grete charitee and prayeres
 Of limitoures † and other holy freres,
 That serchen every land and every streme,
 As thikke as motes iu the sonne beme,
 Blissing halles, chambres. kichenes, and boures,
 Citees and burghes, castles high, and toures,
 Thropes and bernies, shepenes and dairies,
 This maketh that there ben no faeries."

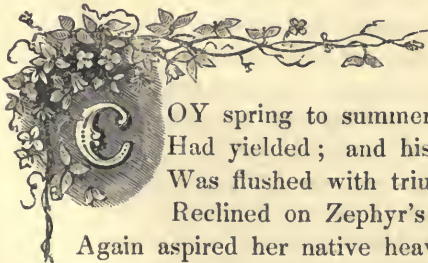
The following erudite extract from the Quarterly Review displays a classical illustration of the close affinity these local tales of supernatural agency bear to those of the mythic or poetic age, when popular mythology diffused itself over all nations from "Indus to the Pole."

* See the Ballad of The Young Tamlane in the Border Minstrelsy.

† Begging Friars.

“When the fables of popular superstition are contemplated in detail, we discover a singular degree of uniformity in that realm wherein most diversity might be expected—in the ideal world. Imagination seems to possess a boundless power of creation and combination; and yet the beings which have their existence only in fancy when freely called into action, in every climate and every age, betray so close an affinity to one another, that it is scarcely possible to avoid admitting that imagination had little share in giving them their shape and form. Their attributes and character are impressed by tokens, proving that they resulted rather from a succession of doctrines than from invention; that they were traditive, and not arbitrary. The vague credulity of the peasant agrees with the systematic mythology of the sages of primeval times. Nations whom the ocean separates are united by their delusions. The village gossip recognises, though in ignorance, the divinities of classical antiquity, and the Hamadryads of Greece and the Elves of Scandinavia join the phantoms who swarm around us. There is much reason to suppose that the character of the fairy has arisen from the amalgamation of Roman, Celtic, Gothic, and Oriental mythology.”

THE FAIRIES OF FAWDON HILL.



COY spring to summer's hot embrace
 Had yielded; and his jocund face
 Was flushed with triumph; she, frail thing,
 Reclined on Zephyr's filmy wing,
 Again aspired her native heaven,
 And melted in the blaze of even!
 That form dissolved in ecstasy,
 Which, like her own Anemone,
 Was born of blushes and a sigh.
 Then from the blue thin-clouded sky,
 Like oil-drops poured into a fleece,
 The scent-distilling dews of peace
 And promise fell.—Then burst around
 Of nature's joy the smother'd sound;
 Then summer laugh'd; the hour was mirth,
 Heaven, light, air, odour; and green earth

One shower of blossoms, robed as fine
 As the star-spangled jessamine.
 Rolling o'er grassy fields were seen
 Alternate waves of grey and green,
 As the breeze swept, with graceful motion,
 The bosom of the mimic ocean.

The last pale primrose from the nook
 Dropp'd into the diminish'd brook ;
 The sheep had lost their winter's coat,
 And hoarser grew the cuckoo's note,
 And scarce one patch of winter's snow
 On Cheviot's side appear'd to glow.
 But mossy hills and silent glens,

Where solitary shepherd's stray,
 And far-receding vales and dens,
 Where Breamish bursts his foaming way,
 Invite the poet to explore

The rocks which Linhope leaps in pride,
 The craggy brow of huge Dunmore,
 And high cairn-crested Hedgley's side.

The sunbeam burst on Brandon Hall,
 And burnish'd the windows and silver'd the wall ;
 And the crimson light of morning fell
 On Fawdon Hills, where the Fairies dwell.
 Soft as the ray of the crescent moon,
 That hallow's the Fairies' festive noon,—
 The noon of night, when the clear blue sky
 And numberless stars inverted lie
 On the breast of the scarcely-stirring stream,
 When waked by the elfin-star's dawning beam,
 The little green hunter winds his horn,
 And dew-drops start from the snow-spangled thorn ;
 For within each cup of its blossom lay,
 Nestled from day-light, a minikin fay.
 Some start, as the notes on the distance swell,
 Like drops of gold from the cowslip bell ;
 At the blast of the horn they spring to the ground,
 And gather the little green hunters round.
 The hunters' horn again is sounded,
 And every fay to its toil hath bounded ;
 Blue, green, and pink, and brown and grey,
 Hors'd on their butterflies, gallop away.

Mock violets hid in the wood-skirted dell,
Forget-me-not, heart's-ease, and hyacinths blue,
Heath flower, and eyebright, and slender harebell,
And every floweret of azure hue
Is stript of its leaflets as fast as thought,
And pile on pile to the hunter is brought ;
And the hill is carpeted round with a zone,
Like the pale Turquoise or the Lazuli stone.
One troop has frozen big drops of dew,
And spangled with diamonds the girdle of blue ;
A second has gather'd the glow-worms' light,
And set them like stars in the temple of night,
Till the sky above, and the sky below,
Appear with similar fires of glow,
The horn of the hunter is sounded again,
And Fawdon Hill is cleft in twain ;
And the Fairy Queen from her porphyry bower,
Surrounded by every vassal power,
Comes like the crescented queen of the hour.
The lubberly Robin and Brownie quaint,
Spirits whose pencils the rainbows paint,
Nymphs of the valley, wood, mountain, and stream,
Shadows that oft in a lover's day-dream
Assume a fair and palpable form ;
Spirits that ride on the wings of the storm,
And their harps to the voice of the north attune ;
Elves that bathe in the tears of the moon,
And the subtler essences still, that ply
Their tasks in the midst, between earth and sky,
That draw the meteor's fiery car,
And catch in its flight the falling star,
Which is set, as the gifted eye is seen
In the crown that encircles the brow of their queen.

The circle is formed, and the revels begun.
The queen is its centre, and, bright as the sun,
She sits in her floating pavilion of gold,
Her vassals to honour, their sports to behold.
The graver spirits stand round the throne,
And Puck and the Brownies within the zone.

Then oft as the circle sweeps round the hill,
They cheat the most agile fay of his due ;

And the mirth and the music grow louder still,
As these elves their sportive pranks pursue.

Winning the queen's approving smile
By quips and cranks, or some whimsical wile ;
And raising the laughter loud and high,
Till pale grew each twinkling torch of the sky.
And the little green hunter sounds his horn,
To warn the queen of approaching morn ;
Then the porphyry bower is closed again,
On the Fairy Queen and her elfin train.

Doubtest thou, maiden, the truth of my theme ?—
These eyes have witnessed the scene—in a dream—
On Fawdon Hill I stood by the thorn,
When the little green hunter sounded his horn ;
I saw the spirits encircle the hill,
And their laugh rings in my fancy still.
I sigh'd to shuffle this mortal coil,
And share in their revels, and lighten their toil.
A gentle pressure dissolv'd the charm—
The vision had vanish'd—she hung on my arm.
One sparkling glance from a mortal eye
Banish'd my spiritual ecstasy.

Ah ! happier far with that mortal alone
In the flow'ry vale when the breeze was still,
Than to form a link of the glittering zone
That circled the bosom of Fawdon Hill.



THE SHEPHERD AND HIS MEN ALARMED.

Say what you will,
 No other man ever performed such deeds
 As did Napoleon ! He was low in stature,
 Olive in hue, and scarcely seemed a being
 Of such rare talent ; yet his mind subdued
 Conflicting factions, and their elements
 He turned to France's glory, and his fame !
 He was indeed old MARS personified :
 And brought before us, in reality,
 The very spirit and each attribute,
 That we ascribe to the great God of War.

Play.



ERE the rising generation inclined to doubt the statements of their fathers, no better means could be supplied for such scepticism than an account of the absurd anticipations which prevailed amongst a number of people when Napoleon Bonaparte and his troops were expected to invade this country. Undoubtedly the preparations made to oppose all hostile designs of the "First Consul"

were of a most imposing nature, and not performed without sufficient cause ; for a body of a hundred thousand men, flushed with the glory which covered the French arms at Austerlitz, would, had they presented themselves amongst us, not have been easily driven back or overthrown. So certain were a great number of our populace of the success which would attend the invaders, that in the vicinity of towns and villages the very roads were pointed out where the French would enter ; and many, unfit to face the brunt of war, privately planned what they would do, and where they would betake themselves when the enemy approached to kill and to destroy. In country places, likewise, strange and various opinions were entertained of coming events ; and these were vastly augmented by the accounts, which the press poured forth, respecting the numerous victories obtained by the French armies under the skill of their able and illustrious general. The following instance of ungrounded alarm is amusing ; and shews to what a state of excitement the minds of some individuals were raised, during that stirring period of British history.

In a cottage at Blakehope, in the vale of Breamish, a rivulet which flows from the north east side of Cheviot, lived a shepherd, George Armstrong by name, and two able bodied young men, who assisted him in what is called "the herding." They received weekly the "Kelso Mail," a local newspaper, which furnished them with a variety of general intelligence; and all accounts of Bonaparte and his achievements, were, to the whole household, a subject of the most intense interest. The sheet was, again and again, read over the fire, duly as evening came; it was carried to the hill alternately by each; and George and his men never lay down to sleep at night, without expecting to be aroused ere the morning with tidings that the French had landed. In the meantime the question was frequently discussed how, when this took place, they should best acquit themselves as brave men; and amongst other projects of offensive warfare, that of ascending Cheviot and hurling down huge stones and fragments of rock upon the foe, met always with a decided approval. Never doubting for a moment but fortune would bring together such an arrangement of circumstances as might render their design effective to the fullest extent, these three obscure individuals were almost certain they could, by their own efforts in this way, annihilate a considerable part, if not the whole of the French army!

It fell out on a morning after the dawn of day that a knock was heard at the door of the house. One of the men arose and was about to answer it, but perceiving, through the openings of the old warped and shrivelled door, something that aroused his worst fears, he withdrew and concealed himself below his own bed. The knock was repeated, and the other shepherd then advanced: he proved however to be possessed of no greater courage than his fellow, for he shrunk back, and endeavoured to hide himself amongst a quantity of hay, which had been brought in for the use of the cows—two of these useful animals occupying a portion of the house adjoining the entrance. Still another appeal for admittance resounded through the cottage and Armstrong himself arose; but no sooner did he perceive the personage without, than he retreated speedily, threw himself into his close-bed, drew the doors together, covered himself with the clothes, and lay in a state of great trepidation and anxiety. The lofty brow of Cheviot, and the other mountain tops around, now basked in the flood of light which streamed from the east, while the smoke from dwelling houses, widely separated, rose in graceful wreaths on the pure morning air. At last the servant girl had the hardihood to answer the solicitations of the intruder, who proved to be a soldier belonging to one of our own regiments. Leave of absence, for a time, had been granted him, that he might visit his relations, and having

lost his road amongst the hills, he had wandered about during the night, and now respectfully asked to purchase food, in order that he might be able to proceed on his way. On beholding his warlike dress, for the colour of that of our enemies was unknown to them, the male portion of the inmates had individually been taken by surprise : they concluded the French were at hand, that this traveller was probably one of them—perhaps Napoleon himself, and, being suddenly overcome with terror at the prospect of almost immediate destruction, they could, had corporeal bulk not been an obstacle, have each crept into a mouse-hole. When they heard that he spoke like themselves, and seemed to be a *christian*, for the girl seated him at the blazing hearth, their excitement abated, they came forth one by one from their places of refuge, and prepared themselves for their daily employment. The mistake and the consternation which it occasioned would probably, for the shame attending such cowardly conduct, have remained a secret, had it not been that one of the party divulged the whole to his friends, on the eve of his departure to America.

At that period the great mass of our people were of opinion that if Napoleon, supported by his military force, could effect a landing in this country, he came not merely to overturn its dynasty, but to enslave and wrest from us all we possessed; and were any inference drawn from the foregoing notice that a lack of courage was prevalent amongst us, it would be a deviation from truth. On the contrary, no other land, if we except Greece of old, ever contained, in proportion to the number of its inhabitants, so much fervid and genuine patriotism. Men, by thousands, whose peaceful manners and habits of life differed greatly from all movements of a martial nature, no sooner came to know that a foreign power meditated a descent upon our shores, than, voluntarily arranging themselves into companies, they learned the art and evolutions of military discipline, and stood ready to abandon the ploughshare and pruning knife, and march under arms to the battle-field. Many are alive, who still remember that morning when the Border Beacons by mistake were kindled, and it is with feelings both of pride and devoted filial attachment, that the recorder of these remarks, mentions his descent from one of the number of yeomen who, although residing at a distance of several miles from the place of meeting, assembled there after break of day, with arms in their hands, determined to share in the glory of repelling all hostile aggression, or of sacrificing their blood, to the last drop, on the altar of their liberties and their country.—*R. White's MSS.*

LORD EWRIE,

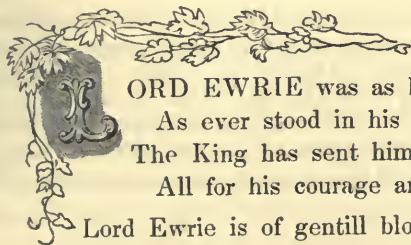
FROM "THE MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER."



IR RALPH EVRE, or Ewrie, or Evers, commemorated in the following lines, was one of the bravest men of a military race. He was son of the first, and father of the second Lord Ewrie; and was himself created a Lord of Parliament during his father's lifetime, in the 35th year of Henry VIII. The ballad is apparently a strain of gratulation upon that event. The poet, or more probably the reciter, has made some confusion in the lineage, by declaring that his hero was "married upon a Willoughbè." His mother, however, was of that family, and he was "kin to the Nevill and to the Percy." He was ennobled by Henry, on account of the vigour with which he prosecuted the border warfare. But after "harrying the Mers and Tiviotdale, and knocking at Edinburgh gate," Lord Ewrie was slain in the battle of Ancram Moor, fought between him and the Earl of Angus, in 1546.

This song was written down by the late Robert Surtees, Esq. of Mainsforth, from the recitation of Rose Smith, of Bishop Middleham, a women aged upwards of ninety-one, whose husband's father and two brothers were killed in the affair of 1715.

LORD EWRIE.



ORD EWRIE was as brave a man
As ever stood in his degree;
The King has sent him a broad letter,
All for his courage and loyalty.¹

Lord Ewrie is of gentill blode,
A knight's son sooth to say;
He is kin to the Nevill and to the Percy,
And is married upon a Willowbè.

¹ Patent letters of nobility.

A noble Knight him trained upp,
 Sir Rafe Bulmer is the man I mean ;¹
 At Flodden field, as men do say,
 No better capten there was seen,

He led the men of Bishopricke,
 When Thomas Ruthal bore the sway :
 Though the Scottish Habs² were stout and true,
 The English bowmen wan that day.

And since he has kepte Berwick upon Tweed,
 The town was never better kept I wot ;
 He maintained leal and order along the Border,
 And still was ready to prick the Scot.

The country then lay in great peace,
 And grain and grass was sown and won ;
 Then plenty fill'd the market crosse,
 When Lord Ewrie kept Berwick town.

With our Queen's brother he hath been,³
 And rode rough shod through Scotland of late ;
 They have burn'd the Mers and Tiviotdale,
 And knocked full loud at Edinburgh gate.

Now the King hath sent him a broad letter,
 A Lord of Parliament to be :
 It were well if every nobleman
 Stood like Lord Ewrie in his degree.

¹ Sir William Bulmer, of Branspeth Castle, who is here said to have commanded the troops raised in the Bishopric, in the battle of Flodden field, was descended from an ancient, and, at one period, noble family. The last who was summoned to Parliament as a Peer of the realm, was Ralph, from 1st till 23rd Edward III. Sir William routed the Borderers, who, under the command of Lord Home, made an excursion into Northumberland, previous to the battle of Flodden. He is mentioned in the Metrical History of the Battle, v. 105, &c. In the present ballad, he is erroneously denominated Sir Ralph Bulmer.

² *Habs*—i. e. halberts ; spears.

³ The Earl of Hertford, afterwards Duke of Somerset, and brother of Queen Jane Seymour, made a furious incursion into Scotland, in 1545.

HISTORY OF GEORDIE BOURNE.

FROM "SIR ROBERT CAREY'S MEMOIRS."



N the follwing passage extracted from the Memoirs of Sir Robert Carey, then deputy of his father Lord Hunsdon, Warden of the East Marches, afterwards Earl of Monmouth, a singular picture is given of the conduct towards each other of the opposite Wardens. They were soldiers by profession, of hostile countries, jealous at once of their own honour and that of their nation, surrounded by warlike partizans and dependants, who animated every disagreement into a quarrel, and must therefore, on the whole, have preferred taking satisfaction for any insult at their own hand, and by their own force, than seeking it in a more peaceful manner from each other.

"I beganne to thinke of the charge I had taken upon mee, which was the government of the East March in my father's absence. I wrote to Sir Robert Kerr,* who was my opposite warden, a brave active young man, and desired him that hee would appoint a day, when hee and myselfe might privately meet in some part of the Border, to take some good order for the quieting the Borders, till my retourne from London, which journey I was shortly of necessity to take. Hee stayed my man all night, and wrote to mee back, that hee was glad to have the happinesse to be acquainted with mee, and did not doubt but the country would be better governed by our good agreements. I wrote to him on the Monday, and the Thursday after hee appointed the place and hour of meeting.

"After hee had filled my man with drinke, and put him to bed, hee, and some half a score with him, got to horse, and came into England to a little village. There he broke up a house, and tooke out a poor fellow, who (hee pretended) had done him some wrong, and before the doore cruelly murdered him, and so came quietly home, and went to bed. The next morning hee delivered my man a letter in answer to mine, and retourned him to mee. It pleased me well at the reading of his kinde letter; but when I heard what a brave hee had put upon me, I quickly resolved what to do, which was, never to have to do with him till I was righted for the greate wrong hee had done mee. Upon this resolution, the day I should have mett

* Sir Robert Kerr of Cessford, Warden of the Middle Marches, and ancestor of the house of Roxburghe.

with him, I tooke post, and with all the haste I could, rode to London, leaving him to attend my coming to him as was appointed. There hee stayed from one till five, but heard no news of mee. Finding by this that I had neglected him, hee retourned home to his house, and so things rested (with greate dislike the one of the other) till I came back, which was with all the speede I could, my businesse being ended. The first thing I did after my retourne, was to ask justice for the wrong hee had done mee ; but I could get none. The Borderers, seeing our disagreement, they thought the time wished for of them was come. The winter being begunne, their was roades made out of Scotland into the East March, and goods were taken three or four times a-weeke. I had no other meanes left to quiet them, but still sent out of the garrison horsemen of Barwicke, to watch in the fittest places for them, and it was their good hap many times to light upon them, with the stolen goods driving before them. They were no sooner brought before mee, but a jury went upon them, and being found guilty, they were presently hanged ; a course which hath been seldom used, but I had no way to keep the country quiet but so to do ; for, when the Scotch theeves found what a sharp course I tooke with them that were found with the bloody hand, I had in a short time the country more quiet. All this while wee were but in jest, as it were, but now beganne the great quarrell betweene us.

“There was a favourite of his, a greate theife, called Geordie Bourne. This gallant, with some of his associates, would, in a bravery, come and take goods in the East March. I had that night some of the garrison abroad. They met with this Geordie and his fellows, driving of cattle before them. The garrison set upon them, and with a shott killed Geordie Bourne’s unckle, and hee himsele, bravely resisting till he was sore hurt in the head, was taken. After hee was taken, his pride was such, as hee asked, who it was that durst avow that nightes work ? but when hee heard it was the garrison, hee was then more quiet. But so powerfull and so awfull was this Sir Robert Kerr, and his favourites, as there was not a gentleman in all the East March that durst offend them. Presently after hee was taken, I had most of the gentlemen of the March come to mee, and told mee, that nowe I had the ball at my foote, and might bring Sir Robert Kerr to what conditions I pleased ; for that this man’s life was so neere and deare unto him, as I should have all that my heart could desire, for the good and quiet of the country and mysele, if upon any condition I would give him his life. I heard them and their reasons ; notwithstanding, I called a jury the next morning, and hee was found guilty of MARCH TREASON. Then they feared that I would cause him to be executed that afternoone, which made them come flocking to mee,

humbly entreating mee, that I would spare his life till the next day, and if Sir Robert Kerr came not himsele to mee, and made me not such proffers, as I could not but accept, that then I should do with him what I pleased. And further, they told me plainly, that if I should execute him before I had heard from Sir Robert Kerr, they must be forced to quit their houses, and fly the country ; for his fury would be such, against mee and the March I commanded, as hee would use all his power and strength to the utter destruction of the East March. They were so earnest with mee, that I gave them my word hee should not dye that day. There was post upon post sent to Sir Robert Kerr, and some of them rode to him themselves, to advertise him in what danger Geordie Bourne was ; how hee was condemned, and should have been executed that afternoone, but by their humble suit, I gave them my word, that hee should not dye that day ; and therefore besought him that he would send to mee, with all the speede hee could, to let mee know that hee would be the next day with mee to offer mee good conditions for the safety of his life.

“ When all things were quiet, and the watch set at night, after supper, about ten of the clock, I tooke one of my men’s liveryes, and put it about mee, and tooke two other of my servants with mee in their liveryes, and we three, as the warden’s men, came to the provost marshall’s, where Bourne was, and were lett into his chamber. Wee sate down by him, and told him that we were desirous to see him, because we heard hee was stout and valiant, and true to his friend ; and that wee were sorry our master could not be moved to save his life. He voluntarily of himsele said, that hee had lived long enough to do so many villainies as hee had done ; and withal told us, that he had layne with about forty men’s wives, what in England, and what in Scotland ; and that hee had killed seven Englishmen with his own hands, cruelly murthering them ; that hee had spent his whole life in whoring, drinking, stealing, and taking deep revenge for slight offences. He seemed to be very penitent, and much desired a minister for the comforte of his soule. Wee promised him to lett our master know his desire, who, wee knew would presently grant it. Wee took our leaves of him, and presently I tooke order, that Mr. Selby, a very worthy honest preacher, should go to him, and not stirre from him till his execution the next morning ; for, after I had heard his own confession, I was resolved no conditions should save his life : and so tooke order, that at the gates opening the next morning ; hee should be carried to execution, which accordingly was performed. The next morning I had one from Sir Robert Kerr for a parley, who was within two miles staying for me, I sent him word, ‘ I would meet him where hee pleased, but I would first know upon what terms and conditions.’

Before his man was returned, hee had heard, that in the morning, very early, Geordie Bourne had been executed. Many vowes he made of cruell revenge, and returned home full of grief and disdain, and from that time forward still plotted revenge. Hee knew the gentlemen of the country were altogether sacklesse, and to make open road upon the March would but show his malice, and lay him open to the punishment due to such offences. But his practice was how to be revenged on me, or some of mine.

“It was not long after, that my brother and I had intelligence that there was a great match made at footeball, and the chiefe ryders were to be there. The place they were to meet at was Kelsy, and that day wee heard it was the day for the meeting. Wee presently called a counsaile, and after much dispute, it was concluded, that the likeliest place he was to come to, was to kill the scoutes. And it was the more suspected, for that my brother, before my coming to the office, for the cattaile stolne out of the bounds, and, as it were, from under the walles of Barwieke, being refused justice (upon his complaint), or at least delaid, sent off the garrison into Liddesdale, and killed there the chief offender, which had done the wrong.

“Upon this conclusion, there was order taken, that both horse and foote should lye in ambush in diverse parts of the boundes, to defend the scoutes, and to give a sound blow to Sir Robert and his company. Before the horse and foote were sett out with directions what to do, it was almost dark night, and the gates ready to be lockt. Wee parted, and as I was by myselfe, comeing to my house, God put it into my mind, that it might well be, hee meant destruction to my men that I had sent out to gather tithes for mee at Norham, and their rendezvous was every night to lye and sup at an ale-house in Norham. I presently caused my page to take horse, and to ride as fast as his horse could carry him, and to command my servants (which were in all eight) that, presently upon his coming to them, they should all change their lodging, and go streight to the castle, there to lye that night in strawe and hay. Some of them were unwilling thereto, but durst not disobey; so altogether left their ale-house, and retired to the castle. They had not well settled themselves to sleep, but they heard in the town a great alarm; for Sir Robert and his company came straight to the ale-house, broke open the doors, and made enquiry for my servants. They were answered, that by my command they were all in the castle. After they had searched all the house, and found none, they feared they were betrayed, and, with all the speede they could, made haste homewards again. Thus God blessed me from this bloody tragedy.

“All the whole March expected nightly some hurt to be done; but

God so blessed mee and the government I held, as, for all his fury, hee never drew drop of blood in all my March, neither durst his theeves trouble it much with stealing, for fear of hanging if they were taken. Thus wee continued a yeare, and then God sent a meanes to bring things to better quiet by this occasion.

“There had been commissioners in Barwicke, chosen by the Queene and King of Scottes, for the better quieting of our Borders. By their industry they found a great number of malefactors guilty, both in England and Scotland; and they tooke order, that the officers of Scotland should deliver such offenders, as were found guilty in their jurisdictions, to the opposite officers in England, to be detained prisoners, till they had made satisfaction for the goods they had taken out of England. The like order was taken with the Wardens of England, and days prefixed for the delivery of them all. And in case any of the officers, on either side, should omit their duties, in not delivering the prisoners at the dayes and places appointed, that then there should a course be taken by the soveraignes, that what chiefe officer soever should offend herein, hee himself should be delivered and detained, till hee had made good what the commissioners had agreed upon.

“The English officers did punctually, at the day and place, deliver their prisoners, and so did most of the officers of Scotland; only the Lord of Boeleuch and Sir Robert Kerr were faultie. They were complained of, and new dayes appointed for the delivery of their prisoners. Boeleuch was the first that should deliver; and hee failing, entered himself prisoner into Barwicke, there to remaine till those officers under his charge were delivered to free him. Hee chose for his guardian Sir William Selby, master of the ordnance at Barwicke. When Sir Robert Kerr’s day of delivery came, hee failed too, and my Lord Hume, by the king’s command, was to deliver him prisoner into Barwicke upon the like terms, which was performed. Sir Robert Kerr (contrary to all men’s expectation) chose mee for his guardian, and home I brought him to my own house, after hee was delivered to mee. I lodged him as well as I could, and tooke order for his diet, and men to attend on him, and sent him word that (although by his harsh carriage towards mee, ever since I had that charge, he could not expect any favour, yet) hearing so much goodness of him, that hee never broke his worde, if hee would give mee his hand and credit to be a true prisoner, hee would have no guard sett upon him, but have free liberty for his friends in Scotland to have ingress and regress to him as oft as hee pleased. Hee tooke this very kindly at my handes, accepted my offer, and sent mee thankes.

“Some four dayes passed; all of which time his friends came into him, and hee kept his chamber. Then hee sent to mee, and desired

mee, I would come and speake with him, which I did ; and after a long discourse, charging and re-charging one another with wrong and injuries, at last, before our parting, wee became good friends, with greate protestations, on his side, never to give mee occasion of unkindnesse again. After our reconciliation, hee kept his chamber no longer, but dined and supt with mee. I tooke him abroad with mee at the least thrice a-weeke, a hunting, and every day wee grew better friends. Bocleuch, in a few days after, had his pledges delivered, and was set at liberty. But Sir Robert Kerr could not get his, so that I was commanded to carry him to Yorke, and there to deliver him prisoner to the archbishop, which accordingly I did. At our parting, hee professed greate love unto mee for the kind usage I had shown him, and that I would find the effects of it upon his delivery, which hee hoped would be shortly.

“ Thus wee parted ; and, not long after, his pledges were gott, and brought to Yorke, and hee sett at liberty. After his retourne home, I found him as good as his word. Wee met oft at dayes of truce, and I had as good justice as I could desire ; and so wee continued very kinde and good friends, all the tyme that I stayed in that March, which was not long.”

THE QUARTERMASTER OUTDONE.

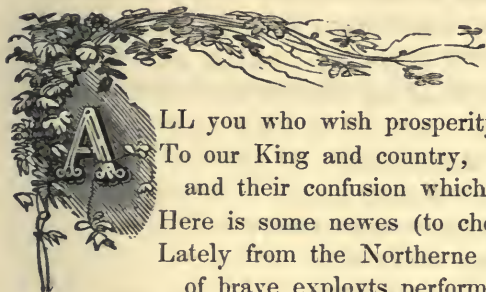


UPWARDS of forty years ago, a detachment of troops were billeted at a considerable village in North Tyne, the name of which, for the honour of its patriarchs of old, as the sequel will show, must remain undisclosed. It was a delightful summer evening : many of the soldiers were collected into small groups ; several were in motion, and a number stood before the houses, discoursing with the homely villagers. One, whose uniform indicated a grade superior to a common man, had been explaining to a humourous old fellow, a native of the district, who sat at his cottage door, several degrees of rank in the army, and was about to depart when the other, curious to know what position his informant occupied on the scale of honour, put to him the broad question, “ An’ what’s thou ? ” With a sufficiency of self-respect, the man of war drew himself up to his full height, and replied, “ I am a Quartermaster.” “ Dye ! than, t’ou has neye grete berth on’t,” observed the audacious enquirer. “ A Whartur-maister only, sayst tu ? Od ton man ! t’ere’s nit an oad wyfe i’ th’ plectse bot what’s hoaf-maister an’ mair ! ! ”—*R. White’s, MSS.*

GOODS NEWES FROM THE NORTH.

TRULY RELATING HOW ABOUT A HUNDRED OF THE *SCOTTISH* REBELS, INTENDING TO PLUNDER THE HOUSE OF M. PUDSIE (AT STAPLETON IN THE BISHOPRICK OF DURHAM.) WERE SET UPON BY A TROUPE OF OUR HORSEMEN, UNDER THE CONDUCT OF THAT TRULY VALOROUS GENTLEMAN LIEUTENANT *SMITH*, LIEUTENANT TO THE NOBLE SR. JOHN DIGBY; THIRTY NINE OF THEM (WHEROF SOME WERE MEN OF QUALITY) ARE TAKEN PRISONERS, THE REST ALL SLAINE EXCEPT FOURE OR FIVE WHICH FLED, WHEROF TWO ARE DROWNED. THE NAMES OF THEM IS INSERTED IN A LIST BY IT SELFE. THIS WAS UPON FRIDAY ABOUT FORE OF THE CLOCK IN THE MORNING, THE EIGHTEENTH DAY OF THIS INSTANT SEPTEMBER, 1640.*

THE TUNE IS, KING HENRY GOING TO BULLOINE.



ALL you who wish prosperity,
To our King and country,
and their confusion which falce hearted be,
Here is some newes (to cheare your hearte,)
Lately from the Northerne parts,
of brave exployts performed with corage free.

The Scots (there in possession.
Almost beyond expression,)
afflict the people in outrageous wise ;
Besides their lowance (which is much)
The cruelty of them is such,
that all they find they take as lawfull prise.

Sheepe, Oxen, Kine, and Horses,
Their quotidianl course is,
to drive away where ever them they finde ;
Money, plate, and such good geere,
From the houses far and neere,
they beare away, even what doth please their mind.

But theres an ancient adage,
Oft used in this mad age,
the Pitcher goes so often to the Well ;
That it comes broken home at last,
So they for all their knavery past,
shall rue ere long, though yet with pride they swell.

* From the original Broadside, preserved in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

As this our present story,
(To the deserved glory,
of them who were the actors in this play,)
Unto you shall a relish give,
Of what, (if heaven let us live ;)
will come to passe, which is our foes decay.

Those rebels use to pillage,
In every country village,
and unresisted comed up and downe ;
But now at last the greedy Scot,
Hath a Fridays breakfast got,
few of such feasts will pull their courage down.

At foure o'th clock i'th morning,
(Let all the rest take warning)
about a hundred of these rebels came ;
To M. Pudsey's house where they,
Made sure account to have a prey,
for their intention was to rob the house.

Of no danger thinking ;
To eating and to drinking
the Scots did fall, sure they said no grace,
For there they eat and drank their last,
With all successe they brake their fast,
most of them to digest it had no space.

An English troope, not far thence,
Had (it seems) intelligence
of these bad guests at master Pudseye's house,
And with all speed to Stapleton,
With great courage they rode on,
while Jockey was drinking his last carouse.

The house they did beleaguer
And like to lion's eager,
they fell upon the Scots pell-mell so fast,
That in a little space of time,
By th' Rebels fall our men did clime,
they paid them for their insolencies past.

PART II.

TO THE SAME TUNE.

In briefe the brave lieutenant,
With his men valient,
 so plaid their parts against the daring foes,
That quickly they had cause to say,
Sweet meat must have some sauce alway,
 for so indeed they found to all their woes.

Thirty nine are prisoners taine,
And all the rest outright are slaine,
 except some foure or five that run away,
And two of those (as some alledge),
Were drowned in passing o're Crofts bridge,
 so neer they were pursu'd they durst not stay.

Of them who are in durance
(Under good assurance)
 some officers and men of quality,
Among them one is manifest,
To them who will peruse the List,
 wherein their names are set down orderly.

Thus worthy Smith his valour,
Hath showne unto the doing,
 of these proud Rebels, which with suttile wiles,
Came as in zeale and nothing else,
But now dear bought experience tels,
 those were but faire pretences to beguil.

But the end of their intention
Is if (with circumvention)
 they make us believe what they pretend,
They'll hold us on with fained words,
And make us loath to draw our swords,
 to work our ruine, that's their chiefest end.

But God I trust will quickly,
Heale our Kingdome sickly,
 too long indeed sick of credulity ;

And blind their eyes illuminate,
 Who bring danger to the State,
 by trusting to a friend-likeemie.

I'le dayly pray and hourelly,
 As it doth in my power lye,
 to him by whom Kings reigne; that with successe,
 King Charles goe on and prosper may,
 And (having made the Scots obay,)
 rule o're the Lands in peace and happinesse.

18 Septemb. 1640 being

Fryday morning.

At Stapleton 3 miles beyond
 Peace bridge wee met with the
 Scots at 4 of the Clocke in the
 morning at Master Pudseys house
 in the Bishoprick of Durham,
 at breakfast, when wee made our
 Skirmish, Lieutenant Smith had
 the day, five or six of them esca-
 ped by Croft bridge, when they
 say they made their Randevous,
 the prisoners that were taken, are
 these that follow, viz.

- 1 Sir Archibald Douglass, Sergeant
 Maior to Collonell.
- 2 James Ramsey.
- 3 John Leirmouth Lieutenant to Cap-
 tain Ayton.
- 4 Hopper. Cornett to the Maior Dug-
 lasse.
- 5 Ja. Ogley Sargeant to the said Mayor.
- 6 Patricke Vamphogie trovp.
- 7 James Caloildell.
- 8 James Livingston,
- 9 Hector Macmouthe.
- 10 John Crowde.
- 11 John Hench.

12 Alexander Paxton wounded.

13 William Ridge.

14 David Buens wounded.

15 Adam Bonnyer.

16 Rob. Ferrony.

17 John Milvorne.

18 David Borret.

19 Robt. Leisley.

20 Ja. Ramsey.

21 Allen Duckdell a dutch boy wounded.

22 Alexander Fordringham.

23 Jo Catricke.

24 Allen Levingston.

25 George Harret.

26 Andrew Tournes.

27 Rob. Watts.

28 Alexander Watts.

29 William Anderson.

30 Jo Layton.

31 Alex. Dick.

32 Patricke Cranny.

33 William Simpson.

34 Tho. Husband neere dead.

35 Jo. Hill.

36 Thomas Ferley.

37 Andrew Whitehall.

38 James Vainley.

Finis M. P.

London Printed by E. G. and to be sold at the Signe of the Horse-shoe in
 Smithfield 1640.

Contributed by Mr. S. Jefferson, Carlisle.

A FUNERAL ANECDOTE.*



IN the higher parts of Northumberland, the inhabitants have ever been remarkable for performing all journeys on horseback which exceed the space of a very few miles. The neighbouring fairs, dissenting chapels and parish churches form generally the centre to and from which all movements of this kind are made. On a public occurrence such, for instance, as a wedding, if the chief parties are not themselves in possession of horses, they are readily supplied by the liberality of the farmers in the neighbourhood, and the cavalcade presents rather a grotesque appearance on account of some of the animals carrying *double*, that is to say, a male and female are both mounted on one horse, the bride being seated behind her father, or whoever gives her away, on going to church, and when the bridal knot is fastened, she returns behind her own husband. Funerals are always attended on horseback; and in former times, before carriage roads rendered the wilder valleys accessible to a hearse, the remains of the deceased were, by this mode of conveyance, borne to their long rest. Tradition says that the horses thus employed, though naturally of a shy and starting disposition, become during the solemn procession, exceedingly quiet and tractable. A couple of an equal height were selected and drawn up side by side; the coffin was laid across their shoulders before the saddles, and retained in its position by the riders all the way until the party reached the place of interment. On an occasion of this kind, the following sally of wild wit was elicited.

At Shittleheugh mill in Redesdale, lived once a personage whose real name cannot now be recovered, but he was well known in the vicinity by the ludicrous one of "Cuffs." He spent the main part of his life at the above place, and being considerably advanced in years, he had attended almost all the funerals around for nearly half a cen-

* Communicated by my old and worthy friend, Mr. James Thompson of Monkridge Hall, near Elsdon; a man whose acquirements in Science and Natural Philosophy, considering his limited means and the scantiness of his resources, are truly surprising. To his honour be it spoken, he is one of the few individuals who love knowledge solely for its own sake, regardless alike of the smiles of Fortune, or the pleasures she can bestow. I have to confess my obligations to him for the material with which he supplied me, while I was forming, many years ago, a collection of traditionary matter relative to Redesdale and the Borders. R. W.

tury; but the most singular part of his conduct was, that he never accompanied one farther than to Otterburne, a village about half way between his own residence and the small town of Elsdon, where the parish church and churchyard are situated. It happened, however, in the course of years, that Cuffs himself grew sick and yielded up the imperishable portion of his being. The day of the funeral came, and amongst the number of attendants, appeared Andrew Corbet, a blacksmith of Garretshields, a rough, rattling fellow whose tongue amongst those of his cronies, both in his own shop and from home, was ever accounted the most voluble. Well, the coffin containing the body, was screwed down, brought out of the house with the narrow end first, and hoisted on the horses' shoulders. The procession moved onward, and nothing of moment occurred till they reached the little rivulet of Otterburne. No bridge was erected there at that period, and as the horses which supported the body were descending the little bank bordering the stream, the coffin seemed about to slide forward and be precipitated to the ground. At this precise moment, Corbet who never omitted an opportunity of displaying his acuteness, shouted out to the full extent of his voice, "Keep haud! keep haud! He turned aye here yet!" Without the intervention of the blacksmith, the riders, it may be presumed, had the sagacity to attend to their charge; for they crossed the stream, proceeded to Elsdon and saw what remained of Cuffs earthed up in that narrow house, from the confines of which no inhabitant returns.—*R. White's MSS.*

Miracle of St. Oswin.

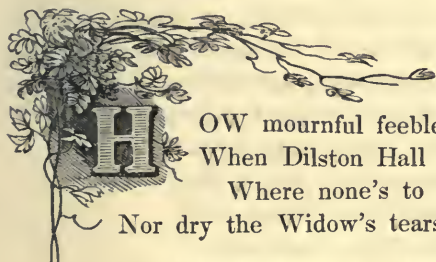


ON the 20th of August, 1384, *i. e.* on the feast of the passion of St. Oswin, king and martyr, as a sailor was cutting a piece of wood on board his ship at Newcastle upon Tyne, he saw blood gush out of it in great abundance; when, recollecting the festival, he gave over work; but a companion of his, regardless of the miracle, persisted in the profane business; but upon striking the wood, the blood gushed out again in still greater abundance. Both clergy and laity were informed of, and approved the miracle, and the wood was carried to Tinmouth, where the saint's body was interred, to be there preserved in testimony thereof.—*Brand.*



Dilston Hall,

The following lines are inscribed beneath a view of Dilston Hall, engraved by Spilsbury of London, from a Drawing by Thomas Oliver of Hexham, and published by him A. D. 1766.



OW mournful feeble Nature's tone,
When Dilston Hall appears,
Where none's to wait the Orphan's moan,
Nor dry the Widow's tears !

The helpless aged poor survey
This building as it stands,
In moving anguish heard to say,
(And weeping wring their hands)

The bounteous Earl, he is no more,
Who once adorn'd this plain,
Reliev'd the needy at his door,
And freely did sustain :

Here flowing plenty once did reign,
Which gladden'd every face ;
But now, alas ! reversed Scene,
For Owl's a dwelling-place.

The tim'rous Deer hath left the lawn,
The Oak a Victim falls.

The gentle Trav'ler, sighs when shewn
These desolated Walls.

Each gen'rous mind emotion feels,
With pious pity mov'd

No breast its anguish yet conceals,
For one so well belov'd.

Let no unhallow'd tongue, or servile slave,
Their partial clamour vent beyond the grave ;
But let the noble Dead his honours wear ;
His faults deplore, his virtue still revere :
Tho' err he did, he finish'd the debate,
With his own blood, and Ratcliffe's fair Estate.
The aged farmer, tott'ring o'er the green,
Leans on his Staff, recounts the days he's seen,
Informs the list'ning Youth by his record,
How bless'd his roof, how plenteous was his board, }
Not rack'd by Derwent's hospitable Lord.
He stops his tale, involv'd in grief profound,
He sighs, he weeps, he feebly strikes the ground ;
Cries, Why rehearse these golden days of yore,
Since they to me, to me can be no more ?
The clement heart, and curious, often calls
To view the naked park and stripped walls ;
The dampish Walls their stony tears impart,
As if their Master's wound had pierc'd their heart.
Ye pensive Mutes, 'tentive on Dilston wait,
And mourn, eternal Ratcliffe's tragic fate !

DILSTON-HALL stands on a bold situation on the east side of the brook called Devils-water. Here, in the time of Henry the Third, was the baronial seat of Thomas de Devilstone, whose family had resided in it from the time of the conquest. After them this place was successively possessed by the Tindales, Crasters, Claxtons, and Ratcliffes, which last family had it in 1457. The Hall was built in 1616, by Francis Ratcliffe, esq., and, after falling into ruin, completely removed, by the advice of Mr. Smeaton. It stood adjoining to the *old tower* of the Devilstones, which still remains.—*Hodgson's Northd. Svo.*



INSTANCE OF *Monumental Indecorum.*



THE church of Knaresdale, Northumberland, is delightfully situate upon a fine dry knoll, not far distant from the ruined old Hall, and the prospect from its large church-yard is one of the most beautiful that can be imagined. The wretched edifice which, but recently, occupied this site, was of the commonest masonry, and covered with thick sandstone slate. At the east end there were two old tombstones, each

with a cross on it; and one, having on one side of the cross, a sword, and on the other an arrow; and over the door-way of the porch, as a lintel, another gravestone, with a sword and crosier, neatly designed, but sadly mutilated. This fabric, however, under the proper authorities, in 1833, disappeared, and an entirely new one sprang up in its room, as an inscription over its door, bearing the names of Thomas Bewsher, rector, and William Parker and Joseph Richardson, churchwardens, is left to testify.* Near this door stands a tombstone bearing the the following disgraceful doggerel.—

“In memory of Robert Baxter, of Farhouse,
who died Oct. 4, 1796, aged 56.
All you that please these lines to read,
It will cause a tender heart to bleed;
I murdered was upon the fell
And by the man I knew full well,
By bread and butter which he'd laid,
I, being harmless, was betray'd,
I hope he will rewarded be,
That laid the poison there for me.”

“The melancholy story hinted at by this unlettered muse,” says a writer in the Newcastle Magazine for 1818, is soon and easily told. Robert Baxter, on his road to the Fell one morning, to visit his flock, found a piece of white bread and butter wrapped up in a clean paper. Having incautiously ate it, he felt exceedingly ill very soon afterwards, and died in a few hours, with all the symptoms of having been taken off by violent poison. His own dying belief

* Hodgson's Northumberland.

was, that poison had been mixed with the bread and butter ; and a report was very generally spread, which is believed by numbers to this day, that it had been laid designedly in Baxter's way by a malicious neighbour, with whom he had not long before had a violent quarrel. Yet it seems no inquest was held upon Baxter's body ; and it is equally strange that the clergyman should permit a malediction on one of his parishioners to be put up in the church-yard. The individual suspected of having committed the above dreadful crime, was living in 1813. He attended the church, very frequently, and had every Sunday, in passing to and from that place, to walk close to the grave-stone in question, which displayed in sufficiently large and obtrusive characters which he could hardly help casting his eye upon, not, it is trusted, the memento of his own guilt, but a disgraceful memorial of his neighbours malice."

Till the road was made to the colliery at Hartley-burn, the sweet solitude of Knaresdale was difficult of access ; and its population with few opportunities of acquiring the amenities and mental enjoyments of better informed districts ; and hence a cunning and vindictive spirit lingered long within its limits. Its people lived far from law and justice ; and with them, to drive the best bargain they could, and drink deep of the cup of revenge, were amongst their soul's best enjoyments. Education in morals and religion, as well as in the commonest school learning, had been much neglected ; but the rising generation are being regularly instructed, and though we cannot hope to see Nature assuming much loveliness in the high mountains that frown over the sides of the valley, we hope to hear of the fields at their feet, year after year, increasing in harvests and beauty ; and the youths and maidens that dwell amongst them, blessed with that open-heartedness and social delight which a careful education in religion and morals seldom fails to produce.

Knaresdale Hall is a gentleman's place of the seventeenth century, now, and for a long time since, occupied by the farmer of the adjoining grounds, and consequently despoiled of many appendages to the dignity it was wont to assume while it was the seat of the lord of the fee of Knaresdale, and its contiguous demesnes. The garden walls have lost their trimness, the malt-kiln and the brew-house are gone, and little now remains but the usual extensive suit of stables, which, in gone-by times, were at once the joy and ruin of the old race of country squires. Its site, however, is still the same, on a proud, natural knoll, between the Milburn and the Tyne, and defended on every side, but on the line of approach, by steep banks ; and overlooking, upwards and downwards, the green haughs and woody braes of the Tyne.—(*Hodgson's Northd.*).

SWORD DANCERS.

FROM "SHARP'S BISHOPRICK GARLAND."



It is still the practice, though less in repute than formerly, during the Christmas holidays, for companies of pitmen and other workmen from the neighbouring collieries to visit Sunderland, Durham, Newcastle, &c., to perform a sort of Play or Dance, accompanied by song and music.

Their appearance is hailed by the children with great satisfaction, and they receive liberal contributions from the spectators.

The dancers are girded with swords, and clad in white shirts or tunics, decorated with a profusion of ribbands, of various colours, gathered from the wardrobes of their mistresses and well-wishers. The captain generally wears a kind of faded uniform, with a large cocked hat and feather, for pre-eminent distinction; and the buffoon, or "Bessy," who acts as treasurer, and collects the cash in a tobacco-box, wears a hairy cap, with a fox's brush* dependent.

The music is simple, and not devoid of harmony: its peculiar beauty depends, perhaps greatly, on the force of early associations.

The party assemble promiscuously, and the captain forms a circle with his sword, round which he walks, and sings; each actor following as he is called upon.

SIX actors I have brought,
Who were never on stage before;
But they will do their best,
And the best can do no more.

The first that I call in,
He is a squire's son;
He's like to lose his love,
Because he is too young.

But though he be too young,
He has money for to rove;

* Quære—If this was not formerly meant to represent the Lion's skin of the ancient heroes; and this is not the only classical allusion used by the sword Dancers, for a "Bessy" on the borders of Yorkshire, was heard to sing:

"I've liv'd among music these forty long years,
And drunk of the *elegant* spring."

There can be little doubt that *Helicon* was the original reading.

And he will spend it all,
 Before he'll lose his love.
 The next that I call in,
 He is a taylor fine ;
 What think you of his work ?—
 He made this coat of mine.
 So comes good master Snip,
 His best respects to pay :
 He joins us in our trip,
 To drive dull care away.
 The next that I call in,
 He is a sailor bold ;
 He's come to poverty
 By the lending of his gold.
 But though his gold's all gone,
 Again he'll plough the main,
 With heart both light and brave,
 To fight both France and Spain.
 Next comes a skipper bold,
 He'll do his part right weel ;
 A clever blade, I'm told,
 As ever poy'd * a keel.
 Oh ! the keel lads are bonny bonny lads,
 As I do understand ;
 For they run both fore and aft,
 With their long sets in their hands.
 To join us in this play,
 Here comes a jolly dog,
 Who's sober every day,
 When he can get no grog.
 But though he likes his grog,
 As all his friends can say,
 He always likes it best,
 When he has nought to pay.
 Last I come in mysel,
 I make one of this crew ;

• Puoy, Puy, or Pouie, a long poll with an iron spike at the end ; used in propelling keels in shallow water....*Fr. appui. Brockett's Glossary.* The *Puoy* on the Tyne is the *Set* on the Wear.

And if you'd know my name,
My name it is True Blue.†

The Dance then begins in slow, and measured cadence ; which soon increases in spirit, and at length bears the appearance of a serious affray. The Rector, alarmed, rushes forward to prevent bloodshed ; and, in his endeavours to separate the combatants, he receives a mortal blow, and falls to the ground.

Then follows the lament—the general accusation—and denial.

Alas ! our rector's dead,
And on the ground is laid ;
Some of us must suffer for't,
Young men, I'm sore afraid.

I'm sure 'twas none of I—
I'm clear of the crime ;
'Twas him that follows me
That drew his sword so fine.

I'm sure 'twas none of I—
I'm clear of the fact ;
'Twas him that follows me
That did this bloody act.

I'm sure 'twas none of I,
Ye bloody villains all !
For both my eyes were shut
When this good man did fall.

Then cheer up, my bonny bonny lads,
And be of courage bold ;
For we'll take him to the church,
And we'll bury him in the mould.

Captain.—Oh ! for a doctor, a right good doctor,
A ten-pound doctor, oh !

Doctor.—Here am I.

Captain.—Doctor, what's your fee ?

Doctor.—Ten pounds is my fee ; but nine pounds, nineteen shillings, and eleven pence three farthings, will I take from thee.

† At this part, the "Bessy" sometimes considers it necessary to give some account of his own genealogy, viz :

My father he was hang'd,
My mother was drown'd in a well ;
And now I 'ae left alone,
All by my awn sel.

See here, see here, a doctor rare,
 Who travels much at home :
 Come, take my pills—they cure all ills,
 Past, present, and to come.
 The plague, the palsy, and the gout,
 The devil within, and the devil without—
 Every thing but a love-sick maid—
 And a consumption in the pocket.
 Take a little of my nif-naf,
 Put it on your tif-taf.
 Parson, rise up, and fight again,
 The doctor says you are not slain.

The rector gradually recovers, which is the signal for general rejoicing and congratulation.

Captain.—You've seen them all call'd in,
 You've seen them all go round ;
 Wait but a little while—
 Some pastime will be found.
 Cox-green's a bonny place,
 Where water washes clean ;
 And Painshaw's on a hill,
 Where we have merry been.
 Then, fiddler, change thy tune,
 Play us a merry jig ;
 Before that I'll be beat,
 I'll pawn both hat and wig.

A general dance concludes the performance, to the old and favourite tune of, "Kitty, Kitty, bo, bo !"

Wallis thinks that our *sword-dance* is the antic dance or chorus *Armatus* of the Romans. Martial dances were customary in all warlike nations. The Germans, the northern nations, and probably the Gauls and Britons, danced with swords or spears at their entertainments. Brand supposes the dance at present used is made up of the gleanings of several obsolete customs followed on festive occasions. Our dancers observe one peculiarity: when the swords are formed into a figure, they lay them down upon the ground, and dance round them.

THE MILLER OF THE CLOCK MILL.

A Northumbrian Tradition.

Nay, if thou art desirous to retain the character of an honest man, never be a miller : he is always supposed to *help* himself, and shouldst thou even follow the profession with a clear conscience, nineteen out of twenty will consider thee no better than thy fellows.

Old Comedy.



LL aged men bear testimony that in the early part of their time, the labouring portion of the community were more comfortably situated, and obtained the necessaries of life more easily than at present. It is not our part to point out the causes of such a change : legislators and those who have made political economy their study may solve this to the

satisfaction of enquirers ; but certainly our ancestors, notwithstanding all we have heard of the progress of knowledge, and the adaptation of art and science to the purposes and comforts of existence, possessed the means of happiness more permanently than we even now enjoy in these "giddy and high paced times," and were a jovial and good hearted class of men. The mower and the ploughman did not enter on their work with the understanding that they were to perform each an acre every day : a *rest on the nibs*, after sharpening, was occasionally allowed to the one ; and a *hop step and loup* on the headland was often taken by the other without incurring the displeasure of either master or master's man. The board of the labourer, and of the artisan shewed no lack of solid substantial fare, while milk and home brewed beer rendered all fashionable delicacies unnecessary. The farmer wrought himself, and ate at the same table with his servants ; saw that all about him were soundly fed and comfortably clad ; had no rear rents dragging down his spirit, but retained *something* in his own pocket, after settling with his landlord ; and if he put on a good coat, or mounted a well fed horse, he was generally under no apprehension of being requested to pay half yearly a larger amount of money for his farm. The landlord was loved and respected as a good country gentleman wherever he was known ; he allowed politics and legislation to take their course without either irritating himself or others thereby ; he cherished no ambition to possess a town's residence, or become a member of parliament ; but loved his sovereign, and stood ready, if the

crown was in danger, to arm himself and his followers in its defence. He preserved order amongst his people, and maintained in his hall a system of open and generous hospitality. Passionately fond of field sports, he encouraged a love of them amongst his tenantry, and when he went to pursue reynard, with horn and hound, he was ever desirous they should give him their mounted company. His farms were like inheritances: they were occupied by families, without removal, for generations; and the good feeling and unanimity which existed between himself and those who were stationed on his domain, made them regard him in the light of a benefactor, or a father, who lived only to make them thankful and happy.

It was at such a period of English prosperity that tradition relates the following instance of rent-raising on the one hand, and proportionable retaliation on the other, to have taken place. On the left of the main road from Newcastle to Jedburgh, at about a couple of miles north from Belsay Gate, in a secluded situation beside a stream, stood what was called "The Clock Mill." This with a suitable steading and an adjoining piece of land were occupied by a man of middle age, who performed the office of miller, and was able when a hunting day came, to mount a good mare, and accompany his landlord in that delightful and exhilarating exercise. Such a mode of proceeding was all well, and nothing more than "His Honour" wished; but it occurred that this mare was often too speedy for the other hunters, and generally brought her rider first in to the death of the fox. On being thus publicly outstripped again and again by his own tenant, the landlord experienced some slight degree of chagrin, and, wishful to restrain the miller's impetuosity within due bounds, he gave a hint to the steward to make him carry some portion of dead weight in the shape of an increase of rent. Twenty pounds annually, no small amount in those days, was the sum paid for the mill and land, and the steward acting according to his instructions, succeeded so far as to augment it to one half more. This increased rent was then paid by the miller as it became due; yet, strange to say, he ran the mare on fox-hunting days as closely as ever, without any perceptible decrease of either her condition or speed. Another hint to the steward produced another augmentation of ten pounds to the rent, doubling the original sum; and then both landlord and steward considered they had loaded him so amply, that he would either be compelled to follow the hounds on a worse fed animal, or abandon the chase altogether. The heavy rent, however, made no apparent alteration on the miller: he paid it regularly, attended the sport as regularly, and his gallant mare bore away, on an average, two brushes out of every three of the number of foxes which were killed during the season.

The landlord now began to wonder at the well-doing of his tenant, and took an early opportunity of paying him a visit. He found him, arrayed in his dusty garb, with a kind of nightcap drawn nearly over his eyes, at work in the mill: he was filling a poke from the trough; the machinery was in motion; and the place had an air of neatness and order about it, betokening the occupier to be in easy circumstances. After some preliminary observations respecting the weather and markets, the landlord remarked he was very glad to see his tenant so cheerful, and hoped he was doing well.

"Thanks t'ye, Sir—mony thanks to ye're Honour;" said the miller. "We have ay meat for the takin'—meal an' bacon, an' milk tey, except it be efter the new year, when we hae ney farra cow. We get claes to sair us; and for mysel', when Aw gan frev hame, or tiv the hunt, Aw have ay Bonny the meer to lay leg ower."

"And a finer animal of the kind," observed the landlord, "is not to be found in the north of England!"

"Thanks ty'e again, Sir, for the compliment," said the other. "Mony yen says she's ower gud for me; but she taks ney mair to keep her than a bad un; an' sin ever Aw was yard-hie, Aw aylways like't a nice beast. Indeed, Aw may say, please ye're Honour, that rather than want her, Aw wad gan to bed supperless the hail year round."

"I perceive," continued His Honour, "she is a great favourite. To be plain with you, though, I sometimes think it not over good mannered in you, to put her forward in the way you do, and beat the whole of us at our own sport. You should bridle in her speed, and give your superiors the precedence."

"True, true," replied the miller; "but please ye, Sir, how if Aw cannit? When the hunds are yellin' alang, she's never right unless she has her nose amang them; an' than, when you and other thurty gentlemen are a' comin' splatterin' up, Aw might as suin try to stop the wind as haud her. Aw's nit fond iv intrudin' mysel' where I shudna be; but Aw knaw ye're Honour's ay glad to see yen; an' Aw just mak free to come amang the company."

"You are welcome at all times;" said the lord of the manor with great kindness. "I should be sorry to deter any tenant of mine from the enjoyment of such sport. Come as you have always done; I wish you to do so."

"Weel, Aw's under grete obligations t'ye, Sir, for your gudness," said the other, perceiving at once the kind tone of feeling, and gentlemanly manner, which peculiarly distinguished his landlord.

"It is my especial desire, my good sir," continued the latter, "to have all my tenants comfortable, as far as a proper regard to my own rights will allow of such a desideratum. You pay me now a

heavy rent—heavy in proportion to what it was formerly ; but if your mill and land do not clear it easily, the steward must consider the matter, and let you have them, so that you can live upon them.”

“Kind, kind, vera, vera !” gratefully replied the miller, raising his cap higher on his forehead, and regarding his visitor with much respect. “Aw’s gretely obleeged to ye’re Honour ; an’ mony a rogue wad tak advantage iv ye’re gud intentions ; but Aw hae ney reeson to complain. An *honest* man can aylways work his way ; an’ though Aw see by ye’re smile that ye’re pleased to doubt iv a miller’s honesty, still Aw can say, that Aw ay strave to dey the fair thing. Throughout the hail time when Aw had the mill at the twenty pound, Aw niver tuik an unjust handfu’ iv eyther meal, groats or corn. Only we’re a’, please ye, Sir, like the pillars iv a beelding—when grete weights are laid on us, we just hae to press the mair upon where we stand. Ye’re honour knows what Aw mean ?”

“Not exactly,” said the landlord, “but this I know that if you act uprightly, and can pay your rent now, your profits formerly must have been very great !”

“If ye’re Honour wad please to step up,” replied the miller, adhering to his own method of illustration, “Aw’s willin’ tiv explain t’ye the hail affair. We hae ney flour pokes i’ the road, an’ ye’ll come down again as clean as a pin.” He then led the way up a kind of irregular stair, and was followed by the other till they reached a platform, or floor, where several sacks filled with corn were set together. Beside the hopper stood a half-bushel measure containing a quantity of wheat, with a round concave wooden dish, about seven inches in diameter, partly buried amongst the grain. Taking up the small utensil in his hand the miller continued :—“Now, Sir, this is what we ca’ the Moutar Dish, an’ that’s a Kenning there, ye see : we measure a’ the corn wiv that. Weel, when ma rent was twenty pound, out iv every kenning iv corn that com here, Aw tuik this dish yence full. When Aw was put up tiv thurty pound, Aw tuik’t twice full : an’ now when Aw’s at forty pound, Aw tak’t thrice full, for moutar, out iv every kenning Aw grind. Now, please ye, Sir, this is just the plan Aw’s fore’t to follow, to mak the rent up. ‘Honesty’s the best iv policy’ as the *say* rins ; an’ ye’re Honour, Aw knaw, winnut dey me an ill turn, for tellin’ the truth.”

They descended the stair, and the landlord now regarded his tenant with no small degree of surprise. He scarcely knew whether the unwarrantable freedom taken with the *grist* which came to the mill, in order to meet the increased rent, was more deserving of reprehension, than the candour, with which it had been exhibited even to himself, was worthy of praise. Shortly afterwards the miller’s

dame appeared, supporting in her hand a vessel about the size of a quart, nearly full of home-brewed ale, and he himself observed :— “ When a beggar comes to the door, be’t man or woman, they mun eyther hae bite or sup ; an’ when ye’re Honour visits us, sartenly ye’re entitled, an’ hartily welcome tiv the best iv the hoose.” The female produced the liquor, and poured out a mantling horn to the landlord, who drank it off, and complimented her on its quality ; then wishing the couple “ good day,” he respectfully took his leave.

This interview, plain and homely as the matters involved therein were discussed, especially by the miller, terminated much more happily than he was led to expect. The landlord was in the fullest sense of the word a good man ; and had he not felt *sore* at being outstripped time after time, by the miller’s mare, the rent of the Clock Mill and the adjoining enclosures, had remained unaltered. It was neither his wish nor will to rack or grind his tenantry ; but to know and see them prosperous, called forth in his bosom sensations of the most gratifying description, for his was a heart open to all the kindlier influences of our nature. His steward was like himself, a straightforward, well meaning man, who misrepresented nothing ; but performed his duty honestly between all parties, and never employed his authority as a means of either insulting a humble individual, or of partially accommodating one in affluent circumstances. The miller, therefore, stood a fair chance of receiving liberal treatment at their hands ; and, accordingly, he was neither turned away, nor deemed a dishonest man, nor, in the way of trade, were the customary favours of either withdrawn ; but his rent was immediately lowered to twenty pounds ; he hunted upon Bonny his gallant mare, as often and as eagerly as he pleased ; and he was satisfied with taking only one dishful from every kenning of grain that came to be put through the Clock Mill.

It is pleasing to look back and contemplate an extensive rural district with its farms and fields, when the connection between proprietors and occupiers, as occasion served, was calmly investigated, and arranged, generally, to the satisfaction of either party. Such a system tended, in an especial degree, to the benefit of all, not merely in a pecuniary point of view, but by fostering all our powerful associations ; and it afforded unlimited scope for the operation of those amiable and benevolent qualities which have ever constituted a most distinguishing feature of the English character. Far more rests in the hands of our land owners, by way of conciliating turbulent impressions and establishing peace throughout the kingdom, than our farsighted lawgivers are willing to understand. In former times, when our tenantry were universally treated with kindness, and their labourers had employment and food in abundance, the sound of politics,

and the feverish excitement arising therefrom, scarcely ever entered "the happy homes of England." The wandering minstrels found a welcome at every hearth, and their music and song were a thousand times preferable to the inflated and designing language, which the devotees of every faction have uttered and are still uttering throughout the country. It would be wrong to charge the amount of our national evils on any particular class of men; but some blame evidently rests on that large portion of our landed gentry who have endeavoured to raise the amount on their rent rolls beyond an equitable standard, and sacrificed, thereby, those endearing ties which bound English feelings, sympathies and patriotism together. Whatever changes may take place amongst the orders of society, the aristocracy of Britain would do well not to disregard the agricultural classes. They are a numerous body of men, on whose strength more may depend than can yet be foreseen. Always capable of enduring fatigue, amid winter's cold or summer's heat, they still inherit so much of the martial spirit of their ancestors, that should they consider it their duty to put on the panoply of war, they will not, in the hour of trial, readily turn their backs upon a foe.—*R. White's MSS.*

The Tunstall Rose.

On Tunstall grows the bonny rose,
At Hetton, the lily pale;
But the bonny Rose, wont kythe* with Bowes,
Sweet lily of the vale.

A junior branch of the family of Shadforth, of Eppleton, was seated at Tunstall; and Anthony Shadforth, of Tunstall, (who died in 1650) had several daughters. Isabel, married Frances Jenkinson; Mary, married Henry Bowes, of Newcastle; Rebecca, married Robert De-la-vale, of Little Eden, Esq.; and Eleanor, married Edward Dale, of Dalton-le-Dale, gentleman. The allusion may possibly apply to Mary, (the rose of the fair state) who might refuse to *kythe* with *Bowes* at the time the stanza was written, and yet alter her mind afterwards. The other allusions are now, and perhaps for ever, buried in obscurity.—*Sharp's Bishoprick Garland.*

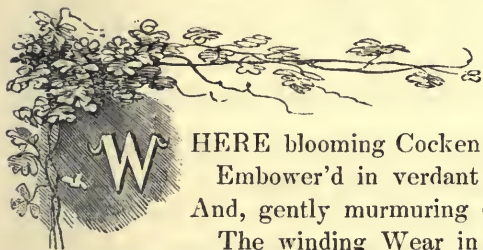
* Kythe—kin—be a-kin to.





Finchale Priory,

FROM "POEMS BY MARY HERON."



WHERE blooming Cocken rears her bounteous head,
 Embower'd in verdant shades of deep repose,
 And, gently murmuring o'er its rocky bed,
 The winding Wear in wild meanders flows ;
 The ruins of an ancient Abbey stand,*
 Destroy'd by time's inexorable hand.

Here, may the proud, licentious young and gay
 A most instructive, useful lesson find ;
 They tell, thus all things hasten to decay,
 Thus leave the relics of their pomp behind :
 Far more than words, the solemn fragments shew
 The empty vanity of all below.

Where once the venerable fabric rose,
 Its mould'ring columns lie in broken heaps ;
 O'er the once marbled floor the bramble grows,
 And round the pillars twining ivy creeps :
 The dusky isles, forsaken and forlorn ;
 O'ergrown with moss, and shagg'd with horrid thorn.

* The ruins of Finchale Priory are situated in a secluded spot, in the parish of St. Oswald, on the western side of the river Wear, at the distance of nearly three miles from Durham. This place appears to have been of some note in the time of the Saxons ; a synod having been held here so early as 792, and another as Leland states, in 810.

Here, solemn silence holds her awful reign,
 Save when the stock-dove cooing thro' the grove,
 In concert with the water's fretful strain,
 In piteous accent mourns her absent love ;
 Or when nocturnal glooms obscure the skies,
 The boding raven croaks, the screech owl cries.

Then timid fancy, overcome with fear,
 Sees hideous spectres dart across the gloom :
 Hears from the vaults loud shrieks, and groans most drear,
 And solemn voices from the hollow tomb :
 Combining horrors chill the vital blood,
 And stop the progress of the crimson flood.

Avaunt ye airy phantoms of the brain !
 Chimera's dire ! imagination's brood !
 'Tis your's alone to haunt the guilty train,
 Whose sanguine hands are bath'd in human blood ;
 Undaunted virtue rears aloft her head,
 For conscious innocence has nought to dread,

Here once, with solemn grandeur, o'er the flood
 Its lofty spires projecting many a shade,
 Magnificent the sacred mansion stood,
 By stern and gloomy superstition sway'd ;
 Her legends, to the consecrated shrine,
 Imputing miracles and power divine.*

Here, e'er the lark's shrill matin wak'd the morn,
 Rous'd by th' accustom'd solemn sounding bell,
 Each visionary, pensive sage forlorn,
 Left the retirement of his cloister'd cell ;
 Whilst the deep organ's bold majestic sound,
 And vocal choir, the echoing walls rebound.

* This Abbey is rendered famous by the austerities of St. Godric, born at Walpole in Norfolk, who, after twice performing the pilgrimage to Jerusalem, came, directed by a vision, to Finchale, where he erected a chapel and hermitage. Here he resided sixty-six years, practising "unheard-of austerities," which, in the eyes of a superstitious and ignorant people, were sufficient to invest his character with a high degree of sanctity. The mortifications to which he subjected his body, if not laudable, were extremely severe. He wore an iron jerkin, mingled ashes with the flour of which he made his bread, and, not unfrequently, passed whole nights at his devotions, immersed up to his chin in water. He died in 1170, and was then admitted, on account of his uncommon penances, and the great miracles he is said to have performed, into the calendar of the saints.

Here, by the midnight taper's glimmering light,
 Th' enthusiastic pale recluses pray'd ;
 Or when bright Cynthia gilded gloomy night,
 Romantic, stroll'd along the moon-light glade :
 Here, whilst the thoughtless world regardless slept,
 Their orisons, and solemn vigils kept.

On yonder spot the sacred altar stood,
 Whence fragrant columns af ascending smoke,
 From incense burning to the hallow'd rood,
 Mingled with vivid flames, incessant broke :
 Here, tutelary saints in painting shone,
 And worshipp'd martyrs stood engrav'd in stone.

But now, O pleasing thought ! how chang'd the scene,
 Since Reformation, with her cheering smile,
 Diffus'd around her principles benign,
 And banish'd superstition from our isle ;
 Disperst the mists that veil'd our mental sight,
 And plac'd religion in her native light.

As when the sun, refulgent lamp of day,
 Ushers his oriental light abroad,
 Phantoms and shadows fly before his ray,
 And seek in darkness a secure abode ;
 So Reformation, by her influence bright,
 Dispels the gloom of *intellectual* night.

Epitaph.

The following lines are well worthy of preservation. They were written by Cunningham on the wife of Mr. James Graham, for many years the only bookseller in Sunderland.

From fate there's no defence ;
 Death call'd her hence
 In youth's full pride.
 Could Virtue save
 From an untimely grave,
 She had not died.

Sir C. Sharp's Collections.

THE

Burning of Brinkburn Priory.

THE priory of Brinkburn is undoubtedly one of the noblest remains of ecclesiastical architecture of which Northumberland can boast. It is most delightfully situated in a deep vale, on a small peninsula formed by the meandering Coquet, part of the walls being washed by its waters. The opposite or southern shore is bounded by a semicircular

and lofty ridge of shaggy rocks, mantled with ivy, and beautifully overhung by a variety of fine trees, plants, and shrubs. On the north it is surrounded with steep and verdant banks, whereby the structure is out-topped on all sides, and can only be approached by a slant cut through the rock on the west side, or by following the bed of the river on the east. A great part of this venerable pile has been demolished; and its church, which was in the cathedral form, has shared in the devastation. The square tower of the church, a small spire, many noble pillars and arches, and some of its side walls, with the dormitory belonging to the priory, are the principal remains. These vestiges of monastic grandeur (some of which are yet entire), and a large group of mouldering fragments, richly varied with the tints of time, being adjoined by Brinkburn park and other forests of fine wood, make a picture inexpressibly charming, especially when viewed with the light and shade received from a western sun. Its recluse situation; the extreme stillness, undisturbed, except by birds and the murmurs of the Coquet; fragments of sepulchral monuments; the gloomy shade of the venerable ivy and the evergreens, with which, in many parts, the ruins are crowned and overgrown, give a solemnity to the place, and display an agreeable combination of objects, impressively grand and picturesque, inspiring the beholder with a contemplative melancholy, oftentimes pleasing as well as proper to indulge, and rendering still more solemn the spot, which religious feeling, and the progress of desolation have united to consecrate.

On the whole, though this building, except about the doors, is remarkably plain: it has a sober and solemn majesty, not always to be found in buildings more highly decorated. Part of this, perhaps, it may owe to its romantic situation, which is the most proper in the

world for retirement and meditation. It is precisely such a spot as Milton longed for:—

“And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown, and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and nightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.”

Near the south-west angle of the church stands a house, which some suppose to have been built out of the ruins of the offices belonging to the monastery; but others, with great probability, say, that this building is the remains of a range of houses, which were erected on the brink of the river about the time that the monastery was founded; they observe that there is a subterraneous communication between these abodes and the priory, for the conveniency of the canons; and that the whole cluster of buildings must have suffered in one common conflagration; after which, this house seems to have been rebuilt from the ruin of the others. It was again falling rapidly into ruin, when Mr. Hetherington began a complete repair, which was finished by Major Hodgson Cadogan. The priory was founded in the reign of Henry I., by a baron of Mitford.*

Hidden as it now is, tradition reports that it was formerly, even more so, and that an ancient forest surrounded it, which, in summer, obscured the rays of the sun at noon-tide, so that not a turret could be seen by the passer-by. On a sultry summer day, when a universal drought prevailed, a party of Scottish borderers, loaded with the spoils of a successful foray, and perspiring with the heat of the sun, entered the skirts of this forest. Their intention was to add the spoils of the priory to those already gotten; but finding they were unable to discover the wood-embosomed pile, they withdrew, and proceeded on their way homeward. In the meantime, the monks, overjoyed at the retreat of their enemies, caused the great bell of the priory to be rung, and the brethren assembled to offer up thanks for their deliverance. Unfortunately, the Scots had proceeded only a short distance from the spot, when the sound of the bell struck their ears; they marked the direction from whence it proceeded, and the leader of the band

* From a variety of circumstances it seems to possess claims to a very high antiquity; and Brinkburn grove was probably devoted to the worship of Jupiter, ere the Christian priests, in this secluded retreat, begun the holy vespers to the Blessed Virgin. The whole vicinity has been covered with Roman works, and it is probable that the priory was built from the ruins of these still more ancient remains.

immediately ordered his followers to return and search for a passage through the wood, by which they might approach the priory. With the unerring sagacity of their own blood hounds, the ruthless band proceeded and on obtaining a glimpse of the building itself, they rushed forward, and having broken open the portal of the sacred pile, entered tumultuously, and profaned it by their furious execrations. The unfortunate monks were at prayers when they were so unexpectedly disturbed; and rising, in the utmost dismay, they fled to the distant parts of the building. The work of pillage commenced with vigour: every corner was searched, and every valuable taken. The Scots then fired the building, and the poor monks escaped the flames with difficulty. The fire rushed on with great rapidity, every combustible was destroyed, and clouds of pungent smoke arose from the pile, as the roofs and walls successively fell in. The Scots now retired, and defiling the passage in the wood, proceeded homeward with their spoil. As soon as the monks discovered that the Scots had left the ill-fated building, they emerged from their places of concealment, and having approached the still burning pile, surveyed its wreck with sorrow. Deprived of shelter, they were obliged to accept of the hospitality of the neighbouring cottagers, until their sanctuary could be repaired.



ERINKURN PRIORY.

The Northern Mothers Blessing.

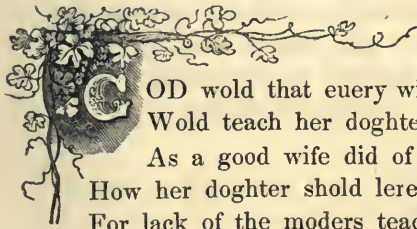
CONTRIBUTED BY F. R. SURTEES, ESQ.



HIS poem is taken from a book in the Library of the British Museum, (Reg. Cat.) which was printed in 1597, and is entitled "Certaine worthye Manvscrip poems of great antiquitie, preserved long in the studie of a Northfolke Gentleman." The book contains but three poems of about the same length, without any introduction to either of them, or information concerning their authors; but in the title

page to the one here given, it is stated to have been written nine years before the death of Chaucer the poet. That event took place in 1440. The dialect in which the stanzas are composed seems to warrant the supposition of their having been written, if not in the north countré, at least by a north country man. For instance in the second verse the word 'Kirke' occurs, and again we find 'Mickle' used more than once. Assuming this much, the excellent advice they give seems to warrant their insertion in the "Table Book."

The Northern Mothers Blessing.



OD wold that euery wife that wonneth in this land,
Wold teach her doghter so ye shall vnderstand,
As a good wife did of the north countré,
How her doghter shold lere a good wife to be:
For lack of the moders teaching
Makes the doghter of euill liuing,
My leeu deere childe.

II.

My doghter gif thou be a wife, wisely thou werke,
Look euer thou loue God and the holy kirke,
Go to kirke when thou may, and let for no rayne,
And then shall thou fare the bet, when thou God hast sayn:
Full well may they thriue
That seruen God in their liue,
My leeu deere childe.

III.

Gladly giue thou thy tithes and thine offrings both,
 To the poore at thy gate, be thou neuer loath;
 Gif hem of thy good and be not ouer hard;
 Seldom is that house poore there God is steward;
 For that is best spende
 That for God's loue I lend:
 My leeuē deere childe.

IV.

When thou sits in the Kirke thy Bedes shalt thou bid,
 Therein make ne iangling with frende ne fib:
 Laugh not to scorne neder old ne yong,
 Be of goode bering and haue a good tongue;
 For after thy bering,
 So shall thy name spring:
 My leeuē deere childe.

V.

Gif any man with worship desire to wed thee,
 Wisely him answeare, scorne him not what he be,
 And tell it to thy friends and hide thou it nought;
 Sit not by him ne stand not that sin now be wrought;
 For gif a slavnder be once raysed,
 It is not so sone stilled:
 My leeuē deere childe.

VI.

What man that shall wed the fore God with a ring,
 Looke thou loue him best of any earthly thing;
 And meekly him answeare and not too snatchyng;
 So may thou slake his yre and be his darling:
 Faire words slaken yre,
 Suffer and haue thy desire:
 My leeuē deere childe.

VII.

Swete of spech be thou and of milde moode,
 True in worde and dede so bids our Lord God,
 And keepe the euer doghter fro velony and shame,
 That men for thy doing speke the no blame:
 Goode life ends wele;
 Be true euen as stele,
 My leeuē deere childe.

VIII.

Be of fayre sembland and of good manere,
 Change not thy cōtinance for ought thou canst here,

Ne fare not as a giglot what euer the betyde,
 Laugh not too loud, ne gape not too wide :
 Maydens shold laugh softlye,
 That men here not they be :
 My leeuē deere childe.

IX.

When thou goes by the gate go not too fast,
 Ne Bridle not with thy head ne thy shoulders cast ;
 Be not of many words ne sweare not to gret ;
 All euil vices my doghter thou forget ;
 For gif thou haue an euill name,
 It will turn the to grame :
 My leeuē deere childe.

X.

Go not oft to the Towne as it were a gaze,
 Fro one house to oder for to seeke the maze ;
 Ne go not to market thy barrel to fill,
 Ne vse not the Tavern thy worship to spill ;
 For who the Tavern vsis
 His thrift he refusis :
 My leeuē deere childe.

XI.

Gif thou be in place where good drinke is on loft,
 Whether that thou serue or thou sit softe,
 Mesurely take thou and get the no blame,
 Gif thou be drunken it turns the to shame :
 Whoso loues mesure and skill,
 He shall often haue his will :
 My leeuē deere childe.

XII.

Go not to the Wrastling ne shoting the cock,
 As it were a strumpet or a giglot ;
 Be at home doghter and thy things tend,
 For thine owne profit at the latter ende ;
 Mery is owne thing to see,
 My dere doghter I tell it thee :
 My leeuē deere childe.

XIII.

Acquaint the not with euery man goes by the strete,
 When folks the bespeaken curtesly hem grete,
 Let hem not by the way nor by hem do not stand,
 That they with velony make not thine hert rend ;

For all men are not trusty,
 Gif they speake to the gayly :
 My leeuē deere childe.

XIV.

Of lefe men doghter gift thou none take,
 But thou wote wele how sone it forsake :
 Men with their gifts women ore gone,
 Gif they of herts be herd as stone ;
 Bounden is he or she,
 'That gifts-takes securely :
 My leeuē deere childe.

XV.

In oder mens housen make the no mastrye,
 Ne blame thou nothing thou sees with thine eye :
 Doghter I the pray bere the so wele,
 That all men may say thou art true as stele ;
 For wise men and old,
 Say good name is worth gold :
 My leeuē deere childe.

XVI.

Be thou ne chider ne of wordis bold,
 To missay thy neighbors neder yong ne old :
 Be thou not too proud ne too enuious,
 For thing that may betyde in oder mens house ;
 For an enuious hert,
 Procures mickle smert :
 My leeuē deere childe.

XVII.

Gif thy neighbors haue rich in store or tyre,
 Therefore make thou no strife ne bren not as fire,
 But thank God of goods he has the yenen,
 And so shalt thou doghter of good life liuen ;
 For oft at ease he is,
 That loues peace I wis :
 My leeuē deere childe.

XVIII.

Huswifely shall thou go on the werk-day,
 Pride, rest, and Idlenes, put hem cleane away,
 And after on the holyday well clad shalt thou be,
 The holyday to worship God will loue the ;
 More for worship of our Lord,
 Than for pride of the world :
 My leeuē deere childe.

XIX.

Mickle shame doghter shall that wife tyde,
 That maken poore their husbond with their grete pride ;
 Therefore doghter be huswife good,
 For of the swoll'n vainis men may let blood ;
 And their thrift waxes thin,
 That spend more than they win :
 My leeu deere childe.

XX.

Wisely looke thy household thy meynie,
 To bitter ne to boner with hem ne bee ;
 And looke what neede is best to be done,
 And thereto set thy meynie sone :
 Before done deed,
 Another may speed :
 My leeu deere childe.

XXI.

Look to thy meynie and let them not be ydell,
 Thy husbond out, looke who does much or lytell,
 And he that does well, quite him his meede,
 And gif he doe amisse, amende thou him bidde,
 And gif the work be great and the time straight,
 Set to thy hand and make a huswifes trayd ;
 For they will do better gif thou by them stond,
 The work is sooner done there is as many hond :
 My leeu deere childe.

XXII.

And look what thy men done and about hem wend,
 At euery deed done be at the tone end,
 And gif thou find any fault soone it amende,
 Oft will they doe the better & thou be nere hand ;
 Mickle him behoues to do,
 A good house that will look to :
 My leeu deere childe.

XXIII.

Look all things be well when they worke leauen,
 And take the keyes to the when it is euen ;
 Look all things be well and let for no shame,
 And gif thou soe doe thou gets the lesse blame :
 Trust no man bett' than thyselfe,
 Whilst thou art in helth :
 My leeu deere childe.

XXIV.

Borrow not too gladly ne take not to truste,
 But the more neede it make the more breste ;
 Make the not rich of oder mens thing,
 The bolder to spend the word thriuing ;
 For at the ending,
 Home will the borrowed thing :
 My leeuē deere childe.

XXV.

Gif thy meynie their hire at the terme day,
 Whether they abiden or else gone away,
 Be wise euen doghter of their doing,
 That thy frendes may have joy of thy prouing ;
 Lose not the loue of thy frende,
 For a lytell thou mightest spende :
 My leeuē deere childe.

XXVI.

Now have I taught the doghter so did my motder mee,
 And so do thou hereafter gif thou think it to be ;
 Look or thou wed any man he haue a good name,
 True of honde and tongue withouten blame ;
 For better it is a childe to be vnborne,
 Than for vnteaching to be forlorne :
 My leeuē deere childe.

XXVII.

Sit not euen too long at gage with the cup,
 For to wassel and drinke all vppe ;
 Go to bed betymes, at morn rise beliuē,
 And so may thou better learne to thriue :
 He that woll a good house keepe,
 Must ofte times breake a sleepe :
 My leeuē deere childe.

XXVIII.

Gif it betyde doghter thy frende for the fall,
 And God send the children that for bread will call,
 And thou have mickle neede, helpe lytell or none,
 Then must thou care and spare hard as the stone ;
 For end that may betyde,
 A man before shold dread :
 My leeuē deere childe.

XXIX.

Of all things doghter look thou thinke,
 Gif men woll for worship set the on the benk ;

Be not too statly doghter noder yong ne old,
 For some folk are now pore that sometime ware gold ;
 Many folk for pride,
 After weren a naked side :
 My leeuē deere childe.

XXX.

Gif thou be a rich wife be not ouer hard,
 Welcome thy neighbor come the toward,
 Gif him meat and drink the more is thy meed,
 Each body to his state shold giue the poor at need ;
 For thing that may the betide,
 Loue well thy neighbor the beside :
 My leeuē deere childe.

XXXI.

Take heede to thy children which thou hast borne,
 And wait wel to thy doghters that they be not forlorne ;
 And put hem betime to their mariage,
 And giue them of thy good when they be of age ;
 For maydens bene louely,
 But they bene untrusty :
 My leeuē deere childe.

XXXII.

Gif thou loue thy children hold thou em low,
 And gif any of em misdōe banne em not ne blow,
 But take a good smarte rod and beat em anowe,
 Till they cry mercy and their gultes bee knowe ;
 For gif thou loue thy children wele,
 Spare the yarde neur a dele :
 My leeuē deere childe.

XXXIII.

Now looke thou do doghter as I have taught the,
 And thou shalt have my blessing the better may thou be,
 And euery mayden that goode wife wold be,
 Do as I have taught the for saint Charity ;
 And all that soe will doe God giue hem his blessing,
 And send em all heauen at her lastending :
 Amen.—Explicit.

Original Letters

OF THE

REV. CHARLES DODGSON, A. M. :

WRITTEN ON HIS TAKING POSSESSION OF THE RECTORY OF ELSDON,
NORTHUMBERLAND.

CONTRIBUTED BY MR. ROBERT PEARSON.



THESE Letters are curious, inasmuch as they furnish a lively account of the appearance of Elsdon, nearly a century ago. In some instances we believe the picture to be rather exaggerated; but the occasional sprinkling of humour over certain passages, and the spirit with which the whole is conceived and executed, impress us with the belief that the writer had been a man of considerable

talent. From the freedom of his manner, he would seem to have been very intimate with the Percy family, and to have had, therefore, no hesitation in giving his correspondents a sketch to the life, not only of himself, but of the people amongst whom he had taken up his residence. His recent arrival in the district, and the consequent novelty with which he regarded it, together with the severe weather he encountered, render his description very animated, and by no means deficient of graphic power.

He was presented to the rectory of Elsdon, in 1762, by the earl and countess of Northumberland. His residence there was of short duration, for he became bishop of Ossory in 1765; from which see he was translated to that of Elphin.

“ Elsdon, March 28th, 1762.

“ My Dear Mr. Percy,

I am obliged to you for promising to write to me, but don't give yourself the trouble of sending any letters to this place, for 'tis almost impossible to receive 'em without sending a messenger 16 miles to fetch 'em, and nothing is so difficult to be procured as a messenger. I had the pleasure to find your Grand-

mamma very well as I passed through York. My journey produced a great deal of pleasure till I reached Darlington, when I quitted the coach and began to fly, but my wings soon failed me, for the post horses which I hired at Durham were not able to move an inch farther than the 9th mile stone. After an age of expectation a return chaise from Newcastle approached, but alas! it was pre-engaged by some poor travellers, and the post boy was unwilling to comply with my request: I seized the horses, bribed the passengers to quit the chaise, and at last prevailed upon the boy to back to Newcastle. He was so pleased with the premium proposed that he drove at the rate of 12 miles an hour for I went 6 miles in about 34 minutes. About 3 miles to the south of Newcastle, I met with such a shower of hail and such a hurricane, that I expected to be blown over, if not carried into the sea every moment. The weather continued very tempestuous all the afternoon, however by the assistance of two determined postillions, and four good horses which I procured at Newcastle, I proceeded in my journey though the storm was full in our faces, and arrived at this place about seven o'clock last night. I was scarcely able to go through the duty to day, having got a very bad sore throat, but I hope it is now more easy than it was. I am obliged to be my own surgeon, apothecary and physician, for there is not a creature of that profession within 16 miles of this place: 'tis impossible to describe the oddity of my situation at present, which however is not void of some pleasant circumstances. A clog maker combs out my wig upon my curate's head by way of a block, and his wife powders it with a dredging box. The vestibule of the castle is a low stable, above it is the kitchen in which are two little beds, joining to each other, the curate and his wife lay in one and Margery the maid in the other. I lay in the parlour between two beds to keep me from being frozen to death, for as we keep open house the winds enter from every quarter and are apt to creep into bed to one. I will write very soon to my lord or lady: pray present my respects, duties and compliments to Messrs. Reveleys. I remain &c.

DODGSON."

"Elsdon, March 30th.

"My Lord,

I wrote to Mr. Percy a few days ago, and gave him a short account of the most material things which happened upon the road and immediately after my arrival at this place. If your lordship can spare a few moments, the continuation of my narrative will perhaps afford as much entertainment as a common newspaper, tho' it will be greatly inferior to an extraordinary gazette.—Elsdon was

once a market town as some say, and a city according to others; but as the annals of the parish were lost several centuries ago, 'tis impossible to determine in what age it was either the one or the other. There are not the least traces of its former grandeur to be found whence some antiquarians are apt to believe that it lost both its trade and character at the deluge. Most certain it is, that the oldest man in the parish never saw a market here in his life. Modern Elsdon, my lord, (for I am not now speaking of the Antediluvian city of the same name) is a very small village consisting of a tower which the inhabitants call a castle, an inn for the refreshment of Scotch carriers, five little farm houses, and a few wretched cottages, about ten in all, inhabited by poor people who receive the parish allowance, and superannuated shepherds. These buildings such as they are may be conceived to stand at very unequal distances from one another, in the circumference of an imaginary oval, the longer axis of which coincides with the meridian line and is about 200 yards long, the shorter may be perhaps 100. In the centre of this supposed ellipsis, stands the church which is very small, without either a tower or a spire, however the west end is not totally void of an ornamental superstructure. An Elsdonic kind of cupola forms a proper place for a belfry, and the only bell which is in it is almost as loud as that which calls your lordship's labourers to dinner at Sion. It may be heard at the castle when the wind is favourable. The situation of the village is such that in descending down a hill called Gallalaw from the south, it gives a person an idea of a few cottages built in a boggy island which is almost surrounded by three little brooks, on the north by Dunsheel's burn, on the east by Elsdon burn, on the west and south west by Whiskersheel's burn, the first runs into the second on the north east part of the town, and the second into the third on the south side. There is not a town in all the parish except Elsdon itself be called one, the farm houses where the principal parishoners live are five or six miles distant from one another and the whole country looks like a desert. The greater part of the richest farmers are Scotch dissenters, and go to a meeting house at Birdhope-crag, about ten miles from Elsdon, however they don't interfere in ecclesiastical matters, nor study polemical divinity. Their religion descends from father to son and is rather a part of the personal estate, than the result of reasoning or the effects of enthusiasm,—those who live near Elsdon come to the church, those at a greater distance towards the west go to the meeting house at Birdhope-crag. Others both churchmen and presbyterians at a very great distance go to the nearest church or conventicle in a neighbouring parish. There is very good understanding between the parties for they not only

intermarry with each other, but frequently do penance together in a white sheet, with a white wand, barefoot, in one of the coldest churches in England, and at the coldest season of the year: I dare not finish the description for fear of bringing on a fit of the ague. Indeed my lord, the ideas of sensation are sufficient to starve a man to death, without having recourse to those of reflection. If I was not assured by the best authority upon earth that the world was to be destroyed by fire, I should conclude that the day of destruction is at hand, but brought on by means of an agent very opposite to that of heat. There is not a single tree or hedge now within twelve miles to break the force of the wind, it sweeps down like a deluge from hills capped with everlasting snow and blasts almost the whole country into one continued barren desert. The whole country is doing penance in a white sheet for it began to snow on Sunday night, and the storm has continued ever since. Its impossible to make a sally out of the castle and to make my quarters good in a warmer habitation. I have lost the use of every thing but my reason, tho' my head is entrenched in three night caps, and my throat which is very bad, is fortified with a pair of stockings twisted in the form of a cravat. My capital* is of a new construction, I wish I could send your lordship a drawing of it. Irregular and unarchitectural as it might appear to your lordship's judicious eye, 'tis certainly of the composite order, and extremely becoming a block head of which numerous society I have the honour of being a member. As washing is very cheap I wear two shirts at a time, and for want of a wardrobe hang my great coat upon my own back, and generally keep on my boots in imitation of my namesake† of Sweden. Indeed since the snow became two feet deep (as I wanted a chappin of yale from the public house) I made an offer of them to Margery the maid, but her legs are too thick to make use of the offer, and I am told that the greater part of my parishoners are not less substantial, and notwithstanding this they are very remarkable for their agility. There is to be a hopping on Thursday se'nnight. A hopping, my lord, is a ball, the constant conclusion of a pedlar's fair. Upon these celebreties there is a great concourse of braw lads and lasses, who throw of their wooden shoes shod with plates of iron, and put on Scotch nickerers, which are made of horse leather, the upper part of which is sewed to the sole without being welted. We expect a great deal of company from fifty-eight and more different places in the neighbourhood. Your lordship will excuse my want of memory when 'tis considered how short time I have been in the parish, and I'll endeavour to complete my catalogue as soon as pos-

* Head, or covering for it.

† Charles XII.

sible. I propose to do myself the honour of writing to her ladyship after I have reconnoitered the field of battle at Otterburn. But God only knows when I shall be able to get out. Permit me my lord to remain with my duty to lady Northumberland and Mr. Percy, with my compliments to both the Mr. Reveleys, and with my kindest wishes for the completion of Mr. Hugh's recovery. I am &c.

DODGSON."

"P. S. If I had not brought this paper with me, I should have been obliged to write upon such a composition as was never seen. The summer will exhibit a more pleasing prospect for all the heather or ling will be in full bloom, and the sides of Gallalaw covered with verdure, and I hope the valleys will laugh and sing. The inhabitants are very fond of a pastoral life but seem to have no taste for agriculture. The enclosed lands are only separated by a dry ditch and a low bank of earth. The sheep as Milton says at one bound would overleap all bounds. Quicksetts would grow but the people are enemies to hedges because the sheep would be entangled in them. The manner in which a herd (shepherd) lives upon the moors especially in bad weather, will draw tears from your lordship's eyes, when it is described in the most simple manner. I wish I had not stumbled upon the remembrance of it. If a tear is due to misery—if—I am glad I cannot proceed for want of paper, I'll now sit down and do what your lordship would have done if I had finished this story."

The accompanying arms are sculptured on the battlements of Elsdon castle, and are supposed to be those of sir Robert Taylboys. The inscription reads *Robertus Dominus de Rede*, i.e., Robert, lord of Rede. The castle is known to have existed in the beginning of the 15th century.



Stanzas

TO MISS J * * * H * * * * * ,

BY MR. ROBERT ROXBY.

(FROM R. WHITE'S MSS.)

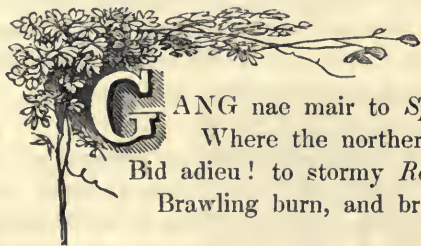


THE young lady, to whom this little production was addressed, resided in Redesdale, and had some relatives in Newcastle who, on several occasions, kindly entreated her to pay them a visit; but which, for a considerable period, she always respectfully declined. At last she promised to comply with their wishes, if a friend, the MINSTREL whose lays had already echoed throughout Redesdale, would transmit her an invitation in verse; and to this conditional appeal, the stanzas owe their existence. Towards the close, some portion of the spirit of gallantry breaks forth; but this must be considered as proceeding only from a license, of which all poets, who are gently and yet irresistibly constrained to pay homage at the footstool of female loveliness, avail themselves; and we are certain it would, on the part of the lady, from her good sense and amiable disposition, be most readily forgiven. The places introduced by name, with exception of the last, are in the parish of Elsdon, which includes the whole of the upper part of Redesdale. At Spital Terrace, in Newcastle, the Bard resided during the time when the lines were written.

To the searcher, merely, of what is beautiful or picturesque, the wild, irregular valley though which the Reed flows, presents little which may be considered deserving of notice. It has, however, attractions of a more deep and stirring kind. Nature can do much, but man can do more; and the spots, where his irrepressible energy aroused him in an honourable cause to struggle, bleed and die, or over which his genius has shed a flood of glory, have an exciting charm about them, though they are barren as the top of Cheviot, which we would not forego for the fairest landscape that ever glowed beneath an Italian sky. Redesdale can furnish scenes of this kind, which are celebrated in both ancient and modern song. The skirmish of the Reedswire, and the stricken field of Otterburne, have, by the harp,

been commemorated in strains that resound over the world; while latter bards have wreathed into verse the charms of its maidens, and the names and appearance of its localities,—and though these modern effusions have not attained the popularity of “Bonny Tweedside” or “Leader Haughs and Yarrow,” yet they contribute, in a certain degree, to render a large portion of it classical ground. Amongst those who in this respect have done honour to Redesdale, the author of these stanzas occupies a prominent position. Wandering in youth amongst its solitudes, the general features of the district became impressed on his memory; and the main portion of his verse exhibits how faithfully they are wound up with old and cherished associations. The faculty of retaining such things, through a long course of years, and of appreciating them duly, is to be found only in minds unpolluted by the world, and exquisitely susceptible; while to the poet it is invaluable, inasmuch as by combining together certain places, with their appearance in different seasons, he can shadow forth the stern visage of winter with the same fidelity that he depicts the wakening influence, the genial breezes and opening blossoms of spring. And this he accomplishes without almost any effort—so vividly are the subject and bearing of what he intends to represent arranged on his fancy, that by a few waving lines, and some happy touches of light and shade, he brings before us all that a less inspired writer would convey though a tedious and elaborate description.

STANZAS TO MISS J*** H*****.



ANG nae mair to *Spithope-head*,
Where the northern tempests blaw:
Bid adieu! to stormy *Reed*,
Brawling burn, and briery shaw.

Leave the bent, and leave the brake,
Leave the cleughs, the craigs, the heather;
Hill an' howe, an' knowe forsake,
Byrness Manse an' a' together.

Whaups and Pee-wits now are fled—
Owre the moorlan's wild are gane:
They have sought a warmer bed,
And left the dreary *Girdlestane*.

The merle and mavis silent are,
 And dowie on the leafless tree :
 The lively lark is heard nae mair
 Lilting "in the lift sae hie."

The fragrant flowerets of the vale
 That bloomed sae sweetly at *Todlaw*,
 The cowslip wan, and primrose pale,
 Lie buried in the wreath's o' snaw.

Snell blows the blast owre *Saughenside*,
 And *Deadwood dells* are cauld and eerie ;
 Wi' speed approach the CHEVY COACH,
 And come an' be auld Robin's dearie.

Frae howling storm, thy gracefu' form
 He'll carefu' shield, and kindly cherish ;
 In satins fine, he'll make thee shine,
 The peerless Queen of *Spital Terrace*.

December, 1837.

ANECDOTE.

A veteran officer who served during the American war with the late duke of Northumberland, (then earl Percy) being much reduced, was obliged to sell his half pay. Without one penny in his pocket, or the means of obtaining food for the day, necessity urged him to call at Northumberland house; finding his grace at home he requested the porter to give him a slip of paper, and wrote as follows—"The writer of this is now a beggar at your grace's gate, —— late captain of the —— regiment." The note was taken, and the officer ushered into the presence of that great and good man, who with that princely munificence which ever marked his character, presented to the veteran a £100 note, at the same time requesting his address; a similar note was sent on every Christmas Eve until the demise of the duke, which took place on the 10th of July, 1817, when alas, it was discontinued although the officer was nearly 80 years of age.—*Mirror*.



THIRLWALL, NORTHUMBERLAND.



N remote times, the proprietors of the manor of Thirlwall were called barons, and held under the kings of Scotland, as lords of Tindale: but whether the title carried with it any peculiar privileges or not, evidence is wanting. The township and manor has its name from the Roman thralling, or barrier wall running through it; for, to thirl, in the old Northumberland dialect, means to bind or enthrall.

“The Wall,” says Camden, “leaving Cumberland, and crossing the little river Irthing, crosses the rapid rivulet called Poltross over an arch, where I saw great mounts thrown up within the walls as for watch towers. Near this is Thirlwall castle, not very large, but giving name and residence to the ANTIENT AND FAMOUS FAMILY before called Wade.” A tradition still lingering in the neighbourhood deduces the descent of this family from Woda, the Saxon general, who headed the army against Eardwulf in the battle of Whalley in 798, from which he fled to his seat at Mulgrave; but dying soon after, was buried in a grave still called Wade’s grave, and known by two

large stones twelve feet asunder, as mentioned in Charleton's History of Whitby; but another author tells us that

"This Ardulphe, king of Northumberlande,
Slew Walde his duke, that again him was rebel,
Beside Mulgreve, where, as men understande,
His grave is yet, men saye, upon the fell,
For his falshed and treason, as bookes tell,
Between Gysburgh and Whitby, sothe to saye,
Where for treason he was laid in the high way."

Wade's Gap was the name of a farm within this manor in 1568.

Thirlwall castle stands on a rocky precipice, above the Tipalt. There is no mention of it before 1369, in which year John de Thirlwall is called lord of it and the manor of Thirlwall.* No royal license for building it seems to be on record. About the year 1429, it was the residence of Rowland Blenkinsop. In 1542 it is called a *tower*, and was then "in measurable good reparations." Sad complaints in 1550, was made to government of the condition of the estates of the gentlemen, who had "their inheritance and dwelling places" on South Tyne: "and surely the inhabitants thereof be much prone and inclined to theft, especially a lordship next to the west border at Powltrosse, called Thirlwall." Scottish forces having garrisoned this and other northern castles, the English parliament, 13th October, 1645, resolved that satisfaction should be given to this kingdom for doing so without the consent of both houses of parliament; upon which the parliament of Scotland, on February 3, 1646, sent instructions to their commissioners in London, among other things, to say, "that these garrisons are so absolutely necessary for magazines of victual, arms, and amunition, and to be places of retreat to the Scottish army, as they cannot be secured and enabled for promoting the service, and advancing south without them." After the rebellion of that period it is probable that the proprietors of this fortress never occupied it as a residence. "The walls now remaining" says Wallis, "are, in some parts, three yards thick, in others two and three-quarters. The west end, for the sake of the stones, is entirely demolished. It has been large and vaulted underneath, as most old castles are." In 1831, its south walls fell into the Tipalt; so that now, the whole, in Shakspeare's phrase, is sore "bated and chop'd with tann'd antiquity."—*Hodgson's Northd., &c.*

* The descendants of Philip Thirlwall, of whom mention occurs in 1369, took the name of Philipson, and were situated for several generations at Calgarth, on the lake of Windermere. Nicholas John Philipson of Newcastle, who, in 1820, published "The Heraldic Visitation of the County Palatine of Durham in the year 1572," was a lineal descendant of this family.

A Tradition of Thirlwall Castle.

COMMUNICATED BY MR. WM. PATTISON.



BARON of Thirlwall castle returned from a continental war laden with abundance of treasure, amongst which was a table of solid gold. His wealth was much spoken of, and no doubt excited the covetous disposition of the numerous bands of freebooters with which the borders abounded, yet the well known bravery of the baron, and the strength of his followers prevented them from making an open attack.

The gold table, it was furthermore said, was guarded day and night by a hideous dwarf, represented by many to be the foul fiend himself. In a predatory excursion of the Scots, however, the castle was stormed and taken by night, and the baron and his retainers after a desperate resistance were slain. The castle was ransacked for the treasure, the room containing it, was forcibly entered, but dwarf—gold table—and money bags had disappeared. They searched dungeon and vault, but nothing could be found, so after setting fire to the castle they departed. The dwarf (according to tradition) during the heat of the engagement removed the treasure, and after throwing it into a deep well jumped in after it, and by his infernal power closed the top of the well over himself and his charge. It is said he still remains under the influence of a spell which can be broken by none save the only son of a widow.

About fifty years ago when a man was ploughing in an adjoining field, he imagined that a certain part of the ground seemed hollow from the peculiar sound proceeding from it on being passed over by the plough. This excited his curiosity, and taking a piece of wood he struck the earth violently from whence he distinctly heard a stone drop, and strike the side wall repeatedly, and finally end in a hollow murmur at the bottom of some deep well or pit. He was impressed with the belief that this was the celebrated dwarf's well, and that he was on the point of becoming possessed of unbounded wealth. Like Goldsmith's miller he resolved to proceed cautiously, and not notice the matter to any person but to return alone at night and explore the subterraneous cavity; but, alas, for the instability of all human hopes, on his return, he was unable to discover the place. Day after day he crossed and recrossed the field, and night after night did he search and strike the ground in vain: the hollow sound was heard no more and the dwarf's well remains undiscovered to this day.

THE

Raid of the Reidswire,

FROM THE "BORDER MINSTRELSY."



HE skirmish of the Reidswire happened upon the 7th of July, 1575, at one of the meetings held by the Wardens of the Marches, for arrangements necessary upon the border. Sir John Carmichael, ancestor of the present Earl of Hyndford,* was the Scottish Warden, and Sir John Forster held that office on the English Middle March. In the course of the day, which was employed as usual

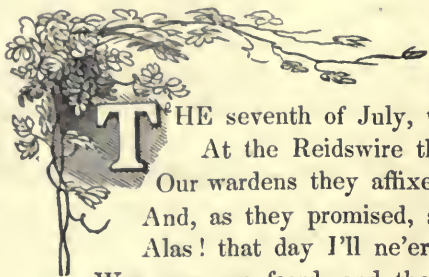
in redressing wrongs, a bill, or indictment, at the instance of a Scottish complainer, was fouled (*i. e.* found a true bill) against one Farnstein, a notorious English freebooter. Forster alleged that he had fled from justice: Carmichael, considering this as a pretext to avoid making compensation for the felony, bade him "play fair!" to which the haughty English warden retorted, by some injurious expressions respecting Carmichael's family, and gave other open signs of resentment. His retinue, chiefly men of Redesdale and Tynedale, the most ferocious of the English Borderers, glad of any pretext for a quarrel, discharged a flight of arrows amongst the Scots. A warm conflict ensued, in which Carmichael being beat down and made prisoner, success seemed at first to incline to the English side, till the Tynedale men, throwing themselves too greedily upon the plunder, fell into disorder; and a body of Jedburgh citizens arriving at that instant, the skirmish terminated in a complete victory on the part of the Scots, who took prisoners, the English warden, James Ogle, Cuthbert Collingwood, Francis Russell, son to the Earl of Bedford, and son-in-law to Forster, some of the Fenwicks, and several other Border chiefs. They were sent to the Earl of Morton, then Regent, who detained them at Dalkeith for some days, till the heat of their resentment was abated; which prudent precaution prevented a war betwixt the two kingdoms. He then dismissed them with great expressions of regard; and, to satisfy Queen Elizabeth,† sent Car-

* The title of Hyndford is now extinct.

† Her ambassador at Edinburgh refused to lie in a bed of state, which had been provided for him, till this "*oudious fact*" had been enquired into—MURDIN'S *State Papers*, vol. ii. p. 282.

michael to York, whence he was soon after honourably dismissed. The field of battle, called the Reidswire, is a part of the Carter Mountain, about ten miles from Jedburgh.

THE RAID OF THE REIDSWIRE.



THE seventh of July, the suith to say,
 At the Reidswire the tryst was set;
 Our wardens they affixed the day,
 And, as they promised, so they met.
 Alas! that day I'll ne'er forgett!
 Was sure sae feard, and then sae faine—
 They came theare justice for to gett,
 Will never green¹ to come again.

Carmichael² was our warden then,
 He caused the country to convey;
 And the Laird's Wat, that worthie man,³
 Brought in that sirname weil beseen:⁴
 The Armestranges, that aye hae been
 A hardy house, but not a hail,⁵
 The Elliots' honours to maintaine,
 Brought down the lave⁶ o' Liddesdale.

Then Tividale came to wi' spied;
 The Sheriffe brought the Douglas down,⁷

¹ *Green*—Long.

² Sir John Carmichael, Warden of the Middle Marches.

³ The Chief who led out the sirname of Scott upon this occasion was (saith Satchells) Walter Scott of Ancrum, a natural son of Walter of Buccleuch.

⁴ *Weil beseen*—Well appointed.

⁵ This clan are here mentioned as not being hail, or whole, because they were out-awed or broken men.

⁶ *Lave*—Remainder.

⁷ Douglas of Cavers, hereditary Sheriff of Teviotdale, descended from Black Archibald, who carried the standard of his father, the Earl of Douglas, at the battle of Otterbourne.—See the *Ballad of that name*.

Wi' Cranstane, Gladstain, good at need,¹
 Baith Rewle water, and Hawick town.
 Beanjeddart bauldly made him boun,
 Wi' a' the Trumbills, stronge and stout :
 The Rutherfoords, with grit renown,
 Convoy'd the town of Jedburgh out.²

Of other clans I cannot tell,
 Because our warning was not wide—
 Be this our folks hae ta'en the fell,
 And planted down palliones,³ there to bide,
 We looked down the other side,
 And saw come breasting ower the brae,
 Wi' Sir John Forster for their guyde,⁴
 Full fifteen hundred men and mae.

It grieved him sair that day, I trow,
 Wi' Sir George Hearoune of Schipsydehouse ;⁵
 Because we were not men enow,
 They counted us not worth a louse.
 Sir George was gentle, meek, and douse,
 But *he* was hail and het as fire ;
 And yet, for all his cracking crouse,⁶
 He rewd the raid o' the Reidswire.

To deal with proud men is but pain ;
 For either must ye fight or flee,

¹ Cranstoun of that ilk, ancestor to Lord Cranstoun ; and Gladstain of Gladstains.

² These were ancient and powerful clans, residing chiefly upon the river Jed. Hence, they naturally convoyed the town of Jedburgh out.

³ *Palliones*—Tents.

⁴ Sir John Forster, Warden of the Middle Marches in 1561, was deputy-governor of Berwick, and governor of Balmborough Castle. He made a great figure on the Borders, and is said, on his monument at Balmborough church, to have possessed the office of Warden of the Middle Marches for thirty-seven years. His family ended in the unfortunate Thomas Forster, one of the generals of the Northumbrian insurgents in 1715 ; and the estate, being forfeited, was purchased by his uncle, Lord Crewe, and devised for the support of his magnificent charity.

⁵ George Heron, Miles, of Chipchase Castle, probably the same who was slain at the Reidswire, was sheriff of Northumberland, 13th Elizabeth.

⁶ *Cracking crouse*—Talking big.

Or else no answer make again,
 But play the beast, and let them be.
 It was na wonder he was hie,
 Had Tindaill, Reedsdail,¹ at his hand,
 Wi' Cukdail, Gladsdail on the lee,
 And Hebsrime,² and Northumberland.

Yett was out meeting meek eneugh,
 Begun wi' merriment and mowes,
 And at the brae, aboon the heugh,
 The clark sat down to call the rowes.³
 And some for kyne, and some for ewes,
 Call'd in of Dandrie,⁴ Hob, and Jock—
 We saw, come marching ower the knows,
 Five hundred Fennicks⁵ in a flock,—

With jack and speir, and bows all bent,
 And warlike weapons at their will :
 Although we were na weel content,
 Yet, by my troth, we fear'd no ill.
 Some gaed to drink, and some stude still,
 And some to cards and dice them sped ;
 'Till on ane Farnstein they fyled a bill,
 And he was fugitive and fled.

Carmichaell bade them speik out plainlie,
 And cloke no cause for ill nor good ;
 The other, answering him as vainlie,
 Began to reckon kin and blood :
 He raise,⁶ and raxed him where he stood,
 And bade him match him with his marrows ;

¹ These are districts, or dales, on the English Border.

² Mr. George Ellis suggests, with great probability, that this is a mistake, not for Hebburne, but for Hexham, which, with its territory, formed a county independent of Northumberland, with which it is here ranked.

³ *Rowes*—Rolls. ⁴ [Dandrie, Dandy, and Dand, are corruptions of Andrew, familiar in the south of Scotland.]

⁵ The Fenwicks ; a powerful and numerous Northumberland clan.—The original seat of this ancient family was at Fenwick tower, long since ruinous ; but, from the time of Henry IV., their principal mansion was Wallington. Sir John Fenwick, attainted and executed for treason in the reign of William III., represented the chieftain of this clan.

⁶ *Raise*—Rose. *Raxed him*—Stretched himself up. *Marrows*—Equals.

Then Tindail heard them reasun rude,
And they loot off a flight of arrows.

Then was there nought but bow and speir,
And every man pull'd out a brand ;

“ A Schafton and a Fenwick ” thare :

Gude Symington was slain frae hand.

The Scotsmen cried on other to stand,
Frae time they saw John Robson slain—

What should they cry ? the King's command
Could cause no cowards turn again.

Up rose the laird to red the cumber,¹

Which would not be for all his boast ;—

What could we doe with sic a number—

Fyve thousand men into a host ?

Then Henry Purdie proved his cost,²

And very narrowlie had mischief'd him,

And there we had our warden lost,

Wert not the grit God he relieved him.

Another throw the breiks him bair.

Whill flatlies to the ground he fell :

Than thought I weel we had lost him there,

Into my stomack it struck a knell !

Yet up he raise, the treuth to tell ye,

And laid about him dints full dour ;

His horsemen they raid sturdily,

And stude about him in the stoure.

Then raise the slogan with ane shout—

“ Fy, Tindail, to 'it ! Jedburgh's here ! ”³

I trow he was not half sae stout,

But anis his stomach was asteir.⁴

With gun and genzie,⁵ bow and speir,

Men might see mony a cracked crown !

¹ *Red the cumber*—Quell the tumult.

² *Cost*—Signifies loss or risk.

³ The gathering word peculiar to a certain name, or set of people, was termed *slogan* or *slughorn*, and was always repeated at an onset.

⁴ *But, &c.*—Till once his anger was set up.

⁵ *Genzie*—Engine of war.

But up amang the merchant geir,
They were as busy as we were down.

The swallow taill frae tackles flew,¹
Five hundredth flain² into a flight.
But we had pestelets enew,
And shot among them as we might.
With help of God the game gaed right,
Fra time the foremost of them fell ;
Then ower the know, without goodnight,
They ran with mony a shout and yell.

But after they had turned backs,
Yet Tindail men they turn'd again,
And had not been the merchant packs,³
There had been mae of Scotland slain.
But, Jesu ! if the folks were fain
To put the bussing on their thies ;
And so they fled, wi' a' their main,
Down ower the brae, like clogged bees.

Sir Francis Russell⁴ ta'en was there,
And hurt, as we hear men rehearse ;
Proud Wallinton⁵ was wounded sair,
Albeit he be a Fennick fierce.
But if ye wald a souldier search,
Among them a' were ta'en that night,

¹ The Scots, on this occasion, seem to have had chiefly firearms ; the English retaining still their partiality for their ancient weapon, the longbow.

² *Flain*—Arrows ; hitherto absurdly printed *slain*.

³ The ballad maker here ascribes the victory to the real cause ; for the English Borderers dispersing to plunder the merchandise, gave the opposite party time to recover from their surprise. It seems to have been usual for travelling merchants to attend Border meetings, although one would have thought the kind of company usually assembled there might have deterred them.

⁴ This gentleman was third son of Francis Earl of Bedford, and father to Edward Earl of Bedford. He was, at this time, chamberlain of Berwick, and Governor of Tinnmouth Castle. He was afterwards killed in a fray of a similar nature, at a Border meeting between the same Sir John Forster, (his father in law) and Thomas Ker of Fairniburst, A. D. 1585.

⁵ Fenwick of Wallington, a powerful Northumbrian chief.

Was nane sae wordie to put in verse,
As Collingwood,¹ that courteous knight.

Young Henry Schafton,² he is hurt ;
A souldier shot him wi' a bow ;
Scotland has cause to mak great sturt,
For laiming of the Laird of Mow.³
The Laird's Wat did weel indeed ;
His friends stood stoutlie by himsell,
With little Gladstain, gude in need,
For Gretein⁴ kend na gude be ill.

The sheriffe wanted not gude will,
Howbeit he might not fight so fast ;
Beanjeddart, Hundlie, and Hunthill,⁵
Three, on they laid weel at the last.
Except the horsemen of the guard,
If I could put men to availe,
None stoutlier stood out for their laird,
Nor did the lads of Liddisdail.

But little harness had we there ;
But auld Badreule⁶ had on a jack,
And did right weel, I you declare,
With all his Trumbills at his back.

¹ Sir Cuthbert Collingwood of Eslington, Sheriff of Northumberland, the 10th and 20th of Elizabeth. [The late gallant Admiral Lord Collingwood was of this family.] Besides these gentlemen, James Ogle, and many other Northumbrians of note, were made prisoners. Sir George Heron, of Chipchase and Ford, was slain, to the great regret of both parties, being a man highly esteemed by the Scots as well as the English. When the prisoners were brought to Morton, at Dalkeith, and among other presents, received from him some Scottish falcons, one of his train observed, that the English were nobly treated, since they got live *hawks* for dead *herons*.—GODSCROFT.

² The Shaftoes are an ancient family settled at Bavington, in Northumberland, since the time of Edward I.

³ An ancient family on the Borders.

⁴ Graden, a family of Kers.

⁵ Douglas of Beanjeddart, an ancient branch of the house of Cavers, possessing property near the junction of the Jed and Teviot. *Hundlie*.—Rutherford of Hundlie, or Hundalee, situated on the Jed above Jedburgh. *Hunthill*.—The old tower of Hunthill was situated about a mile above Jedburgh. It was the patrimony of an ancient family of Rutherfords.

⁶ Sir Andrew Turnbull of Bedrule, upon Rule Water.

Gude Edderstane¹ was not to lack,
 Nor Kirktown, Newton, noble men!²
 Thir's all the specials I of speake,
 By others that I could not ken.³

Who did invent that day of play,
 We need not fear to find him soon;
 For Sir John Forster, I dare well say,
 Made us this noisome afternoon.
 Not that I speak preceislie out,
 That he supposed it would be perril;
 But pride, and breaking out of feuid,
 Garr'd Tindaill lads begin the quarrel.⁴

¹ An ancient family of Rutherfords.

² *Kirktown*.—The parish of Kirkton belonged, I believe, about this time, to a branch of the Cavers family; but Kirkton of Stewartfield is mentioned in the list of Border clans in 1597. *Newton*.—This is probably Grinyslaw of Little Newton, mentioned in the said roll of Border clans.

³ *Thir's*—These are. *By*—Besides.

⁴ In addition to what has been said of the ferocity of the Reedsdale and Tynedale men, may be noticed a by-law of the incorporated Merchant-adventurers of Newcastle, in 1564, which, alleging evil repute of these districts for thefts and felonies, enacts, that no apprentices shall be taken "proceeding from such leude and wicked progenitors," This law, though in desuetude, subsisted until 1771.

ANECDOTE.

As Dr. Hutton (when bishop of Durham) was travelling over Cam, between Wensleydale and Ingleton, he suddenly dismounted, and having delivered his horse to a servant walked to a particular place at some distance from the highway, where he kneeled down, and continued for some time in prayer. On his return one of his attendants took the liberty of enquiring what was his master's motive for so singular an act; in answer to which the bishop informed him, that when he was a poor boy, without shoes or stockings, traversing this wild and bleak mountain on a frosty day, he remembered that he had disturbed a red cow, then lying on that identical place, in order to warm his feet and legs on the spot.—*Whittaker's Richmondshire*.

WILL FAA :

HOW HE MET WITH HIS MATCH.

A Border Anecdote.

Oh, 'tis excellent
To have a giant's strength.

SHAKSPEARE.



WE scarcely know of any town or village on the Borders, which we would more readily recommend to the notice of the curious traveller than that which bears the name of Kirk Yetholm. It is situated on the north of Cheviot, where the hills adjoining that majestic mountain slope down to the vale of Beaumont, and its appearance is not altogether devoid of rural beauty. West-

ward, on a slight eminence, stands the Kirk with its yard, where the ashes of the dead repose, extending near to an old mill that rises on the edge of the broad, level haugh which divides Town Yetholm from the above place. On one side, the lofty splintered crags of Stairrough frown grimly over the town; while on the other the clear current of Beaumont water sweeps along eastward in graceful windings, till it is hidden amongst hedges, trees and rising banks, rich with fertility. The houses unite with each other irregularly, and seem to have been erected without any adherence to uniformity of design; yet their low, dark thatched roofs, and chimneys formed of light wooden spars, straw ropes and clay, when contrasted in summer with the foliage of the gardens, where bushes and fruit trees intermingle, meet the eye not unpleasantly. And perhaps, that portion of the place which is meanest in appearance will be found, by the philosophical observer, to be most attractive, from the interest it has acquired on the score of gipsy-celebrity. Here the Faas, the Youngs and Gordons formed to themselves a kind of colony, where they married and were given in marriage, and existed for several generations as a people entirely distinct from all classes of the community. And here lived those stalworth heroines, Jean and Madge Gordon, from whose history and appearance the great novelist fashioned Meg Merrilies, throwing over her the light of his own magic, and giving her a place in the splendid gallery of likenesses he bequeathed to posterity—representations

which, for excellence, number and variety, were never surpassed by another painter of life and manners, save one—HE to whose matchless pencil we are indebted for Portia, Hamlet and the Moor.

Amongst the descendants of these wandering tribes, Will Faa, who was a resident of Kirk Yetholm during a long life, will, probably, be best remembered. He was of middle stature, but broad shouldered, well built, and distinguished in his younger years, both for strength and agility. He obtained considerable celebrity as a pugilist, having, in Ford loaning, fought with another of his fellows, who was also noted for his skill in “self defence,” during a whole summer day. Abandoning in early life the strolling habits of his people, he possessed himself of a couple of horses, and made a livelihood, chiefly by smuggling:—very large quantities of gin being at that time conveyed from Boomer, and vended throughout the south of Scotland. But he retained in a great measure the lawless spirit peculiar to his class; and this, united to his well known prowess, made him be regarded, wherever he went, as an object rather of fear than respect. And, indeed, he hesitated not, if occasion served, to break through many forms and customs, of which the law may not take especial cognizance, but which are ever duly observed by the members of civilized and polished life. When he went with his carts to Etal for coals, it was his custom, although several cartmen were before him awaiting to be served in succession from the shaft, to go forward, lay hold of the hook by which the *corves* were brought to bank, and say “the next turn is mine.” He then set in his carts before the others and was generally allowed to fill them and depart without any opposition. To quarrel with him served no good purpose, and had an individual succeeded in giving him even a “sound thrashing,” the affair was disgraceful in itself. None who had any sensitive regard for character, would condescend, as the phrase went, to *fight with a Tinkler*.

There was however one man who came occasionally to the Coal Hill, whom the Banksman considered would be a match for Will Faa, and by whom all matters of delicacy would at once be set aside, should he happen to come in collision with the latter. His name was Robert Turnbull; he occupied a small farm at Lempitlaw, a village about to be better known in the annals of science from it being, during his early years, the residence of Mr. William Rutherford of the Royal Military academy, Woolwich, one of the first mathematicians of modern times. This man was of a mild and peaceable disposition, except it occurred that any infringement was made on his rights; then, he laid aside the placidity of the lamb, and became like a lion, fierce and vindictive. Possessing great natural

strength, he was of invincible courage, and when fully aroused not one man in a hundred could stand in his way.

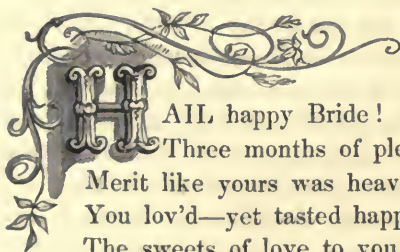
It accordingly happened, on a forenoon, that Turnbull arrived at the Coal-Hill; and some three or four men being before him, he was quietly awaiting till their carts were loaded. The Banksman expressed to those around him his earnest wish that Will Faa would only come, in order that the "strong man" might have a chance of teaching him better manners; for the conduct of the former, even to himself, was not of the most agreeable kind. Scarcely were the words out of his mouth, when Will made himself visible as he rounded the corner of a plantation with his cars, and was followed by two others of his tribe. The utmost excitement now prevailed with the Banksman and his party who expected, to see rare sport, and were only afraid that the Tinkler would forego his usual practice, when he beheld Turnbull there. In this, they were agreeably disappointed, for when he drew up, he had either not noticed, or not known the other: he therefore advanced to the bank, and unblushingly claimed the next chance to be served. Turnbull, however, stood at his elbow when this demand was made, and, as had been anticipated, opposed him in the most effectual manner. They then caught hold of each other, to prove who should be the successful man; and the next moment Turnbull raised the Tinkler from his feet as he had been a boy, and, holding him over the yawning mouth of the shaft, asked him deliberately "must I let you go?" Terrified lest the strong man should really quit his hold, Will supplicated for mercy, and the other very generously placed him once more with his feet on the bank. He withdrew, much chop-fallen, to his companions and enquired if they knew his opponent, observing, at the same time, that he was the most powerful man he ever grappled with in his life.

Of Robert Turnbull, scarcely any other feat has come to our knowledge in which his extraordinary strength was so strikingly exemplified. He was once returning from Berwick where he had been delivering corn with a couple of carts; himself was on the first, and it fell out that three sailors came up who without asking leave, insolently took possession of the latter vehicle. Drawing a *rung* out from the side of that on which he rode, he dismounted and, giving battle to the intruders, speedily made it appear that "Jack upon land" is not the same true, courageous, unflinching being he is represented to be upon sea. Of Will Faa it may be related that, in one of his smuggling journeys, he encountered between Boomer and Bewick bridge, a party of excisemen, and offering resistance, he received in the scuffle, a cut in the wrist from a sword, which ever afterwards disabled him from sustaining a leading part as a pugilist. He kept a Public House at

Kirk Yetholm, during the latter period of his life, and was known chiefly amongst sportsmen as an excellent angler. Even Isaac Walton himself, had he been alive, would have chuckled with delight to behold the Octogenarian "thrawing the flee" in Beaumont, when the ripple was on the stream, and bringing to the channel trout after trout, at times while other good rods were scarcely even favoured with a single "rise." He died only lately, and may be regarded as amongst the most genuine of that race, whose peculiar habits and appearance are gradually melting away and amalgamating with the other orders of society.—*R. White's MSS.*

Elegy.

The following verses were written by Lady Mary Wortley Montague, on the untimely decease of Eleanor Verney—first wife of George Bowes, esq., of Streatlam and Gibside. Miss Verney was the beautiful daughter and heiress of the Hon. Tho. Verney, son of George Lord Willoughby de Broke, she was only fourteen when he married her, on the 10th Oct., 1724, and she died three months afterwards, on the 14th December.



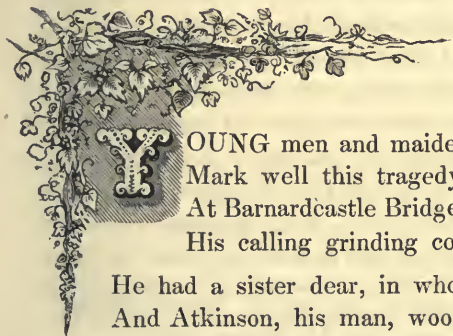
ALL happy Bride! for thou art truly blest,
 Three months of pleasure, crown'd with endless rest!
 Merit like yours was heaven's peculiar care;
 You lov'd—yet tasted happiness sincere:
 The sweets of love to you were only shewn,
 The sure, succeeding, bitter dregs unknown.
 You had not yet the fatal change deplor'd,
 The tender lover for the imperious Lord;
 Nor felt the pangs that jealous fondness brings,
 Nor wept the coldness from possession springs:
 Above your sex, distinguish'd in your fate,
 You trusted, yet experienc'd no deceit.
 Swift were your hours, and wing'd with pleasure flew;
 No vain repentance gave a sigh to you;
 And, if superior bliss heav'n can bestow,
 With fellow angels you enjoy it now.—

Annual Register, 1775.

THE BARNARDCASTLE TRAGEDY.

FROM RITSON'S "BISHOPRIC GARLAND."

Shewing how one John Atkinson, of Murton near Appleby, servant to Thomas Howson, miller, at Barnardcastle Bridge-end, courted the said Howson's sister ; and after he had gained her entire affection by his wheedling solicitations, left her disconsolate, and made courtship to another, whom he married by the treacherous advice of one Thomas Skelton, who to save the priest's fees, &c. performed the ceremony himself ; and upon her hearing the news, broke her heart, and bled to death on the spot. This being both true and tragical, 'tis hop'd 'twill be a warning to all lovers.

Tune of "*Constant Anthony*."

YOUNG men and maidens all, I pray you now attend,
Mark well this tragedy which you find here penn'd,
At Barnardcastle Bridge-end, an honest man lives there,
His calling grinding corn, for which few can compare.

He had a sister dear, in whom he took delight,
And Atkinson, his man, woo'd her both day and night ;
Till thro' process of time he chain'd fast her heart,
Which prov'd her overthrow, by Death's surprising dart.

False-hearted Atkinson, with his deluding tongue,
And his fair promises, he's this poor maid undone ;
For when he found he'd caught her fast in Cupid's snare,
Then made he all alike, Betty's no more his dear.

Drinking was his delight, his senses to doze,
Keeping lewd company, when he should repose ;
His money being spent, and they would tick no score,
Then with a face of brass, he ask'd poor Betty more.

He at length met with one, a serving-maid in town,
Who for good ale and beer often would pawn her gown,
And at all-fours she'd play, as many people know,
A fairer gamester no man could ever show.

Tom Skelton, ostler at the King's-arms does dwell,
Who this false Atkinson did all his secrets tell ;

He let him understand of a new love he'd got,
And with an oath he swore, she'd keep full the pot.

Then for the girl they sent, Betty Hardy was her name,
Who to her mistress soon an excuse did frame ;
Mistress, I have a friend at the King's-arms doth stay,
Which I desire to see, before he go away.

Then she goes to her friend, who she finds ready there,
Who catch'd her in his arms, how does my only dear,
She says, Boys drink about, and fear no reckonings large,
For she had pawn'd her smock, to defray the charge.

They did carouse it off, till they began to warm,
Says Skelton make a match, I pray where's the harm ?
Then with a loving kiss they straightway did agree,
But they no money had, to give the priest a fee.

Quoth Skelton seriously, the priest's fee is large,
I'll marry you myself, and save you all the charge ;
Then they plight their troth unto each other there,
Went two miles from the town, and goes to bed we hear.

Then when the morning came, by breaking of the day,
He had some corn to grind, he could no longer stay ;
My business is in haste, which I to thee do tell,
So took a gentle kiss, and bid his love farewell.

Now, when he was come home, and at his business there,
His master's sister came, who was his former dear ;
Betty, he said, I'm wed, certainly I protest,
Then she smil'd in his face, sure you do but jest.

'Then within few days space, his wife unto him went,
And to the sign o' th' Last, there she for him sent,
The people of the house finding what was in hand,
Stept out immediately, let Betty understand.

Now this surprising news scaus'd her fall in a trance,
Life as if she was dead, no limbs she could advance,
Then her dear brother came, her from the ground he took
And she spake up and said, O my poor heart is broke.

Then with all speed they went, for to undo her lace,
Whilst at her nose and mouth her heart's blood ran apace :
Some stood half dead by her, others for help inquire
But in a moment's time, her life it did expire.

False hearted lovers all, let this a warning be,
For it may well be called Betty Howson's Tragedy.

KING JAMES.

"THE MANNER OF THE KING'S MAJESTY COMING TO THE CITY OF DURHAM, ANNO DOMINI, 1617, AS FOLLOWS:—



PON Good Friday, being the 18th of April 1617, Mr. Heabome, one of his Majesties gentlemen Ushers, spoke unto George Walton, Maior, that it was his Majesties pleasure, to come in State to the City, and that it were fitting that the Major and Aldermen should be ready upon the next day following, being Easter Eve, to give their attendance upon his Majesty in some convenient place within the City; and the said Major to have his footcloth borne there ready to attend; which likewise was done upon Elvett Bridge, near the Tower thereof, being impaled within railles of wood then and there made for that purpose. At which time, his Majesty's said gentleman Usher, standing by the said Maior and Aldermen, till his Majesty's coming, when there was a speech delivered by the said Maior to his Majesty, together with the Mace, and Staff, and as time fitting in the same speech, so made, a Silver Boule gilt, with a Cover, was presented by the said Maior to his Majesty; which speech appeareth as followeth:—

"Most gracious Sovereigne, what unspeakable joy is this your highness' presense unto us your loving subjects, our tongue's not able to utter, nor our means to shew your welcome. Your gracious Majesty at your happy coming hither with much peace and plenty found this City inabled with divers liberties and privileges, all sovereignty and power spiritual and temporal being in yourself, gave unto us the same again: and afterwards of your gracious bounty confirmed them, under your great seal of England—We humbly beseech your Majesty continue your favour towards this City, and in token of our Love and Loyalty, crave the acceptance of this Mite,* and we shall be ready, to the uttermost expence of our dearest blood, to defend you and your royal progeny here on Earth, with our prayers to God to bless you and yours in all Eternity."

After which speech the Maior was called by his Majesty's gentleman Usher, to take his Horse and to ride before his Majesty; immediately upon which commandment made by his Majesty's gentleman Usher, there was at the same place, about forty yards distant, certain,

* The Cup delivered.

Verses spoken by an apprentice of this City, to his Majesty as followeth, after which the Maior was placed in rank next the Sword, and so rode forward carrying the City's Mace to the Church.

“ TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

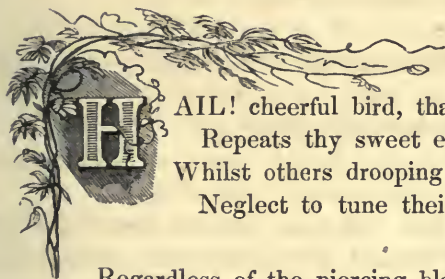
“ Durham's old City thus salutes our King,
 With Entertainment she doth homely bring ;
 And cannot smile upon his Majesty
 With shew of Greatness ; but humility
 Makes her express herself, in modest guise
 Directed to this North, bare to your eyes—
 For the great Prelate, which of late adored
 Her dignities, and for which we implored
 Your Highness' aid, to have countenance
 And so confirm'd by your dread Soverance.
 Yet what our Royal JAMES did grant herein
 WILLIAM† our Bishop hath appugnant been
 Small task to sway down smalness, where man's might
 Hath greater force than equity or right
 But these are only in the breast included,
 Your subjects know them not, but are secluded .
 From your most gracious graunt ; therefore we pray
 That the fair sunshine of your brightest day
 Would smile upon this city with clear beams
 To enhale the tempest of insueing streams.
 Suffer not, great prince, our antient state
 By one forced will to be depopulate ;
 'Tis one seeks our undoing, but to you
 Ten thousand hearts shall pray and knees shall bow,
 And this dull Cell of Earth wherein we live
 Unto your name immortal praise shall give.
 Confirm y^e graunt, good King, Durham's old City
 Would be more powerful, so it had James' pity.”

Sir C. Sharp's Collections.

† William James, who had disputes with the Citizens of Durham relative to their privileges.—*Surtees*, vol. i p. 87.—He died 11 May, in the same year of the King's visit.

Stanzas,

WRITTEN ON HEARING A LARK SING AMIDST A STORM OF SNOW,
AT THE HAINING, NEAR ELSDON, NORTHUMBERLAND,
ON THE 2ND. OF MARCH, 1792.



AIL! cheerful bird, that midst the storm
Repeats thy sweet enchanting notes,
Whilst others drooping and forlorn,
Neglect to tune their silent throats.

Regardless of the piercing blast,
Thou boldly wingst thy airy flight;
While flaky snow's descending fast,
Thou fill'st the bosom with delight.

Hail! happy bird, whose grateful voice
Proclaims aloud thy maker's praise:
Thou dost in stormy clouds rejoice,
And warblest forth thy pleasing lays.

May I, from thee, hence learn to bear
The adverse woes of fortune's doom;
And when surrounding ills appear,
Contented smile amid the gloom.

Mayst thou sweet bird ne'er feel distress,
Nor latent snare thy life annoy;
May no fell hawk thy song suppress,
And long thy days glide on with joy.

Long mayst thou hail the rising morn—
Unwearied chaunt thy lively strain,
When genial suns the fields adorn,
And often cheer the shepherd swain.

And when stern death's tyrannic dart,
 Arrests thy tender tuneful throat,
 Mayst thou ne'er feel the painful smart :—
 'Thy latest gasp a warbling note.

R. ROXBY.

Elswick Villas, 2nd March, 1842.

LORD KEEPER GUILFORD,

ON THE NORTHERN CIRCUIT.



THE following curious and interesting account of the coal-works, places, manners and customs of the people in the vicinity of Durham and Newcastle-upon-Tyne, is preserved in "North's life of Lord-Keeper Guilford." His lordship, then sir Francis North, knight, chief justice of the Common Pleas, came to Newcastle on the northern circuit, August 1st, 1676, with Vere Bertie, baron

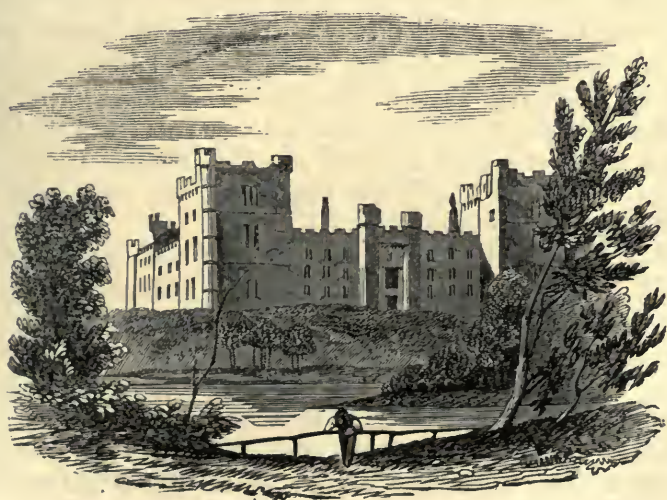
of the Exchequer.

"His lordship was curious to visit the coal mines in Lumley park, which are the greatest in the north, and produce the best coal, and, being exported at Sunderland, are distinguished as of that place. These collieries had but one drain of water drawn by two engines, one of three stories, the other of two. All the pits, for two or three miles together, were drained into these drains. The engines are placed in the lowest places, that there may be the less way for the water to rise; and if there be a running stream to work the engines, it is happy. Coal lies under the stone; and they are twelve month in sinking a pit. Damps, or foul air, kill insensibly; sinking another pit, that the air may not stagnate, is an infallible remedy. They are most in very hot weather. An infallible trial is by a dog; and the candles shew it. They seem to be heavy sulphurous air not fit for breath; and I have heard some say that they would sometimes lie in the midst of a shaft, and the bottom be clear. The flame of a candle will not kindle them so soon as the snuff; but they have been kindled by the striking fire with a

tool. The blast is mighty violent ; but men have been saved by lying flat on their bellies. Where they are by side of an hill, they drain by a level carried a mile under ground, and cut through rock to the value of 5 or 6000*l*. and where there is no rock it is supported with timber.

“ At Durham the bishop entertained, who is a sort of sovereign, or count palatine there, but much shrunk below the ancient authority and dignity. The cathedral church shews the most gothick antiquity of any in England; and the marks of old ruin are to be seen by the different orders of the supports: those, which are very large and round, with semicircular arches, are the most antique. The bishop carried his lordship to his ancient seat called Aukland, which is to Durham as Croydon to Lambeth; and the entertainment was in all points, while his lordship staid in that palatinate, as I may term it truly great and generous. And thence the road lay to Newcastle over a very delightful plain, having Lumley castle in view, on the left hand, most part of the way.

“ His lordship’s entertainment at Newcastle, was very agreeable, because it went most upon the trades of the place, as coal mines, salt works, and the like, with the wonders that belonged to them ; and the magistrates were solicitous to give him all the diversion they could : and one was the going down to Tinmouth castle in the town barge. The equipment of the vessel was very stately ; for, a-head, there sat a four or five drone bagpipe, the north country organ, and a trumpeter a-stern ; and so we rowed merrily along. The making



LUMLEY CASTLE.

salt I thought the best sight we had there. The other entertainment was a supper in the open air upon an island in the Tyne, somewhat above the town; and all by the way of ligg and sit upon the ground; but provisions for a camp, and wine, of all sorts, very fine. In short, all circumstances taken together, the cool of the evening, the verdant flat of the island with wood dispersed upon it, and water curling about us, view of the hills on both sides of the river, the good appetites, best provisions, and a world of merry stories of the Scots (which by the way makes a great part of the wit in those parts) made the place very agreeable, where every one walked after his fancy, and all were pleased.

“Some of the aldermen related strange histories of their coal works: and one was by sir William Blacket who cut into an hill in order to drain the water, and conquered all difficulties of stone, and the like, ’till he came to clay, and that was too hard for him; for no means of timber, or walls, would resist, but all was crouded together; and this was by the weight of the hill bearing upon a clay that yielded. In this work he lost £20,000. Another thing, that is remarkable, is their wayleaves; for, when men have pieces of ground between the colliery and the river, they sell leave to lead coals over their ground; and so dear that the owner of a rood of ground will expect £20. per annum for this leave. The manner of the carriage is by laying rails of timber, from the colliery, down to the river, exactly streight and parallel; and bulky carts are made with four rowlets fitting these rails; whereby the carriage is so easy that one horse will draw down four or five chaldron of coals, and is an immense benefit to the coal merchants. Another advantage of the coasters upon the river, was shewed his lordship. And that was what they call ballast wharfs. Any land owner may make that which they call a key, next to the river, and sell leave to ships to throw out their ballast there, which the town will not permit to be tossed into the river; and the loading of coals is ballast enough to return with home towards London. So it seems that the shifting of the ballast, out and home, is no small incumbrance to the coal trade.

“From Tinnmouth his lordship, by invitation, went to dine at Seaton Delaval. Sir Ralph Delaval entertained us exceedingly well; and not so much with eating and drinking, which appertains properly to the bruit, and not to the man, but with very ingenious discourse, and shewing to us many curiosities, of which he himself was author, in that place. The chief remarkable, there, was a little port which that gentleman, with great contrivance, and after many disappointments, made for securing small craft that carried out his salt and coal; and he had been encouraged in it by king Charles the second, who made

him collector and surveyor of his own port, and no officer to intermeddle there. It stands at the mouth of a rill (as it is called) of water, which, running from the hills, had excavated a great hollow, in the fall, as it run. The ground, at the sea, is an hard impenetrable flat rock; and, for cover of the vessels, which, else in the rage, must be dashed to pieces, sir Ralph had built, or, rather, often rebuilt a pier of stone that fended off the surge to the north-east, and, at high water, gave entrance near a little promontory of the shoar, turning in by the north; and, at low water, the vessels lay dry upon the rock. This had been built of square stone, with, and without, cement; but all was heaved away with the surge; and, for a great while, nothing could be found strong enough to hold against the lifting and sucking of the water. At length, sir Ralph, at an immense cost, bound every joint of the stone, not only laterally, but, upright, with dovetails of heart of oak let into the stone; and that held effectually: for, if the stones were lifted up, they fell in their places again. This little harbour was apt to silt up with the sea sand; for remedying of which, he used the back water of his rill, and that kept the chanel always open: and, for that end, he had an easy and sure device; which was sluice-gates built cross the channel of the rill, which, during tide of flood, were shut, and so the water gathered to a great head above, till low water; and then the sluices opened, let the gathered water come down all at once, which scoured away the sand that, every tide, lodged upon the rock, and washed it as clean as a marble table. All this we saw, with his salt pans at work about it, and the petit magazines, of a marine trade, upon the wharf: and so he reaped the fruits of his great cost and invention; and, if, in the whole, the profit did not answer the account, the pleasure of designing and executing, which is the most exquisit of any, did it.

“I must not omit one passage, which shewed the steady constancy of that gentleman’s mind; which was that, at the beginning of dinner, a servant brought him a letter, wherein was an account of a bag of water which was broke in his greatest colliery. Upon which, folding up the letter, said he, *My lord, here I have advice sent me of a loss, in a colliery, which I cannot estimate at less than £7000. and now you shall see if I alter my countenance or behaviour, from what you have seen of me already.* And so fell to discoursing of these bags of water, and the methods to clear them, as if the case had been another’s, and not his own. He said his only apprehension was that the water might come from the sea; and then, said he, *the whole colliery is utterly lost: else, with charge, it will be recovered.* Whereupon he sent for a bottle of the water, and, finding it not saline, as from the sea, was well satisfied. Afterwards we enquired if the water was

conquered, and we were told it proved not so bad as he expected. For it seems that although £1700. was spent upon engines, and they could not sink it an inch, yet £600. more emptied it; so that it had no more than the ordinary springs; and, in about six weeks, he raised coal again. He said that chain pumps were the best engines, for they drew constant and even; but they can have but two stories of them, the second being with an axle-tree of seven or eight fathom; and the deepest story is wrought by buckets, and a wheel and ropes, with the force at the top.

“The county of Northumberland hath been exceedingly infested with thieving of cattle, which is the remains of the border trade, since the union with Scotland, after the way used, in time of peace, before. For as, in Italy, the murderer, running into the next territory, was safe: so here they stole on either side, and the other, under a different jurisdiction, was an asylum. This was so great a mischief that all the considerable farm houses (the houses of gentlemen were castles of course) were built of stone in the manner of a square tower, with an overhanging battlement, and, underneath, the cattle were lodged every night. In the upper room the family lodged, and, when the alarm came, they went up to the top, and, with hot water and stones from the battlement, fought in defence of their cattle. The advantage of the union was so great to these countries, that the lord Grey of Wark’s estate, which, before, was not above £1000. per annum, hath since risen to 7 or £8000. which is, at least, a sixfold improvement. After the union, to prevent this thieving trade, the crown sent commissioners of oyer and terminer, directed to an equal number of English and Scotch, extending to certain limits on each side of the border; and, being continued, it is therefore called the border commission. And these meet in their sessions, and hang up at another rate, than the assizes; for we were told that, at one sessions, they hanged eighteen for not reading *sicut clerici*.

“This hath made a considerable reform; but yet there is need of an officer they call a country keeper, who hath a salary from the country, and is bound to make good all the stolen cattle, unless found out and restored. When his lordship was there, one Mr. Widdrington was keeper, with £500. per annum salary. The country is yet very sharp upon thieves; and a violent suspicion, there, is next to conviction. When his lordship held the assizes at Newcastle, there was one Mungo Noble (supposed to be a great thief) brought to trial before his lordship, upon four several indictments; and his lordship was so much a south country judge, as not to think any of them well proved. One was for stealing an horse of a person unknown: and the evidence amounted to no more than that a horse was seen feeding upon the

heath near his shiel (which is a cottage made in open places of turf and flag) and none could tell who was the owner of it. In short, the man escaped, much to the regret of diverse gentlemen, who thought he deserved to be hanged; and that was enough. While the judge, at the trial, discoursed of the evidence and its defects, a Scotch gentleman upon the bench, who was a border commissioner, made a long neck towards the judge, and *My Laird*, said he, *send him to huzz, and ye's neer see him mair*. This country was then much troubled with Bedlamers. One was tried before his lordship, for killing another of his own trade, whom he surprised asleep, and, with his great staff, knocked on the head; and then bragged that he had given him *a sark full of sair banes*; that is, a shirt full of sore bones. He would not plead to the country, because there were Horsecopers amongst them, till the press was ready; and then he pleaded, and was, at last, hanged. They were a great nuisance in the country, frightening the people in their houses, and taking what they listed: so that a small matter, with the countrymen, would do such a fellow's business.

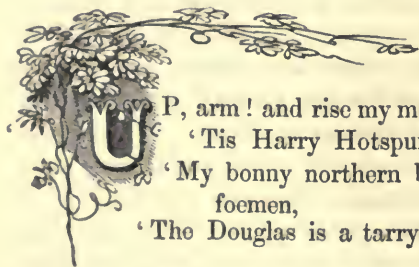
"From Newcastle, his lordship's rout lay to Carlisle. The Northumberland sheriff gave us all arms; that is, a dagger, knife, penknife, and fork, all together. And because the hideous road along by the Tyne, for the many and sharp turnings, and perpetual precipices, was for a coach, not sustained by main force, impassable, his lordship was forced to take horse, and to ride most part of the way to Hexham. We were shewed where coal mines burnt under ground; but could discern nothing of it, besides the deadness of all the plants there. We were shewed the Piets wall; but it appeared only as a range, or bank of stones all overgrown with grass, not unlike the bank of the Devil's ditch at Newmarket, only without any hollow, and nothing near so big. Here his lordship saw the true image of a border country. The tenants of the several manors are bound to guard the judges through their precinct; and out of it they would not go, no, not an inch to save the souls of them. They were a comical sort of people, riding upon negs, as they call their small horses, with long beards, cloaks, and long broad swords, with basket hilts, hanging in broad belts, that their legs and swords almost touched the ground; and every one in his turn, with his short cloak, and other equipage, came up cheek by jowl, and talked with my lord judge. His lordship was very well pleased with their discourse; for they were great antiquarians in their own bounds.

"We came, at length, to Hexham, formerly a metropolis of a famous shire of that name. From the entertainment and lodging, there, it might be mistaken; but whether for a Scotch, or for a Welsh town, may be a nice point for the experienced to determine. The rest of

the country to Carlisle was more pleasant and direct ; and, bating hunger and thirst, which will not be quenched by any thing to be fastened upon there, but what the bounty of the skies affords, was passed over with content. At Carlisle, nothing extraordinary occurred, but good ale and small beer, which was supplied to their lordships from the prebends' houses ; and they boasted of brewing it at home : but, being asked with what malt ? they made answer, that it was south country malt. For, to say truth, the big, (viz. a four-rowed barley) is seldom ripe ; and the oats, which they call yeats, are commonly first covered with snow. In Cumberland, the people had joined in a sort of confederacy to undermine the estates of the gentry, by pretending a tenant right ; which, there, is a customary estate, not unlike our copyholds : and the verdict was sure for the tenants right, whatever the case was. The gentlemen, finding that all was going, resolved to put a stop to it by serving on common juries. I could not but wonder to see pantaloons and shoulder knots crouding among the common clowns ; but this account was a satisfaction."

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN,

A Modern Ballad.



U P, arm ! and rise my men, from the valley and the glen ;
 'Tis Harry Hotspur calls you, his lion is abroad :
 ' My bonny northern bowmen shall meet their Scottish
 foemen,
 ' The Douglas is a tarrying, he bides us on the road.
 ' Alas why failed my hand, and why my broken brand,
 ' And where, where, rests my Pennon. The crescent has a stain
 ' Full many a Scot so gory, shall find a rest in glory,
 ' But that again triumphant, shall float o'er many a plain.'

Thus spake the young lord Percy—'now Christ save in his mercy
 My Lord, but we will follow thee'—loud cry'd each northern man.
 The bowstrings twanged full loudly, the chargers neighed so proudly,
 Where Tyne, towards the ocean, his stream all wildly ran..

The moon shone out on high, and far twinkling in the sky
Beam'd many a star resplendent, that night to break the gloom;
As sprang the uprous'd deer, from his ferny bed in fear,
When cross his path came morion and lightly dancing plume.

Oh! many a heart so bold, ere the morrow grew as cold
And lifeless as the high rock that seems the sea to spurn:
When at the dead of night, commenced that wavering fight,
That minstrels oft have sung of as the fight of Otterburn.

Then clashed the sword and spear, 'twixt men who knew no fear,
As ever and anon, the clouds were fitting o'er the moon,
Then fell upon the earth apace, many a fair and bleeding face,
On whom that earth's fresh verdure, should spring up very soon.

As the Kestrel on his prey, flew the arrows fast away,
No thoughts were there of fear, but of victory to be won.
Now 'a Douglas' was the cry, now 'a Percy' rent the sky;
Thinned by hundreds were the ranks ere morning light begun.

But lo! upon the heath, mangled corpses him beneath,
Grasping firm his battle axe, the Douglas bleeding lay:
With his faithful clansmen round, lying scattered o'er the ground,
Faithful in their lives and death, and now but tombless clay.

'How cousin doth thou fare,' said the bold sir John St. Clair,
Whilst raising up his kinsman as the blood gushed out amain.
'I fare well,' was the reply, 'thank my God since here I die,
'As oft my fathers have before, upon the battle plain.

'Yet hear my latest breath, for I feel the hand of death
'Upon me, as my life blood stream is ebbing fast away;
'Raise my banner on the plain, shout my war cry once again,
'Dead Douglas shall be victor, as the ancient legends say.'

Twas morn—the sun appeared, o'er that field with gore besmeared,
The eagles hov'ed round, before the shatt'ed bands had gone.
Then within the soft repose, the holy walls of fair Melrose,
The Douglas was securely laid beneath his marble stone.

Fred. R. Surtees,

Temple, London, March, 1842.

Antiquarian Note.



UTCHINSON in his History of Northumberland, vol. 1., page 196, appends, as a note to his account of Otterburne, the following extract of a letter from John Horsley, author of "BRITANNIA ROMANA," to Roger Gale, esq., bearing date 13th December, 1729.

"I was obliged to be from home two or three days after the receipt of yours, which has occasioned the delay for a post or two in my communicating to you a discovery that has lately been made in the grounds of Otterburne in this county.

"There was a large *cairn* of stones, computed to about 60 ton, which they had occasion to lead off; when the stones were removed, they discovered at the bottom, a large stone, rough and undressed, laid upon the ground, in the form of a grave-stone, with smaller stones wedged in between it and the ground, wherever there were any interstices. When this was taken off, there appeared in the ground a cavity in form of a grave, about two yards long, and four feet broad at the top: about a foot and a half deep was some very fine mould; next to that some ashes laid in fine white sand; the sand was about two feet thick; the whole depth of the cavity or grave being near four feet. There were mixt with ashes, what they took for small pieces of burnt bones, very black, but no entire bones. There were also several pieces of burnt wood like charcoal, &c."

Those who are wishful that all remains illustrative of the history of our early ancestors should be preserved, will be gratified to know that the large stone above mentioned is still either entire or very nearly so. It was conveyed to Otterburne Walk Mill, when the cairn was cleared away; and at present (March, 1842) it forms, and has formed for upwards of a century, the landing to a stone stair at the east end of the dwelling-house. It is of a darkish blue or grey colour, seemingly hard, and only a few inches thick. Yet rude and rough though it be, when we reflect that for upwards of a thousand years it covered the mortal remains of one who was, doubtless, honoured in his "day and generation," and who, probably, in defence of his native hills, led his followers on to battle against the arms of "proud, imperial Rome," we earnestly hope it may long continue in a state of perfect preservation.—*R. White's MSS.*

The Death-Song of Ragnar Lodbrach,

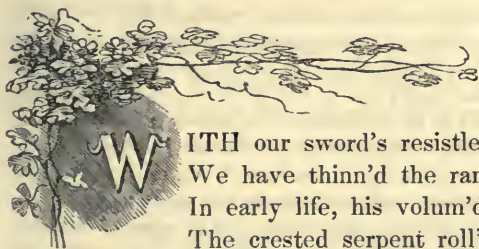
OR LODBROG, KING OF DENMARK;

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF OLAUS WORMIUS, BY HUGH DOWNMAN.



AGNAR LODBRACH flourished in the eight century, and by his naval expeditions rendered himself the terror of the northern parts of Europe. After having carried on his depredations with success for many years, he was at length taken prisoner by Ella, king of Northumberland, whose coasts he had invaded, and put to death by him, being (as was reported) cast into a dungeon full of ser-

pents. His melancholy fate stimulated his son Ivar to revenge it; and on this occasion the famous standard of the Raven is said to have been embroidered by his sisters, and consecrated with such magic rites as insured victory to those before whom it was borne. Under this standard Ivar made a descent on the territories of Ella, fought with, vanquished, and put him to death in his turn. This poem is preserved by Olaus Wormius, in his treatise *De Literaturâ Runicâ*. While the frequent return of the same images and expressions shews the authors ignorance of the nicer rules of composition, he exhibits a species of savage greatness, a fierce and wild kind of sublimity, and a noble contempt of danger and death.



WITH our sword's resistless might,
We have thinn'd the ranks of fight.
In early life, his volum'd train
The crested serpent roll'd in vain.
Thora's charms, the matchless prize;
Gothland saw my fame arise.
Thronging crowds the monster scan,
Shouts applausive hail me Man.
All his fierceness prompt to try,
The shaggy vestment cloth'd my thigh:
Soon transpierced, in death he lay,
My falchion smote for splendid pay.

Still a youth, we steer our course,*
 T'ward the morning's distant source;
 Through the vast Oreonic flood
 Torrents run of crimson blood.
 The yellow-footed bird we feast,
 Plenty fills the ravenous beast.
 Our steel-struck helms sublime resound,
 The sea is all one bleeding wound.
 Our foes lie weltering on the shore,
 Deep the raven wades in gore.

Crown'd with twenty rolling years,
 High we raise our glittering spears,
 And deeds of glorious worth display,
 Wherever shines the lamp of day.
 Still we the trembling east appal,
 Eight mighty chiefs at Dimen fall.
 We scorn with mean and niggard food,
 To treat the generous eagle brood.
 The wound its ruddy sweat distils,
 The gaping ocean carnage fills,
 Their host is struck with dire dismay,
 Its strength of years dissolves away.

* From this exploit, Ragnar obtained his surname of Lodbrach or Hairy-breeches. For the king of Gothland having promised his daughter Thora to the man who should kill a vast serpent which wasted the country, Ragnar undertook the enterprise, and dressing himself in the skins of beasts, with the hairy side outermost, threw water over them; the cold to which he purposely exposed himself forming round him a suit (as it were) of frozen armour. He met the serpent whose teeth had no effect on this impenetrable mail, fixed him to the ground with his spear, and ripping him up with his sword, tore out his heart. After the victory the king presented him his daughter, and, on account of his rough dress gave him the name above mentioned, by which he was from that time distinguished.

Olaus Magnus relates this adventure, but says he fought with and killed two snakes. That the king had taken them when young, and bred them up as a guard for his daughter; but as they increased in size they became a public terror, and poisoned the country.

Such is the fabulous beginning attributed by bards and historians to the actions of Ragnar Lodbrach. Such a hero could not first appear on the stage in the common way. St. George and the Dragon, and Hercules strangling two snakes, while in his cradle, naturally arise in the mind. In more obscure and early ages the romantic hath always been mixed with the true. The subsequent adventures of Ragnar seem, however, better founded, and carry no marks of fable till we come to the last scene, when the manner of his death is as wonderful and incredible as his first appearance.

According to Olaus Wormius, every stanza began with the words

Pugnativus ensibus
 We have fought with swords.

War and death terrific lower
When th' Helsingians brave our power :
We urge them down the gloomy road,
They throng t'ward Odin's dark abode.
The Vistula beheld our course,
Our navy stem its rapid force,
The biting sword descended steep,
One wound extensive glow'd the deep :
Its shores the reeking current died,
Our falchions mock'd their armour's pride
With echoing voices roar'd amain,
And cleft their stubborn shields in twain.

No warrior droop'd, no warrior fled,
Till on the deck Heraudus bled.
A braver chief, to distant lands
Ne'er guided his victorious bands
Ne'er beheld a chief more brave
His ships of battle plough the wave.
His heart impell'd by conscious might.
With eager transport fought the fight.

Their shields aside each warrior threw ;
The spear on rapid pinion flew
Heroes its deadly speed confest,
It quiver'd in the dauntless breast.
With hunger keen the trenchant sword
Wide the Scarfian rocks engor'd.
His shield became of purple grain
E'er Rafno fell, the king of men.
From ever helm-encircled crown,
The blood warm sweat in streams ran down.

Round th' Indirian isles that day
The crows were surfeited with prey.
There the wild beast inglutted stood,
For plenteous was the feast of blood.
All fought as one, no single name
Claim'd the distinguish'd mark of fame.
When first appear'd day's flaming star,
I saw the piercing darts of war,
The barbed arrows took their flight
When first he streak'd the east with light.

Our swords loud-bellow'd o'er the slain
Till Eislín fell on Lanco's plain.
Thence enrich'd with golden spoil,
War to our routed foemen's soil
We bring: where helmets throng'd the field
The falchion cut the pictured shield;
Their necks deep-pierc'd, with must abound,
It flows their cloven brains around.

Drench'd in blood our shields we rear,
The oil of blood anoints our spear.
In the Boringholmian bay
Making its quick tempestuous way,
The cloud of darts was onward borne,
Our targets were in sunder torn.
The pows their iron shower expel,
In the fierce conflict Volnir fell.
No king on earth could him exceed,
In valour and heroic deed.
Wide o'er the land the slaughter'd lay,
The howling beasts embrac'd their prey.

The battle rag'd with heighten'd lust,
E'er princely Freyer bit the dust.
His breast plate's golden mail of yore
The hard blue sword, insteep'd in gore,
Conflicting with our warrior host,
Had hewn upon the Flandrian coast.
The virgin struck with woe appears
When she that morning's carnage hears,
A copious banquet we had given
To the fierce wolf, and birds of heaven.

Gasping in death these eyes survey'd,
An hundred times an hundred laid.
In haste we sail'd, a dreadful band,
To combat on Ænglane's land:
Six following days the rising sun
Beheld the strife of swords begun,
And six succeeding evenings close,
Till prostrate fall our vanquish'd foes,
Urg'd by our steel to sink in sight,
Valdiofur confess'd its might.

The rain of blood our falchions pour,
It smokes on Bardafyrdea's shore.
Doom'd to the hawks a pallid crowd,
The murmuring string was twang'd aloud.
Then where in Odin's deathful fight
The greedy sword, with eager bite,
Devour'd the cuirass, there the bow,
The casque, the morion, swiftly flow,
The bow with poison sharp to wound,
With sanguine sweat besprinkled round.

The sport of War intent to try,
We rear our magic shields on high.
In Hiadningia's echoing bay
First began th' heroic play.
The vengeful swords whirl'd o'er the main
Their strong-knit bucklers tear in twain ;
With mingled clash our arms resound,
The helms of men to dust are ground.
Not with more transport by his side
The lover clasps his beauteous bride.

The thick-raised storm our shields defy ;
In Northumbria's land they lie,
Their gory carcasses bestrew
The soil, and taint the morning dew,
Routed they fled with wild dismay,
Their boasted warriors dar'd nor stay,
Where the sword with grim delight
Their helmets polish'd plains would bite.
The genial bed such rapture warms,
Blest with the youthful widow's charms.

Herthiofe escap'd our force,
And widely sped his prosperous course,
Where with rude rocks against the skies
The southern Orcades arise,
While he who gave us, to display,
And shine in victory's bright array,
Rogvald, our glory and our pride,
Compell'd by fate's stern mandate, died.
Plung'd in the storm of arms he fell ;
Then mourn'd the hawks with shrieking yell.

For dreadful in the sport of war,
 The darts of blood he hurl'd afar ;
 The darts of blood he well could wield,
 The shatter'd helms bestrew'd the field.

Heaps pil'd on heaps the warriors lie,
 The hawk looks down with joyous eye,
 The pastime sees, and clotted gore,
 Envyng the eagle, nor the boar.
 Together rush the shield and sword,
 Then fell Irlandia's haughty lord,
 Marstan ; he floats in Vedra's bay,
 The hungry raven's destined prey.

Amid the weapons strifeful scorn,
 Many a hero, in the morn
 Of life and glory, press'd the plain.
 My son, mature in fame, was slain,
 Ripe in renown the dust he press'd;
 The griding falchion rived his breast,
 By Egill, dauntless Agner dies,
 He rends his arms, the victor's prize.
 In Hamdus' corselet sounds the lance,
 Red lightnings from the standards glance.

Sparing of words, the brave I view ;
 Their foes they prodigally slew,
 Thrown to the wolves ; th' Endilian flood
 For seven whole days was stain'd with blood.
 So looks the wine our handmaids bear,
 Died deep the impurpled ships appear.
 The falchion raging 'mid th' alarms,
 And hoarse tumultuous din of arms,
 Gash'd many a mailed cuirass bright,
 In Scioldungia's fatal fight.

I saw the widow's darling joy,
 I saw the virgin's fair-hair'd boy,
 Saw them in morning beauty gay,
 Saw set in death their youthful ray.
 Warm with many a glowing stream,
 Ila's ruddy billows gleam,
 As by circling nymphs supplied,

The fervid bath, in copious tide,
From the vine's nectareous hoard,
Floats around the social board.
E'er Orn expir'd, with frequent stroke,
I saw his blood-stain'd buckler broke ;
By strong necessity control'd,
Inverted life forsakes the bold.

The game of slaughtering swords, we haste,
Where Lind frowns o'er the watery waste,
With three contending kings to try ;
How few escape ! rejoic'd to fly !
The wild beasts gnarring throng the strand,
The hawk and wolf commingled stand,
Tear them with goading hunger's fire,
Nor till with carnage cram'd, retire.
While fierce we smote, th' Hybernian's blood,
With copious torrents swell'd the flood.

The steel's sharp fang, and bite severe
The buckler prov'd ; the whizzing spear,
Speeding to its direction true,
The breast-plate chased of golden hue.
On ugs will mark for many an age
The traces of that battle's rage.
There march'd the kings with eager feet
Intent the sport of swords to meet.
The crimson'd isle, on all its coast
Saw the red foaming billows tost.
Or from the desperate fight rebounds,
A flying dragon full of wounds.

The brave with ardour yield their breath,
Nor heed the sure approach of death ;
The thought of death their bosom warms,
They meet it in the storm of arms,
He oft deplores this fickle state,
Who never dar'd the frowns of fate.
Lur'd by the cheek of pallid fear
The joyful eagle hovers near,
The coward, to himself a pest,
Forbids the shield to guard his breast.

This I establish just and right,
That hurrying on to closest fight,
Youth against youth, with fervent heat,
Should rush, nor man from man retreat.
Long time was this the hero's pride ;
And all who by the virgin's side
Aspire to lie and taste her charms,
Should nobly stem the roar of arms.

Doubtless the fates our actions lead,
Beyond their limits none can tread.
Little of yore did I foresee,
That Ella would my death foresee,
When half-expiring with my wound,
Anxious I threw my garb around ;
Conceal'd it from the warrior train,
And launch'd my vessels on the main :
Then over all the Scotian flood
We gave the beasts of prey their food.

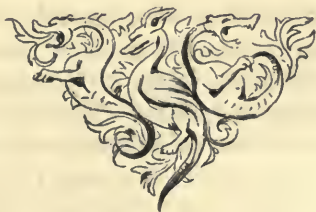
Hence springing in my thoughtful mind,
A never failing joy I find ;
For well I know superbly graced,
For me the lofty seat is placed.
For me the gen'rous mead shall foam
In father Balder's festal dome :
From goblets pour'd its copious tide
By skuls of recreant foes supplied.
The brave shall ne'er lament their death
In Odin's splendid courts beneath ;
No clamours vain I thither bear,
No sickly murmurs of despair.

Aslanga's sons would soon draw nigh,
With utmost swiftness hither fly,
And arm'd with falchions gleaming bright
Prepare the bitter deeds of fight,
If told, or could they but divine
What woe, what dire mischance is mine,
How many serpents round me hang,
And tear my flesh with poisonous fang ;
A mother to my sons I gave,
With native worth who stamp'd them brave.

Fast to th' hereditary end,
To my allotted goal I tend.
Fix'd is the vipers mortal harm ;
Within my heart, his mansion warm,
In the recesses of my breast
The writhing snake hath form'd his nest.
Yet Odin may in vengeance spread
The bloody scourge o'er Ella's head,
My son's fierce anger, at the tale,
Shall change to red, from deadly pale.
The fiery youths, at my decease,
Shall starting shun the seat of peace.

Full fifty times I trod the field,
My standard rear'd, and poised my shield,
War's willing guest ; nor deem'd the force
Of human hand would check my course.
Panting to gain a matchless name,
And soar o'er every king in fame,
For well in earliest years I taught
My sword to drink the crimson draught,
The Sisters now my steps invite ;
Unmov'd I quit the realms of light.

Warn'd from within——break off the lay !
Th' inviting Sisters chide my stay.
By Odin sent, I hear their call,
They bid me to his fatal hall.
With them high-throned, the circling bowl
Of foaming mead shall cheer my soul.
With joy I yield my vital breath,
And laugh in the last pangs of death.



POPULAR CUSTOMS ON THE BORDERS.

Births.

When I approached the bed on which my wife and her new born infant lay, she remained silent, and regarded me with an exulting, yet steady look arising from a confliction of newly awakened feelings. To me it was sufficient : I read it as if she had actually uttered these words :—"We are now PARENTS! I have surmounted the danger ; and here is the living pledge of our affections !" —*MS.*



WHATEVER is common amongst the people of a district has a tendency to be considered unworthy of close observation or particular notice, hence the decline and loss of a great many of our ancient usages. Probably the observances, on the occurrence of births in former times, were few ; and this may in some measure account for the slight way in which they are treated by nearly all our recorders of popular manners. If such was the case, the number of these customs have still undergone further diminution, in descending, on the current of time, nearer to our own age ; yet with such a meagre field before us, we are of opinion that a brief glance over some which were lately prevalent amongst the peasantry of the Borders, will not appear altogether worthless to those who respect whatever may serve to elucidate the history of their immediate predecessors.

When an accession is likely to be made to a family, perhaps the first object of the pregnant female is to have her blankets and sheets with a nicely variegated quilt well cleaned and aired, and to provide such articles of clothing as her confinement may require. A small piece of thick woollen stuff for the head, with a few caps of muslin, edged with lace, flannels, shifts, and some nightgowns called *wyllies* are prepared for the expected infant. What may be necessary for herself is only trifling :—one portion, however, if she is a prudent woman, claims her especial attention, and that consists of a shift, a cap, a black ribbon and a pair of stockings, in case the event which she is approaching, be attended with death. Men seldom look into these minor matters ; yet in furnishing what may be needful for the coming of the little stranger, there must, to the mother, be something solemn in the thought that habiliments suitable for the grave, both for herself and her offspring, ought also to be included. Sup-

posing however that circumstances will turn out favourably, all the necessary articles are neatly done up, and carefully put away in a slight open basket. The other things are folded together and deposited in the corner of a drawer, whence, unless the case prove really serious, they may not readily be removed.

The next matter of consideration is and has been from time immemorial, to provide a large brown loaf and a cheese—the latter of goodly dimensions and very superior quality. Some bottles of spirits with one of wine are also procured; and to this, on the north side of the Border, a quantity of rich cake called *short bread* forms an indispensable accompaniment. Of the last material, when it comes to be used, pieces are wrapped neatly up in white paper and sent to those members of the family who reside at a distance, also to females with whom the mother may be on terms of intimate friendship.

Until within the remembrance of those who are yet in the prime of life, and throughout the whole tract of country included within and adjoining the Borders, our mothers, like the Hebrews and Egyptians of old, habitually preferred the skill of the midwife, in their hour of need, to the ability of the doctor; and it is even surprising how very successful many of these professional females* were through a long course of practice. It therefore followed that when the assistance of this individual was required, an active rider mounted a strong horse, capable of carrying *double*, and hastened to her residence. During the five minutes that she put herself in order, the horseman fastened her seat close to his saddle, mounted again, got her on behind him, and then the main aim was to be at home as speedily as possible. By the time of their arrival, two or three female friends, selected from the nearest neighbours, had the house cleared of its junior inmates by threatening to put red hot cinders either on or in the shoes of whoever remained; and then they kept full possession of the spot till “the Lady in the straw” was through her difficulty. When this period arrived, the little new-comer was carefully dressed and laid upon the knee of one of the matrons; the store of good mirth-inspiring cheer was produced; the cheese and loaf were assailed in gallant style, and the health of the mother and the child had to be drunk by all present. It may readily be supposed on such occasions that the chief female in office, who always took especial care to be on terms of the most cordial intimacy with her acquaintances, contributed much, by the affability and kindness she displayed, to make those around her both merry and comfortable. At a fitting time, tea

* In Liddesdale a midwife is still living who has officiated at upwards of seventeen hundred births—a number nearly equal to the whole population of the parish in which she resides.

and a spice cake, enriched often from the delicious cream which found its way into it, were prepared to the party; and afterwards, when every circumstance was looking favourable with the mother, and she was committed to the charge of her nurse, the other attendants withdrew. The midwife either remained for a space or returned home, and regulated her visits as her aid might be deemed requisite.

When the mother was again able to attend to her domestic duties, but before she appeared publicly, a number of female neighbours were on an afternoon invited to see her and the child. They came arrayed in their better clothes, and, the elder members of the family being present, they partook of tea; after which glasses of spirits were dealt around, and the evening was spent in a very agreeable manner. The mother made it a point of observance to enter no friend's house until she attended divine service at either church or chapel, and on her way thither, she was generally accompanied by her husband who took with him a portion of bread and cheese, and bestowed it on the first person whom they met on the road. On this occasion it was and is still deemed unlucky to go forth empty handed.

From a very distant period it has been customary, that when the infant is for the first time taken into a neighbour's house, it is there presented with a little salt, an egg, and a piece of bread—at least these articles are put together and folded into the *slip* of the little visitor. In thickly inhabited places near a church, and, even in Newcastle, when the child is carried out to be baptized, the offering of bread and cheese, accompanies it, and these are presented in like manner to the first person whose chance it may be to meet the party. If the receiver be in possession of a piece of money, whether of copper or silver, it is frequently given, on behalf of the young sojourner, in exchange for the gift.

It is with some sensations of regret that we observe many old customs to be on the decline, and these already enumerated are of the number. Amongst the higher portion of the community, they are seldom regarded; and as it appears to be one of the besetting sins of the present age, that those in a common rank of life closely imitate the more fashionable classes in habits, manners, and appearance, little hope can be entertained that they will ever again become popular. Cleanliness and neatness of dress are, at all times and with all people, desirable; but we are in no respect favourable to any part of society being smitten with the insatiable desire of appearing otherwise than may be conformable to their station in life. At the same time we are not averse to improvement; but as we regard with veneration whatever was observed by our ancestors, if we permit their usages to sink into oblivion, it were well if we keep in mind and

adhere to the great principles by which they were dreaded in war and respected in peace; and which, operating on their amiable and virtuous dispositions, made them good christians and trust worthy men.—*R. White's MSS.*

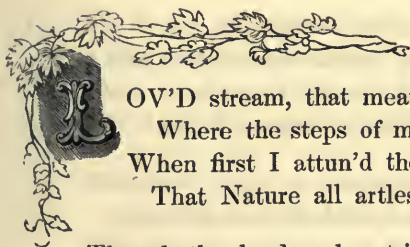
Derwent;

AN ODE,

BY JOHN CARR, L. L. D.*

————— quæ deserta et inhospita tesqua
Credis, amoena vocat, mecum sentit.

HOR.



OV'D stream, that meanders along,
Where the steps of my Infancy stray'd,
When first I attun'd the rude song,
That Nature all artless essay'd;

Though thy borders be stripp'd of each tree,
Where trees were indulg'd to decay,
There image still pictures to me
Thy villagers gamboling gay.

Nor by Fancy shall ought be unseen,
Where thy fountains flow murmuring by,
Where I mix'd in the sports on the green,
Where I wept with the woe-begone eye.

* Dr. Carr was born at Muggleswick, in the county of Durham, in the year 1732. His father was a farmer, and had a small estate of his own, which the Doctor possessed at his death. He received the first rudiments of his education at the village school, and afterwards private instructions from the rev. Daniel Watson, who was then curate of that place. Carr was afterwards sent to St. Paul's school, where he continued longer than boys usually do, as his parents could not afford to send him to either of the Universities. While still young, he became usher or assistant to Dr. Hurst, master of the Grammar

"Man born unto trouble" and strife
 Is but little inclin'd to discern,
 That, amidst the hard lessons of life,
 He has still many harder to learn.

Hope calls ; he no longer delays,
 Nor sees how his way is beset,
 Till at length on his happier days
 Out of breath he looks back with regret.

Double *ff*, I remember you well,
 Double *ff*, I alone was to blame,
 When your persons, in learning to spell,
 To me seem'd exactly the same.

'The dawning of folly or sense,
 Revolutions in Latin or Taw,
 The Pedagogue arm'd in defence
 Of Lily, the fountain of Law ;

Keen enmities lasting an hour,
 Much prose and much verse out of joint ;
 All revive ; and I triumph in power
 To decide between comma and point.

Past rapine arises anew,
 Not a bird can be safe in her nest ;
 'That orchard again is in view,
 Those apples were always the best.

'The boy quits, enamour'd of ease,
 For thy cool embraces, his book ;
 'Thy minnows, that play when they please,
 O Derwent ! how happy they look !

School at Hertford, and eventually succeeded him in that situation, which he held for many years.

In 1781 he was honoured with the degree of L.L.D., from the Marischal College, Aberdeen, through the influence of Dr. Beattie, and as a compliment for his Translation of Lucian, two volumes of which had then issued from the press. Carr was the intimate friend of many of the Literary Characters of that day, and especially of those connected with the county of Durham.

He was the author of many works, but was best known in the Literary world as the translator of Lucian, which was published in five volumes, 8vo., from 1773 to 1798. He died at Hertford on the 6th of June, 1807.

How oft, by no pity controll'd,
 An impaler of brandlings¹ I've been!
 How oft return'd hungry and cold,
 Unburthen'd with booty, I ween!

When thy Hyads impetuously pour'd
 A deluge from ev'ry hill,
 The dams by thy torrents devour'd
 The miller aghast in his mill;

Thy rage did but temper the air;
 Far distant the mildew of Health,
 Where Guilt vainly decorates Care
 Disdaining the gewgaws of wealth.

Fine houses, fine coaches, fine wives,
 Genealogies bought by the yard!
 Why forfeit the peace of your lives,
 Ye wretches, for such a reward?

Far better to perish obscure,
 With ignorance binding your eyes,
 Than to riot on spoils of the poor,
 Than be learned without being wise.

Simplicity heard in her cot
 Long tales of hard winters and wars,
 And still hop'd to better her lot
 By the change of the moon and the stars.

What feats were perform'd in the snow,
 When the track of the hare was descry'd!
 What joys did old Jowler bestow,
 What grief, when the veteran dy'd!

How Derwent for liberty fought,
 Regardless of riches and ease!
 Now liberty's not worth a groat,
 And money corrupts all degrees!

Thus the sages of Derwent find out,
 As the sages of Greece did before,

¹ The brandling is a small worm, which is cleansed in moss, and used as a bait in fishing for trouts.

That Truth may be elbow'd about,
And Honesty kick'd out of door.

As the trout still prefers the clear stream,
As the eel still will bask in the mud,
So this is for ever the theme,
All is over and gone that was good.

For a story they stir up the fire,
Till vanquish'd and silenc'd by sleep;
No vale like their own they admire,
Not a lake in the land like the Sneep¹.

There Derwent reluctantly leaves
A scene so delightfully rare,
And winds his fond arms, and receives
Each wave in the wonder to share.

King Arthur's round-table is near,
Though none has declar'd how it came;
He lifts up his head once a year,
The sceptre long lost to reclaim.

Enchantment its hold must forego,
Could any strong arm draw the sword,
The trumpet could any man blow,
That lie at the feet of their Lord.

Hot Henry, in choler decrees,
His fingers to snap at the Pope;
Alba Landa, embosom'd in trees,
Had well nigh eluded his hope.

Alba Landa's inquisitors made
Small progress in finding the place,
Till a bell² the dread secret betray'd,
Like a Lollard, bereft of all grace.

Hal mynish'd their mete and their wyne,
As the guise of black chronicle saith;

¹ A pool in the river near Muggleswick.

² Harry the Eighth having resolved on demolishing the religious houses, his commissioners are reported, after a long search, to have despaired of finding Alba Landa, or Blanchland; when they were unexpectedly led to it by the sound of a bell.

But could the good fathers repine,
While he stoutly defended the faith?

Rude Muggleswick's¹ banquetting room,
Which offered a timely retreat,
Reformation thought fit to resume:
Reformers were willing to eat.

Thus the wheel of vicissitude flies,
Something, nothing, Penelope's web!
Let Envy, if Envy be wise,
Spare a Henry, an Arthur, an Eb².

In elder time Giants uprear'd
Their heads, and affronted the skies;
Cor, Ben, Con, terrifick appear'd,
With names of anomalous size.

A hammer in common they had,
And the use of it easy to all;
Each whistled, each brother was glad
To throw³ it three leagues at his call.

When Con was approaching his end,
Deaf, blind, and beginning to rave,
With a ploughman he begg'd, as a friend,
To converse at the mouth of his cave.

This ploughman, as prudent men do,
Held his ploughshare, himself to escape;
Blind Con pinch'd his ploughshare in two,
And pronounc'd it the arm of an ape.

The footsteps of Fairy and Fay
In the grassplot are plain to be seen,

¹ At Muggleswick was a house of entertainment for the Monks, the vestiges of which still remain. "*Fecit et magnum campanile, organa grandiora, parcas de Beaurepaire et Mukelingeswik, et apud Wardelau cameram, aulam et capellam, quæ Scoti postea destruxerunt, cameram etiam apud Mukelingeswik.*" *Roberti de Greystanes Historia Dunelmensis, in Vita Roberti de Strichille, Anglia Sacra. p. 740.*

² Eb, from whom Ebchester has its name, was a royal virgin of great repute.

³ Corbridge, in Northumberland, Conset, and Benfieldside, in Durham, were the places where those brothers resided.

Where at midnight, in dancing the hay,
 They lighten the cares of their Queen.

Ghosts and witches came in for a share,
 Though poor Frizzle¹ has long breathed her last,
 On broomstick who rode in the air,
 And scatter'd her pins as she past.

Old saws for a century receiv'd,
 Remarks of a mile round about,
 Are maxims that must be believ'd,
 Are doctrines admitting no doubt.

The dress of the body and mind,
 Of father and son is the same ;
 Philosophy has not refin'd,
 And France is an enemy's name.

What son of thy banks canst thou boast,
 Like Maddison,² made to explore,
 To give to the silver-girt coast,
 The praise that was foreign before ?

Each language, each heart was his own,
 And Europe was proud to improve,
 Whom Belgium found time to bemoan,
 Whom Gallia could listening love.

Say, when wilt thou cease to complain ?
 O Derwent ! thy destiny cries :
 Far off, on the banks of the Seine,
 Thy darling, thy Maddison dies !

Contributed by Mr. Thos. Bell.

¹ Jane Frizzle was a notorious witch on the Northumberland side of the river, who practised on men, maidens, and cattle.

² George Maddison, Esq., the younger son of John and Elizabeth Maddison of Hole House, near Alan's Ford, was private secretary to Sir Joseph York, Bart., and after filling various diplomatic situations, he was appointed in 1782, under secretaty of State for the foreign department, and secretary of Legation, under the Duke of Manchester, who negociated the peace of Paris, in 1783 ; where he died suddenly, August 27th, 1783, in in the thirty-sixth year of his age. His death has been attributed, but we believe erroneously, to poison, intended for the Duke. See Bell's Rhymes of Northern Bards, p. 294.

The Wretched Miser :

OR,

GOD'S REVENGE AGAINST THE OPPRESSOR.

Remarqueable in a most Miraculous Punishment inflicted on the Person of a Notorious Usurer, in *Sunderland*, neer *New-Castle*. Who having unjustly taken away two kine from a poor Widdow, put them among twenty of his own, which were all struck by the hand of heaven, and found dead the next morning: the Widdows Kine only escaping: which sad judgement when the Miser had seen, he fell a Cursing, Blaspheming, and Deriding Gods justice in such words as are not fit to be named amongst Christians.

Thereupon he immediately Sunk into the Ground above the waste, and there continually Barketh and Howleth like a Dog Day and Night, still beckoning with his hand for assistance, to the great terrour and amazement of all that see or hear him.

Consume them in thy Wrath, consume them that they may not be. And at evening let them return, let them make a noise like a Dog, and go round about the City. Psalm, 59. 13. 14.

Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden-ball in *West-smith's-field*.



HE cry of the oppressed is so loud that it pierceth Heaven, and reacheth even to the ears of the Almighty, who is graciously pleased to espouse their Quarrel, and to engage himself in their revenge. For the oppression of the poor for the sighing of the needy I will arise, saith the Lord, &c. Psalm 12. 5. But in the cause of the Fatherless children and the widdow, God is pleased to declare himself

more particularly concerned, and therefore whosoever injureth or oppresseth them he provoketh the most high to wrath and indignation against him, of which we shall see a dreadful example in the ensuing Narrative.

In the Town of *Sunderland* not many miles from *New-castle*, there lately lived a person, (whom I forbear to name) of great wealth; though not much reputation in the Country where he lived, for the vast sums of money he had raked together were gotten by such unjust and indirect ways that he was envied by the rich, despised by

the good, dreaded by the poor, and hated by all men; a wretched miser he was that scarce allowed himself or his Family necessaries for the support of Life, all the pleasure he took in this world was in multiplying of his bags, those idols of silver and gold, to which he constantly paid his Devotions, and to this end the business of his whole life was no other than to defraud the rich, and oppress the poor, resembling his father the Devil in this, that he went dayly too and fro seeking whom he might devour, and having in him too much of the nature of the Pine-tree, which destroys every thing that grows within reach of it's shaddow.

Not far from his house there dwelt a Widdow, miserable, who really wanted those necessaries the miser was afraid to make use of; one that lived in a Cottage of *Turf*, more like a Den then a house, having scarce any other sustenance for herself and two small children than what she receiv'd from two Kine which she had the priviledge to keep in an adjacent Common. Her Husband, it seems, in his life time owed this Miser four pounds for rent, for a small Tenement he had taken of him: and a very hard bargain it prov'd, for with all his care and labour, in four years time he could compass to pay him no more then three pound of the principal Money, for which he took his Acquittance, and shortly after dyed. After his Death, the Widdow was very much troubled, partly for the loss of her Husband, and partly for fear of the Usurer, lest if he should come and demand the remaining twenty shillings, before she had wherewith to satisfie him, he might (according to his usual custom) violently prosecute her to the utter ruine of her self and children, to prevent which mischief, she wrought hard Night and Day, using all manner of thrift, and allowing herself no more then would (as we say) just keep life and soul together: so with much ado she had at last (to her great Joy) gotten up the twenty shillings, which she kept carefully in a Pitcher under-ground against the Miser came for his Money.

In very little time after he came and knocked at her Door, but she, overjoy'd that she had the money ready, before she would open the Door, ran and taking up her Pitcher, came to him very cheerfully. Master, says she, here is your money, and with it I give you a thousand thanks: the Usurer seeing the money, and fancying the Acquittance might be lost or mislay'd (as indeed it was) replied to her, Woman what dost thou mean, to give me twenty Shillings instead of four pound? The poor woman amazed hereat and not being able to prove the payment of three pound before, fell upon her Knees and beg'd him for God's sake that he would take what was his due and trouble her no more, for that she had seen a Quittance (as the poor Creature call'd it) under his hand, for three pound paid by her Hus-

band. But he very impudently Denied the Receipt of any such money, and Desired that God would inflict some heavy Jūdgement upon him, if ever he saw a penny of it, and so going away with horrible Curses, and Oaths, in his Mouth, threatening to sue the poor Widdow for his money, he left her to her tears and prayers, miserably lamenting her condition, and comforting her self only with the words of *David*: saying ; *The Lord will be a Refuge for the oppressed, a Refuge in time of trouble ;* Psalm 9. 9.

While the Woman was in the mid'st of her affliction, weeping over her poor Infants, and every hour expecting the fury of the oppressour : he concluded upon a Writ of Attachment as the speediest way to get his own (or rather the Widdows money) into his hands, which accordingly he obtained in a very few Days, and serving it upon her two Kine, he took them into his custody, and put them among twenty more which he had of his own. The poor Woman neither finding nor expecting mercy at the hands of a merciless man, desired earnestly of God that he would be pleas'd according to his gracious promise, to plead her cause, and to *deliver her from the violent man*. However she and her little ones went that night supperless to bed for want of milk, almost the only thing by which they subsisted. Little rest was taken among them that night, the mothers heart was too full of grief, and the childrens bellies too empty of victuals to sleep or be at quiet, and in this condition at the present we leave them.

The miser hardning himself in his wickedness, and having no remorse of conscience for what he had done, slept very securely that night, abundantly satisfied that he had made a small addition to his stock ; little dreaming that he had gotten a canker to eat up his estate, or that the widdows lean Kine (like *Pharaohs*) came in for the destruction of the fat. But Walking in the Morning early to his Grounds he found it so to his cost, for by I know not what miracle all his own cattle were Killed in the strangest manner that ever eye beheld, not one remaining alive in the ground, save only the poor Widdows ; some had their horns stuck fast in the ground till they had beaten themselves to Death, others were blasted with Lightning, many riven in sunder, and one prodigiously swell'd, with a kind of Corruption boiling out of her nose, which stunk so loathsomely that none could indure to come nigh her. The miser at first could not believe his eyes, till being fully convinced of the truth of the misfortune by his other sences, he fell to stamping, raving, cursing, swearing, and tearing his hair as if he had been Distracted, one while blaspheming against God, another while cursing and damning of the widdow and her Kine.

A Neighbour of his perceiving him in this outrage, was walking up towards him, to see what was the matter, and being come almost to

him, he heard him wish the Widdow (such a one) a Dog: there would be Carrion enough for her: immediately upon which he sunk by degrees into the ground, as far as his waste, and fell to howling and barking like a Dog, after so strange and terrible a manner, that he was afraid to come near him: so that making what haste he could away, he reported the thing publicquely in the neighbouring Village, insomuch that it was quickly noised far and wide, and immediately thousands of people flocked from all parts to see and hear this prodigious Miracle: and there is scarce a man in all that part of the Country, but is ready to testifie that he hath been both an eye and ear witness of this dreadful example of wrath and justice. For any person at Noon-day may both hear him bark and howl, and see him wave his hand, and struggle, as it were, to get out of the ground, but all spectators are struck with such horror and amazement, that none durst go nigh him, either to view him, or relieve him.

The Magistrates of the adjacent Burrough, being informed as well of the Injury the poor Widdow had received, as also of the wonderful judgement inflicted on the Miser, repaired to the place, resolving to relieve the former, and be satisfied in the latter, and when they had been confirmed in the truth of the whole matter, they admonished the people in the first place to take warning by the sad spectacle before them, to take care how they oppressed their Neighbours, and of provoking God, especially in so high a nature as that wicked wretch had done, and in the next place they thought convenient to order the restoring of the Two remaining Kine to the poor Widow, whose right they were: to which the Relations of the Wretched Usurer most readily consented.

The Woman being overjoyed at the sight of her Kine, could not but return her hearty thanks to Almighty God for his wonderful Providence towards her, and like a good and charitable Christian, Immediately fell to her prayers, that God would be pleased to give the wretch that had injured her, a sense of his Sins, and if it were his blessed will, to take off his heavy hand, and to restore him to his former condition, but as yet God hath not heard her prayers, and what will be the effect thereof he only knows to whom they are made; sure I am that it will well become every Christian to make his peace with God in time, and from this dreadful example to learn to serve the Lord with fear and trembling.

*Reprinted from a copy of the original pamphlet in the
Collection of Mr. John Moore, Sunderland.*



REMAINS OF DILSTON TOWER.

Ballad

ON LORD DERWENTWATER.

FROM THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE FOR JUNE, 1825.

MR. URBAN,

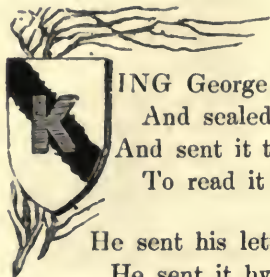
*Westmoreland,
May 12.*



THE following is an old song on the death of RATCLIFFE, Earl of DERWENTWATER, who was beheaded as a Traitor, on Tower-hill, Feb 24, 1716. It was one of the most popular in its day, in the North of England, for a long period after the event which it records had taken place. I took it down from the dictation of an old person who had learned it from her father. In its oral descent from gener-

ation to generation, it had got a little corrupted. But a poetical friend of mine has assisted me in restoring it to something like poetical propriety. My dictator could go no further than the 17th verse, and supposed that it ended there; which seemed defective. The four last verses are now added to give a finish. There is a pathetic simplicity in the song at once affecting and interesting; and which renders it, I think, deserving of preservation in your columns. G. H.

BALLAD.



ING George he did a letter write,
And sealed it up with gold,
And sent it to Lord Derwentwater,
To read it if he could.

He sent his letter by no post,
He sent it by no page ;
But sent it by a gallant Knight,
As e'er did combat wage.

The first line that my Lord look'd on,
Struck him with strong surprise :
The second more alarming still,
Made tears fall from his eyes.

He called up his stable groom,
Saying, "Saddle me well my steed ;
For I must up to London go,
Of me there seems great need."

His lady hearing what he said,
As she in child-bed lay,
Cry'd, "My dear Lord, pray, make your will
Before you go away."

"I'll leave to thee, my eldest son,
My houses and my land ;
I'll leave to thee my younger son,
Ten thousand pounds in hand.

"I'll leave to thee, my lady gay,
My lawful married wife,
A third part of my whole estate,
To keep thee a lady's life."

He knelt him down by her bed-side,
And kissed her lips so sweet ;
The words that pass'd, alas, presaged !
They never more should meet.

Again he call'd his stable groom,
Saying, "Bring me out my steed,
For I must up to London go,
With instant haste and speed."

He took the reins into his hand,
Which shook with fear and dread ;
The rings from off his fingers drop't ;
His nose gush'd out and bled.

He had but ridden miles two or three,
When stumbling fell his steed ;
"Ill omens these," Derwentwater said,
"That I for James must bleed !"

As he rode up Westminster-street,
In sight of the White Hall ;
The lords and ladies of London town,
A traitor they did him call.

"A traitor !" Lord Derwentwater said,
"A traitor ! how can I be,
Unless for keeping five hundred men,
Fighting for King Jemmy ?"

Then started forth a grave old man,
With a broad-mouth'd axe in hand,
"Thy head, thy head, Lord Derwentwater ;
Thy head's at my command."

"My head, my head, thou grave old man,
My head I will give thee :
Here's a coat of velvet on my back,
Will surely pay thy fee,

But give me leave," Derwentwater said,
"To speak words two or three ;
Ye lords and ladies of London town,
Be kind to my lady.

"Here's a purse of fifty sterling pounds ;
Pray give it to the poor :
Here's one of forty-five beside,
You may dole from door to door."

He laid his head upon the block,
 The axe was sharp and strong ;
 The stroke that cut his sufferings short,
 His memory cherished long.

Thus fell proud Derwent's ancient lord,
 Dread victim to the laws ;
 His lands fell forfeit to the Crown,
 Lost in the Stuart's cause.

His weeping widow's drooping heart
 With sorrow burst in twain ;
 His orphan children, outcast spurn'd,
 Deep felt th' attainted stain.

The Derwent's far-famed Lake alone,
 It's noble name retains,
 And of the title, thence extinct,
 Sole monument remains.

POLLARD OF POLLARD HALL.

THE tradition runs that Pollard, a champion knight, for slaying a wild boar, had as much land granted him, as he could ride round whilst the bishop dined.

A family of the name of Pollard was seated at a very early period in the parish of Bishop Auckland ; and one of their estates was called "Pollard's den ;" and the ceremony of presenting a faulchion to the bishop soon after his entrance into the see, is still performed by the possessors of Pollard's lands.*

The presentation speech is as follows :—"My Lord, I, in behalf of myself, as well as several others, possessors of the Pollard's Lands, do humbly present your Lordship with this faulchion, at your first coming here, wherewith, as the tradition goeth, he slew of old a venomous serpent, which did much harm to man and beast ; and by performing this service, we hold our Lands."

Sharp's Bishopric Garland.

* Hutchinson, v. 3, p. 350.

OLIVER CROMWELL

At Meldon Old Mill.



ELDON OLD WATER CORN MILL, says the venerable and talented historian of Northumberland, "stood at the foot of the Temple Bank, a little within the west wall of the park, and about one hundred yards below the dam or wear-head of the present mill." Here, according to the statement of Mr. Ralph Nixon, a respectable and intelligent man, whose ancestors

for several generations resided in the vicinity of Meldon, Oliver Cromwell, tarried and fed his troops of horse, on his return from Scotland in 1651. If we suppose the tradition to be founded on truth, this occurrence must have taken place on the 11th of August, the day on which the lord general left the manor house of Netherwitton; for on the 12th he crossed the Tyne at Newburn, and proceeded forthwith to encamp his forces on the haughs below Ryton, himself withdrawing to Stella hall, where he resided previous to his departure southward for Worcester.—*R. White's MSS.*

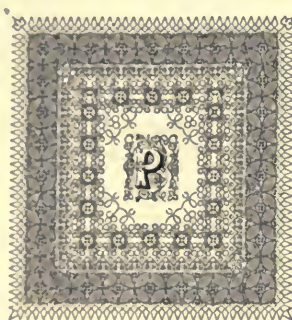


RYTON, DURHAM.

Stanzas

TO MRS. H***** H*****, WOODBURN.

Is my native glen yet filled with the kindest breath of heaven—are its breezes and its dews as refreshing—are its skies and its streams as blue, and its flowers as sweet as they were wont to be in former days?—JAMES TELFER.



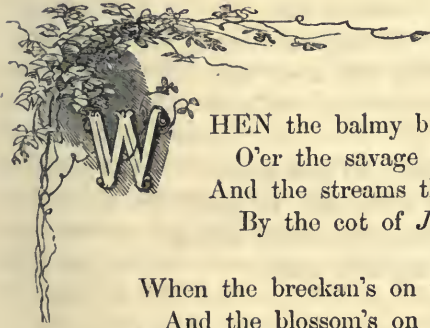
OETS are ever allowed considerable latitude of expression, and we would be doing injustice to the order were we to regard their productions always in a literal point of view. Many are the modes they adopt to work out and develop some peculiar train of feeling, or recall a variety of objects to which they are attached; and in whatever way this may be accomplished, the manner in which it is done ought always, with us, to have equal consideration with the ostensible tenor of the work itself. These verses are an illustration of this remark: they were written less by way of announcing to Mrs. H. that the author really intended to visit Woodburn, than to bring, as it were, more vividly in review before him, the haunts and places where he spent the chief portion of his early years. He wills, moreover, that these scenes pass under his eye, garnished as they seem in that joyous season when herb, flower, bush and tree put on their gayest livery “in honour of Nature’s festival.”

Some slight explanation of the allusions and localities introduced, may, to the reader, be deemed acceptable. Woodburn stands on Reedwater, a few miles above the spot where that stream flows into North Tyne. Sir Walter Scott invested it with some degree of celebrity by making it the residence of one of the prominent characters in “ROKEBY.” The other places are nearly all in the immediate neighbourhood. Wanney Craigs form the loftier part of a considerable elevation about a couple of miles to the south. Mrs. H. with her two amiable daughters, Ann and Jane, reside in the cot mentioned in the first stanza. By “*the Chevy*” the author means “the Chevy

Chase Coach " which runs daily, by Otterburne in Redesdale, between Newcastle and Edinburgh.

Of the merit of the stanzas, considering the years of the writer, it is needless to dilate: they seem to have come from his pen fresh and gushing as the wave from one of the fountains embosomed amongst his own native hills. After the pointed description of natural objects glowing in the gaiety of summer, the sober, contemplative melancholy which the concluding lines breathe, is to us, perhaps, most attractive of the whole. Emotion though of a painful kind, if the nobler portion of our being is therein concerned, exerts over us the most powerful influence; and its sway is not unfrequently accompanied with pleasure in proportion to its depth. When, therefore, we have been long acquainted with persons, places or things, and we intend to pay them a farewell visit, the strongest heart will shrink as if its chords were about to be broken, hence our corresponding sympathy with the mood of the poet makes us feel as if his sorrow was our own.—R. W.

TO MRS. H***** H*****, WOODBURN.



HEN the balmy breezes blow,
O'er the savage *craigs* o' *Wanny*,
And the streams they sweetly flow,
By the cot of *Jane* and *Annie*;

When the breckan's on the brae,
And the blossom's on the heather;
When the lads and lasses stray,
Whortle-berries wild to gather;

And the thrush frae hawthorn bush,
Sings her mellow sang sae cheerly;
And the lark at the *Low Park*,
Springs up wi' the morning early;

When the cowslip's on the mead,
And the violet's in the hollow,
And the angler hies to *Reed*,
His secluded sport to follow;

When the whaup's on *Hareshaw Fell*,
 And the dews at night are heavy;
 When pee-wits scream at the *High Leam*,
 Then, be sure, I'll mount "*the Chevy*,"

And wend my way to *Otterburne*,
 To see ance mair my native river;
 Ance mair to tread the banks o' Reed,
 Though then, I bid adieu for ever!

Ance mair I'll view each weel ken'd scene,
 The dear haunts of my youthful morning;
 The *Lislesburn Linn*, and the *Shaw Dean*,
 Wi' roses sweet the braes adorning.

The dreary cliffs o' *Blackburn's rocks*,—
 The rushing torrent hoarsely flowing,
 Where rowans wave and wild winds rave,
 Mid simple thyme and harebells growing.

The hoary craigs o' *Darnaw Ha'*,
 The *Cavern grim*, sac dark and lonely,
 Which the eye of man did never scan,
 And the fox and the night-owl visit only.

Though now I wander, old and lone;
 And like a ghost come back to gaze
 Upon the scenes, where first were known
 The pleasures of my airy days;

Though three score years and three are fled,
 Since last those wonted haunts I've seen;
 Though now the comrades all are dead,
 Who play'd with me on *Woodburn green*!

ROBT. ROXBY.

Elswick Villas, April 21st, 1842.

AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT

OF A VISIT TO

The Haunted House at Willington.

ERE we to draw an inference from the number of cases of reported visitation from the invisible world that have been made public of late, we might be led to imagine that the days of supernatural agency were about to recommence, and that ghosts and hobgoblins were about to resume their sway over the fears of mankind: did we, however, indulge such an apprehension, a glance at the cur-

rent tone of the literature and philosophy of the day, when treating of these subjects would shew a measure of unbelief regarding them as scornful and uncompromising, as the veriest atheist or materialist could desire. Notwithstanding the prevalence of this feeling amongst the educated classes, there is a curiosity and interest manifested in every occurrence of this nature, that indicates a lurking faith at bottom, which an affected scepticism fails entirely to conceal. We feel, therefore, that we need not apologize to our readers for introducing the following particulars of a *visit* to a house in this immediate neighbourhood, which had become notorious for some years previous, as being "haunted," and several of the reputed deeds or misdeeds of its supernatural visitant had been published far and wide by rumour's thousand tongues. We deem it as worthy to be chronicled as the doings of its contemporary *genii* at Windsor, Dublin, Liverpool, Carlisle, and Sunderland, and which have all likewise hitherto failed, after public investigation, to receive a solution consistent with a rejection of spiritual agency.

We have visited the house in question which is well known to many of our readers as being near a large steam corn-mill in full view of the Willington viaduct on the Newcastle and Shields railway; and it may not be irrelevant to mention that it is quite detached from the mill or any other premises, and has no cellaring under it. The proprietor of the house, who lives in it, declines to make public the particulars of the disturbance to which he has been sub

jected, and it must be understood that the account of the visit we are about to lay before our readers is derived from a friend, to whom Dr. Drury presented a copy of his correspondence on the subject, with power to make such use of it as he thought proper. We learnt that the house had been reputed, or at least one room in it, to have been haunted forty years ago, and had afterwards been undisturbed for a long period, during some years of which quietude the present occupant lived in it unmolested. We are also informed that about the time the premises were building, viz. in 1800 or 1801, there were reports of some deed of darkness having been committed by some one employed about them. We should extend this account beyond the limits we have set to ourselves, did we now enter upon a full account of the strange things which have been seen and heard about the place by several of the neighbours, as well as those which are reported to have been at various times seen, heard and felt, by the inmates, whose servants have been changed, on that account, many times. We proceed therefore to give the following letters which have passed between individuals of undoubted veracity: leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions on the subject.

(Copy—No. 1.)

To Mr. Procter.
Sir,

17 June, 1840.

Having heard from indisputable authority, viz. that of my excellent friend Mr. Davison, of Low Willington, farmer, that you and your family are disturbed by most unaccountable noises at night,—I beg leave to tell you that I have read, attentively, Wesley's account of such things, but with, I must confess, no great belief: but an account of this report coming from one of your sect, which I admire for candour and simplicity, my curiosity is excited to a high pitch,—which I would fain satisfy. My desire is to remain alone in the house all night with no companion but my own watch dog, in which, as far as courage and fidelity are concerned, I place much more reliance than upon any three young gentlemen I know of. And it is also my hope that if I have a fair trial I shall be enabled to unravel this mystery. Mr. Davison will give you every satisfaction if you take the trouble to enquire of him concerning me.

I am, Sir,

Yours most respectfully,

EDW. DRURY.

At

C. C. Embleton's, Surgeon,
No. 10, Church Street,
Sunderland.

(Copy—No. 2.)

JOSEPH PROCTER's respects to Edwd. Drury, whose note he received a few days ago, expressing a wish to pass a night in his house at Willington. As the family is going from home on the 23rd inst., and one of Unthank and Procter's men will sleep in the house, if E. D. incline to come, on, or after the 24th, to spend a night in it, he is at liberty so to do, with or without his faithful dog, which, by the bye, can be of no possible use, except as company. At the same time J. P. thinks it best to inform him that particular disturbances are far from frequent at present, being only occasional and quite uncertain, and therefore the satisfaction of E. D's. curiosity must be considered as problematical. The best chance would be afforded by his sitting up alone in the third story, till it be fairly daylight—say two or three A. M.

Willington, 6 Mo. 21st, 1840.

J. P. will leave word with T. Maun, foreman, to admit E. D.

[Mr. Procter left home with his family on the 23rd of June, and got an old servant, who was then out of place in consequence of ill health, to take charge of the house during their absence. Mr. P. returned alone, on account of business, on the 3rd of July, on the evening of which day, Mr. Drury and his companion also unexpectedly arrived. After the house had been locked up, every corner of it was minutely examined. The room out of which the apparition proceeded, as well as the adjoining rooms, was unfurnished, and the closet out of which it issued, is too shallow to contain any person. Mr. Drury and his friend had two lights by them, and are satisfied that there was no one in the house besides Mr. P., the servant, and themselves.]

(Copy—No. 3.)

Monday morning, July 6th, 1840.

To Mr. Procter.

Dear Sir,

I am sorry I was not at home to receive you when you kindly called yesterday to enquire for me. I am happy to state that I am really surprised that I have been so little affected as I am, after that horrid and most awful affair, the only bad effect I feel is a heavy dullness in one of my ears, the right one; I call it heavy dullness because, I not only do not hear distinctly, but feel in it a constant noise; this I was never affected with heretofore, but I doubt not it will go off. I am persuaded that no one went to your house at any time more *disbelieving in respect to* seeing any thing peculiar,—now, no one can be more satisfied than myself. I will in

the course of a few days send you a full detail of all I saw and heard. Mr. Spence and two other gentlemen came down to my house in the afternoon to hear my detail; but sir, could I account for these noises from natural causes, yet so firmly am I persuaded of the horrid apparition, that I would affirm, that what I saw with my eyes, was a punishment to me for my scoffing and unbelief; that I am assured, as far as the horror is concerned, they are happy that believe, and have not seen. Let me trouble you Sir, to give me the address of your sister (from Cumberland), who was so alarmed, and also of your brother. I would feel a satisfaction in having a line from them, and above all things it will be a great cause of joy to me if you never allow your young family to be in that horrid house again. Hoping you will write a few lines at your leisure,

I remain,

Dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

EDWARD DRURY.

(Copy—No. 4.)

Respected Friend,
E. Drury,

Willington, 7 mo. 9, 1840.

Having been at Sunderland, I did not receive thine of the 6th till yesterday morning. I am glad to hear thou art getting well over the effects of thy unlooked-for visitation. I hold in respect thy bold and manly assertion of the truth in the face of that ridicule and ignorant conceit with which that which is called the supernatural, in the present day, is usually assailed.

I shall be glad to receive thy detail, in which it will be needful to be very particular in shewing that thou couldst not be asleep, or attacked by night mare, or mistake a reflection of the candle, as some sagaciously suppose.

I remain, respectfully,

Thy Friend,

JOSH. PROCTER,

P.S. I have about 30 witnesses to various things which cannot be satisfactorily accounted for, on any other principle than spiritual agency.

(Copy—No. 5.)

Sunderland, July 13th. 1840.

Dear Sir,

I hereby, according to promise in my last letter, forward you a true account of what I heard and *saw* at your

house, in which I was led to pass the night, from various rumours circulated by most respectable parties, particularly from an account by my esteemed friend Mr. Davison, whose name I mentioned to you in a former letter. Having received your sanction to visit your mysterious dwelling, I went on the third of July, accompanied by a friend of mine named T. Hudson. This was not according to promise, nor in accordance with my first intent, as I wrote you I would come alone, but I felt gratified at your kindness in not alluding to the liberty I had taken, as it ultimately proved for the best. I must here mention that not expecting you at home I had in my pocket a brace of pistols, determining in my mind to let one of them drop, as if by accident, before the miller, for fear he should presume to play tricks upon me—but after my interview with you I felt there was no occasion for weapons, and did not load them, after you had allowed us to inspect as minutely as we pleased every portion of the house. I sat down on the third story landing, fully expecting to account for any noises I might hear, in a philosophical manner—this was about eleven o'clock P.M. About ten minutes to twelve we both heard a noise, as if a number of people was pattering with their bare feet upon the floor; and yet so singular was the noise that I could not minutely determine from whence it proceeded. A few minutes afterwards we heard a noise, as if some one was knocking with his knuckles among our feet, this was immediately followed by a hollow cough from the very room, from which the apparition proceeded. The only noise after this was, as if a person was rustling against the wall in coming up stairs. At a quarter to one, I told my friend that feeling a little cold, I would like to go to bed as we might hear the noises equally well there; he replied that he would not go to bed till daylight. I took up a note, which I had accidentally dropped, and began to read it—after which I took out my watch to ascertain the time, and found that it wanted ten minutes to one. In taking my eyes from the watch they became rivetted upon a closet door, which I distinctly saw open, and also saw the figure of a female attired in greyish garments, with the head inclined downwards, and one hand pressed upon the chest as if in pain, and the other, viz. the right hand, extended towards the floor, with the index finger pointing downwards. It advanced with an apparently cautious step across the floor towards me; immediately as it approached my friend who was slumbering, its right hand was extended toward him; I then rushed at it, giving at the time, as Mr. Procter states, a most awful yell, but instead of grasping it I fell upon my friend—and I recollected nothing distinctly for nearly three hours afterwards. I have since learnt that I was carried down stairs, in an agony of fear and terror.

I hereby certify that the above account is strictly true and correct in every respect.

EDW. DRURY,
North Shields.

The following more recent case of an apparition seen in the window of the same house from the outside, by four credible witnesses, who had the opportunity of scrutinizing it, for more than ten minutes, is given on most unquestionable authority. One of these witnesses is a young lady, a near connection of the family (who for obvious reasons did not sleep in the house), another, a highly respectable man who has been many years employed in, and is foreman of the manufactory, his daughter, aged about seventeen, and his wife, who first saw the object and called out the others to view it. The appearance presented was that of a bareheaded man, in a flowing robe like a surplice, which glided backwards and forwards about three feet from the floor, or level with the bottom of the second story window, seeming to enter the wall on each side and thus present a side view in passing; it then stood still in the window, and a part of the body came through both the blind (which was close down), and the window, as its luminous body intercepted the view of the framework of the window: it was semi-transparent, and as bright as a star, diffusing a radiance all around. As it grew more dim it assumed a blue tinge, and gradually faded away from the head downwards. The foreman passed twice close to the house under the window, and also went to inform the family, but found the house locked up. There was no moon-light, nor a ray of light visible anywhere about, and no person near. Had any magic lantern been used it could not possibly have escaped detection, and it is obvious nothing of that kind could have been employed in the inside, as in that case the light could only have been thrown upon the blind, and not so as to intercept the view both of the blind and window from without. The owner of the house slept in that room, and must have entered it shortly after this figure had disappeared.

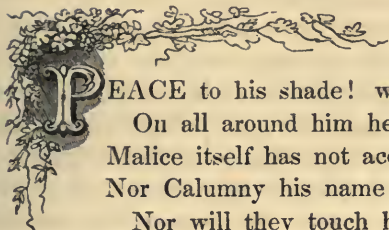


A Tribute of Respect to the Memory of the

REV. MATTHEW SHARP,

ROMAN CATHOLIC MINISTER OF HEXHAM.

FROM THE "SELECTOR."



PEACE to his shade! who peace diffused
 On all around him here:
 Malice itself has not accus'd,
 Nor Calumny his name abus'd,
 Nor will they touch his bier.

Ye people dear to his embrace,
 Watch'd with paternal care;
 No more his reverend form shall grace
 The altar of that sacred place,
 To offer up your prayer.

Oh! venerable spirit, hail!
 Belov'd wherever known:
 Not those alone within the pale
 Of thine own church, for thee shall wail;
 The loss we feel our own.

How much thy various merits claim,
 No monument may tell;
 But memory shall embalm thy name,
 And hear each passenger exclaim,
 "Beloved man, farewell!"

Avaunt fell Bigotry! the brand
 With direst mischief fraught;
 Brethren, extend the friendly hand,
 Obey your Master's great command,
 And love as Christians ought.

Let Catholics their censure spare—
 Churchmen their boasting cease—
 Shed o'er the grave of SHARP a tear,
 And from his tomb this counsel hear,
 "My Children dwell in peace!"

Hexham, Dec. 25th 1826.

J. R.

THE FRAY OF HAUTWESSELL.

AN ANCIENT BORDER BALLAD.



THE occurrence to which the following lines allude is more clear than the time when they were written. We have already mentioned the fracas at Haltwhistle in the Historical Division of this work, vol. i. p. 232, as having occurred in 1598, during the time Carey, earl of Monmouth, was warden of the middle marches. The Armstrongs had plundered Haltwhistle in one of their predatory incursions, and upon this, satisfaction was demanded from the king of Scotland. The king replied that the offenders were no subjects of his and the English warden might take his own revenge. Accordingly the English entered Liddesdale and ravaged the lands of the outlaws, on which occasion Sim of the Cathill (an Armstrong) was killed by one of the Ridley's of Haltwhistle. This incident procured another visit from the Armstrongs, in which they burnt great part of the town, but not without losing one of their leaders by a shot from a window.

The Armstrongs appear to have been at an early period in possession of great part of Liddesdale, and of the Debateable Land. Their immediate neighbourhood to England rendered them the most lawless of the Border depredators; and as much of the country possessed by them was claimed by both kingdoms, the inhabitants, protected from justice by the one nation, in opposition to the other, securely preyed upon both. The rapacity of this clan, and of their allies, the Elliots, occasioned the popular saying, "Elliots and Armstrongs ride thieves all." But to what Border family of note, in former days, would not such an adage have been equally applicable? All along the river Liddel may still be discovered the ruins of towers, possessed by this numerous clan. They did not, however, entirely trust to these fastnesses; but, when attacked by a superior force, abandoned entirely their dwellings, and retired into morasses, accessible by paths known to themselves alone. One of their most noted places of refuge was the Tarras Moss, a desolate and horrible marsh, through which a small river takes its course. Upon its banks are found some dry spots, which were occupied by these outlaws, and their families in

cases of emergency. The stream runs furiously among huge rocks, which has occasioned a popular saying—

“Was ne’er ane drown’d in ‘Tarras, nor yet in doubt,
For ere the head can win down, the harus [brains] are out.”

The morass itself is so deep, that, according to an old historian, two spears tied together would not reach the bottom. In this retreat, the Armstrongs, *anno* 1588, baffled the Earl of Angus, when lieutenant on the Border, although he reckoned himself so skilful in winding a thief, that he declared, “he had the same pleasure in it, as others in hunting a hare.” On that occasion he was totally unsuccessful, and nearly lost his relation, Douglas of Ively, whom the freebooters made prisoner.* But the Armstrongs were less fortunate ten years afterwards, on the occasion referred to in the ballad: the death of Sim of the Cathill rankled in their minds, and so deep was the impression upon them that “many vows were made” according to Sir Robert Carey, “that before the end of next winter they would lay the whole border waste.” At this period “the chiefe of all these outlaws, was *old Sim of Whitram*.† He had five or six sonnes, as able men as the Borders had. This old man and his sonnes had not so few as two hundred at their commands, that were ever ready to ride with them to all actions at their beck.

“The high parts of the marsh [march] towards Scotlande were put in a mighty fear, and the chiefe of them, for themselves and the rest, petitioned to mee, and did assure mee, that unless I did take some course with them by the end of that summer, there was none of the inhabitants durst, or would, stay in their dwellings the next winter, but they would fley the countrey, and leave their houses and lands to the fury of the outlawes. Upon this complaint, I called the gentlemen of the countrey together, and acquainted them with the misery that the highest parts of the marsh towards Scotland were likely to endure, if there were not timely prevention to avoid it, and desired them to give mee their best advice what course were fitt to be taken. They all showed themselves willing to give mee their best counsailes, and most of them were of opinion, that I was not well advised to refuse the hundred horse that my Lord Euers‡ had; and that now my best way was speedily to acquaint the Quene and counsaile with the necessity of having more soldiers, and that there should not be less than a hundred horse sent down for the defence of the countrey, besides the forty I had already in pay, and that there was nothing but force of soldiers could keep them in awe; and to let the counsaile

* Border Minstrely. † Whitram is a place in Liddesdale

‡ See the Ballad of Lord Ewrie, p. 191.

plainly understand, that the marsh, of themselves, were not able to subsist, whenever the winter and long nights came in, unless present cure and remedy were provided for them. I desired them to advise better of it, and see if they could find out any other means to prevent their mischievous intentions, without putting the Quene and countrey to any further charge. They all resolved that there was no second meanes. Then I told them my intention what I meant to do, which was, that myself, with two deputies, and the forty horse that I was allowed, would, with what speed we could, make ourselves ready to go up to the Wastes, and there wee would entrench ourselves, and lye as near as we could to the outlawes : and if there were any brave spirits among them that would go with us, they should be very welcome, and fare and lye as well as mysele : and I did not doubt, before the summer ended, to do something that should abate the pride of these outlawes. Those that were unwilling to hazard themselves, liked not this motion. They said, that, in so doing, I might keep the country quiet the time I lay there, but, when the winter approached, I could stay there no longer, and that was the theeves' time to do all their mischiefe. But there were divers young gentlemen that offered to go with mee, some with three, some with four horses, and to stay with mee as long as I would there continue. I took a list of those that offered to go with mee, and found, that, with myself, my officers, the gentlemen, and our servants, wee should be about two hundred good men and horse ; a competent number, as I thought, for such a service.

“The day and place was appointed for our meeting in the Wastes, and, by the help of the Foot of Liddisdale† and Risdale, wee had soone built a pretty fort, and within it we had all cabines made to lye in, and every one brought beds or mattresses to lye on. There wee stayed from the middest of June, till almost the end of August. Wee were betweene fifty and sixty gentlemen, besides their servants and my horsemen ; so that we were not so few as two hundred horse. Wee wanted no provisions for ourselves nor our horses, for the countrey people were well paid for any thing they brought us ; so that wee had a good market every day, before our fort, to buy what we lacked. The chiefe outlawes, at our coming, fled their houses where they dwelt, and betooke themselves to a large and great forest (with all their goodes,) which was called the Tarras. It was of that strength, and so surrounded with bogges and marish grounds, and thicke bushes and shrubbes, as they feared not the force nor power of

† The Foot of Liddesdale was the garrison of King James in the Castle of Hermitage, who assisted Carey on this occasion, as the Armstrongs were outlaws to both nations.

England nor Scotland, so long as they were there. They sent me word, that I was like the first puffe of a haggasse,* hottest at the first, and bade me stay there as long as the weather would give me leave. They would stay in the Tarras Wood till I was weary of lying in the Waste : and when I had had my time, and they no whit the worse, they would play their parts, which should keep me waking the next winter. Those gentlemen of the country that came not with mee, were of the same minde ; for they knew (or thought at least) that my force was not sufficient to withstand the furey of the outlawes. The time I staid at the fort I was not idle, but cast, by all means I could, how to take them in the great strength they were in. I found a meanes to send a hundred and fifty horsemen into Scotland (conveighed by a muffled man,† not known to one of the company,) thirty miles within Scotland, and the businesse was carried so, that none in the countrey tooke any alarm at this passage. They were quietly brought to the backside of the Tarras to Scotland-ward. There they divided themselves into three parts, and took up three passages which the outlawes made themselves secure of, if from England side they should at any time be put at. They had their scoutes on the tops of hills, on the English side, to give them warning if at any time any power of men should come to surprise them. The three ambushes were safely laid. without being discovered, and, about four o'clock in the morning, there were three hundred horse, and a thousand foot,‡ that came directly to the place where the scoutes lay. They gave the alarm ; our men brake down as fast as they could into the wood. The outlawes thought themselves safe, assuring themselves at any time to escape ; but they were so strongly set upon, on the English side, as they were forced to leave their goodes, and betake themselves to their passages towards Scotland. There was presently five taken of the principal of them. The rest, seeing themselves, as they thought, betrayed, retired into the thicke woodes and bogges,||

* A haggis (according to Burns, "the chieftain of the pudding race") is an olio, composed of the liver, heart, &c. of a sheep, minced down with oatmeal, onions, and spices, and boiled in the stomach of the animal, by way of bag. When this bag is cut, the contents (if this savoury dish be well made) should spout out with the heated air. This will explain the allusion.

† A Muffled Man means a person in disguise ; a very necessary precaution for the guide's safety ; for, could the outlaws have learned who played them this trick, beyond all doubt it must have cost him dear.

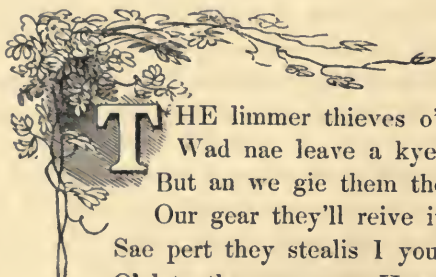
‡ From this it would appear, that Carey, although his constant attendants, in his fort consisted only of 200 horse, had upon this occasion, by the assistance, probably, of the English and Scottish royal garrisons, collected a much greater force.

§ There are now no trees in Liddesdale, except on the banks of the rivers, where they are protected from the sheep. But the stumps and fallen timber, which are every-

that our men durst not follow them, for fear of loosing themselves. The principall of the five that were taken, were two of the eldest sonnes of *Sim of Whitram*. These five they brought to mee to the fort, and a number of goodes, both of sheep and kine, which satisfied most part of the country that they had stolen them from.*

"The five, that were taken, were of great worth and value amongst them; insomuch, that for their liberty, I should have what conditions I should demand or desire. First, all English prisoners were set at liberty. Then had I themselves, and most part of the gentlemen of the Scottish side, so strictly bound in bondes to enter to mee, in fifteen dayes warning, any offendour, that they durst not for their lives break any covenant that I made with them; and so, upon these conditions, I set them at liberty, and was never after troubled with these kind of people. Thus God blessed me in bringing this great trouble to so quiet an end; wee brake up our fort, and every man retired to his own house."

THE FRAY O' HAUTWESSELL,



THE limmer thieves o' Liddesdale
 Wad nae leave a kye in the hail countrie;
 But an we gie them the caud steel,
 Our gear they'll reive it a' awaye;
 Sae pert they stealis I you say:
 O' late they came to Hawtwessyll,
 And thowt they there wad drive a fray,
 But Alec Rydly shotte tae well.

'Twas sometime gane, they tuik our naigs,
 And left us eke an empty Byre;

where found in the morasses, attest how well the country must have been wooded in former days.

The people of Liddesdale have retained, by tradition, the remembrance of *Carey's Raid*, as they call it. They tell, that while he was besieging the outlaws in the Tarras, they contrived, by ways known only to themselves, to send a party into England, who plundered the Warden's lands. On their return, they sent Carey one of his own cows, telling him, that, fearing he might fall short of provision during his visit to Scotland, they had taken the precaution of sending him some English beef. The anecdote is too characteristic to be suppressed — *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

I wad the deil had had their craigs,¹
 And a' things in a bleeze o' fire :
 Eh ! but it raised the wardens ire,
 Sir Robert Carey was his name :
 But and John Rydly thrust his speir
 Reet thro' Sim o' the Cathill's wame ;

For he cam riding o'er the brae,
 As gin he ca'd na stele a cowe ;
 And when we'd got our gear awa'
 Says—"Wha ! this day's wark will avowe."
 I wot he got reply enowe,
 As ken the Armstrangs to their grief,
 For to tine the gear and Simmy too,
 The ane to the tither's nae relief.

Then cam Wat Armstrang to the toun,
 Wi' some three hundred chiel or mair,
 And sweir that they wad bren it down ;
 A' clad in Jack, wi' bow and spear,
 Harneist reet weel, I trow they were :
 But we were aye prepared at need,
 And dropt ere lang upon the rere
 Amaingst them, like an angry gleed.²

Then Alec Rydly he lette flee
 A clothyard schaft,³ ahint the wa' ;
 It struk Wat Armstrang in the ee',
 Went thro' his steel cap, heed and a' :

¹ *Craigs*. In Maitland's Complaynt against the Thieves of Liddesdale (vide Pinkerton), the Mosstroopers are abused in a somewhat similar strain.—

"Thair is ane callit Clement's Hob,
 "Fra ilk pnir wyfe reifis the wob,
 "And all the laive,
 "Quhatever they haif,—*The devil recave*
 "*Thairfuir his gob.*"

² *Angry Gleed*.—Not an uncommon simile perhaps in ancient times on the Border. Thus in the Fray of Suport,—Scott's Border Minstrelsy, vol. ii.

"But Peenye, my gude son, is out at the Hagbut-head,
 "His een glittering for anger like a fiery gleed."

³ *Clothyard Schaft*.

"An arow, that a cloth yarde was lang,
 "To th' hard stele halyde he ;
 "A dynt, that was both sad and soar,
 "He sat on Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry."
 Ancient Ballad of Chevy Chase.

I wot it made him quickly fa',
 He ca'd na rise, tho he essayed ;
 The best at thieve craft or the Ba',¹
 He neer again shall ride a raid.

Gin should the Armstrangs promise keep,
 And seek our gear to do us wrang ;
 Or mischiefe off our kye or sheepe,
 I trow but some o' them will hang :
 Sharp is the sturdy sleuth dog's fang,²
 At Crawcragge³ watchers will be sette,
 At Linthaugh Ford tae, a' neet lang,
 Wow ! but the meeting will be het.

Quoth.—

¹ *The Ba'*. Football was formerly a very common game amongst the Borderers. Maitland in his Poem called "Solace in Age," says

" Qnhan young men comis fra the grene
 "(Playand at the foote ba had bene)
 " With broken spald "——

But he seems to have been prejudiced against the sport, for elsewhere he declares the effects of it were—

" Brissit brawms, and broken banis,
 " Stryf, discorde, and waistee wanis ;
 " Cruiket in eld, syne halt withal ;
 " Thir ar the bewties of the futebale."

Shooting at the Butts was another favourite amusement, hence—

" He won the pryse above them all
 " Both at the butts and the football."

Lindsay's Meldrum.

² *Sleuthdog*. The sleuthdog is supposed to have been originally a dog of Guildir breed. Lewis in his history of Great Britain, fol. Lond. 1729, says—"In the south of Scotland, especially in the countries adjoining to England, there is another dog of a marvellous nature, called 'Suthounds' (that is south hounds or true hounds), because when their masters are robbed, if they tell them whether it be horse, sheep, or neat, that is stolen from them, immediately they pursue the scent of the thief, following him or them, through all sorts of ground and water till they find him out and seise him : by the benefit whereof the goods are often recovered again. But now of late they have given this beast the new name of sleuth hound, because the people living in sloth and idleness neither by themselves or good herdmen, or by the strength of a house, do preserve their goods from incursions of thieves and robbers, then have they recourse to their dog for reparation of their sloth."

³ *Crawcragge watchers*. In Nicholson's *Leges Marcharum*—It appears by an order of the watches upon the middle marches, in the 6th Edward VI. inter alia—"The Township of Hautwesyl to keep a watch of the Crawcragge with 2 men in the day. Setters and searchers of the day watch and night watch of Hautwesyl, John Rydly and the Bayliff of Hautwesyl : overseers of these watchers, Nicholas Rydly, Heughe Cranaw, and Nicholas Blenkinsop Bayliff of Hautwesyl. The Linthaugh Ford with the Holborn to be watched with 2 men of the inhabitants of Plenimell : Clement Haugh and Oswald Rydly to be setters and searchers of this watch."

SOME MEMORIALS OF
ROBERT BEIGHET :
A Native of Kedesdale.

FROM MR. ROBERT WHITE'S MANUSCRIPTS.

Man deserves praise and ought to be remembered, not because he is or has been the favourite of Fortune, or that Plenty has poured out the contents of her horn at his feet ; but rather, if during his progress through the world, whether his lot may have been that of luxuriant wealth or pinching poverty, he has amid temptation or trial, adulation or reproach, ever kept in view the exalted end of his being, and remained true to his principles, his conscience, and his God. *MS.*



It may truly be said that the scythe of Time is in no instance employed more effectually than in clearing away all material which may be appropriated to the biography of a man whose years are spent amongst the middle and lower orders of society. On his decease he leaves behind him no record by which we may obtain information as to his habits, his disposition, or the most material incidents of his life. If he was in the habit of corresponding with one or two intimate friends, it rarely happens that his letters are preserved. Not considering them of any importance beyond the present moment, those individuals to whom they were addressed generally place them in some corner to which others have access as well as themselves ; and thus, in the course of time, they gradually disappear. Such amongst them as may have been written on the spur of some stirring occasion, and which may contain matter that is truly valuable, are, on that account, often carried in the pocket of the receiver, and read to his acquaintances until they are worn to tatters and destroyed. Even when it occurs that a number of these documents have, by one individual, been duly appreciated and preserved, the collection, after his death, almost always descends into the hands of those who "care nothing about these things" and who disperse it, never again to be gathered together. Moreover, people in a common station of life rarely possess means for the safe keeping of letters : their drawers and chests are frequently so filled with wearing apparel and other articles of a like nature that no room is left for these silent yet impressive memorials of friendship. The result, therefore, is that when any enquiry may be afterwards

made into the views or character of a man thus bounded by circumstances, the absence of all diaries or registers of his thoughts or actions, and the want of any connection with literary affairs occasion blanks in the story of his existence which cannot possibly be filled up. This is the more to be regretted when it is applicable to those who have passed their lives in obscurity, and whose homely virtues and adherence to moral uprightness justly entitle them to some share of respectful remembrance.

Robert Beighet was born at Otterburne some time about the year 1757. His father, who would appear to have been a fuller and dyer, rented the Walk Mill at that place. It is probable that a portion of land would be attached to the mill, for Robert in his early years was accustomed to reap, mow and perform such work as is usually required about a small farm. He also, occasionally, assisted his father in the business of the mill; and being a ready, active lad, we may conclude he soon attained great proficiency in that department, for he was ever considered to be an excellent workman. Moreover, he excelled in all sports which required address or agility; yet, even then, he was influenced by such delicacy as never to appear, in these or other amusements, a principal leading man. He joined the revelry more from being himself pleased with it, and affording, in that case, pleasure to others, than from any ambition of appearing, like Billy Oliver in local song, "a clever chep" amongst his companions. Possessing an excellent musical ear, he loved dancing; and his progress at the first school he ever attended, where skill in that agreeable pastime was taught and acquired, may be inferred from the following anecdote, which he himself, with infinite humour, was accustomed to relate.

Being, at a time, in want of some oats for his horse, he went to the Woodhill, a farm steading about half a mile distant from Otterburne, and purchased the quantity required. The occupier of the place was a man advanced in years—but a hale, hearty, joyous blade, who had himself, in his younger days, footed many an excellent measure on the barn floors in the neighbourhood. He knew that Robert was receiving instructions in dancing, and, when the corn was sacked up, he proposed that the lad should trip over a step or two, and he agreed to whistle the tune. Accordingly, to work the couple went, and the performance pleased the old fellow so mightily that at the close he cried out "Wuns, Bob! if I had a son, sic a dancer as thou, dye, if a wud ca' the King my cousin!"

When matters of business called him from home, he had frequently an opportunity, on riding out around the country, to procure and lay up in his memory much of that local and traditionary story, which only awaited the will of its possessor to well forth in profusion;

and for which he continued to be distinguished through life. Besides, his field of observation was of the most choice description, for Redesdale in these days contained more originality of character than, probably, could be found in any other equally sized district in England. Having little intercourse with each other, and almost none with people who were more actively employed in other divisions of the country, a large number of its inhabitants occupied and farmed their own patches of land, which enabled them to live in a state of rude independence: thus, they contracted habits and opinions very different indeed from those which prevailed in more stirring and fashionable places.

It was at this period, and even of late years, customary for those connected with Otterburne Mill to attend at Bellingham every Saturday, to deliver and receive orders, and, in this department Robert was very generally employed. Besides, to those who had any letter or parcel to send to or from either place, he formed a medium of communication; and, by his readiness to oblige, he sometimes had as much or more trouble with other people's matters than his own. Indeed he often incurred blame if he was not so scrupulously exact in performing his commissions as the parties desired. We may mention, as an instance, that the wife of a farmer, who resided at Hatherwick, only a short distance from Otterburne, once brought him a quantity of garden mint, wrapped up in an old, blue, rent apron. She told him to take it to Bellingham, to a person who distilled mint water; and gave him at the same time strict charge to bring back the envelope. The first part of her orders he faithfully executed, but neglected the last; and three days afterwards he had a visit from the dame for the decayed fragment belonging to her wardrobe. Knowing it was of no avail to patch up an apology, he admitted at once that he had forgot the article; but added that from its ragged appearance, he considered it scarcely worth carrying home. "Say'st tu sey, lad?" replied the matron; "an' dis tu think that ma apron's to be lost, thou durty thing, thou, for thy carelessness? Egad! but A'se neyther eat or drink till A get it!" With this resolution she departed,—crossed Reedwater,—continued her way over Hareshaw moors to Bellingham, a distance of nearly six miles, and recovered the old apron. Tidings of her journey for such a trifle, reached home before she returned, and her daughter, who felt desirous to stand a little more favourably in public estimation, exclaimed "Gude gracious, sic a thing! She'll shame us a'!"

Here, we are enabled to perceive the opportunities that Robert Beighet enjoyed, during a period of the greatest importance to a young man; for then his character receives the "form and pressure"

it retains through after life. That he was a close observer, none who had any knowledge of him could, for a moment deny; and, amidst the profusion of material which lay around him, he exercised both taste and judgment in appropriating such portions of it as were exclusively adapted to his own purpose. Not a single glimpse into old customs—not a trait of peculiar character—not even an allusion to an individual who was no more, but, as it came from his lips, bore so striking an illustration of human life and nature, that it told home with his listeners, and made them feel they gave ear to the words of no ordinary man. His experience in life, also furnished him with many examples of man and woman's strangeness; and having a remarkably quick eye for the ludicrous, and no small share of humour, he never failed when opportunity served in turning these talents to account.

During that part of the year when least work was done at the Ful-ling Mill, and his assistance was not especially required out of doors, he quitted Redesdale, sought for employment in other places, and earned wages by the performance of such agricultural or other labour, as he could readily procure. He was one of the number of those who excavated, and formed the pond or reservoir, which stretches eastward from Woolington Bridge, on the main road from Newcastle to Ponteland. When the undertaking was completed, as English hospitality was at that time more practised than now, the men went to the Hall, and were plentifully regaled with bread, cheese, and ale. Robert recollected the *treat* perfectly, and often spoke in commendatory terms of the wisdom displayed by the butler, who was a Frenchman, in the distribution of the malt liquor. The men were peaceable at first, but as the beverage began to operate, it was supplied more sparingly until at length, they openly, and not in a very becoming manner, asked for more. Ho of office now came forward and pointed out the inconsistency of the demand in something like the following words. "De ale is not yours—you have no right to it. It vas given you, ven you behave properly; and now, ven you do not, you can have no more. Each of you now be able to go home on his own legs: if more ale vas given, he must be carried, or lie out all de night, and get death by de cold. Oh! no! no! you can have no more!"

About this period of Robert's life, it fell out that a young female, who lived in the immediate vicinity of Otterburne, possessed such attractions as to awaken in his bosom the thrilling yet indefinable sensations of love. To a man of his susceptible temperament, nothing was more likely to happen; but the delicate way, probably, in which these impressions were made known to the goddess who inspired them, would not be of that kind most calculated to arrest her

attention; and it followed of course that his suit was unsuccessful. Women are supposed to be quick in perceiving what is praiseworthy in those of the opposite sex, and some wonder has occasionally arisen how men, of first rate ability, have, in the matter of obtaining a lady's favour, been surpassed by others who never even conceived an idea beyond the range of the most common intellect. But we ought to consider that though acuteness of perception be one of the distinguishing qualities of the female character, all are not endowed with sagacity sufficient to judge correctly of sterling worth; that the eye and pride of woman both seek to be gratified; that she naturally shrinks from what she cannot readily comprehend; and that a well disposed man, modest perhaps from the profound respect he may entertain towards her, or one whose refinement of mind is much in advance to that of her own, has the least chance of all to succeed in her good graces. In addition to this, we know that a young damsel will obey the dictates of the heart rather than the head; and, if her affections have previously found a resting place on another object, whoever will attempt to re-win them, may find it a task of no small difficulty. Robert, however, was unable to engage the hopes and fears of her to whom his heart yielded homage, and it has been said that he found a rival in one of his own friends. Be that as it may, the following stanzas, which he loved to sing, and accompany with exquisite music, were either written by himself, or prized by him as a memorial of his own feelings on this occasion.

Song.

Oh, how vexed am I now when I think on't!

When first I gaed out to the plain,

An' tented the shearers wi Peggy,

I binded the bundles o' grain.

Oh, how vexed &c.

Oh, could I call back the sweet moments,

When Peggy allowed me a smile!

It eased a' the troubles o' harvest,

An' softened the hardships o' toil.

Oh, could I &c.

Her hair, how I twisted an' braided,

An' folded in ringlets sae sweet!

I pu'd her a posie o' gowans,

An' laid them in bobs at her feet.

Her hair, &c.

I pu'd her the pinkies and roses,
 For roses aye pleased her e'e;
 And aye as she leugh at my kindness:
 Nae lad was sae happy as me.
I pu'd her &c

Oft times when I teased her an' vex'd her,
 She lifted a clod or a stane;
 But aye she tuik tent how she cuist it:
 Na, she wadna hae broken a bane.
Oft times &c.

And sae kindly she flate when I kissed her,
 An' ca'd me a haveril tyke:
 Bnt now she's tane on wi' anither,
 An' I may gae court where I like,
And sae kindly &c.

Some few years afterwards, she, who thus rejected the interest which Robert Beighet took in her welfare, removed to the northern borders of Yorkshire; and he, having cause to be in that neighbourhood, made it his business to pay her a visit. She received him kindly, and he remained till the following morning. Before his departure she carefully dressed his hair, and, according to the prevailing fashion, bound it behind with a new riband. This little mark of kindness, even though all sweethearting between the parties had ceased, was to him extremely gratifying: he remembered it with pleasure to his dying day.

While this subject is before us, we may observe that, subsequently, he formed another attachment to a most deserving young woman, and in this he was happily successful. Much may, however, fall between *the cup and the lip*; and previous to the period when marriage between them was about to be celebrated, the intended bride grew sick and died. To Robert this proved a most severe blow; and if, thereupon, he registered a vow in Heaven never to marry, he kept it—continuing through life a single man.

When the majority of people arrive at a certain age, they dislike to be under the necessity of ever changing their places of residence; and Robert, from this feeling, resolved to pursue, altogether, the profession of a fuller and dyer. He accordingly, with a near relation, removed from Otterburne, and entered on the premises of the Walk Mill at Holystone in Coquetdale. At this place he remained for some years; but probably from the cause that better encouragement was offered him in another quarter, he returned to

Redesdale—to the stream that laved the haunts of his early days, and was employed for a considerable time at Woodburn. No particular account of his manner of life here, has reached us; but we may be assured that in the vicinity, and especially amongst those who, at an unemployed half-hour, had no dislike to a glass of ale, his company would be much sought after. His conciliating disposition, and friendly warmth gave his manners a polish which rendered him a favourite wherever he was known.

Towards his latter days, he again drew back amongst strange faces to the spot of his birth, and earned the means of subsistence under the same roof which sheltered the declining years of his parents. The place was dear to him from a long train of venerable associations. An attachment of this kind, in whatever light it may be regarded by unthinking men, exists strongest in noble natures, and will be found generally accompanying such amiable and endearing qualities as are deserving of the greatest praise in domestic life. He lodged in the village of Otterburne, and when the toil of the day was over, it became customary with him to step into the house of Mr. James Thompson, a very remarkable man, in whose company and that of Mr. James Lunn, all popular topics were talked over. As long as he was able to move about, this was always to him a place of resort; and well might it be so:—Thompson's knowledge of the world, and comprehensive acquaintance with art, science, and politics—Lunn's extensive recollection of what he witnessed abroad while he was serving his country, united to the good taste he manifested on all subjects of a literary nature—and Beighet's fund of anecdote enlivened by his own shrewd remarks on "men, their manners and their ways" formed altogether a species of attraction which the writer of this notice still remembers with delight; and which, after a lapse of nearly twenty years, seems like a green spot amidst the sterile waste of life—a refreshing brook from which the traveller reluctantly departs to pursue his way under a sultry sun, amid scorching plains and burning sands.

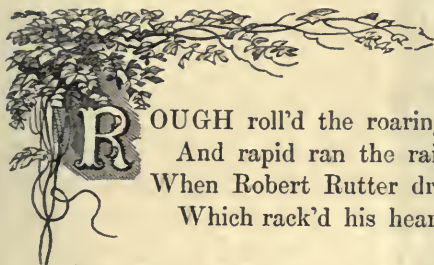
About the beginning of the year 1826, under a complication of ailments, the constitution of Beighet began to give way. At his advanced age slight hope could be entertained of his recovery: his maladies increased with the advance of spring, and he grew still worse as the flowers and the grass came forth fresh and luxuriantly. To a young, susceptible heart, it is matter of great severity "to die in spring;" but those, who have had enough of the cares and buffetings of life, value it the less,—existence becoming to them, like the white of an egg, tasteless, and scarcely repaying any exertion they may undergo for its preservation. More than this, the mind becomes shaken, similar to the frame, before dissolution: it loses its keen

perceptive power, and involuntarily stoops to the stroke that is awaiting it. Such was the case with him who forms the principal subject of these desultory observations: he died, and was buried at Elsdon, on the 24th of May, 1826, aged 69 years.

Robert Beighet was of middle stature, and, in his early years, was considered handsome; but as age advanced upon him he was somewhat inclined to corpulency. Towards the latter part of his life, owing to a lameness in his feet and legs, he moved with difficulty, and generally appeared with a walking stick in each hand. On one cheek he had a large, darkish, natural spot; yet his countenance was manly, approaching to the square English mould, such as we see in the portraits of Milton, Cromwell and Clarendon. His look for the most part was turned downward, as if the mind within was enjoying itself in delightful contemplation, or drawing new inferences from its own accumulated stores. When, however, in discourse, a hint from you awaked within him some bright thought or striking view of the topic under consideration, he looked full upon you—his large and brilliant black eyes sparkling through the glasses which he usually wore, and delivered his opinion in language which would have done honour to a consummate orator. His fine musical ear enabled him to whistle a tune with admirable effect; and those who have heard him *diddle* “Dainty Davie” may well remember it, as they will never again have the chance of hearing that merry measure awakened into such living and spirited harmony. He was unrivalled in his graphic manner of relating a droll story or humorous anecdote, and when any subject of a jocular kind came to be handled before him, he relished it so mightily that Thomas Carlyle himself would have loved him for the heartiness of his laugh. In his remarks and sallies of wit, to his honour be it said, he preserved such respectful delicacy to the individual feelings of those with whom he associated that he seldom or never made a single enemy—indeed his intellect rarely flashed over, or scorched the objects against which it was directed, but, by its playful scintillations, tended rather to illuminate and amuse than consume. When we add that he was more ready to listen than to speak; and that if the discourse flagged, he had the power of quickening it wonderfully, by a word in season, we have put the reader in possession of nearly all we remember of Robert Beighet—a MAN whose failings, such as they were, fell heaviest on himself; and whose redeeming virtues were worthy of a wider sphere than that to which Fortune limited their owner.

Stanzas.

The following poem, founded on the peculiarity of the *Newcastle bur*, was published in December 1791, as from one of the rooks, which then built their nest on the vane of the Exchange, and addressed to the good people of BURCASTLE.—*Gents. Mag.*



ROUGH roll'd the roaring river's stream,
And rapid ran the rain,
When Robert Rutter dreamt a dream,
Which rack'd his heart with pain:

He dreamt there was a raging bear
Rush'd from the rugged rocks;
And strutting round with horrid stare,
Breath'd terror to the Brocks.¹

But Robert Rutter drew his sword,
And rushing forward right,
The horrid creature's thrapple gor'd,
And barr'd his rueful spite.

¹ Badgers.



EXCHANGE, NEWCASTLE. A.D. 1791.

James Turnbull, OF HESLEYSIDE MILL.



It is observed that when any portion of mankind come frequently into contact with each other, whether on the score of business or company, they lose many of those shades of individuality which are discoverable amongst the inhabitants of thinly populated districts. In towns we meet with much superficial polish and little originality; in the country we perceive a great deal of plainness, but under that often much of what is really *queer*, and strikingly illustrative of various dispositions. The stones which form the channel of a stream are abraded and borne downward by its waters till they become uniformly round and smooth: those in the quarry remain as they are chipped from the rock, preserving their angular asperity, but exhibiting by their fracture the mineral qualities they possess, and the peculiar strata of which they are composed. This simile may be applied with some slight modification to the different classes of which we have spoken.

Those who, about ten years ago, were well acquainted with the inhabitants of the country immediately above Bellingham, in North Tyne, will recollect James Turnbull of Hesleyside mill. He set up in business for himself in early life, as a miller at Rigg End Mill, near Falstone, but quitted it and removed to the former place, where he continued till his death, which took place some years ago, when he had attained the patriarchal age of eighty-four. He was a tall, spare man with shaggy eye brows, and of a very hasty and irritable temper. When on a Sunday, he attended the dissenting place of public Worship either at Falstone or Bellingham, and met with such of his customers as were indebted to him, he made no scruple to ask them in plain terms for his money. If an evasive answer was returned, he usually enforced his claim by observing, "Weel, weel! that may be a' right eneugh, but it winna suit me. Aw stand need o' sillar, an' Aw no can want it! Aye, an' mair than that," he continued, compressing his voice, so as to give great effect to his earnestness of manner, "let me tell ye, friend, Aw'm determined that Aw winna want it eyther!"

On a time, his plough was drawn by a mare which he called

"Bonny," and a horse which answered to the name of "Charley." The latter animal was very different in disposition from his master ; and, adopted, whenever he was hard pressed, the plan followed by Yorick's steed of notable memory—he stood still ; and if a whip or stick was applied smartly to his sides, he would lie down and remain so, till it pleased him again to assume an upright position. Once on an occasion of this kind, when Turnbull had nearly exhausted his ingenuity in devising means to make his horse "erect a perpendicular," and found them of no avail, he ordered a lad who was at hand to "mak' haste, an' bring twa faulds o' strae, an' a lichtit candle !" The tailors were working in the dwelling house at the time ; and the boy in procuring a light, having made them acquainted with what was going forward out of doors, they sallied forth in a body to witness the catastrophe. The loose straw was strewed amongst the legs of the animal and kindled ; and as the flames seized upon him, he gave way to necessity and sprang to his feet. At this instant the eye of Turnbull glanced around him, and perceiving his unwelcome visitors, he gave them immediate chase, threatening if he caught "a single skin o' them to gie them a scowther," but fear added wings to the feet of the fugitives, and they speedily eluded all pursuit. The poor horse had the lower part of his body burned *red raw*, and his master, on putting him again into harness, observed, "Ye're a shame to be seen ; but, as Tom Todd said o' the pig that ran out o' the sty, an' gat its leg broken, Aw'll say o' you :—'It was a' your ain bringin' on !'"

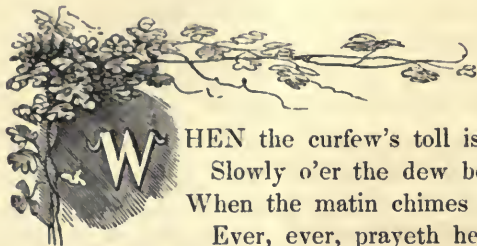
Whether the following incident may be adduced as an example of *animal magnetism*, or of the strange *sympathy* which is sometimes found to exist between beings of the same nature, the reader is at liberty to decide. James and the lads always breakfasted on *crowdie*—the oat meal was set out, and each took from the *dresser* a strong, brown earthen-ware bason, and helped himself. Beside these utensils for common use there were others placed of a fine quality and richly decorated. On a morning a lad took up one of these, and was preparing his food in it when his master cautioned him to "mind an' no break the bra' bason." Scarcely were the admonitory words uttered, when the beautiful thing slipped from the lad's fingers, and was instantly broken to pieces. James started up, swore a heavy oath at the trembling delinquent, stamped about, and having his own bason, which was not yet empty, in his hand, he likewise hurled it with its contents on the floor, shivering it into fragments, and exclaimed "G—d, let them a' gang thegither !" —*R. White's MSS.*

ST. GODRIC OF FINCHALE;

OR

*The Anchorite.**

BY JAMES HENRY DIXON, ESQ.



WHEN the curfew's toll is stealing
 Slowly o'er the dew bent lea—
 When the matin chimes are pealing,
 Ever, ever, prayeth he.
 Peasant to his day work wending,
 Sees him on his pillar bending,
 Evening pilgrim sad and weary
 Listens to his *Miserere*,
Miserere Domine.

Thirty summer suns have found him
 Bowing in the day star's glow—
 Thirty winters dealt around him,
 Storm and tempest, hail and snow—
 On his pillar still he kneeleth,
 Fervently to Heaven appealeth,
 "Blessed Mary, I am weary,
 "Pie Jesu! miserere,
Miserere Domine."

Hark the Abbey bells are ringing,
 Joyous is the holy day!
 Peasant girls are garlands flinging,
 Flowerets deck their Queen of May.
 Lo to village green repairing,
 Age, the sports of childhood sharing :
 Yet *his* mood of mind is dreary,
 Still he chaunts his *Miserere*,
Miserere Domine!

* The Poem of St. Godric is the property of Mr. Ball, Music Publisher, London, by whose permission it is here inserted.

Hark the organ loudly swelling,
 Sacred, solemn, rites are said ;
 Soul hath left its earthly dwelling,
 Godrick slumbers with the dead !
 Morning's glance no more shall greet him,
 Evenings kindred shadows meet him ;
 He hath rest where rest the weary,
 Silent is his *Miserere*,
Miserere Domine !

Rothley Mill.



HE old mill of Rothley, in the parish of Hartburn, Northumberland, with its black water-wheel, and heathery roof, far from human habitations, and shut up in a glen narrow and thick with wood, was the haunt of a family of fairies. Old queen Mab, and her train, with the help of the miller's picks, formed out of the rocks, the numerous circular basins, which are still to be seen here in the bed of the Hart ; and

were every moonlight summer's evening seen, like so many water fowls flickering and bathing in them. The mill itself was their great council-hall ; and the eye of the kiln their kitchen, where, in boiling their pottage, they burnt the seeds or husks of oats the miller laid up for drying the corn he had next to grind. The meal and firing thus made use of they took as a customary claim for guarding and charming the mill, and other useful services ; but the miller thinking them too extravagant, was determined to disturb them ; and while they were preparing their supper one night, threw a sod down the chimney, and instantly fled.—The falling mass dashed soot, fire, and boiling pottage amongst them ; and the trembling fugitive before he could reach the dingly verge of the glen, heard the cry—" burnt and scalded ! " " burnt and scalded ! "—" the sell of the mill has done it : " and the old mother of the family set after him, and just as he got to the style going into Rothley, touched him, and he doubled up, was bow bent and a cripple to his dying day !—*Hodgson's Northd.*

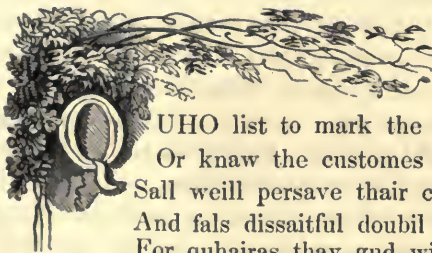
The Earl of Northumberland betrayed by Douglas.



WE have already given on this subject the Ballad in Percy's collection, for which we refer our readers to the early part of this work, page 50.—We now present something more ancient and scarce, relating to the same catastrophe. The authors of the following poems are unknown, though the style of the first resembles that of that 'rough rude rhymers' as he has been termed, Shelton; but he died as early as 1529, it was not therefore his, for it is clear about what time it must have been written. The date is fixed by the last verse in which hopes are expressed that the Earl of Northumberland might be pardoned. It must have been composed therefore between the period of his betrayal and death, which last event took place in 1572.

These three poems are to be found together in Pinkerton's "Ancient Scottish Poems." Uncouth as they assuredly are, the genuineness of their antiquity must render them worth our notice as poetical curiosities.

ANE EXCLAMATION MAID IN ENGLAND UPONE THE DELYVERANCE OF THE
ERLE OF NORTHUMBERLAND FURTH OF LOCHLEVIN QUHO IMMEDIATELIE
THIAIREFTER WES EXECUTE IN YORKE, 1572.



Q UHO list to mark the Scottisch vyse,
Or knaw the customes of thair kyndis,
Sall weill persave thair craftie wyse,
And fals dissaitful doubil myndis.
For quhairas thay gud will profes,
The treuthe appeirs thay mein no les.

Gif travel be occasion try
Of foraine lands the inclination,
Be pruif richt weil I doe espy
The Scottishch tred, and nauchtie fassioun,
To be so bad, that from the rest
Thair lyfes and grydines ar detest.

Thair fassioun I abhor indeid,
 Thair conversatioun is defylit;
 Fair speiche prevails themeselves to speid;
 Quho to thame trust are clein begylit.
 For thay richt simplie will declair,
 Of whom the just aucht to bewar.

The fairer speche the falser hairtis :
The suirest bands the sonest broken ;
The greater lords, the falser pairtis ;
 Gif this worde may again be spokin,
 For lords and lairds ar nother just ;
 Nor yit the commouns to be trust.

In falset thay excell in kynd ;
 In wordes thay maist of all exceid.
 In treasoun none lyik do I find ;
 In treuth thay never observe thair creid.
 For say and promiseis quhat thay can,
 Thair wordes and deides will never pan.

Gif Judas pairt wes trassounabil,
 Or Pylate's judgments countit bad,
 Quhy sould I think them ressonabil ?
 For honest trust thay never had.
 Experience be thameselves appeiris
 Of their greit tressoun in few yeiris.

And now, of late, the gretest wrang
 That ever nobilman possest—
 Ane banneist lord wes thame amang,
 Quho fled for feir to be opprest.
 Northumberland hecht this lord to name ;
 Sumtyme of honour and greit fame.

Quho for releif in time of wo,
 Did helples wander in thair land,
 As baneist wichts were wont to go
 Till efter grace thay better fand.—
 Murray, Mortoun, and Ruthven's caice,
 For slauchter in thair princis plaice.

With thousands mo of lords and louns,
 Of that ungracious natioun bred,

Quho fand releif in all our touns,
 As custome and gud fassioun led,
 Thoch under colour thay pretendit;
 Yit baneist wichts wer ay defendit.

Gif trespass be so greit ane sin,
 As disobedience dois deserve;
 Gif no refudge ane man may win,
 The penitent for helpe may sterve.
 In Scotland had not bene sic tuill,
 Gif this had bein the common rewl.

Fy on thee, Scotland, and thy seid!
 Aboue all realmes wo theé befall!
 Thy lords hes done so shameful deid
 That traitours ay men will yow call.
 Yow ar so gredie on Englisch gold,
 That all your credit now is sold.

And gif that yow had bene in mynd
 The auncient leig, as trewis requyrit,
 Nocht heirtfoir ye sall one find
 That to the deith hes bene delyverit:
 Muche moir ane nobil baneist lord,
 Quhy suld ye sell him to the cord?

This cryme of yours is manifest
 Abone all subtil tresouns greit.
 The gold is gat for suche ane gaist,
 Will never buy your children meit.
 It will decay; and yit your fame
 Continue sall with cruel blame.

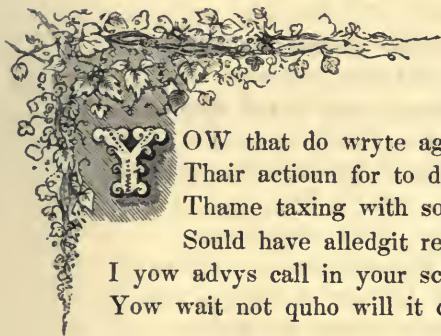
Gif France had bene of your accord,
 Or Flanders gevin themselves to gaine,
 Thair is remaining yit one lord¹
 That had posest this woful paine.
 But yit these lands sall honour have,
 Quhan ye with schame sall go to grave.

And, thoch I wryte aganes your act,
 Yit am I glaid ye gave the man.

¹ The Earl of Westmoreland who escaped to Flanders and died in great poverty.

God may be gud, and yit your fact
 Your childer's childrein may it ban.
 God is gracious quhen we repent ;
 And our Quene merciful in judgment.

The Answer to the English Ballad.



OW that do wryte aganes the Scottis,
 Thair actionn for to disprave ;
 Thame taxing with so shameful blottis,
 Sould have alledgit resouns grave.
 I yow advys call in your scroll ;
 Yow wait not quho will it controll.

Thoch sum have playit Jadas' pairt
 In selling gud Northumberlande,
 Quhy sould they thoill for thair desert
 That fane wald have that fact withstand ?
 Or yit the countrey beir the blame ?
 Lat thame that sold him have the schame.

Mar, and the devilische Douglassis,
 And namelie Mortoun, and Lochlevin ;
 Macgill, and Orkney, Scottish assis ;
 And Cleische, quhomto the gold wes gevin ;
 Dumfermling that the py repaired :
 And lowse Lindsay, quho was his gaird.

These onlie wer the Judassis :
 These onlie gave theirto avyse :
 And onlie these tua Douglassis¹
 Participatit of his pryce.
 So let his bluid be on thair heidis,
 On thair posteritie and seidis !

¹ According to Robertson the sum of money paid as the purchase of this unfortunate Earl was divided between Morton and Douglas of Lochleven, the former of whom, during his exile in England, had been much indebted to Northumberland's friendship.

Your quene had pruiſ that Mortouns race
 To covetice was hail inclynde,
 And ſo to proſecute this caice,
 Addreſt hir onlie to that kynd.
 And not to all but Mortoun rather,
 Be money that corrupt his father.

Quho tuik king Harcis money ſo,
 Our cardinal ¹ to keip in hauld :
 And ſyne for money luit him go,
 And for fyve hundrith crouns him ſauld.
 Of kynd ſo Mortoun hes it then
 To chop, and change ; and to ſell men.

You ſould not preis diſeſtimation
 To ſuch as thairin no lak had ;
 Thoch thair be alſo of our natioun,
 As of all others, gud and bad.
 Yit blame not all, for one or two
 That mein no treuth to freind nor fo.

Sin France producit ane Ganyelon. ²
 And England monye tratours bred ;
 Quhat fairlie than thoch we have on ?
 Yit is it not ane Scottiſche tred.
 For Scotland ay, of auld and new,
 To baneist wichts wes ever trew.

³ Henrie the ſext was heir exylde,
 For quhom we nicht have had greit gaine,
 As for his Quene, and onlie chyld ;
 Yet wer thay nather ſauld, nor ſlaine.
 Your ſtoreis ſchaw, wer thay perusit,
 Greit ſtoir ; bot nane that wes ill uſit.

This Lordis wyfe ſocht to Lord Home,
 As Leonard Dakeris, and mony mo,
 Quhom all the gold in Chriſtindome
 Wald not have movit to ſell thame ſo.

¹ Cardinal Beaton.—The event happened in 1543 when he was committed priſoner to Dalkeith caſtle.

² Gangelon or Genelon was the traitor who betrayed Charlemayne as romances tell.

³ Henry the 6th lived a long time at the Gray Friars at Edinburgh.

Ye knaw quhat hairme he has susteind
For that he trewlie thame manteind.

The Erle of Sussex can recoird,
Quhen he desyrit thame of his hand,
The generous answer of that lord
That he maid to his schairpe demand,
Said he wald rather give his heid
Or he sould do so vyil a deid.

For deid wald lest for ane sesoun,
And pas sone with celeritie;
The vyile and filthie blot of tresoun
Wald schame his haill posteritie.
Wer it to doe he wald resave thame,
And he, nor ane, sould never have shame.

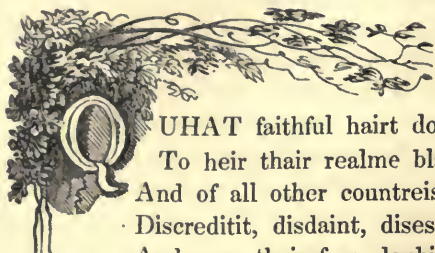
So tressoun is no Scottische gyse:
To term it so ye have no ground,
Sen heir afflictit wichts alwyse
Hes ever ayd and favour found.
Althoch sum tratours be amang us,
In blaiming all forsuith ye wrang us.

Ye sould not all the land detract;
Nor impute falset to our kynd;
Sen monie with that filthie fact
Ar soir offendit in thair mynd;
And to avenge it wald be glaid,
Will ye concur, ye sall have ayd.

Your Quene abhors thame in hir hairt,
Mislyking for thair filthie natures;
And wald be glad to sie thame smart,
Lyking the tresoun not the traitours.
Scho knaws thay did it not for love;
It was hir gold that did thame move.

Wald ye doe for your countrie-man,
As for our honour's caus we wald,
We sall avenge it on that clan
Your freind that to the scambils sauld.
Go pruiſ: and deids sall testifie
Your kyndnes and our honestie.

ANE SCHORT INVECCYDE MAID AGANIS THE DELYVERANCE OF THE ERLE OF
NORTHUMBERLAND.



WHAT faithful hairt does not for sorow burst
To heir thair realme blasont and blasphemit;
And of all other countreis comptit curst;
Discreditit, disdaint, disestimit?
And men thairof as doubil tratours demit,
And taxit with so mony schameful blot;
So poyntit out, and from all faithful flemit,
Saying, 'Avoid the fals dissaitful Scot?'

'Avoid' thay bid, 'tha fals and filthie tratours:'
So genralie we ar of straingers stylit;
And repute of sa fals mischievous natures
As na man may belief us, unbegylit.
God wait how we ar railt on, and revylit,
And blamit for tressounis moniefauld;
And quhat inveccyde ballates ar compylit;
Sen the gud Erle Northumberland wes sauld.

Alas! quhy sould not wit, and worthiness,
Honestie, honour, and humilitie,
Assuagit sumquhat have sic grediness?
That paragon of trew nobilitie,
And perfyte patroun of civilitie,
So courtés stout, trew, liberal, and kynd,
Sould have bene quyt with moir fidelitie;
And have with mercye movit [much] your mynd.

That loving lord, sa voyde of all dispyte,
Of vertews having sic pluralitie;
In honest pastyme takand his delyte;
With monye rair and princelie qualitie;
So nobil port, and liberalitie;
Sic hardines, and hairt heroical;
Deservit rather immortalitie,
Than to haue had ane end so tragical,

Alace that ever Scotland sould have bred
 Sic to [its] awin dishonour, schame and greif;
 That quhen ane nobilman was thairto fled,
 At neid to seik some succour and releif,
 Sould have bene coulpit twyce! First be ane theif;
 Then be Lochlevin, quho did thre yeir him keip;
 Quho gat greit gaine to save him from mischeif,
 Syne sould him to the skambils lyik ane scheip.

Our antecessours, and fathers honorabil,
 Could not be movit be favour, force nor feir,
 To doe ane deid so vyle and detestabil,—
 And mekil les for gredines of geir:
 As be our storeis plainlie dois appeir.
 But oft incurrit monye doubtful daingers,
 And oft-times baid the hasard of the weir,
 For the reset, and succouring of straingers.

Greit lords and erles, nay dyvers duiks and kings
 For quhome this realme hes sufferit mekil paine;
 Exylit from their countreis, and their rings,
 In Scotlande saiflie lang tyme did remaine.
 As Richard, and Henrie the Sext maks plaine.
 And mony ma exempils may be gevin;
 Of quhome thay nicht have gottin gretar gaine;—
 Quhose luk was gud thay came not in Lochlevin.

Fy on thee, Mar! that ever thow consentit
 Ane nobilman sa falselie to dissave!
 Thow may weil leif, quhill thow at large repent it,
 That thow trowit Macgill, that drunken knaif;
 Or Dumfermling, that thé sic counsale gave;
 Or had to do with Mortouns fellowschip.—
 Lowse Lindsay yet did better with the laif,
 That tuik their geir, and luit thameselfis slip.

Fals mischeant Mortoun, febil and unkind;
 Thy wretchit hairt could never schame eschew!
 How could so small ane sowme have mov't they mind
 By this vyle act auld tressouns to renew?
 Thow nevir wes upricht, traistie nor trew,
 To freind, to fo; nor to na other man.
 On sic vyle treason vengeance man ensew,
 On thee, and all thy fals degenerat clan.

Lochlevin, that wes ay faithles to thy brother,
 To quhome thow wes so bound be benefeit!
 How could thow keip thy credit to another,
 That schamefullie, aganes his will and wit,
 The air of Buchan, quhom he did commit
 To thy keping, put on thy brothers bed;
 And, sen his deith, him to dishonour yit
 Hes rasit ane schameful summons to heir red?

Thow left him falslie in adversitie,
 And all his friendschip utterlie refusit.
 And work buir witnes of thy loyaltie
 Quhen that the quene wes in the Louch inclusit.
 Baith hir and him thou tratorouslie abusit,
 And gave gude tryel of thy lytil treuth.
 Quhen scho escapt, how could thow be excusit
 Bot thair was slicht, or els ane wilful sleuth?

Yit, tratour! this unhoneist bludie blok
 Surpassis far thy tresouns all of auld.
 Quhair evir thow gangs thow art ane gasing stok,
 For all the peopil cry, 'Cum and behauld
 'The tratour that the gud Lord Persey sauld;'
 Wissing his bluid to be upon thy heid.—
 From age to age thy treasoun will be tauld
 And be ane schame for ever to thy seid.

Judas that sauld our Salviour to be slaine,
 Ane vyler draucht nor thow did never draw;
 For Ganylon, aganes Charles the Maine;
 Nor Andro Bell, that wicket vyle outlaw:
 Nor yit the tratour Eckie of Hairlaw,
 That says he sould him to redeme his pledge.
 Your deid is war, as all the world dois knaw;—
 Ye can nothing bot covatice alledge.

Yit sen the act wes so inordinat,
 And it behufit be chief tratours to be,
 I wait ye wer thairto preordinat,
 Not be ane chance, bot fatal destanie,
 That nane it could have execut bot ye.
 For, quha your nature cleirlye understandis,
 Will think ane act of so greit villanie
 Behov't of force to fall into your handis.

As metest merchand for ane maister steik,
 Baith fals' of kynd, and in the craft expert:
 And thairby gars your kitchins daylie reik.
 Na other man could have found in thair hairt
 To sell the saikles, as ane slauchter mairt.
 Had Christ himself bene in the Persey's rowme,
 I wait ye wald have playit Judas' pairt—
 Gif Cayphas had offert yow the sowme.

Yit, for your mischeant and mischevous deid,
 This country aucht not for to beir the blame;
 Bot onlie that fals and degenerat seid
 Of Douglassis fals, wretchit, and infame:
 And cheiflie Mortoun, and Lochlevin be name,
 That of his bluide resavit the pygrall pryce.
 So with the silver sall ye have the schame,
 And sic your friends as gave thairto advyse.

O cruel, fals, dissaitful, bludie beistis!
 To faythful men how dar ye hauld up face?
 How could sic tressoun breid into your breistis?
 Quhy leit ye not pitie rather have place?
 Sen ye yourselves wes in the samen caice;—
 And wait not quhen theirto ye sall returne.
 His bluide sall be on yow, and all your race!
 And ye, and yours, sall for that murther murne!

Had ye him gevin but price gratuitlie,
 Be benefit yow thinkand thairto bound;
 Or to declair your luif and amitie;
 So that no profite sould to yow redound;
 Your crueltie had not bene so evil found:
 Bot ye resavit the pryce, and it procurit.
 Evil gottin gaine is ane ungracious ground
 Quhairon to found ane Welth and Weill assurit.

The Jews wald not put in the common purs
 The pryce of Christ, quhilk Judas kaist againe:
 The pryce of bluid brings ay with it ane curs,
 Quhilk on thy race for ever sall remaine.
 Sum day, be suir, (thoch thow sic dome disdaine,)
 Deir of his bluid the bargane will be bocht.
 Vengeance will wirk, and will nocht wirk in vaine,
 Bot thee, thy sons, and name, sall bring to nocht.

Out of thy hand his bluid sall be requyrit :
 Thow sall not chaip mischeif, doe quhat thow can.
 Nor thay, that in that blok with thé conspyrit ;
 Cheiffie the butchers of thy bluidie clan.
 Quha vant be bluid thay all thair worschip wan.—
 And yit be bluid mair prouddie dois pretend.—
 Be bluide thay leift ; be bluide thay first began ;
 And so for bluide sall have ane bluidie end.



VICARAGE HOUSE, NEWCASTLE.

ANECDOTE OF THE LAPWING.

(*TRINGA VANELLUS.*) *Linn.*



HORTLY after the appointment of the rev. J. D. Carlyle to the vicarage of Newcastle upon Tyne, two Lapwings were presented to that gentleman, who placed them in the garden attached to the vicarage-house, in Westgate-street. One of the birds soon after died, but the other continued to pick up such food as the place afforded, till winter deprived it of its usual supply. Necessity soon compelled it to draw nearer to the house, by which it gradually became familiarized to occasional interruptions from the family.

At length one of the servants when she had occasion to go into the back kitchen with a light, observed that the Lapwing always uttered his cry of “pee wit” to obtain admittance. The bird soon grew

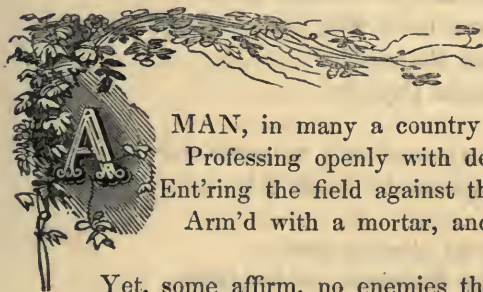
familiar : as the winter advanced, he ventured as far as the kitchen, but with much caution, as that part of the house was generally occupied by a dog and a cat, whose friendship, however, the Lapwing conciliated so entirely, that it was his regular custom to resort to the fireside as soon as it grew dark, and spend the evening and night with his two associates, sitting close by them, and partaking of the comforts of a warm hearth. As soon as spring appeared, he discontinued his visits to the house, and betook himself to the garden ; but, on the approach of winter again he had recourse to his old shelter and friends, who received him very cordially.

Security was productive of insolence ; what was at first obtained with caution, was afterwards taken without reserve ; he frequently amused himself by washing in the bowl which was set for the dog to drink out of ; and while he was thus employed, he shewed marks of the greatest indignation if either of his companions presumed to interrupt him. He died in the asylum he had chosen, being choaked with something he had picked up from the floor.

The above anecdote, from Bewick's History of British Birds, exhibits the domestic nature of the Lapwing, as well as the art with which it conciliates the regard of animals materially different from itself, and generally considered as hostile to every species of the feathered tribe.

THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY,

BY GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.



MAN, in many a country town, we know,
 Professing openly with death to wrestle ;
 Ent'ring the field against the grimly foe,
 Arm'd with a mortar, and a pestle.

Yet, some affirm, no enemies they are ;
 But meet just like prize-fighters, in a Fair :
 Who first shake hands before they box,
 Then give each other plaguy knocks,
 With all the love and kindness of a brother :

So (many a suff'ring patient saith)
 Though the Apothecary fights with death,
 Still they are sworn friends to one another.

A member of this Æsculapian line,
 Liv'd at Newcastle upon Tyne:
 No man could better gild a pill;
 Or make a bill;
 Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister;
 Or draw a tooth out of your head;
 Or chatter scandal by your bed;
 Or give a clyster.

Of occupations these were *quantum suff*:
 Yet, still, he thought the list not long enough;
 And therefore Midwifery he chose to pin to't,
 This balanc'd things:—for if he hurl'd
 A few score mortals from the world,
 He made amends by bringing others into't.

His fame, full six miles round the country ran:
 In short, in reputation he was *solus*:
 All the old women call'd him “a fine man!”
 His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, tho' in *trade*,
 (Which oftentimes will Genius fether)
 Read works of fancy, it is said;
 And cultivated the *Belles Lettres*.

And why should this be thought so odd?
 Can't men have taste who cure a phthisic?
 Of poetry though Patron-God,
 Apollo patronises physick.

Bolus lov'd verse;—and took so much delight in't,
 That his prescriptions he resolv'd to write in't.

No opportunity he e'er let pass
 Of writing the directions, on his labels,
 In dapper couplets,—like *Gay's Fables*;
 Or, rather, like the lines in *Hudibras*.

Apothecary's verse!—and where's the treason?
 'Tis simply honest dealing;—not a crime:—
 When patients swallow physick without reason,
 It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a Patient lying at death's door,
 Some three miles from the town—it might be four;
 To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article,
 In pharmacy, that's call'd cathartical.

And, on the label of the stuff,

He wrote this verse;

Which, one would think, was clear enough,

And terse:—

"When taken,

"To be well shaken."

Next morning, early, Bolus rose;
 And to the Patient's house he goes;—

Upon his pad,

Who a vile trick of stumbling had:

It was, indeed, a sorry hack;

But that's of course:

For what's expected from a horse,

With an Apothecary on his back?

Bolus arrived; and gave a doubtful tap;—
 Between a single and a double rap.—

Knocks of this kind

Are given by gentlemen who teach to dance;

By Fiddlers, and by Opera-singers:

One loud, and then a little one behind;

As if the knocker fell, by chance,

Out of their fingers.

The Servant lets him in, with dismal face,
 Long as a courtier's out of place—

Portending some disaster;

John's countenance as rueful looked, and grim,

As If th' Apothecary had physick'd him,—

And not his master.

"Well, how's the Patient? Bolus said:—

John shook his head.

"Indeed!—hum! ha!—that's very odd!"

"He took the draught?" John gave a nod.

"Well,—how?—what then?—speak out, you dunce!"

"Why then"—says John—"we *shook* him once."

"Shook him!—how?"—Bolus stammer'd out:

"We jolted him about."

"Zounds! shake a patient, man!—a shake wont do."

"No, Sir,—and so we gave him two."

"Two shakes! ods curse!"

"'Twould make the patient worse."

"It did so, Sir!—and so a third we try'd."

"Well, and what then?"—"then, Sir, my master died."

POPULAR CUSTOMS ON THE BORDERS.

Marriages.

Fy! let us a' to the bridal!

SCOTS SONG.



HERE is no period, in the whole life of an individual, more calculated to excite all the finer and gentler feelings of the human heart than that when he or she first appears before the altar to be united in the sacred bonds of matrimony. Up to that time, life has been spent in a state where the affections except in the matter of virtuous love, is not generally extended beyond the pale of relationship, or as they may have been exercised towards father and mother, brother and sister. Still, although in such channels reciprocal attachment may and frequently does most happily exist, a generous bosom will experience that its impulses are limited in their play; that a certain feeling of loneliness is inseparable from a single state; that a vacuity is ever present in the sphere of its enjoyment; and therefore an opinion is entertained that time would glide more pleasingly away in daily intercourse with one, whose aims and sympathies, in any station of life, would become identical with its own. Or perhaps, what is still more frequently the case, chance, or circumstances will bring a young pair together, and the pleasure they have in each others company leads them intuitively through the above train of reflective deduction. Hence love making succeeds with its hopes and fears; and

this, again, under favourable influences, leads on to the union of "hands and hearts." To a reflecting mind the change from a single to a married life affords ample scope for thought, not only in taking leave of the past, but in anticipating the future, and considerably calculating how it may be fraught with consequences over which human power may have no effectual controul. But at the same time, such care and foreboding are in a great measure overborne by the agreeable conviction that "come weal or woe," another traveller on this pilgrimage is willing to accompany you—to take fortune as it may come, and be ready to stay you in adversity, or shed a lustre over you in prosperity. As marriage, therefore, is "the nearest and most endearing tie, and the foundation of all other relations," several customs have been observed in celebrating it throughout all ages and countries. Over such of these as have prevailed, within the memory of man, amongst the middle and lower classes on the Borders we propose to take a cursory glance; and that being chiefly a pastoral district where the main portion of the inhabitants resided at a distance from the parish church, their manners may be considered more genuine and of a less fluctuating character than those observed in more populous places.

When the intercourse of courtship was about to assume that of marriage, perhaps the first consideration was to look around and provide a suitable place of abode. New dresses were then to be obtained, and these were selected according to the taste of the parties—lightish colours being generally preferred.* Blue coats and neat light waistcoats have been almost always worn by the bridegroom and his man; while the bride and her maid were as frequently attired in fashionable gowns, white stockings, and fine straw or satin bonnets handsomely trimmed with white ribbon of the same quality. The gloves varied in hue from light yellow to pure white; and these were uniformly worn by all who attended the ceremony. If the bridegroom had an unmarried brother, he was generally appointed as his man; and the bride's eldest unmarried sister was in like manner chosen as her maid. Failing these, the selection was made from individuals, with whom the principals were on terms of close and very intimate friendship. The ring was purchased, and the whole arrangement completed at head quarters in a quiet manner—so much so that even the tailor and dressmaker were, in some instances, bound to secrecy. Such prudent measures, though very unlike the plan adopted by some of our nobility on similar occasions, still reflect much credit on the modest bearing and wisdom of our north country peasantry.

* It was customary amongst labouring people for the bridegroom to furnish his *intended* with a pair of shoes; and she, in return, to provide him with a linen shirt. These of course were worn on the wedding day.

On the evening preceding the wedding day the feet of the bridegroom were washed in a company of two or three of his own particular friends. A similar office was also performed to the bride, but in a more private way. When the bridegroom was undergoing this operation, he contrived to drop, into the vessel containing the water, a silver coin, which never failed to be put to its intended use—that of being *drink money* to those who were present.

Next morning the bridegroom and his party mounted on horseback, and proceeded to the residence of the bride. She was dressed when they arrived, and if the house had two or three apartments, she remained in one to receive the visits of the company. The whole number then sat down to breakfast,* the materials of which were both plentiful, and of a choice description. When the repast was concluded, preparation was then made for going to church. The bride now formed an object of considerable interest: she retired to her repository of gloves and white ribbons; and dealt these out to each of the attendants in a way fitting to the order of the procession, not neglecting the “roses” and “favours” which in some instances were attached to the bridles, and gaily decorated the heads of the horses. She was then mounted either alongside the bridegroom’s man on another horse, or behind him on his own, and closely followed in the same way by the bridegroom and her maid; the other relations, male and female, and the number of friends brought up the rear. All along the road to church, whenever a farm steading or a few houses were passed, the cavalcade were saluted, by way of compliment, with volleys of fire arms; and those who thus blew away their gunpowder, were invited forward to drink the health of the couple whose union was about to be celebrated. There is generally to be found a small inn at a short distance from every parish church, and here the company dismounted to taste its cheer: at the same time, portions of the mirth inspiring liquid were bestowed both upon inmates and visitors, of whom the greater number were polite enough not to refuse whatever tended to promote the general hilarity of the day. The wedding party then proceeded to church in the same order as they arrived—the bride advancing arm in arm with the bridegroom’s man, and followed in the same manner by her maid and the bridegroom,—while the other attendants walked behind. On entering the church, they assembled before the altar, where they were

* Bride’s Cake has been and still continues to be placed on the table both at this meal and that of dinner. Portions of it are afterwards sent round the neighbourhood to relatives and friends. Small slips of the same, passed nine times through the marriage ring, are also distributed amongst the young people; and are supposed when laid under their pillows at night, to possess the power of causing them to dream of their sweethearts.

met by the clergyman who proceeded with the ceremony—the bride standing at his right hand while the bridegroom was stationed at his left, both being immediately before him, and the former was *given away* either by her father or a very intimate friend. When the rite was completed, the bride was saluted by one or more of the male attendants; and then she and her husband entered their names in the register of marriages, which document was also signed by at least another male and female as witnesses. On returning, the newly married couple took the lead, and here much amusement generally ensued; for either the bridegroom or his man were expected to scatter a number of coins amongst the boys whom the procession had drawn together; and when this was done, the scrambling and eagerness shewn by them to possess a share of the offering afforded abundant merriment. On again entering the public house, the best punch bowl was set on the table and filled under the guidance of the groom's man: its contents then circulated around till hearts were high and eyes dazzling, when the reckoning was ascertained and forthwith discharged by the male portion of the wedding attendants,—the visitors and especially the bridegroom not being permitted to draw their purses on this occasion.

In a short time the company were again upon horseback and in motion to the bridegroom's residence, he himself and the bride leading the way. On arriving near home, two or three of the most active spirits who were well mounted, dashed off at the gallop to win what is called the "Kail;"* and whoever arrived first, obtained two knots of white ribbon, one of which he fastened to the bridle of his horse near the left ear, the other he attached to the breast of his own coat, and, thus decorated, he set off again at a rapid pace to meet the approaching company. When the bride was lifted gently down before the door, a portion of cake, and with it sometimes the earthenware plate on which it was placed, were thrown for *luck* over her head. She was then, by her nearest relatives, supported over the threshold of the groom's house, as a certain plea on the score of modesty that she entered it not willingly, but rather by the compulsion of her dearest friends.

The wedding dinner, whatever might be the condition of the newly made couple, was in almost every case a good one.† There was to

* This word has remained in use, although the custom to which it related has long since passed away. The prize awarded formerly, to whoever first reached the door, was, what would now be deemed scarcely worth accepting, a portion of spiced broth, or "Kail."

† Perhaps the most extensive entertainment of this kind that ever took place in Northumberland was held at Tosson, near Rothbury about the middle of the last century. It occurred on celebrating the nuptials of Mr. William Donkin, and Miss Eleanor Shotton, both of that place. There were provided no less than 120 quarters of lamb, 44 quarters

be found an abundance of excellent fare ; and between dishes the "wee drappie" was most agreeably supplied. A piper or a fiddler was in attendance ; and, when all had feasted, he tuned his instrument and saluted their ears with the best and merriest of his strains. Such of the younger portion of the guests as loved dancing, enjoyed themselves in that pastime ; and often were they joined by others who had arrived at an age of grave discretion. In the course of the afternoon tea, in its showy accompaniments, was served up ; the evening was spent joyously ; and when the newly united pair retired and were placed on the nuptial couch, preparations were made for "eating the posset" and "flinging the stocking." Into the chamber was brought a bowl containing a portion of broken white bread soaked in hot milk instead of wine, into which the marriage ring was dropped ; the bride and bridegroom tasted the contents first, then the bowl was assailed by the lasses and lads ; and whoever *fished* up the ring was accounted to have the best chance of being first married. While this was progressing, the bride, who had kept her left stocking beside her, threw it over her left shoulder amongst the party ; and the person on whom it fell was also marked out as the soonest to exchange a single for a wedded life. The company then withdrew ; and, thus, the festivity of the day terminated.

In the celebration of every marriage, it will, however, be readily perceived that some deviation less or more would be made from what we have mentioned. If the party were of a higher rank, carriages were used for conveyance instead of horseback, and after the performance of the ceremony, the day was generally spent at a distance from home. Again when the party resided near the church, no horses were required ; and if they resorted to the public house, it was after the bridal knot was tied. In Scotland matrimonial unions were solemnized without the aid of a ring, in place of which *marriage lines* were, by the clergyman, delivered to the bride. Also, when the distance from the kirk was not so great as to require the aid of horses, a fiddler accompanied the party to and from the place, playing his merriest tunes before them ; and on returning, the measure he always twanged off ran in full unison with these words :—

" She's ours, she's ours ; she's nae mair yours ;
She's owre the kirk-stile and away wi' her !"

of veal, 20 quarters of mutton, a great quantity of beef, 12 hams, with a suitable number of chickens, &c., which was concluded with eight half-ankers of brandy made into punch, twelve dozens of cyder, a great many gallons of wine, and ninety bushels of malt brewed into beer. The company consisted of 550 ladies and gentlemen, who were diverted with the music of twenty-five fiddlers and pipers, and the whole was concluded with the utmost unanimity.—*Gent's. Mag.*

Neither would it be proper to suppose that the foregoing account is strictly applicable to marriages which are celebrated in the present day. Undoubtedly they are conducted in rather a similar manner, although some of the usages pointed out, are not now observed. The feet washing is not so formally practised; and "eating the posset," and the "stocking flinging" have, perhaps with propriety, been altogether discontinued.

It was and is still customary that the newly married pair with the man and maid, and some others of the marriage company, appear at a place of public worship on the succeeding Sunday. This they generally perform, and on their return, dinner is served up; tea is also tabled at its proper time; and the evening is spent in a kind, friendly manner, but with much less extravagant mirth than that which abounded on the day of the espousals.

When the couple have, under the best wishes of their friends, commenced life on their own account, one is almost led to believe that their share of earthly happiness will long continue unalloyed. This, no doubt, in many instances is the case, and 'tis well: if sincere love and a spirit of sympathy, based on the consciousness of each others virtue, exist between them, the toils of life will be cheerfully borne. Still unfortunate unions take place; and, indeed, considering how strangely the elements of good and evil are mixed in the human mind, and how its tendencies are not always regulated by moral or religious principle, it would not to us be a matter of wonder if these were even of more frequent occurrence. Inattention on the husband's part towards contributing what may be necessary, under prudent economy, to make his house comfortable, whereby it may possess attraction to him at all times, is often a cause of dissension; and again, if with these requisites, his partner have neither the skill nor wish to regulate her domestic affairs in a way suitable to her station, nor endeavour to soothe her husband when struggling with the world, at times when consolation is necessary—all these contribute to render the marriage state unhappy. Indeed the most essential ingredient in the disposition of a female is HEART, according to the meaning generally attached to that word. If she lack this; or if her purity of mind has been tainted by depraved companionship, the man is fortunate who falls not in her way. But a woman whose affections are entire, whose conduct was ever virtuous, and whose benevolent disposition is ever prompting and urging her onward in the performance of kind offices to both her relatives and friends—such a being is in point of worth beyond all price, and would appear to be sent amongst us by way of awakening our gratitude to heaven for the enjoyment, through her, of so much of its goodness.—*R. White's MSS.*

Battle of Flodden Field.



T seems uncertain to whose genius the world is indebted for this pleasing production, which, by the majority of poetical commentators, has been ascribed to one Thomas Deloney, who (1596) was committed to the Compter, by the then Mayor of London, for ridiculing the Government in his compositions. The battle of Flodden, Northumberland, was fought on September the 9th, 1513, in the fifth year of the reign of Henry VIII. between Thomas Howard Earl of Surry, and James IV. King of Scotland, whose army, amounting to 15,000 men, was entirely defeated, and himself left dead upon the field. "In disgrace of the Scots," says Deloney, "and in remembrance of the famous achieved Victory, the Commons of England made this Song."

KING James he hath made a vow,
 (Keep it well if he may)
 That he will be at lovely London
 Upon Saint James his day.—

'Upon Saint James his day, at noon,
 At fair London will I be;
 And all the Lords in merry Scotland,
 They shall dine there with me!'

Then bespoke good Queen Margaret,
 (The tears fell from her eye!)
 'Leave off these wars, most noble King,
 Keep your fidelity;

'The water runs swift and wond'rous deep,
 From bottom unto the brim;
 My brother Henry hath men good enough,
 England is hard to win!'

'Away,' quoth he, 'with this silly fool!
 In prison fast let her lie;
 For she is come of the English blood,
 And for these words she shall die.'

That day made many a fatherless child,
And many a widow poor;
And many a Scottish gay Lady
Sat weeping in her bow'r.

With this bespoke Lord Thomas Howard
The Queen's Chamberlain that day,
'If that you put Queen Margaret to death,
Scotland shall rue it away!'

Then, in a rage, King James he did say,
'Away with this foolish mome;
He shall be hang'd, and the other burn'd,
So soon as I come home.'

At Flodden-field the Scots came in,
Which made our Englishmen fain;
At Bramstone-green this battle was seen,
And there was King James slain!

Then presently the Scots did fly,
Their cannon they left behind,
Their ensigns gay were all worn away;
Our soldiers did beat them blind.

To tell you plain—twelve thousand were slain,
That to the fight did stand;
And many a prisoner, took that day,
The best in all Scotland.

IN A FIELD ADJOINING THE CHURCH YARD AT BEDLINGTON, NORTHUMBERLAND, STANDS THE FOLLOWING SINGULAR TOMB STONE, OF THE DATE A. D. 1801, ERECTED BY THE VICAR, THE REV. H. COATES, TO THE MEMORY OF A FAVOURITE HORSE CALLED *WHEATLEY*:—

“Steady the path ordain'd by Nature's God,
And free from human vices, *Wheatley* trod;
Yet hop'd no future life—his all he liv'd.
The turf he graz'd his parting breath receiv'd,
And now protects his bones:—disturb them not,
But let one faithful horse respected rot.”

NARRATIVE

OF THE

MURDER OF ANNE WALKER.

FROM SURTEES' HISTORY OF DURHAM.



THE following narrative of a murder committed by Mark Sharp, collier, at the instigation of John Walker of Chester-le-Street, yeoman, and afterwards discovered by supernatural means, is, in the opinion of Master John Webster, practitioner of physic, (who wrote a book expressly for "the displaying and detecting of supposed Witchcraft") one of "those apparitions and strange accidents which can-

not be solved by the supposed principles of matter and motion, but which do evidently require some other cause, above or different from the visible and ordinary course of nature, effects that do strangely exceed the power of natural causes, and may for ever convince all atheistical minds*."

Secondly. The narrative is inserted in Dr. Henry More's letter, forming part of the Prolegomena to Mr. Joseph Glanvil's work, intituled, "*Sadducismus triumphatus*," and is copied verbatim from John Webster (from whom, however, on other matters and occasions, Dr. More differeth *toto cælo*), with the additional grave testimony of *Mr. William Lumley, of Great Lumley*, an ancient gentleman who was present at the trial, and of *Mr. Shepherdson*, whom the Doctor terms his "discreet and faithful intelligencer." "This story of Anne Walker," adds the Doctor, "you will do well (Master Glanvil), to put amongst your additions, it being so excellently well attested, and so unexceptionably in every respect; and hasten as fast as you can that impression, to undeceive the half-witted world," who do so exult in the supposed slaying of the *Dæmon of Tedworth* (as if the Devil were really dead), that they do now, "with more gait and security than ever, sing in a loud note that mad drunken catch, 'Heyho! the Devil is dead'."

About the year of our Lord 1632, (as near as I can remember, hav-

* Webster's "Displaying of supposed Witchcraft," fol. 1677, p. 293-4.

ing lost my notes, and the copy of the letters to Serjeant Hutton, but am sure that I do most perfectly remember the substance of the story,) near unto Chester, in the Street, there lived one Walker, a yeoman of good estate, and a widower, who had a young woman to his kinswoman, that kept his house, who was, by the neighbours, suspected to be with child, and was, towards the dark of the evening one night, sent away with one Mark Sharp, who was a collier, or one that digged coals under ground, and one that had been born in Blakeburn hundred in Lancashire; and so she was not heard of a long time, and no noise, or little, was made about it. In the winter-time after, one James Graham or Grime, (for so in that country they call them) being a miller, and living about two miles from the place where Walker lived, was one night alone very late in the mill, grinding corn; and about twelve or one o'clock at night, he came down the stairs from having been putting corn in the hopper; the mill doors being shut, there stood a woman upon the midst of the floor, with her hair about her head, hanging down, and all bloody, with five large wounds on her head. He being much affrighted and amaz'd, began to bless himself; and at last, ask'd her who she was, and what she wanted? To which she said, I am the spirit of such a woman, who lived with Walker, and being got with child by him, he promised to send me to a private place, where I should be well look'd to, till I was brought to bed, and well again; and then I should come again and keep his house. And accordingly, said the apparition, I was one night late sent away with one Mark Sharp, who, upon a moor, naming a place that the miller knew, slew me with a pick, such as men dig coals withal, and gave me these five wounds, and after threw my body into a coal-pit hard by, and hid the pick under a bank; and his shoes and stockings being bloody, he endeavoured to wash 'em; but seeing the blood would not forth, he hid them there. And the apparition further told the miller, that he must be the man to reveal it, or else that she must still appear and haunt him. The miller returned home very sad and heavy, but spoke not one word of what he had seen, but eschewed as much as he could to stay in the mill within night without company, thinking thereby to escape the seeing again of that frightful apparition. But notwithstanding, one night when it began to be dark, the apparition met him again, and seemed very fierce and cruel, and threatened him, that if he did not reveal the murder, she would continually pursue and haunt him; yet for all this, he still concealed it until St. Thomas's Eve before Christmas; when being, soon after sunset, walking in his garden, she appeared again, and then so threatened him, and affrighted him, that he faithfully promised to reveal it next morning. In the morning, he went to a magistrate, and made

the whole matter known with all the circumstances ; and diligent search being made, the body was found in a coal-pit, with five wounds in the head, and the pick and shoes and stockings yet bloody, in every circumstance as the apparition had related unto the miller ; whereupon Walker and Mark Sharp were both apprehended, but would confess nothing. At the assizes following, I think it was at Durham, they were arraigned, found guilty, condemn'd and executed ; but I could never hear they confess'd the fact. There were some that reported the apparition did appear to the Judge, or the foreman of the jury, who was alive in Chester in the Street about ten years ago, as I have been credibly inform'd, but of that I know no certainty. There are many persons yet alive, that can remember this strange murder and the discovery of it ; for it was, and sometimes yet is, as much discoursed of in the north country, as any thing that almost hath ever been heard of, and the relation printed, tho' now not to be gotten. I relate this with the greater confidence (though I may fail in some of the circumstances) because I saw and read the letter that was sent to Sergeant Hutton, who then lived at Goldsbrugh in Yorkshire, from the Judge before whom Walker and Mark Sharp were tried, and by whom they were condemn'd, and had a copy of it until about the year 1658, when I had it and many other books and papers taken from me ; and this I confess to be one of the most convincing stories, being of undoubted verity, that ever I read, heard, or knew of, and carrieth with it the most evident force, to make the most incredulous spirit to be satisfied, that there are really, sometimes, such things as apparitions ; thus far he.

This story is so considerable, that I make mention of it in my *Scholia*, on my *Immortality of the Soul*, in my *Volumen Philosophicum*, tom. 2. which I acquainting a friend of mine with, a prudent intelligent person, Dr. J. D., he of his own accord offer'd me, it being a thing of such consequence, to send to a friend of his in the north, for greater assurance of the truth of the narrative ; which motion I willingly embracing, he did accordingly. The answer to this letter, from his friend Mr. Sheperdson, is this :—I have done what I can to inform myself of the passage of Sharp and Walker ; there are very few men that I could meet, that were then men, or at the trial, saving these two in the inclosed paper, both men at that time, and both at the trial ; and for Mr. Lumley, he lived next door to Walker, and what he hath given under his hand can depose, if there were occasion. The other gentleman writ his attestation with his own hand ; but I, being not there, got not his name to it. I could have sent you twenty hands, that could have said thus much, and more by hearsay, but I thought these most proper, that could speak from their own

eyes and ears. Thus far Mr. Sheperdson, the Doctor's discreet and faithful intelligencer; now for Mr. Lumley of Lumley, being an ancient gentleman, and at the trial of Walker and Sharp, upon the murder of Anne Walker, saith, that he doth very well remember that the said Anne was servant to Walker, and that she was supposed to be with child, but would not disclose by whom; but being removed to her aunt's in the same town, called Dame Caire, told her aunt, that he, that got her with child, would take care both for her and it, and bid her not trouble herself. After some time she had been at her aunts, it was observed, that Sharp came to Lumley one night, being a sworn-brother of the said Walker's; and they two, that night, called her forth from her aunt's house, which night she was murder'd: about fourteen days after the murder, there appeared to one Graime* a fuller, at his mill, six miles from Lumley, the likeness of a woman, with her hair about her head, and the appearance of five wounds in her head, as the said Graime gave it in evidence; that that appearance bid him go to a justice of peace, and relate to him, how that Walker and Sharp had murdered her in such a place as she was murdered; but he fearing to disclose a thing of that nature, against a person of credit as Walker was, would not have done it; upon which, the said Graime did go to a justice of peace, and related the whole matter. Whereupon the justice of peace granted warrants against Walker and Sharp, and committed them to a prison; but they found bail to appear at the next assizes, at which they came to their trial, and upon evidence of the circumstances, with that of Graime of the appearance, they were both found guilty and executed.

WILLIAM LUMLEY.

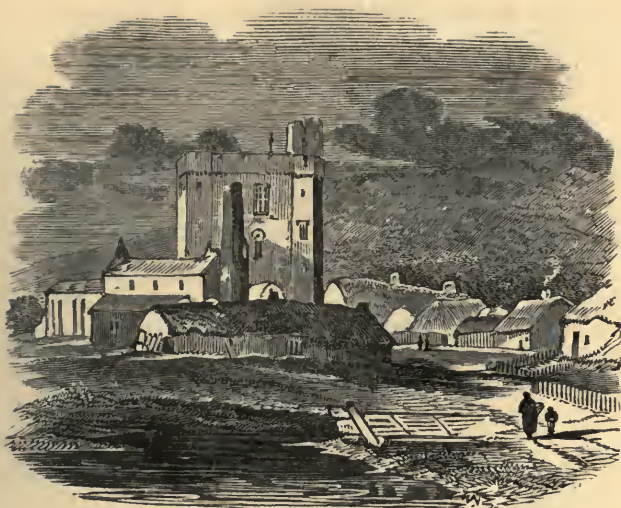
The other testimony is of Mr. James Smart, of the city of Durham; who saith, that the trial of Sharp and Walker was in the month of August, 1631, before Judge Davenport. One Mr. Fairhair gave it in evidence upon oath, that he saw *the likeness of a child stand upon Walker's shoulders*, during the time of the trial; at which time, the Judge was very much troubled, and gave sentence that night the trial was, which was a thing never used in Durham, before nor after. Out of which two testimonies, several things may be corrected or supplied in Mr. Webster's story, though it be evident enough that, in the main, they agree; for that is but a small disagreement as to the years, when Mr. Webster says about the year of our Lord 1632, and Mr. Smart, 1631. But *unless at Durham they have assizes but once in the year*, I understand not so well how Sharp and Walker should be apprehended some little while after St. Thomas's

* Graime's original deposition is in the Bodleian.

day, as Mr. Webster has it, and he tried at the next assizes at Durham, and yet that be in August, according to Mr. Smart's testimony. Out of Mr. Lumley's testimony, the christian name of the young woman is supplied, as also the name of the town near Chester in the Street, namely Lumley. The circumstances also, of Walker's sending away his kinswoman with Mark Sharp, are supplied out of Mr. Lumley's narrative, and the time rectified, by telling it was about fourteen days till the spectre appeared after the murder, when as Mr. Webster makes it a long time. Two errors also more are corrected, in Mr. Webster's narration, by Mr. Lumley's testimony; the distance of the miller from Lumley, where Walker dwelt, which was six miles, not two miles, as Mr. Webster has it; and also that it was not a mill to grind corn in, but a fuller's mill, the apparition, night by night, pulling the cloathes off Graime's bed, omitted in Mr. Webster's story, may be supplied out of Mr. Lumley's; and Mr. Smart's testimony puts it out of controversy, that the trial was at Durham, and before Judge Davenport, which is omitted by Mr. Webster. And whereas Mr. Webster says, there were some that reported, that the apparition did appear to the Judge, or the foreman of the jury: but of that he knows no certainty. This confession of his, as it is a sign he would not write any thing in this story, of which he was not certain, for the main; so here is a very seasonable supply for this, out of Mr. Smart, who affirms that he heard one Mr. Fairhair give evidence upon oath, that he saw the likeness of a child stand upon Walker's shoulders, during the time of the trial; it is likely this Mr. Fairhair might be the foreman of the jury,—and, in that the Judge was so very much troubled, that himself also might see the same apparition, as Webster says report went; though the mistake in Mr. Webster is, that it was the apparition of a woman; but this of the child was very fit and apposite, placed on his shoulders, as one that was justly loaded or charged with that crime of getting his kinswoman with child, as well as complotting with Sharp to murder her.

The letter also, which he mentions writ from the Judge, before whom the trial was heard, to Sergeant Hutton, it is plain out of Mr. Smart's testimony, that it was from Judge Davenport; which, in all likelihood, was a very full and punctual narrative of the whole business, and enabled Mr. Webster, in some considerable things, to be more particular than Mr. Lumley; but the agreement is so exact, for the main, that there is no doubt to be made of the truth of the apparition.





BOTHAL CASTLE.

L A D Y J E A N ,

A Ballad.



Y Bothal Tower, sweet Wansbeck's stream
 Rins bickerin' to the sea ;
 Aloft, within the breeze o' morn,
 The banner's wavin' free.

There's joy in Bothal's bonnie bowers ;
 There's mirth within the ha' ;
 But, owre the cheeks o' Lady Jean,
 The tricklin' tear-drops fa'.

She sits within her chamber high—
 Her cousin by her side ;
 Yet sweer is she to don the dress
 That's fitting for a bride.

“ O haste ! Lord Dacre's on his way ;
 Ye hae nae time to spare :
 Come let me clasp that girdle jimp,
 And braid your glossy hair.

“Of a’ the ladies i’ the land,
Ye’se be surpass’d by nane;
The lace that’s on your velvet robe,
Wi’ goud ’ill stand its lane.

“This jewelled chaplet ye’ll put on—
That broidered necklace gay;
For we maun hae ye buskit weel
On this—your bridal day.”—

“O! Ellen, ye would think it hard
To wed against your will!
I never loo’d Lord Dacre yet;
I dinna like him still.

“He kens though oft he sued for love,
Upon his bended knee,
Ae tender word—ae kindly look,
He never gat frae me.

“And he has gained my mother’s ear—
My father’s stern command;
Yet this fond heart can ne’er be his,
Altho’ he claim my hand.

“O Ellen, softly list to me!
I still may ’scape the snare:
When morning raise owre Otterburne,
The tidings would be there.

“And hurrying on comes Umphreville,—
His spur is sharp at need:
There’s nane in a’ Northumberland,
Can mount a fleeter steed.

“Ah! weel I ken his heart is true—
He will—he must be here:
Aboon the garden wa’ he’ll wave
The pennon o’ his spear.”—

“Far is the gate, the burns are deep,
The broken muirs are wide;
Fair lady, ere your true love come,
Ye’ll be Lord Dacre’s bride.

“ Wi’ stately, solemn step, the priest
Climbs up the chapel stair:
Alas! alas! for Umphreville;
His heart may weel be sair!

“ Keep back! keep back! Lord Dacre’s steed—
Ye maunna trot but gang:
And haste ye! haste ye! Umphreville!
Your lady thinks ye lang.”—

In velvet sheen she wadna dress;
Nae pearls owre her shone;—
Nor broidered necklace, sparkling bright,
Would Lady Jean put on.

Up raise she frae her cushion’d seat,
And tottered like to fa’;
Her cheek grew like the rose, and then
‘Turned whiter than the sna.’

“ O Ellen, thraw the casement up;
Let in the air to me:
Look down within the castle-yard,
And tell me what ye see.”—

“ Your father’s stan’in’ on the steps—
Your mother’s at the door;
Out thro’ the postern comes the train—
Lord Dacre rides before.

“ Fu’ yauld an’ gracefu’ lights he down,
Sae does his gallant band;
And low he doffs his bonnet plume,
And shakes your father’s hand.

“ List! lady, list a bugle note!
It sounds not loud but clear;—
Up! up! I see aboon the wa’,
Your true love’s pennon’d spear!”—

An’ up fu’ quick gat Lady Jean;—
Nae ailment had she mair:
Blythe was her look, an’ firm her step,
As she ran down the stair.

An' thro' amang the apple trees,
 An' up the walk she flew :
 Until she reached her true love's side,
 Her breath she scarcely drew.

Lord Dacre fain would see the bride :
 He sought her bower alane ;
 But dowf an' blunkit grew his look,
 When Lady Jean was gane.

Sair did her father stamp an' rage—
 Sair did her mother mourn ;
 She's up an' off wi' Umphreville,
 To bonnie Otterburne.

R. W.

Epitaphs.

AT ALNWICK, IN NORTHUMBERLAND.

HERE lieth Martin Elphinston,
 Who with his sword did cut in sun-
 -der the daughter of Sir Harry
 Crispe, who did his daughter marry.
 She was fat and fulsome,
 But men will some-
 -times eat bacon with the bean,
 And love the fat as well as lean.

Gent's. Mag. 1767.

IN MORPETH CHURCH-YARD.

BEHOLD the silent grave it doth embrace,
 A virtuous wife, with Rachel's comely face,
 Sarah's obedience, Leah's open heart,
 Martha's tender care, and Mary's better part,

Scourge, 1814.

MARY ASTELL.



MARY Astell, the daughter of a merchant of Newcastle upon Tyne, was born in 1668. The proofs of acuteness and capacity, which she displayed in the early periods of youth, attracted the attention of her uncle, a clergyman, who requested her parents to commit their daughter to his charge, and allow him to become her preceptor. Under the tuition of this gentleman, she acquired the French and Latin languages, and made a considerable progress in logic, philosophy, and the mathematics.

In the twentieth year of her age, she quitted Newcastle and came to the metropolis, where she prosecuted her studies with diligence and success. During the remainder of her life, which was devoted to literary pursuits, she resided alternately either in London or Chelsea.

From having experienced in the study of letters a fruitful source of independent pleasure, she became solicitous to impart to her sex the satisfaction she enjoyed, to raise the general character of women, and to rescue them from ignorance and frivolity. In a defective education, she was persuaded, was to be found the true cause of those frailties and follies absurdly attributed to the sex. Under these impressions, she wrote and published an anonymous treatise, entitled "A serious Proposal to the Ladies, for the Advancement of their true and greatest Interest." A second part to this address was a short time after given to the public; "wherein a method is offered for the Improvement of their Minds." These productions, printed in 12mo. London, 1696, were favourably received, and even appeared to produce an effect on the female character, towards the improvement of which they were directed.

A lady of fortune, impressed by these publications, proposed to contribute £10,000 towards erecting a seminary, or college, for the education of young women, and also to serve as an asylum for those whom misfortune, studious habits, or other circumstances, should render desirous of retiring from the world. The execution of this laudable and rational project was prevented by bishop Burnet, from a puerile apprehension, that its resemblance to conventual institutions would reflect scandal upon the Reformation.

About this time, Mr. John Norris published his "Practical discourses upon several divine Subjects." The perusal of this performance having suggested, to the mind of Mrs. Astell, certain doubts, she

stated her objections in a letter to the author, of whom she requested their solution. Several letters having passed between them on the subject Mr. Norris prevailed with the lady, on condition that her name should be concealed, to consent to their publication. Two prefaces were prefixed to the work (one by each of the writers), which was entitled, "Letters concerning the Love of God, between the Author of 'Proposals to the Ladies,' and Mr. John Norris, wherein his late Discourse, shewing that the Love of God ought to be entire and exclusive of all other Love, is cleared and justified:" published by J. Norris, M. A. rector of Bemerton near Sarum; London, 1695, 8vo. The curiosity of the public, defeated Mrs. Astell's modest desire of concealment; her letters attracted great notice both for their spirit and style, and procured her credit and esteem; in Mr. Norris's preface they are complimented in a high strain of panegyric.

During the ensuing seven years it does not appear that Mrs. Astell resumed her pen, except in "A Letter to a Lady, written by a Lady," 1696: a humorous essay in defence of her sex. In this period she devoted herself to the prosecution of scientific studies. To preserve herself from the interruption of frivolous visits, from such persons as relieve themselves from the burthen of time unemployed by breaking in upon their more rational and industrious acquaintance, she was accustomed, from her window, jestingly, to inform intruders, that 'Mrs. Astell was not at home.' The classics next engaged her attention, to the perusal of which she diligently applied herself. Her favourite authors were Xenophon, Plato, Hierocles, Tully, Seneca, Epictetus, and M. Antoninus.

In 1700 she wrote and published "Reflections on Marriage," in which she contended with force and spirit for what she conceived to be the privileges of her sex. A recent disappointment, in a matrimonial engagement, with an eminent clergyman, the particulars of which are unknown, gave, it is thought, on this occasion, a more poignant edge to her satire. This production, of course, excited opposition and provoked malignity. A second edition 8vo. was published in 1705, to which was added a preface, in reply to the objections which had been urged. Both the performance and the preface were written with point and smartness.

Polenic controversy now engaged her attention, and afforded an exercise to her active mind. In answer to Dr. d'Avenant's "Moderation a Virtue," and "Essays on Peace and War," she undertook the defence of establishments, in a quarto pamphlet, entitled "Moderation truly stated, or a Review of 'Moderation a Virtue;' or the occasional Conformist justified from the Imputations of Hypocrisy, &c." 1704. This publication, which bore hard upon the dissenters,

and proved her acquaintance with the religious disputes of the times, was traced with little difficulty to the author, who obtained the applause of the learned prelates whose cause she had espoused. Among those by whom she was more particularly distinguished, may be named Mr. Henry Dodwell; Dr. Hickes, eminent for his learning and knowledge; Dr. John Walker, who speaks of her in his "Sufferings of the Clergy;" also Mr. Evelyn, in his "Catalogue of learned Women." Dr. F. Atterbury, bishop of Rochester, in a letter to Dr. Smallridge, thus writes; "About a fortnight ago, I dined with Mrs. Astell. She spoke to me of my sermon against bishop Hoadley's 'Measures of Submission,' and desired me to print it, hinting that she wished to peruse it. I accordingly sent it to her on the following day. Yesterday she returned it, with a sheet of remarks of an extraordinary nature, considering they came from the pen of a woman. Indeed one could not imagine them to have been written by a woman, &c.—She attacks me home you see, and artfully enough, under pretence of taking my part against those who are in Hoadley's measures. I dread to engage her: so I merely wrote a general answer, leaving the rest to a conference."

To a pamphlet entitled "Short Ways," she replied, 1704, in "A fair Way, with the Dissenters and their Patrons; not written by Mr. L——g, or any other furious Jacobite, whether Clergyman or Layman, but by a moderate Person and dutiful Subject to the Queen;" London, 4to. Before this performance had passed the press, a new edition of "Moderation a Virtue" was published by Dr. d'Avenant, to which Mrs. Astell wrote an immediate answer. In the ensuing year she also published a letter, addressed to a lady of high rank, entitled "The Christian Religion, as professed by a daughter of the Church of England, &c." London, 1705, 8vo. In this performance she enters into a metaphysical disquisition, and attacks Mr. Locke on his notion of *thinking matter*. Some remarks are added on the sermons of Tillotson.

The concerns of the church and state have, by modern governments, been so interwoven, that a connection is generally observed between theological and political investigation. Mrs. Astell's next production was, "An impartial Enquiry into the Causes of Rebellion and Civil War in this Kingdom; in an Examination of Dr. Kenrick's Sermon, January 30. 1703-4: and a Vindication of the Royal Martyr:" London, 4to.

The former periods of her life having been thus occupied by literature and study, she devoted herself, towards its close, to a rigid observance of the duties and ceremonials of her religion. For some years before her death she was accustomed to walk, regardless of

weather, every Sunday from Chelsea to St. Martin's church, to attend the instructions of a favourite preacher. The bloom of her life had been consumed in abstracted pursuits, and in the acquisition of knowledge: her heart was pure and her manners blameless; her temper gentle, her spirits serene and equal, and her conversation instructive and animated. It was her favourite maxim, that "a Christian ought to be cheerful." But, while indulgent to others, her severity towards herself degenerated into superstition and scrupulosity. She imposed on herself a severe abstinence, inconsistent with the temper of Christianity, frequently allowing herself for a considerable time, no other sustenance than bread and water; and rarely, at any time, dining till night. "Abstinence," she contended, "was the best physic." Those who indulged at the table, she believed, must be indisposed either for study or devotion. The human mind is prone to extremes: temperance, not abstinence, is the law of nature; application, intense and unremitted, by wasting the spirits, exhausts the body and hastens its decay.

Her death seems to have been occasioned by a cancer in her breast; a painful and terrible disease, which, for some years, she carefully concealed even from the most intimate of her friends. It is not improbable that this disorder originated in a severe and sedentary life, by which the blood is impoverished, and the system debilitated. The symptoms at length becoming alarming, she requested the advice of Mr. Johnson, a gentleman eminent for his surgical skill, who hinted the necessity of amputation. Without appearing in any degree intimidated, she immediately consented to the operation, entreating only that it might be performed in the most private manner, and scarcely allowing the presence of the requisite assistants. She refused, on this trying occasion, either to be held or to have her hands confined, and submitted herself to the operator without shrinking; nor during her sufferings did a complaint or a sigh escape her.

Through the whole of her subsequent confinement, she displayed the same fortitude and patience. Her friends, trusting that the disorder was eradicated, flattered themselves with the hope of her recovery; but her blood was contaminated, and her constitution impaired. She continued to languish for some time, while her strength gradually declined. As she perceived her dissolution draw near, she gave orders for her coffin and shroud to be placed near her bed, as a *momento* of her approaching fate. Occupied entirely by her devotions, for some days previous to her death, she refused to admit to her chamber even her most intimate friends, lest they should discompose the serenity of her mind. She expired May 11th, 1731, and was interred at Chelsea.

Among the most distinguished of Mrs. Astell's friends may be

mentioned lady Elizabeth Hastings, and lady Catherine Jones ; the former of these ladies appears to have been, on various occasions, her munificent patroness.

Biographical Fæminium—Ballard's Lives of illustrious British Ladies, &c.

STOB-CROSS.

FROM SURTEES' HISTORY OF DURHAM.



FEW fields to the south of Stob-cross, near Cornforth, in the county of Durham, stands a ruined dove-cote, shaded by a few straggling ashes, and haunted by a brood of wood pigeons. Here a poor girl put herself down for love, in the homely phrase of the country, on the very spot of her appointment, with her traitor lover ; and her spirit still hovers round the cote, the scene of her earthly loves and sorrows, in the

form of a milk-white dove, distinguished from its companions by three distinct crimson spots on the breast. The poor maid was laid in the church-yard "allowed her virgin strewments and the bringing home of bell and burial." The traitor, "he, the deceiver, who could win maiden's heart, ruin and leave her," drowned himself some years after in the Floatbeck, and being buried where four roads meet with a stake or stob driven through his body, left the name of the transaction to Stob-cross.

Then might the pitying bard the tale repeat
Of hapless village love in ages past ;
How the pale maid, the victim of deceit,
Sunk like the primrose in the northern blast,
See where the ring-doves haunt yon ruined tower,
Where Ivy twines amidst the ashen spray ;
There still she hovers round the lonely bower,
Where anguish closed her melancholy day.
A dove she seems distinguish'd from the rest,
Three crimson blood-drops stain her snowy breast.

Superstitions of the North.

INCIDENT AT SEA.



ON consequence of a violent storm of wind from the S. W. on the 23rd of January 1795, Thomas Hutchinson, of Stockton, was driven to sea in the afternoon, in a small open boat, which was taking in white sand from the bed of the river Tees, near Clement's Beacon. The waves running very high, he soon lost sight of land, and never recovered it again in his boat. He continued alone in this perilous situation all the succeeding night, and the whole of the next day. He never experienced darkness during the night; the white surf, in a state of constant agitation, affording him sufficient light to lave the water from his boat. His mind was not particularly depressed; as this severe labour, the probable means of his preservation, was the constant and sole object of his attention. On the evening of the 24th, he was taken up at sea. Holy Island being the nearest land, by the *Argo*, of Sunderland, which had been driven out of Whitby Roads by the same gale. He never saw the vessel which preserved him till she had almost run him down. What renders this providential escape more wonderful is, that the boat sunk within ten minutes after he had left her.—*Brewster's Stockton.*

The following verses, which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for March 1796, are supposed to have been written by Thomas Hutchinson, on the occasion of his miraculous preservation.



THE foaming billows, loudly raging,
Swell before the rising storm;
Destruction all my thoughts engaging—
Good Heav'n preserve my boat from harm!
Ah! my anchor, small and tender,
Slides before the swelling breeze;
Save, oh! save me, life's Defender!
See, we leave the friendly Tees!

Tremendous rolls the mighty ocean,
Waves on waves still higher rise;
Scarce my vessel bears the motion;
Lo she strikes the frowning skies.

Now from this wat'ry ridge she's ready
To launch into the vast profound,
My heart and hand no longer steady
Feel her beat the hollow ground.

With fainting voice I call assistance,
Call—but there is none to hear—
Every help is at a distance ;
My drooping soul's appall'd with fear ;
All around my eye-balls flashing
Seek some distant mountain's brow ;
Nought I hear but torrents dashing ;
Nought but Heav'n can save me now.

See! my boat with water filling
Soon must sink beneath the wave!
The dreadful thought my fancy chilling
Lends my arm the strength to lave :
A little lighten'd by my labour,
Hope revives within my breast,
Hope, a kind and friendly neighbour,
Soothes the mourning soul to rest.

But, with horror, day declining
Leaves me here in darkness bound ;
Now adieu to grief and pining,
Here a wat'ry grave I've found ;
“ O thou Sun,” I cry, and, starting,
Anxious gaze upon the skies,
“ I see thy friendly beams departing,
“ But who, alas! will see thee rise ? ”

Night comes on—but darkness never
Eclipses all the genial light,
The white surf aids my fond endeavour,
And joyful cheers my aching sight.
Once more Hope, with angel feature,
Sinks into my tortur'd breast ;
Heav'n, preserve thy humbled creature,
And lead him to a port of rest.

All hail the sign! the beaming morning
Glances o'er the rolling wave,

Its rays, the silver surge adorning,
Gives earnest of the power to save.
My little skiff still braves the motion,
Still she drives before the gale ;
My eyes I dart along the ocean,
In hopes to spy a passing sail.

Dreadful still is all around me,
No glimpse of cheerful shore is nigh,
Death in hideous forms surrounds me,
Hear, oh ! hear my earnest cry !
Alone, exhausted, tempest-driv'n.
Here my labours all must end ;
Protect my wife, all righteous Heav'n !
And be to my poor babes a friend !

Deep sighs within my bosom heaving,
Although no tears bedew my cheek,
Tell the sharpen'd pang at leaving
All I love their lot to seek :
Ah ! while I gaze, my eye-balls straining—
Is it a sail that glads my sight ?
It is—and Heav'n has heard my 'plaining
Before another dreadful night.

Words I want to speak my feeling ;
See, they cast the friendly rope !
Here, in water humbly kneeling,
Thanks—for this is more than hope !
Now on-board the ship arriving,
How my flutt'ring thoughts rejoice ;
Joy and fear together striving—
And do I hear a human voice ?

And can I see without emotion,
While on this safe deck I tread,
My little boat sink in the ocean,
Through various perils hither led ?
'Tis gone—and ye, who hear my story,
Join in praise to Heav'n above ;
To HIM alone be pow'r and glory,
To us benevolence and love !



THE BRAWN OF BRANCEPATH.



THE village of Brancepath, pleasantly situated at the distance of four miles and three quarters south-west by west of Durham, is said to have derived its name (a corruption of *Brawn's-path*) from a brawn of vast size, which in ancient times laid waste the surrounding country. After committing many ravages, it was at length destroyed by "*Hodge of Ferry*," whose prowess is celebrated in the "*Superstitions of the North*," whence the two following stanzas are extracted:—

- "The muse may sing how in a northern wood
 In olden time, a bristled brawn was seen,
 Of giant size, which long the force withstood
 Of knight well arm'd with club or dagger keen.
- "And how, when Dian held her nightly reign
 And silv'ry moon-beams slept on Vedra's breast,
 The monster scour'd along the silent plain,
 And, roaring loud, disturbed the peasant's rest."

Brancepath Castle, the magnificent residence of William Russell,

esq., anciently a seat of the Earls of Westmorland, stands a little to the south-west of the village. The old castle, originally erected by the Bulmer family, previous to the Conquest, was strongly fortified, and defended by towers and a moat; this was, however, nearly all taken down by the late Matthew Russell, esq., and the present structure erected on its site. The modern edifice is deemed equal in magnificence and grandeur to any of the baronial residences in this part of the kingdom.

That part of the ancient building which was suffered to remain entire, contains, besides several fine apartments, the Barons' Hall; which last was, in 1821, lighted at the sides by stained-glass windows; and at the west end, by a beautiful painted window, representing in three compartments, so many different views of the memorable battle of Neville's Cross.

The illustrative engraving presents a north-east view of the Castle, including a great portion of the park, through which runs the Stockley rivulet, a considerable stream, uniting, in the parish of Brancepath, with the Wear. The Church which is here shown embosomed in foliage, stands at the south end of the village, and is the burial-place of several members of the Neville family.

The boar, or *brawn* of Brancepath was a formidable animal, which made his lair on Brandon-hill, and walked the forest in ancient undisputed sovereignty from the Wear to the Gaunless. The marshy, and then woody vale, extending from Croxdale to Ferry-wood, was one of the brawn's favourite haunts, affording roots and mast, and the luxurious pleasure of volutation. Near Cleves-cross, Hodge, of Ferry, after carefully marking the boar's track, dug a pitfall, slightly covered with boughs and turf, and then toiling on his victim by some bait to the treacherous spot, stood armed with his good sword across the pitfall,—

“At once with hope and fear his heart rebounds.”

At length the gallant brute came trotting on his onward path, and seeing the passage barred, rushed headlong on the vile pitfall.

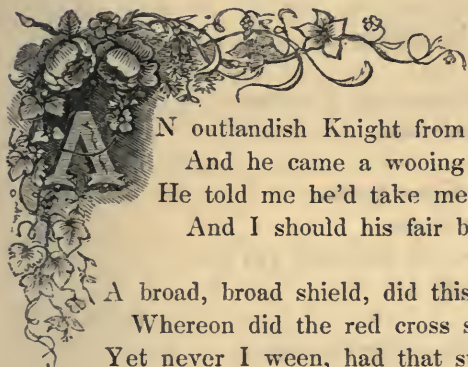
The story has nothing very improbable, and something like real evidence still exists. According to all tradition, the rustic champion of Cleves sleeps beneath a coffin-shaped stone in Merrington churchyard, rudely sculptured with the instruments of the victory, a sword and spade on each side of a cross.

It was not unusual, either in England or abroad, when a man had slain a boar, wolf, or spotted pard, to bear the animal as an ensign in his shield. The seal of Roger de Ferie still remains in the Treasury, exhibiting his old antagonist, a boar passant. The seal of Maude, his daughter, wife of Alan of Merrington, has the boar's head,

erased. An old grey stone, supposed to be the remnant of a cross, is said to commemorate the successful endeavours of Roger de Fery.—*Surtees, &c.*

The Outlandish Knight.

A BORDER BALLAD.



N outlandish Knight from the north lands came,
And he came a wooing to me ;
He told me he'd take me unto the north lands
And I should his fair bride be.

A broad, broad shield, did this strange Knight wield,
Whereon did the red cross shine ;
Yet never I ween, had that strange Knight been
In the fields of Palestine.

And out and spake this strange Knight,
This Knight of the north countrie ;
O maiden fair with the raven hair,
'Thou shalt at my bidding be.

Thy sire he is from home, ladye,
For he hath a journey gone ;
And his shaggy blood hound is sleeping sound
Beside the postern stone.

Go bring me some of thy fathers gold
And some of thy mother's fee,
And steeds twain of the best, in the stalls that rest,
Where they stand thirty and three.

* * * * *

She mounted her on her milk white steed
And he on a dapple grey,
And they forward did ride till they reach'd the sea side,
Three hours before it was day.

Then out and spake this strange Knight,
This Knight of the north countrie ;
O maiden fair with the raven hair,
Do thou at my bidding be.

Alight thee maid, from thy milk white steed,
And deliver it unto me ;
Six maids have I drown'd where the billows sound,
And the seventh one thou shalt be.

But first pull off thy kirtle fine
And deliver it unto me ;
Thy kirtle of green is too rich, I ween,
To rot in the salt salt sea.

Pull off, pull off thy silken shoon,
And deliver them unto me ;
Methinks that they are too fine and gay
To rot in the salt salt sea.

Pull off, pull off thy bonny green plaid
That floats in the breeze so free ;
It is woven fine with the silver twine,
And comely it is to see.

If I must pull off my bonny green plaid,
O turn thy back to me,
And gaze on the sun, which has just begun
To peer o'er the salt salt sea.

He turned his back on the damoselle
And gaz'd on the bright sunbeam—
She grasp'd him tight, with her arms so white,
And plunged him into the stream.

Lie there Sir Knight, thou false hearted wight,
Lie there instead of me :
Six damsels fair thou hast drowned there,
But the seventh has drowned thee.

That ocean wave was the false one's grave,
For he sunk right hastily ;
'Tho' with dying voice faint, he prayed to his saint,
And uttered an Ave Marie.

No mass was said for that false Knight dead,
 No convent bell did toll ;
 But he went to his rest, unshrived and unblest ;
 Heaven's mercy on his soul !

* * * * *

She mounted her on her dapple grey steed,
 And led the steed milk white :
 She rode till she reached her father's hall,
 Three hours before the night.

The parrot hung in the lattice so high
 To the lady then did say,
 Some ruffian I fear has led thee from home,
 For thou hast been long away.

Do not prattle my pretty bird,
 Do not tell tales of me ;
 And thy cage shall be made of the glittering gold,
 Instead of the green wood tree.

The earl as he sat in his turret high,
 On hearing the parrot did say,
 What ails thee, what ails thee, my pretty bird,
 Thou hast prattled the live long day.

Well may I prattle, the parrot replied,
 And call brave earl on thee ;
 For the cat has well nigh reach'd the lattice so high,
 And her eyes are fix'd on me.

Well turn'd, well turned, my pretty bird,
 Well turn'd, well turned for me.
 Thy cage shall be made of the glittering gold,
 And the door of the ivory.

Hone's Table Book.



SOME ACCOUNT OF

ROBERT LOWES,

Attorney at Law, late of Hexham,

COLLECTED FROM THE ORAL TESTIMONY OF CONTEMPORARIES.

BY JOSEPH RIDLEY.



HE practice of the Law is at best an unfavourable soil for the culture of Christian virtues. It is the opinion of some good men that the profession is incompatible with true religion,—an opinion which merits grave consideration. Conveyancing however, is to be distinguished from Litigation; the former by no means implying that destitution of right principle which is inseparable from an advocate, who as readily defends the culprit whom he knows to be guilty, as the party who suffers oppression. Gain, from whatever quarter, being his object, irrespective of justice, and regardless of the interests of truth,—his fee being secured, he readily undertakes

“To make the worse appear the better reason.”

The history of Bobby Lowes the Lawyer, as he is commonly called, affords an instructive lesson to posterity; exhibiting as it does, a course of apparently successful knavery, terminating in utter indigence, absolute beggary and merited opprobrium. He was a Lawyer of considerable practice, having wealthy and extensive connexions; displayed much confidence and skill as a pleader in court, but attained his principal notoriety as a Conveyancer. His *Chef d'oeuvre* was the getting possession of the title-deeds of many lots of property, some of which were mortgaged to him, and others were detained, which came to his hands in the ordinary way of business. Many of these documents he is believed to have destroyed. Some of the premises were held for a length of time after his death, by those who happened to be the occupiers, without payment of rent: or if they came to be sold, were knocked down at an underworth in consideration of the insufficiency of the titles; and are still recognized by the older inhabitants of Hexham, as *Bobby Lowes'* property.

ROBERT LOWES lived in the great house opposite to the abbey-gate, many years subsequently occupied by the Messrs. Stokoe, Surgeons; but which since the year 1839, has been appropriated by the Wesley-



ABBEY-GATE, HEXHAM.

an Methodists, who have greatly enlarged it, as a Chapel and Preacher's house. He had his country residence at Humshaugh, in the demesne afterwards occupied by the Richmond family. It is related of him that on one occasion whilst he sat solitarily in his house at Hexham; probably at an untimely hour, and perhaps whilst indulging those speculations which are peculiar to men who have made up their minds to let nothing stand between them and their wishes,—a sweep descended the chimney and stood in his presence, to the great consternation of the Lawyer, whose apprehensions were not much allayed by his black visitant informing him that his *Master* would be with him soon! Among several men-servants whom he kept about him, Tom Wilson of the Jobler's style seems to have had most influence with his master. Once after Lowes' failure, whilst the Lawyer and his man were overhauling a quantity of parchments which it was thought prudent to dispose of; whilst some were preserved and others committed to the flames, a document turned up which it was Wilson's interest as a tenant to put out of the way, 'Burn it,' said Tom, and the Lawyer not much troubled with scrupulosity, who had kept his carriage, but 'could not afford to keep a conscience,'—at once freed his man from his responsibility to his landlord.

What it was that gave a turn to his affairs, what events accelerated his ruin, cannot here be distinctly traced; but he did at length come to utter indigence, and continued so till his end, when he literally died in a ditch. He seems latterly to have gone almost mad, and ran about the country with a batch of papers on his back; living in great poverty, and lodging when in the town, with one Frank Armstrong. He seems to have survived his failure long, and died an

old man. He was somewhat small in person, and peculiar in manner and dress ; in the latter period of his life he was ragged and dirty, though he was bred a gentleman, and had kept his coach. He constantly wore a red night-cap under his hat, which with a bag over his shoulder gave him an air of singularity, which his unique manner rendered more remarkable. On one of his excursions into Hexhamshire, he called at a gentleman's house at a late hour in the evening. His company was undesirable, but a recollection of his former rank in society, procured for him a nights' quarters, and a servant was ordered to provide him a lodging. The Lawyer however seemed disposed to spend the night in study, spread the contents of his green bag on the table, unrolled his briefs, and began transacting business in his own way ; muttering his threatnings in the hearing of the servant, he forbade her interference on pain of imprisonment. Matters went on thus till three o'clock in the morning, when the woman being anxious for rest swept the Lawyers papers into the fire, and calling a manservant, turned him out of the house, raving at the loss of his documents, and indignant at the outrage on his person.

He was ultimately found dead in, or close by the Halgut, or Sealburn ; at the foot of what was formerly called the Horse-close, a little to the west of Hexham church ; and was buried under the old vestry room, by the side of a recumbent monument commonly shewn, perhaps erroneously, as that of the Duke of Somerset, near the north door of the building. His burial is thus recorded, "1793, Oct. 13th, Robert Lowes, Attorney at Law."

When a Lawyer is seen rapidly accumulating wealth, especially if real property which had been the subject of litigation, fall into his hands ; and the houses and fields of his clients, by a species of *leger de main* become his own possessions,—when like the monkey employed to divide a piece of cheese betwixt two cats, he never can bring the scales to an equipoise till he has made it all his own,—when estates are thus acquired without honest purchase or legitimate inheritance,—and he must walk blind-folded through the world who does not sometimes witness such things—the people of Hexham are accustomed to say of the Lawyer, be his name Ned or Charley—"He's another Bobby Lowes."



DERWENTWATER,

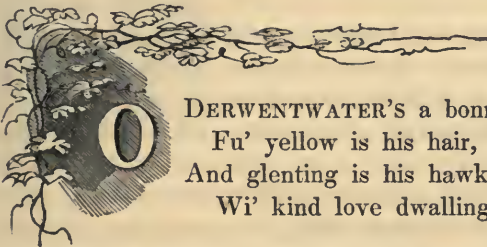
(A Fragment.)

FROM CROMEK'S REMAINS OF NITHSDALE AND GALLOWAY SONG.



AMES RADCLIFF, Earl of Derwentwater, commanded part of the rebel forces in the rebellion of 1715. After an ill-concerted irruption he was taken prisoner at Preston, in Lancashire. He is reported to have been a beautiful and noble-looking man. Smollet observes that 'Derwentwater was an amiable youth—brave, open, generous, hospitable and humane. His

fate drew tears from the spectators, and was a great misfortune to the country in which he lived. He gave bread to multitudes of people whom he employed on his estate;—the poor, the widow, and the orphan, rejoiced in his bounty.' (Hist. of Eng. vol. X. p. 200.) This is an amiable character, and though smirched with the foulness of rebellion, smells sweetly of heaven. The Editor cannot find any tradition on which this ballad is founded; it is taken from the recitation of a young girl, in the parish of Kirk-bean, in Galloway. He has searched for it carefully through all the collections he could meet with, but it is not to be found.



DERWENTWATER'S a bonnie Lord,
Fu' yellow is his hair,
And glenting is his hawking ee,
Wi' kind love dwelling there.

Yestreen he came to our lord's yett,
An' loud, loud cou'd he ca',
'Rise up, rise up, for gude King James,
An' buckle and come awa.'

Our ladie held by her gude lord,
Wi' weel luve-locked hands;
But when young Derwentwater came,
She loosed the snawy bands.

An' when young Derwentwater kneel'd,
 ' My gentle fair ladie ',
 The tears gave way to the glow o' love,
 In our gude ladie's ee.

* * * * *

' I will think me on this bonnie ring,
 And on this snawy hand,
 When on the helmy ridge o' weir
 Comes down my burley brand.

' And I will think on thae leuks o' gowd,
 Which ring thy bonnie blue een.
 When I wipe awa the gore o' weir,
 An' owre my braid sword lean.

O never a word our ladie spake,
 As he press'd her snawy hand,
 An' never a word our ladie spake,
 As her jimpy waist he spann'd
 But ' O my Derwentwater,' she sigh'd,
 When his glowing lips she fand.

He had drapp'd frae his hand the tassel o' gowd,
 Which knots his gude weir glove;
 An' he has drapp'd a spark frae his een,
 Which gars our ladie love.

' Come down, come down,' our gude lord says,
 ' Come down my fair ladie,—
 O dinna, young lord Derwent stop,
 The morning sun is hie.'—

And high, high raise the morning sun,
 Wi' front o' ruddie blude,
 ' Thy harlot front frae thy white curtain,
 Betokens naething gude.'

* * * * *

Our ladie look'd frae the turret-top,
 As lang as she could see;
 And every sigh for her gude lord,
 For Derwent there were three.

* * * * *

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE
 MURDER OF MARGARET CROZIER,
 OF THE RAW, NEAR ELSDON,
 AND OF THE PUNISHMENT INFLICTED ON THE OFFENDERS.

FROM MR. ROBERT WHITE'S MANUSCRIPTS.

Look where yon waste
 Slopes downward to the south, amongst the trees :
 Close by the steading of a farm, thou 'lt mark
 A little gable, which the radiant sun
 Tips with his glory ; 'twas in yonder spot
 The murder foul was done. And on that ridge,
 Eastward about a mile or more, the pole
 With angular arm, which thou seest standing fair
 Between us and the sky, tells you the place
 Where hung the murderer's body. 'Tis a tale,
 Solemn and sad, revealing much of ill,
 And vengeance too, without a single trait
 Of all-redeeming mercy.

MS.



FIFTY years have now elapsed since this crime was committed, and great changes have taken place in the interval. Those who were then young, are now old ; and those who were in middle life have nearly all passed from the stage of human existence. From the consequences which attended the murder, it will not readily be consigned to oblivion ; and yet the detailed

circumstances of the case have never appeared in a form by which they could be rendered available as material for history. They float, it is true, in the recollection of those who were alive at the time, and have been impressed on the memory of the succeeding generation ; but Time, the great leveller, besides throwing down "temple and tower," is ever warring with Truth and changing it into Tradition : and unless some careful hand gather together the leading points of the "tragedy," not omitting its minor and fainter traces, and subject the whole to a sort of *photographic* process by the pen and the press, much that can now be appropriated to fill up the picture will afterwards be irretrievably lost. At the same time, the manipulator of the first of these departments will feel himself amply repaid if he be fortu-

nate enough to secure a representation which, on the score of truth, the majority of his contemporaries may consider tolerably accurate.



THE PEEL HOUSE AS IT APPEARED IN 1791.

In the year 1791, Margaret Crozier, a woman advanced in life, occupied a portion of an old Peel House at the Raw, in which she kept a small shop for the sale of drapery and other goods. On Monday night the 29th August she was visited by Elizabeth Jackson, a young woman who was daughter to the farmer of the above place, and Mary Temple,* noted in the neighbourhood as an excellent hand at needle work. The object of these females was merely to pass an hour or two in conversation with old Margaret before bed time; and as they retired they heard two or three dogs barking furiously around a pike of hay which was put up only at a short distance from the house. On reminding her to bolt the door for her safety, she laughingly replied she “had naething to fear, as nae doubt ane o’ Bessy’s sweethearts was no far off waiting to see her.” It occurred that on the following morning, Barbara Drummond, arrived from a neighbouring house to purchase some little commodity; but she was deterred from entering Margaret’s residence by observing some thread lying on the outside of the door, and on

* Aunt to Mr. Matthew Temple of Newcastle, to whom I have been obliged for several particulars which are embodied in the text.

mentioning this circumstance to Elizabeth Jackson and William Dodds, a joiner, neither of whom had seen the old woman that morning, they went to ascertain the cause. The door was shut, but unbolted; and they found the body of Margaret Crozier in bed: the throat was cut, but scarcely so deep as to occasion death; it was, however, tied around very tightly with a handkerchief: the palm of one of the hands was severely lacerated, and a knife of the *gully* kind stained with blood, was discovered amongst the bed clothes. She was murdered, and had apparently made great resistance in the struggle. At the outside of the house a plough coulter* was lying, the point of which had been introduced at the edge of the door, by which means the oaken bolt had been wrought back from its hold, and the door forcibly thrown open. Traces were discoverable of the premises having been robbed;† and on examination, sundry articles of wearing apparel with a quantity of drapery such as muslins, printed cottons,

* This implement is now in possession of my respected friend, Mr. Thomas Arkle of High Carrick, to whose information, while I was drawing up several paragraphs of the text, I have been greatly indebted. It affords me pleasure to observe that his map of the parish of Elsdon, and the accompanying book of statistical tables do him much honour. By the latter, he has given to the public a greater amount of *data* connected with the landed property of his native district, than we possess of any other equally sized parish in Great Britain.—*R. W.*

† Since the above period, this scene of the murder has undergone considerable alteration; the upper part of the house having been changed into a barn or granary, and topped with blue slate. The side walls and gables were loftier, and the whole was covered with thatch. The small window and door, however, remain as they were, only the stair which led up to the latter has been removed. The floor had a partition across the middle,



PLAN OF FLOOR.



which divided it into two apartments, that to the right in the plan being occupied by the old woman. The dotted line in the upper corner shews the situation of the bed, on which she was found murdered. On the outside of the window appear figures raised on stone, which are represented by the annexed cut. The lower story is arched over from side to side, and the walls are of great thickness. Many remains of these strongholds are still to be seen on the Borders: they formed places of security for cattle and property during the times when depredatory warfare was carried on between the two kingdoms.

and handkerchiefs were ascertained, by those with whom the deceased was on terms of intimacy, to have been taken away.

The excitement which such an act caused in a neighbourhood unaccustomed to any crime of a like nature, is even difficult to conceive. People of all ranks and conditions, even at a distance of several miles, visited the spot on foot and on horseback; and the higher classes especially, both male and female, used every means they could devise in order to detect the murderer. The whole place underwent a rigid scrutiny; an inventory was taken of the various articles known to have been in the house; and the officers of the parish of Elsdon offered a reward of five pounds to be paid on conviction of the offender or offenders.

When a deed of this description is committed, it is rather singular what proof may be deduced against the perpetrator, from some object or circumstance which, at the time the former was seen or the latter took place, would appear scarcely deserving of notice. On the day preceding the murder, two boys had observed a man and two women of a suspicious appearance, near a sheep fold above the Whitlees farm house. They had with them an ass which was pasturing in the fold; themselves were at dinner; a piece of fat mutton and bread formed their meal; and one of the boys, Robert Hindmarsh by name, who belonged the farm of Whiskersshield, took especial notice of a *gully* knife with which the man divided portions of the food to the females, and also assisted himself. The blade was not remarkable for length, but where it entered the haft, the latter was secured from splitting by an iron hoop soldered with brass. Being seated on the grass, the man afterwards sung a song illustrative of the happiness of the life of a shepherd boy; and Hindmarsh observed the singer's feet so closely as to recollect the kind, and, it is said, the number of nails which appeared on the bottom of each of his shoes. It accordingly fell out that William Marshall of Landshott, who had received a summons to attend the inquest, chanced to be at Whiskersshield, and the boy having mentioned these particulars, they were reported by Marshall to the Coroner who stayed the inquest, until both the young witnesses were brought before him. Hindmarsh appears to have been the most discriminating of the two, for when the knife was produced which was found beside the murdered woman, he instantly recognized it as the same which he saw in the man's hand at the sheep-fold. The shoes which the man wore, were also by the boy's recollection, found to correspond with several footmarks which were traced near the house at the Raw. Others had on the same day observed these wandering individuals in the neighbourhood, and on the day following, they were seen driving a loaded ass, near to Harlow Hill. Moreover, a quantity

of raisins and some peas were discovered beside a pike of hay, above the Whitlees, which were supposed to have been left by the party during their flight; and this also tended to indicate the direction they had taken. The man was nearly six feet high, strongly made, of a dark complexion, and his long black hair was tied in a club behind. He wore a light coloured coat with light blue breeches and grey stockings. The women who accompanied him were also very tall and stout, one was remarkably so: they were dressed in grey cloaks, had on black bonnets, and one of them wore a light stamped cotton gown.

At this period the constables for the Woodside and Elsdon, were John Brown of Laing's Hill, William Hall of Elsdon, and William Tweedy of Hudspeth. Arrangements were made for these officers to go in pursuit of the suspected persons, and mounting on horseback, they directed their course to Tyneside. On passing Harlow Hill and approaching a dingle called Whittle Dean, not far from Horsley, they observed a man wandering amongst some whin bushes; and from the description given by Hindmarsh at the inquest, John Brown intimated to his neighbours that this personage was the individual of whom they were in search. At a short distance some workmen were employed in building a stone wall, and one of the company rode forward to request them to be in readiness, should their assistance be required. John Brown then advanced on horseback to the stranger, laid his hand on his shoulder and said "you are my prisoner," to whom he replied, "a poor prisoner you have of me," and forthwith surrendered himself to the charge of the party. They next proceeded in quest of the females, one of whom was apprehended about a couple of miles westward from Ovingham; and on bringing her and the male prisoner together, they denied all knowledge of each other; but a dog which accompanied the woman, fawned upon the other prisoner on seeing him; and this slight incident afforded the officers cause to suppose, they were acquainted. It was discovered that these individuals were connected with what are called in Northumberland, *Faw Gangs*. The man's name was William Winter: his father and brother had on a former year been executed for robbery at Morpeth; and he himself was only a few weeks previously liberated from some species of punishment which had been inflicted upon him for theft. The name of the female was Jane Clark the younger, otherwise Jane Douglass, whose family for some months in the winter season generally resided at Hedley Fell near Ryton in the county of Durham.

The prisoners were conveyed to Netherwitton for the purpose of being examined by W. Trevelyan, esq. a Justice of the Peace; but that gentleman being absent, they were thence taken to Mitford and

brought before B. Mitford, esq. who also was invested with the same authority. On examining Winter and stripping him, marks of blood were observed upon his shirt, which stains he alleged had been received in fighting with another of his tribe; but Mr. Mitford was doubtful of this, and remarked that had he been engaged in any encounter of that kind, his shirt would in all likelihood have been thrown aside. The examination tended only to confirm the suspicion entertained against the prisoners, and they were committed to the county gaol at Morpeth, on Saturday the third of September. Search was made for the other female, who was also apprehended at Barley Moor in Tyne-dale, together with the mother or a relative of one or both of these individuals. The former was called Eleanor Clark, otherwise Eleanor Douglass; the name of the latter was Jane Clark the elder, otherwise Jane Douglass, otherwise Jane Gregg.* They were taken before Mr. Trevelyan, and interrogated by him, who also committed them to Morpeth gaol on the 14th of the same month.

At that time it was customary in the northern counties of England for the assizes to be held only once a year, in August, therefore the period from September 1791, to August 1792, afforded full scope to arrange and get together every particular which could possibly bear on the subject of the murder. The trial accordingly came on early in the month in the Moot Hall at Newcastle. Very few particulars of the proceedings have reached us, but the case occupied the court for nearly sixteen hours, and the place was crowded almost to suffocation. The boy Robert Hindmarsh† furnished the

* When Margaret Crozier had received a quantity of drapery goods which she purchased of Robert Benson and John Nicholson of Newcastle, on the 29th July, 1791, and was shewing them to Elizabeth Jackson, it occurred that this individual, Jane Gregg as she was commonly called, entered the house, and looked around it in a very careful manner. When she went away, Margaret observed she did "not like the appearance of that woman—she gazed so much about her." She was supposed to be the chief instigator of the crime, by advising the others to rob the house. On the night when the murder was committed, she lodged at the Huntlaw, a farm house north of Stamfordham; and would most likely meet Winter and the two women on the following day. She is said to have exerted herself in prevailing with the younger branches of her family to put forth their hands and steal. If danger was likely to be incurred thereby, she usually observed "what's five minutes' hanging to a year's pleasure?"

† At the time of the trial, Hindmarsh would be about eleven years of age. From the testimony he bore against the prisoners, he was afterwards considered to be in great danger on account of the revenge entertained against him by Winter's party, in consequence of which Mr. Trevelyan took him under his protection. He remained at Nether-witton as a servant for several years, and was once beset by his enemies, as he was returning from Morpeth, between Pigdon and Benridge Hagg; but being mounted on a spirited horse, he cleared the hedge by the way side, and escaped through a plantation. Mr. Trevelyan afterwards sent him to live with the Rev. Mr. Johnson, of Bywell, with

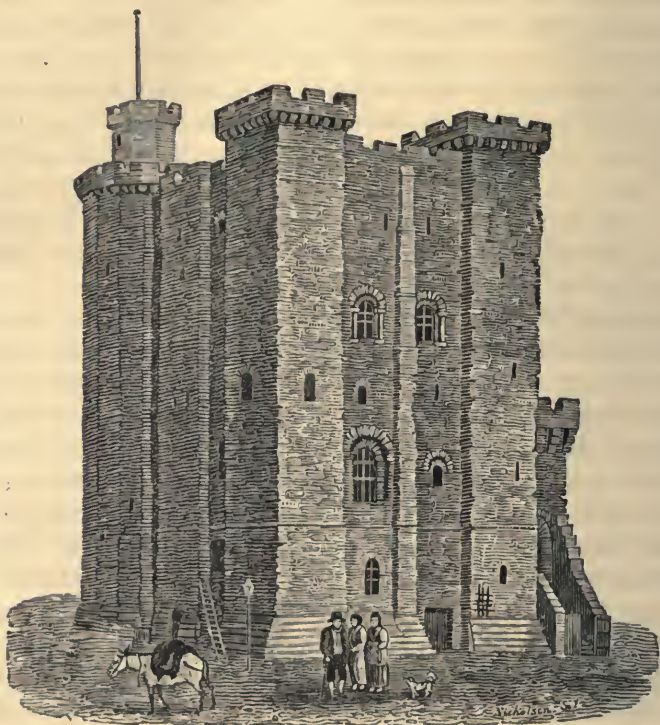
clearest evidence against the male prisoner, and E. Jackson identified a nightcap and apron found in possession of the females, which she herself had made for the murdered woman. In the course of the trial when Mr. Trevelyan, who had been bald headed or nearly so, was bringing before the jury every little incident which could possibly tend to confirm the charge against the prisoners, Winter, it is said, remarked that "his Honour had great need of a wig, but" continued he, putting up his right hand and raising his own dark and profuse locks, "he'll vara suin get my hair if he likes!" It was satisfactorily proven that the crime had been committed by the party.* Jane Clark the elder was liberated, and sentence was accordingly passed upon the others in the following manner:—William Winter, Jane Clark the younger, and Eleanor Clark to be executed,—the body of the former to be hung on a gibbet near to the place where the murder was perpetrated, and those of the females to be dissected and anatomized.

As a proof that Winter, notwithstanding his solitary confinement of eleven months which must have shaken him considerably, was possessed of both nerve and courage worthy of a better position than that in which he stood, we may mention the following incident. At Newcastle, the Moot Hall in 1792, and for many years afterward, stood on the spot now forming the north angle of the area which extends in front of the present edifice of that name. All prisoners charged with offences committed in Northumberland appeared here upon trial, but were kept in the old castle immediately before they underwent that ordeal, and were taken back to it when found guilty. At the time when Winter and the two girls were about to be removed from the court, one of the latter, from the stunning nature of her sentence, had fainted, and he, although heavily ironed, raised her up and bore her in his arms to the door. Here, it is said, some individual, probably one of his own class who sympathized with the unfortunate man, stood ready with half a gallon of ale, and handed it to him,

the design of improving his education; yet even here he was not deemed to be in safety, and he was ultimately removed to the residence of Colonel Baird, about 20 miles north of Aberdeen. When he had been in Scotland about the space of eighteen months, he became unwell, and was recommended to return home. He arrived at Berwick by sea, and from thence was conveyed in Mr. Trevelyan's carriage to Whiskersfield, where his father resided, at which place, after lingering a few weeks, he died about the beginning of September, 1803, aged 22 years.

* Winter, in his confession, stated that the house was first robbed, and the old woman left alive; but, through fear of detection, he sent the females back to ascertain if she was not alarming the neighbours, and on returning one of them observed, "there is no danger: we have *tied her up from her meat*,"—a saying generally applied to the act of tying up a horse, by the bridle or halter, when its owner is desirous it should not taste food.

which he drank off and moved onward with his unconseious burden across the open space, which would measure about thirty yards, towards the old fortress. On arriving here, the criminals were placed in seperate cells to await the fearful spectacle which was shortly to take place.



CASTLE AT NEWCASTLE.

On Friday morning the 10th of August, the town officers marshalled in front of the castle, and the prisoners, being placed in a cart, were conveyed up the street, through the Westgate. Immediately beyond this ancient portal, on the right of the road and almost on the spot where the slight watereourse is formed on the east side of the Waterloo Inn, a gallows was erected. Winter acknowledged he was guilty: the girls, however, protested their innocence; and all were forthwith executed. The bodies after hanging the usual time were taken down: that of Winter was put into a long cart and conveyed out northward to its place of destination; those of the females were removed to the Surgeon's Hall. On dissection, it was reported that one of these unfortunate beings, notwithstanding the

apparent looseness of the life they led, had in one respect maintained her purity—she left the world undefiled as the gentle infant which yields up its spirit on the bosom of its own loving mother.

The body of William Winter was gibbeted at Sting Cross near Harwood Head, within sight of the Raw, in the clothes he wore when he was executed. These consisted of stockings, corduroy breeches, and waistcoat, all lightish coloured, and a dark blue coat. The face very appropriately was covered. Bands or straps of iron bound the limbs, also the chest; and these, at the top of the head, were connected with a swivel which was fastened to the arm or short beam projecting from the higher part of the upright shaft forming the gibbet. The shaft itself would be about thirty feet high: it was of an octagonal shape, and the lower part of it was driven full of large headed spike nails. Great difficulty was encountered in hoisting the body, and for this purpose a set of *shear legs* had to be obtained from Carrick Colliery. Though a very disagreeable spectacle, it was visited by thousands; and when the body began to decay, the smell was so offensive that the horses which travelled the road could scarcely be urged to pass the place. The clothes, by degrees, rotted away, and when the bones were loosening from each other, they were hung up in a new sack, tarred *inside* and *out* to resist the action of the weather. This also decayed, while the whitened remains dropped down piecemeal, and the neighbouring shepherds were accustomed to bury them, so that in the course of time no vestige of mortality remained to be seen.* A wooden figure bearing some resemblance to the human form, was afterwards put up, which in the course of time decayed or was broken to pieces. Another of a still ruder construction was also suspended; and of this, the head alone, with the upright pole which supports it, still occupies the identical spot where the remains of William Winter formerly hung.

On taking a retrospective view of the murder of Margaret Crozier and the punishment inflicted on the principal offender, it has betimes occurred to us, that the order to gibbet his body, was one of uncommon severity. We have no desire to palliate the dark crime of shedding human blood, only we think that chastisement in the hands of those who administer justice, ought not to be carried too far, but rather tempered with the divine attribute, mercy! One life was taken and a house robbed, but when three individuals underwent solitary confinement for eleven months, and were then led to the gallows, something surely like retribution to the law would have been made, had the body of William Winter, with

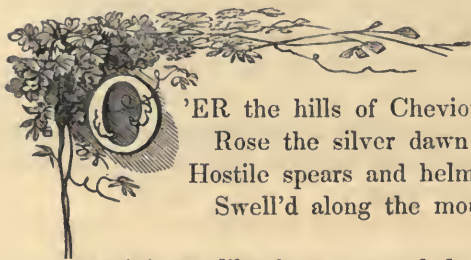
* It is said that Lancelot Brown, Carrier of Elsdon, conveyed the skull to a Mr. Darnell, owner of some landed property near the Barracks, Newcastle.

those of his accomplices, been delivered up for dissection. Indeed, had he designedly killed several individuals, and seized upon all the property they possessed, what more could have been done to the abandoned wretch, than inflicting upon him capital punishment, and gibbetting his remains? On the other hand, we must admit that the country, and especially Northumberland, at that time was much annoyed by numerous *Faw Gangs* of able bodied men and women who were unwilling to work and would not want; consequently some check might be deemed necessary, whereby the most lawless amongst them should, if possible, be kept within the pale of restraint. The above harsh measure, therefore, proved a progressive step towards this object; a greater degree of security was by degrees afforded to the industrious portion of our population; and such obloquy has since been attached to the name of Winter that scarcely an individual bearing it can now be found in the north of England.

THE PROPHECY OF QUEEN EMMA,

BY WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE,

(Not Inserted in his Works.)



'ER the hills of Cheviot beaming
 Rose the silver dawn of May;
 Hostile spears and helmets gleaming
 Swell'd along the mountains gray.

Edwin's warlike horn resounded
 Through the winding dales below,
 And the echoing hills rebounded
 The defiance of the foe.

O'er the downs like torrents pouring
 Edwin's horsemen rush'd along,
 From the hills like tempests louting
 Slowly march'd stern Edgar's throng.

Spear to spear was now portended,
 And the yew bows half were drawn,

When the female scream ascended,
Shrilling o'er the crowded lawn.

While her virgins round her weeping
Waved aloft their snowy hands,
From the wood Queen Emma shrieking
Ran between the dreadful bands.

Oh, my Sons, what rage infernal
Bids you grasp th' unhallow'd spear!
Heaven detests the war fraternal;
Oh, the impious strife forbear!

Ah, how mild and sweetly tender
Flow'd your peaceful early days!
Each was then of each defender,
Each of each the pride and praise.

O my first-born Edwin, soften,
Nor invade thy brother's right;
O my Edgar, think how often
Edwin dar'd for thee the fight.

Edgar, shall thy impious fury
Dare thy guardian to the field!
Oh, my Sons, let peace allure ye;
Thy stern claims, O Edwin, yield.

Ha, what sight of horror waving,
Sullen Edgar, clouds thy rear!
Bring'st thou Denmark's banners braving
Thy insulted brother's spear!

Ah, bethink how through thy regions
Midnight horror fearful howl'd,
When, like wolves, the Danish legions
Thro' thy trembling forests prowl'd;

When, unable of resistance,
Denmark's lance thy bosom gor'd—
And shall Edwin's brave assistance
Be repaid with Denmark's sword!

With that sword shalt thou assail him
From whose point he set thee free,

While his warlike sinews fail him,
Weak with loss of blood for thee!

Oh, my Edwin, timely harken,
And thy stern resolves forbear!
Shall revenge thy councils darken,
Oh, my Edgar, drop the spear!

Wisdom tells and Justice offers
How each wound may yet be balm'd:
O revere these holy proffers;
Let the storms of hell be calm'd.

Oh, my Sons——But all her sorrows
Fired their impious rage the more:
From the bow-strings sprung the arrows;
Soon the valleys reekt with gore.

Shrieking wild, with horror shivering,
Fled the Queen all stain'd with blood,
In her purpled bosom quivering
Deep a feather'd arrow stood.

Up the mountain she ascended
Fierce as mounts the flame in air;
And her hands, to Heaven extended,
Scatter'd her uprooted hair:

Ah, my Sons, how impious cover'd
With each other's blood, she cried:
While the eagles round her hover'd,
And wild scream for scream replied——

From that blood around you steaming
Turn, my Sons, your vengeful eyes;
See what horrors o'er you streaming
Muster round th' offended skies.

See what burning spears protended,
Couch'd by fire-eyed spectres glare,
Circling round you both, suspended
On the trembling threads of air!

O'er you both Heaven's lightning vollies,
Wither'd is your strength ev'n now;

Idly weeping o'er your follies,
Soon your heads shall lowly bow.

Soon the Dane, the Scot, and Norman,
O'er your dales shall havoc pour,
Every hold and city storming,
Every herd and field devour.

Ha, what signal new arising
Thro' the dreadful group prevails!
'Tis the hand of Justice poisoning
High aloft th' eternal scales.

Loaded with thy base alliance,
Rage and rancour all extreme,
Faith and honour's foul defiance,
Thine, O Edgar, kicks the beam?

Opening mild and blue, reversing
O'er thy brother's wasted hills,
See the murky clouds dispersing,
And the fertile shower distils.

But o'er thy devoted valleys
Blacker spreads the angry sky;
Thro' the gloom pale lightning sallies,
Distant thunders groan and die.

O'er thy proudest castles waving,
Fed by hell and magic power,
Denmark towers on high her raven,
Hatch'd in Freedom's mortal hour.

"Cursed be the day detested,
"Cursed be the fraud profound,
"When on Denmark's spear we rested,"
Thro' thy streets shall loud resound.

To thy brother sad imploring,
Now I see thee turn thine eyes—
Ha, in settled darkness luring,
Now no more the visions rise!

But thy ranc'rous soul descending
To thy sons from age to age,

Province then from province rending,
 War on war shall bleed and rage.

This thy freedom proudly boasted,
 Hapless Edgar, loud she cried——
 With her wounds and woes exhausted,
 Down on earth she sunk, and died.

A brief Memoir of
 EDWARD COULSON,
 OF HAYDON-BRIDGE, AN ECCENTRIC CHARACTER,
 DERIVED FROM AUTHENTIC INFORMATION,
 BY JOSEPH RIDLEY.

ECCENTRICITY of character independent of moral worth, seems by the common consent of mankind to entitle a person to a niche in the temple of Fame. Hence biography both ancient and modern, abounds in descriptions of *wonderful*, as well as *exemplary* men; many of whom whilst they have excited astonishment by their exploits, have afforded few traits worthy of imitation. To this class of character we may refer Ned Coulson, sometimes called the Haydon-bridge Greyhound.

Edward was the son of John and Susannah Coulson, and was born about April, 1754. His father was a joiner and wheelwright; he also mended clocks and watches. His mother was *une sage femme*. The old man himself seems to have had his eccentricities. On one occasion having been employed to make a coffin which did not please the party who gave the order—"Never mind," said John, "It's not fine enough for him, but it will do for me." He kept it the remainder of his life, and it served the purpose for which it was reserved. Both parents lived to a tolerably old age, and were buried at Haydon. The old woman's funeral was not managed to the satisfaction of her son: the spot where her husband had been buried, being covered with stones, she was not laid immediately beside him: this so

displeased Edward, that he went no more to church, nor would he ever after pay those demands called *Church-dues*. His infancy is said to have been marked by an extreme slowness in learning to speak: he was five years old before he acquired that faculty, and had begun to feel annoyed by other children calling him *Dummy*, when at length he gave mouth in expressing his anger. When arrived at maturity he was about 5 feet 10 inches in height, of fairish complexion, very bony, and surprisingly strong: but his chief peculiarity was extreme swiftness. It may be noticed in this connexion, that Ned had a brother called Bill, who was also an excellent runner, and is said to have lost his life by pursuing a beast which had broke loose, and in following which he swam across a river.

Coulson's general occupation was such as he had learnt from his father. He made racks, reels, and spinning wheels; and wrought well as a turner. Latterly he ran much about the country, cleaning clocks; he was also a glazier, and travelled much in the night, generally dragging a small cart after him; a vehicle which he found convenient for his purpose, and which was unique in its kind. In this he carried such materials and tools as his multifarious occupations required; and in which he not unfrequently managed to bring something useful home. His not driving but drawing his own carriage, made him a very peculiar object on the road. Though often seen thus performing what to others would appear drudgery, his dress was not quite such as to indicate the mere labourer: in this he affected to be rather genteel, though somewhat shabby: he wore ruffles, and carried a staff of a peculiar sort, a kind of thick twisted thorn; with which, in his nocturnal travels, had occasion required, he could have made himself very formidable. He has been charged with sometimes frightening travellers, by passing them, then hiding himself, and repassing them, all in silence; and at length bidding them good night, perhaps accompanied by a strange noise, which has been described as not unlike the report of a pistol, which he had a method of producing by an application of his finger to his mouth. His agility, thus at times mischievously employed, was an object of admiration wherever he was seen. He was a fiddler; not perhaps remarkable as an exquisite musician, but he could boast of an attainment which is much less common—he could perform whilst he ran along the road, and even with the instrument behind his back. He used various contortions of body whilst playing, as has often been witnessed in the streets of Hexham, where he has been seen standing at a public house door, with one leg suspended across the arm which held the fiddle, whilst he merrily scraped the cat-gut with a clean long pipe. At other times he has been

observed running before a post-chaise as it passed through the main street from the west ; fiddling all the way as he ran, and occasionally even with his face to the horses.*

Strength and agility seem to have been combined with courage, in the character of Coulson. The idle freak of getting into a lonely church at midnight, and ringing the bell, cannot however be taken as any satisfactory proof of his possessing that quality. His temerity was better tested by walking along the parapet of the bridge of his native town, with a load sometimes of two pecks of corn on his back, which he has frequently been seen to perform. He undertook a hazardous journey to Stanhope in Weardale, for Mrs. Tweddell of Threepwood, on some urgent occasion, one winter, during a remarkable storm which cut off every other means of communication. He succeeded in the enterprize, but the particulars cannot be here recited. Of the many pedestrian feats related of him, the correctness of the following has been well ascertained : having gone to Harlow-hill to clean a clock, he found after getting there that he had forgotten some of his work tools, which could neither be dispensed with, nor procured in the village. He went home to seek them, came back and finished his job, and returned the same night to Haydon-bridge ; thus walking not less than 65 miles, besides performing a piece of work. It is added that he reached home in time to take a successful part in the athletic sports on the village green. In feats of strength or swiftness, few surely could hope to compete with him, though men noted for skill in the gymnastic sciences would sometimes venture to challenge him ; and it ought to be set down to his credit, perhaps to his courage, and certainly to his wisdom, that he steadily refused to fight. Pugilism was not his forte, and he might have been worsted ; or a blow from his double-jointed fist might have seriously injured his antagonist.

Ned sometimes extended his journies beyond the border, visiting Jedburgh and other places in the south of Scotland. Whether he took his carriage the whole distance, or left it occasionally at places where he was known and could call for it on his return, does not appear ; but he is represented as coming in from his longest rambles dragging his cart after him ; and it was after having been some time from home on an excursion of this kind, that on his return he found the bridge of his native town had in part been taken away by a flood, so that his course was impeded, and he could not get over with his cart. Some workmen however managed to relieve him of the vehicle,

* Once in coming through Haughton Park, he was like to be attacked by a sticking bull, but Ned produced the fiddle which he generally carried with him—sounded the instrument, and the bull scampered off. The fiddler followed in quick style, and, it is said, ran the animal down. *R. W.*

whilst Ned made his way through the water, though deep. This is believed to have caused his death ; as he caught a cold which fixed upon his lungs, and from which he never recovered. Feeling his death approaching, and feeling too that he was a solitary bachelor, (for some men dispense with a wife till they have woeful need of a nurse) he desired to be removed to the house of a person of the same family name, most probably a relation, who lived up North Tyne. Here he soon died, not surviving his removal more than a few weeks. He appears to have been buried at Bellingham, Dec. 27th 1807, in his



BELLINGHAM CHURCH.

fifty fourth year. Sykes, who published an abridgement of this memoir in his Local Records, preferred giving a different date to this event. The writer can only say, that both this and some other biographical articles, which it has been found most eligible to insert in the traditional department of this work, have been composed with an anxious regard to historical correctness.

Poor Coulson ! in the absence of better qualities, it is but fair to give him credit for what has the appearance of a scriptural observance : and so far as purity of motive can be traced, he is entitled to credit for all his religious scruples. He is known to have had a particular aversion to swine ; and abhorred their flesh professedly in obedience to the Jewish law : for he had read his Bible, though he does not appear to have lived much under the influence of genuine Christianity. His residence was near that part of Haydon-bridge called the broad-stone, at the east end of the town, but which has since been rebuilt, perhaps without preserving any relic of NED COULSON.

It would have been easy to have enlarged this memoir, by relating other feats of prowess and of agility, equally extraordinary with those recited ; but the author has not found it so easy to ascertain in every instance the correctness of the statements.

Stanzas on Edward Coulson.

Renowned Runner—in an earlier age
 Men used their limbs with an unfettered stride;
 But now that coach and steam are all the rage,
 Our puny bipeds only learn to ride.

O Mad Musician—who competes with thee,
 Since Orpheus taught the savage herds that pleasure?
 How had I left the fiddling crew, to see
 Thee scrape the cat-gut to fantastic measure!

Thou wast no Striker—though of strength untold;
 I place it to thy credit—Man of Might:
 Let blustering champions vapour e'er so bold—
 NED had the courage to refuse to fight.

AN ELEGIAC POEM IN PRAISE OF DURHAM.

FROM THE SAXON.



THIS famous city lies beyond
 Our fertile kingdom's northern bound;
 On an ascent its buildings rise,
 The rock around defensive lies:
 Amazing in its lofty scite,
 Which strikes with wonder and delight.

Sweet winding Wear beneath it flows,
 A copious flood its channel shews;
 And as its silver waters stray,
 In shoals the wanton fishes play:
 Thick woods adjacent mountains crown,
 The bays are at a distance thrown;
 The tripping deer, the skipping fawns,
 Enliven all the verdant lawns,

For men, too, is the city fam'd,
Men with deep rev'rence to be nam'd;
St. Cuthbert's venerable shrine
Is here—and, royal Oswald, thine.

A King, for charity renown'd,
For valour too, with laurels crown'd;
With Bishop Aiden, resteth here,
Kidbercht and Alfred, noble pair.

Here Æthelwold, great Prelate, sleeps;
This church the sacred body keeps;
Of Beda, venerable Scribe,
And Basil, too, doth here abide,
A learned Abbot, by whose care,
St. Cuthbert gain'd his knowledge here,
And with these Saints the relics lie,
Safe in yon inner Monast'ry.

Of many more grave authors tell
What miracles proclaim their zeal;
Though here, in a consuming state,
Their bodies, Heaven's last judgment wait.

Gents. Mag., 1772.

HIDDEN TREASURE.

THE following remarkable account of the discovery of a large sum of money is related in Sharp's History of Hartlepool.—

About a century and a half ago Nicholas Woodfield, then tenant of a small farm at Mainsforth, is said to have become suddenly rich by the following strange circumstances. During the hay harvest, having gone accidentally to a neighbouring well, to procure a draught of water, he let his rake drop, which struck upon something metallic. He immediately sent his servant girl home, and taking off his brogues, he contrived to make two purses of them, which after having descended into the well, he filled with broad pieces of gold. With this money, so unexpectedly acquired, he is said to have purchased the manor of Trimdon of the Ropers. The estate is now by maternal descent the property of William Beckwith, esq., of Herrington.

Adventure with Witches

AT WALLSEND.

I denyed my baptisme, and did put the on of my handis to the crowne of my head and the vther to the sole of my foot, and then renuncet all betwixt my two handis, ower to the *Divell*.
ISSOBELL GOWDIES CONFESSION.



HOUGH the belief in witchcraft has for the last two hundred years been gradually on the decline, still traces of it are found to exist among the inhabitants of wild and thinly populated places. Many in Northumberland, who have not yet passed the stage of middle life, well remember how, every morning on their way to school, they cut from the rowan-tree* a piece of one of the branches which had not touched the ground, and pocketed the said bit of wood as a preventative from the influence of all supernatural agency. Indeed, at that period amongst those advanced in years, the dissent from old erroneous opinions had not altogether taken place; and we remember a hard featured tall female, who generally wore a red cloak, and who even attended public worship regularly on Sundays, being reported as *not owre cannie!* It fell out that the farmer of the land adjoining the spot where her cottage stood, was rather unfortunate in some portion of his stock dying; and he, foolishly considering that the poor woman was therein to blame, visited her, and very unfeelingly commenced his admonitory address to her with "Oad, ton! they say, Tib, tou's a wutch &c.!" Several instances of this kind might be mentioned; but they come too near our own times to be agreeable, and cannot, to the greater number of our readers, appear otherwise than in "naked deformity." They are seen to the greatest advantage at a distance, when the mist and haze of time softens down their harsh outlines; and when our imagination is more apt with its profusion to fill up all deficiencies, than our sober judgment to detect and reduce to its just standard whatever is wrong. As the following adventure is, by tradition, placed in

* Probably in compliance with the distich:—

"Rowan-tree and red thread
Puts the witches to their speed."



OLD CHURCH, WALLSEND, 1813.

a favourable point of view, we present it without apology to our readers. It has been related in various ways; but in noting it down we have adhered to what appeared to us the most regular mode of telling the story.

Upon a time, one of the lords of Seaton Delaval was returning home from Newcastle after night fall, and his way lying near the old chapel, now in ruins on an eminence near Wallsend, he was surprised to observe the interior of the edifice brilliantly lighted. Riding forward with the undaunted recklessness which in those days characterized many of the Border families, he left his horse in charge of his servant at the gate of the burying ground which surrounded the chapel, and proceeded forward to gratify his curiosity. Upon a table, at each corner of which was placed an inverted human skull containing some inflammable substance that burned brightly, lay the body of a female, uncoffined and partly unrolled from the winding-cloth. Around it, occupied in the preparation of charms, sat a number of withered hags, one of whom was at that instant employed with a short knife in cutting the left breast from the corpse. The uncouth visages of those who formed the company, considering the purposes for which they were assembled, might well have appalled a stout heart, and we cannot say that when Delaval looked upon them, his blood circulated through his veins with its wonted regularity. He stood, however, still for a time, and could observe the thin grey beards of several of the party as they turned occasionally their sunken eyes to the skulls which were flaming before them. He also perceived that when the beldam who operated as dissector had severed from the body the left breast already mentioned, it was deli-

vered to an attendant who removed it beyond the range of his view in the direction of the belfry. Delaval now applied his strength to the door or window at which he stood, burst it open, and entered to the sudden dismay and consternation of the assembly, each of whom endeavoured to provide for safety by flight. He rushed upon her in whose hand the knife still gleamed, wrenched it from her, and his attempt to secure her, in defiance of her curses, was at last successful. Some of the company escaped by the way through which he entered, others ascended to the roof and took their departure through the openings in the belfry. These spaces also served to convey away the smoke from a fire which the workers of iniquity had kindled on the floor; and above it a cauldron or kettle was suspended from a beam, by the rope with which the sexton usually rang the bell. The fire was fed with broken pieces of coffins: the breast which was cut from the body of the female with other filthy ingredients were boiling in the kettle over which fat and froth descended with a fizzing noise, sometimes allaying and again invigorating the flame. When Delaval had witnessed all these unhallowed objects, he hastened off with his captive, and bound her on horseback behind the servant. He kept her securely, until she was tried for the crime; and whether this was accomplished by virtue of his own authority, or that of a jury, we cannot now decide: she was, however, sentenced to be burnt on the sea shore in the vicinity of Seaton Delaval. When the order was about to be carried into execution she requested to have the use of two new wooden dishes, which were forthwith procured from a neighbouring village. The wood and combustibles were heaped on the sands, the culprit was placed thereon, the dishes were given to her, and fire was applied to the pile. As the smoke arose in dense columns around her, she placed a foot in each of the utensils, muttered a spell, cleared herself from the fastenings at the stake, and soared away on the sea breeze like an eagle escaped from the hands of its captors. When she arose to a considerable height, one of the dishes which supported her lost its efficacy from having been, by the young person who procured them, dipped unthinkingly amongst water; and after making several gyrations, the deluded follower of Satan fell to the ground. Without affording her another chance of escape, the beholders then conveyed her back to the pile, and she perished amidst its flames.—*R. White's MSS.*

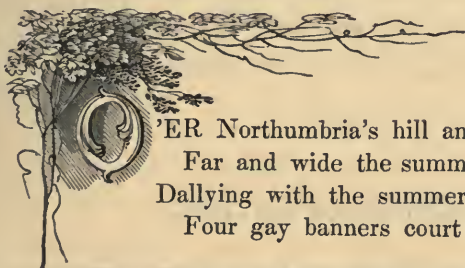


The Colours.

Manibus date lilia plenis
His saltem accumulẽ donis.



T the second parliamentary election for the county of Northumberland that took place in the year 1826, the following lines appeared in print, from the pen of Robert Surtees, esq., of Mainsforth, the historian of the county of Durham." The candidates it may be remembered, were Matthew Bell, esq., the hon. H. T. Liddell, Thos. W. Beaumont, esq., and the viscount Howick, of whom the two former were victorious. The total abstinence from any expression of political sentiment, that characterises this effusion, has enabled the editor of the Table Book to reprint it. It has occurred to him, that it would be matter for regret had it passed away into oblivion with the ferment of the time in which it was written.



'ER Northumbria's hill and dale,
Far and wide the summons flew;
Dallying with the summer gale,
Four gay banners court the view.

Where bright beauty's glance is beaming,
Lasses' love and Lads' delight,
See young *Liddell's* colours streaming
In a flood of *pink and white*.

Unstain'd and true, see deep *true blue*
With lighter tints combine—
For honest *Bell* the triumph swell,
And deck the coaly Tyne.

From *Hexham's* towers, from *Bywell's* bowers,
 From *Allen's* wilder shade,
 While *Beaumont's* name loud bands proclaim,
 Glints forth the *White Cockade*.

From mountains rough, old *blue and buff*,
 That oft has won the day,
 Is loath to yield, untried the field,
 And waves once more for *Grey*.

Two must win, though *four* may woo,
 Mingle while ye mingle may,
 Pink and white, and buff and blue,
 In a medley strange and gay.

Gay fleeting colours shift and blend
 Beneath the sun-beam bright;
Two may last to six years end,
 And two *must* fade ere night.

'Twas thus Northumbria's genius spoke,
 And cast a pitying glance behind,
 As from old *Alnwick's* bowers she broke,
 And mounted on the eddying wind.

She wav'd on high the bonny Bell,
 And Liddell's red rose streak'd with pale;
 The blue and buff, and the white cockade,
 She scatter'd on the rising gale.

ANECDOTE OF SEVERUS.

AFTER the *muris* at the *Vallum* in Britain was completed, and the emperor was returning to the next stage, not as conqueror only, but as founder of eternal peace, and was thinking within himself what omen might happen to him, an Ethiopian soldier famous as a mimic, and noted for his jokes, crossed his path crowned with cyprus. Struck with the colour of the man, and his crown, he was angry, and ordered him to be put out of his sight, when the fellow is reported, by way of joke, to have said—"Thou hast been every thing—conquered every thing: now, conqueror, be a God."—*Hodgson*.

CHEVIOT HILLS.



THE hill, properly called Cheviot, lies to the south-west of Wooler, from which its base, at Langley Ford, is about five miles distant. From Langley Ford to the top of the hill is about three miles more. In a Survey of the Waste Lands along the east and middle marches, by sir Robert Bowes and sir Ralph Ellerker, in 1542,* it is thus described: "The florest of Chevyotte ys a mounteyne or greatt hyll, four myles or more of lengthe, lyenge betwene the head of Elterburne and the Whyte Swyre towarde the easte, and the Hangynge-stone towarde the west, and towarde the northe it devy-deth England and Scotland by the heighte of yt, as the water descendeth and falleth.* And the English parte thereof exceedeth not three myles of breadeth. And the most parte thereof, and especially towarde the heighte, ys a wete flowe mosse, so depe that scarcely eyther horse or cattall may go thereupon, excepte it be by the syde of certayne lytle broukes and waters that spryngeth forth of the mountayne, by reason whereof the said ys not inhabytable nor serveth very lytle for the pasture of any cattall, except only wylde bestes, as redde dere and roes.

"Out of the southwest parte of the said mountayne springeth and descendeth a lytle ryn',† called Colledge, and out from the south side thereof an other lytle brooke or water called Caldegate, and upon the sydes as well of the two lytle ryns, as nere to other lytle brookes sprynginge out of the said mountayne, and descendinge into the said two lytle ryns, there growyth many allers and other ramell|| wood, which servethe muche for the buyldinge of suche small houses as be used and inhabyted by husbandmen in those partes.

"The Scottes, as well by nighte tyme secretly, as upon the daie

* Cottonian MSS. Caligula B. viii, No. 10, and the Rev. John Hodgson's History of Northumberland, part iii., vol. 2.

† The extent of these hills would be difficult to estimate, as they unite with the moorland district to the southward, and are continued, to the westward, by similar green hills in Scotland. Admitting that their bases occupy a circle of about fifteen miles in diameter, their contents may be set down at 150, to 200, square miles.

‡ "Ryn," for "rynell," or runnel, a small stream. At folio 64 of the same MSS. Elterburne is twice called "a lytle rynnell or water."

|| "Ramel wood," is natural copse-wood. Mention is made of a "banc ful of rammel grene treis," in the "Complaynt of Scotland."

tyme with more force, do come into the said forrest of Chevyott dyverse tymes, and steale and carry awaie much of the saide wood, whiche ys to them a great proffyte for the mayntenanee of their houses and buyldinges, and small redresse can be had by the lawes and customes of the marches; wherefore we thinke yt expedient that some greatter correction and punyshment were devysed for suche as steale and take awaie the said wood in forme aforesaid. And also upon suche Englyshmen as geve or sell any of the said wood unto the Scottes. And the one half of the said forrest of Chevyotte ys of the inherytaunce of the Lord Conyers, and the other half thereof was of the inherytaunce of Syr James Strangways, Knyghte, decessyd."

From Wooler to the farm-house at Langley Ford, there is a tolerably good road, which, for about a mile, lies by the side of a stream that rises to the south of Cheviot, and whose banks are still skirted by alders and "ramell wood." Persons who ride from Wooler with the intention of ascending Cheviot, will find it most convenient to leave their horses at Langley Ford; for, though they may ride to the top, there is a great likelihood of their being bogged by the way, even in the driest weather, to say nothing of the difficulty in crossing many of the drains and sykes which channel its sides.

The ascent of Cheviot, though not very steep, is very toilsome; and springs and patches of bog in many places cause the traveller to make wide circuit in order to avoid them. A few greyish whinstones appear in the surface in some places, but the hill is mostly well covered with heather and moss, patched here and there with peat or bog. Cheviot is the highest hill on the Border, its summit being 2,658 feet above the level of the sea. Its top is a perfect bog,* in some places quite impassable from the accumulation of water, which finds its way through numerous deep sykes to the sides of the hill. There are two heaps of stones on the top of Cheviot, the one called the Easter and the other the Wester Cairn. Persons ascending the hill from the east generally find it difficult to reach the Wester Cairn, except in very dry weather. On the north-west side of Cheviot there is a deep chasm, called the Hen Hole, in which there is frequently to be seen a snow egg at Midsummer. There is a tradition, that a party of hunters, when chasing a roe upon Cheviot, were wiled by the fairies into the Hen Hole, and could never again find their way out.

From the top of Cheviot—which is not conical like many of the hills which surround it, but appears rather like a broad ridge—a view of the coast of Northumberland is obtained, from Berwick to Tyne-

* Mackenzie says this bog or lough, was so firmly frozen at Midsummer a few years ago, that a person walked over it.

mouth. To the south is seen the high land in the county of Durham. To the northward, the view is bounded by Soutra Fell, and the Lammermuir hills; and to the north-west, the Eildon hills form a conspicuous object. To the west and south-west, the eye wanders over a "multitude of hills," mostly of a conical shape, green to their very summits, and indenting with each other in the manner which heralds term *nebulae*.

As Cheviot is frequently enveloped in a sudden mist, a stranger ought never to venture upon it alone. A few years ago, a lady ascended Cheviot attended by a guide, whom she dismissed on reaching the top of the hill, as she wished to give the rein to her imagination, and to enjoy the pleasure of wandering over Cheviot alone. She had, however, cause to repent of her fancy, for a mist coming suddenly on, she lost her way, and continued to wander about the hill for several hours, sometimes sticking in the moss, and sometimes tumbling into a syke, till at length, nearly exhausted with terror and fatigue, she contrived to reach Langley Ford about midnight.

The ascent of Cheviot is thus described by the author of "A Tour through the whole Island of Great Britain," published in 1727.—

"When we came to Wooller, we got another guide to lead us to the top of the hill; for, by the way, though there are many hills and reachings for many miles, which are all called Cheviot-hills, yet there is one Pico or master hill higher than all the rest by a great deal, which, at a distance, looks like the Pico Teneriffe at the Canaries, and is so high, that I remember it is seen plainly from the Rosemary Top, in the East-riding of Yorkshire, which is near sixty-miles. We prepared to clamber up this hill on foot; but our guide laughed at us, and told us we should make a long journey of it that way; but, getting a horse himself, told us he would find a way for us to get up on horseback; so we set out, having five or six country boys and young fellows who ran on foot volunteer to go with us; we thought they had only gone for their diversion, as is frequent for boys, but they knew well enough that we should find some occasion to employ them, and so we did, as you shall hear.

"Our guide led us very artfully round to a part of the hill, where it was evident, in the winter season, not streams of water, but great rivers came pouring down from the hill in several channels, and those (at least some of them) very broad; they were overgrown on either bank with alder-trees, so close and thick that we rode under them, as in an harbour. In one of these channels we mounted the hill, as the besiegers approach a fortified town by trenches, and were gotten a great way up before we were well aware of it.

"But, as we mounted, these channels lessened gradually, till at

length we had the shelter of the trees no longer ; and now we ascended till we began to see some of the high hills, which before we thought very lofty, lying under us, low and humble, as if they were part of the plain below, and yet the main hill seemed still to be but beginning, or as if we were but entering upon it.

“As we mounted higher we found the hill steeper than at first, also our horses began to complain and draw their haunches up heavily, so we went very softly ; however, we moved still, and went on, till the height began to look really frightful, for, I must own, I wished myself down again ; and now we found use for the young fellows that ran before us, for we began to fear, if our horses should stumble or start, we might roll down the hill together ; and we began to talk of alighting, but our guide called out and said, “no, not yet, by and by you shall ;” and with this he bid the young fellows take our horses by the head-stalls of the bridles and lead them. They did so, and we rode up higher still, till at length our hearts failed us all together, and we resolved to alight ; and though our guide mocked us, yet he could not prevail or persuade us ; so we walked it upon our feet, and with labour enough, and sometimes began to talk of going no further.

“We were the more uneasy about mounting higher, because we all had a notion, that when we came to the top we should be just as upon a pinnacle, that the hill narrowed to a point, and we should have only room enough to stand, with a precipice every way round us ; and with these apprehensions we all sat down upon the ground, and said we would go no further.

“Our guide did not understand what we were apprehensive of ; but at last by our discourse he perceived the mistake, and then not mocking our fears, he told us, that indeed if it had been so, we had been in the right, but he assured us there was room enough on the top of the hill to run a race if we thought fit, and we need not fear any thing of being blown off the precipice, as we had suggested ; so he encouraging us we went on, and reached the top of the hill in about half an hour more.

“I must acknowledge I was agreeably surprized, when coming to the top of the hill I saw before me a smooth, and with respect to what we expected a most pleasant plain of at least half a mile in diameter, and in the middle of it a large pond, or little lake of water, and the ground, seeming to descend every way from the edges of the summit to the pond, took off the little terror of the first prospect ; for when we walked towards the pond, we could but just see over the edge of the hill ; and this little descent inwards no doubt made the pond, the rain water all running thither.

“One of our company, a good botanist, fell to searching for sim-

ples, and, as he said, found some nice plants, which he seemed mightily pleased with; but as that is out of my way, so it is out of the present design.* I in particular began to look about me, and to enquire what every place was which I saw more remarkably shewing itself at a distance.

“The day happened to be very clear, and to our great satisfaction very calm, otherwise the height we were upon would not have been without its dangers. We saw plainly here the smoke of the salt-pans at Shields, at the mouth of the Tyne, seven miles below Newcastle; and which was south about forty miles. The sea, that is, the German ocean, was as if but just at the foot of the hill, and our guide pointed to shew us the Irish sea; but if he could see it, knowing it in particular, and where exactly to look for it, it was so distant, that I could not say I was assured I saw it. We saw likewise several hills, which he told us were in England, and others in the west of Scotland, but their names were too many for us to remember, and we had no materials there to take minutes. We saw Berwick, East, and the hills called Soutra hills, North, which are in sight of Edinburgh. In a word, there was a surprizing view of both the united kingdoms, and we were far from repenting the pains we had taken.

“Nor were we so afraid now as when we first mounted the sides of the hill; and especially we were made ashamed of those fears, when, to our amazement, we saw a clergyman, and another gentleman, and two ladies, all on horseback, come up to the top of the hill with a guide also as we had, and without alighting at all, and only to

* Of plants, met with in the ascent of Cheviot, may be mentioned: the rare *Cornus Suecica* (dwarf Cornel), first gathered by Dr. Thomas Penny, who died in 1589, and re-discovered by Dr. Johnston in 1828 (*Flora of Berwick-upon-Tweed*, Vol. i. p. 39); *Vaccinium Vitis Idæa* (Cowberry); *Rubus Chamæmorus* (Cloudberry)—whose orange fruit is locally called “noops;” *Melampyrum pratense* (Cow-wheat); and abundance of *Empetrum nigrum* (Crowberry). The *Curex rigida*, a denizen of alpine regions, grows in the bog on the summit, along with the Cloudberry. *Lycopodium alpinum* and particularly *L. selago*, species of Club moss, display their remarkable forms in the higher parts of the hill. Of Mosses, the *Splachnum sphaericum* occurs abundantly in its singular site—the dung of animals, and the *Andræa rupestris* embrowns the chink of many a rock. The weather-beaten rocks and cairns are ornamented with the following Lichens: the *Lecanora tartarea* or Cudbear; the ruby spangles of the *L. ventosa*; the dark-hued and rigid *Cornicularia tristis*; the silky tufts of *C. lanata*; and the shield-like *Gyrophora (cylindrica et polyphylla)*, famed ingredients in the Tripe de Roche of Canadian voyageurs. The ground affords, the *Cetraria Islandica* or Iceland moss; the celebrated *Cladonia rangiferina* or Rein-deer moss; and the scarlet crowned *Scyphophorus bellidiflorus* (Daisy-flowered Cup-Lichen). By the banks of Wooler-water, above or near Langley-ford, grow *Saxifraga stellaris*; *Rubus saxatilis*; *Polypodium Phegopteris*; *Aspidium Oreopteris*; *Galeopsis versicolor*; *Curex pallescens*; *C. remota*; and *C. sylvatica*.—

J. H.

satisfy their curiosity, which they did it seems. This indeed made us look upon one another with a smile, to think how we were frightened at our first coming up the hill; and thus it is in most things in nature. Fear magnifies the object, and represents things frightful at first sight, which are presently made easy when they grow familiar.

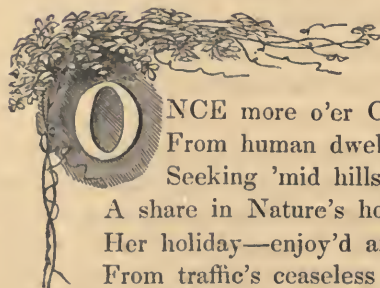
“Satisfied with this view, and not at all thinking our time or pains ill-bestowed, we came down the hill by the same route that we went up, with this remark by the way, that, whether on horse-back or on foot, we found it much more troublesome, and also tiresome, to come down than to go up.”

Cheviot Revisited,

1835.

Of human art no traces near
I seem alone with Nature here!

MALLET.



ONCE more o'er Cheviot's mossy fells,
From human dwellings far I stray,
Seeking 'mid hills and lonely dells,
A share in Nature's holiday.
Her holiday—enjoy'd afar
From traffic's ceaseless crowd and hum;
In scenes where sound comes not to mar
Or break the silence hush'd and dumb:
In Nature's silence—which secludes
From earthly thoughts, the spell-bound heart,
In midst of desert solitudes
Held captive with consummate art.
It glads my heart to view again,
Rear'd round the valleys wild and deep,
Thy stern, and tempest-beat domain,
Of desolation—bold and steep:
Where shrouding oft thy ancient peak,
Beheld by boding swain from far,

The dark clouds thicken—soon to break
 In wide-spread elemental war.*
 Thou hast thy beauty too, as now
 Bar'd to the radiant noontide hour,
 Thou lift'st to heaven, thy cloudless brow,
 In all the might of unveil'd power.
 Coeval with creation's morn—
 Spurning the inroads of decay,
 Thou bear'st to periods yet unborn,
 Thy majesty of ancient sway.
 While nations dwelling round thy base,
 As other nations them before—
 Pile high the tomb—their narrow space
 Of earth—and then are seen no more.†

With ardent step, the heathy slope,
 The mossy pool—with willing stride,
 I pass—seeking the point of hope,
 With luxury of limbs well tried.
 The Lapwing's scream, the Plover's plaint
 Invite me to their bleak abode—
 While mountain flow'r's "enamell'd quaint,"
 Lighten the rigours of the road.
 The kindling breeze that sweeps the hill,
 With new impulse incites to climb—
 Its freshness breathes of freedom still,
 As in the old and storied time:—
 When, men to proud usurper's yoke,
 Scorning their free-born hearts to yield,

* The collection of masses of cloud round the summit of mountain ranges, as a presage of rains and storms, forms a portion of the meteorological lore of the commonest observers. Scarcely a shire, that can boast a hill of any pretensions, but has its natural weather glass of this description. With respect to Cheviot, the inhabitants of Wooler and its vicinity, will almost invariably predict rain, if Cheviot of a morning still keep on "her nightcap." In Roxburghshire this opinion has found a more popular direction, in the following rhyme.

When Cheviot gets on his hat,
 An' Hounam law, her hood,
 A' the wives o' Kale and Boumont,
 May expect a flude.

† "The hills of Northumberland" observes the rev. James Raine "are studded with grey cairns bleached by the elements." (North Durham, p. 52). Two of these tumuli occur on the summit of Cheviot, and many are scattered over the subsidiary hills of the chain. It is a mortifying view of the "vanity of human wishes," that the race, which in rearing these vast sepulchral heaps, seems to have been animated with such ardent

In mountain glen, and craggy rock,
Found Liberty's protecting shield.
O potent more than vernal gales—
'The mountain air a vigour yields,
It lures the lark from earth's low vales
Exulting, to the heavenly fields.
Nerve to the eagle's brood it lends,
For deeds of perilous emprise ;—
And mankind's grovelling soul expands
For converse with its native skies.

Oh many an hour in youth's bright days,
When ev'ry scene was fair—if new,
I've thought how sweet 'twould be to gaze
From Cheviot's mountain darkly blue.
My wish is crown'd—my steps have been
Along its ridges bald and bare ;
Whate'er the prospect brings I've seen,
Of mighty, rugged, dark or fair.
Have view'd beneath—each object wane,
The streamlet dwindle, to a thread,
And men's abodes in the far plain,
In dimness hide the lessen'd head :
Till, as on map of amplest scale—
Each bold-form'd feature sunk to view—
Now, dazzling bright—now, deadly pale—
Then, one unvaried tint of blue.
Envelop'd in a sea of rack,
Like ghost, I've wander'd far and near
Along the shepherds' winding track,
Amid its gloomy glens of fear.
I've seen the snow that melts away,
Before the birds their wild notes tune,—
Bespot its hills in flow'ry May,
And chill its glens in sunny June.
And I have mingled with the men,
The dwellers round its mountain throne,—

longings for future fame, is now not only enveloped in oblivion, but even forms matter of conjecture. A British origin has been assigned to these faithless memorials by some antiquarians, others suspect that they mark the resting places of warlike Saxon settlers who fell in their strenuous struggles to dispossess the ancient tenants of the soil ; or who bled in the not less frequent and not less violent ebullitions of civil strife.

And felt the charm of Scotland's tongue
 Pronounced in an English tone.—*
 'Tis something in a world like this,
 To hearts unnerv'd, or grief-opprest,
 To have as here, some wilderness,
 That whispers 'peace is here and rest.'
 To have as here—in yon deep vale,
 Some shelter'd cabin's calm retreat,
 Where smiles lit up, the steps to hail,
 To ev'ry cross impart a sweet.—

Dear were those hills, in boyhood's prime,
 As far they met the distant view,
 And rear'd above the clouds, sublime,
 A stately wall of heaven's own blue.
 Hiding from view a magic land
 Where everlasting summer smil'd,
 Which youth's fond musings plac'd beyond,
 That mountain ridge so steeply pil'd.
 But dearer now, their stern abode—
 As o'er their time-scarr'd sides I stray,
 While friendship smooths the rugged road,
 And guides the drear and trackless way:

* The similarity subsisting between the dialect of Northumberland and the Border counties of Scotland, has been frequently remarked, and is probably the result of those districts having originally been colonized by kindred Saxon tribes; and previous to their dismemberment by the fate of war, their having been subject to the same territorial sway. In former times when it was the duty of every loyal Englishman, to view whatever related to Scotland, with the most rancorous feelings, this coincidence of dialect appears to have often led to mistakes—sometimes serious in their consequences to such "Northerne men," as deeply tainted with their mother-speech could not refrain from speaking "strongliche." In Dr. William Bullein's "Dialogue bothe pleasaunt and pietifull, &c. 1564," the wife of a London citizen, ventures this surmise on a Redesdale beggar, who supplicates charity:—*Uxor*. "What doest thou here in this countrie? Me thinke thou art a Scot by thy tongue. *Mendicus*. Trowe me never mare than gud deam, I had rather be hanged in a whitie, or in a cowtaile then be a row-footed Scot, for they are ever fare and fase." (Vide *Rambles in Northumberland*, pp. 18-21.—332. Mr. Hodgson in his *History of Northumberland* (vol. 3. p. 31-32.) gives a curious deed which Robert Whitfield found necessary to obtain from Hugh prior of Durham and sir William Hilton, as a certificate of his claim to an English birthright, in order to put an end to annoyances, to which he was subjected in the south of England, apparently for no other reason, than that his dialect savoured of a Scottish lineage. This was in the time of Henry VIII., when according to Holinshed, in a persecution raised against French and Scotsmen, attempts were made to accuse many Englishmen, natives of Northumberland and to fine them as Scots.

When of that fancied scene no line
 Survives—but endless wastes alarm
 And startle—such the pow'r divine
 Of friendship, to transmute and charm.
 Oh native Isle—such scenes as these,
 May skill depart from my right hand,
 If I forget—if cease to please,
 The landmarks of thy lovely land.
 Tho' swept from Hist'ry's treasur'd tomes,
 Were thy ennobling deeds of fame,—
 Thy features bold,—thy happy homes,—
 For thee an equal homage claim.

Gateshead.

JAMES HARDY.

Anecdotes of Dogs.



IN the month of December 1784, a dog was left by a smuggling vessel near Boomer on the coast of Northumberland. Finding himself deserted, he began to worry sheep; and did so much damage, that he became the terror of the country within a circuit of above twenty miles. When he caught a sheep, he bit a hole in its right side, and after eating the tallow about the kidneys, left it. Several sheep, thus lacerated, were found alive by the shepherds; and being taken proper care of, some of them recovered, and afterwards had lambs. From his delicacy in this respect, the destruction the dog made, may in some measure be conceived; as it may be supposed, that the fat of one sheep in a day would hardly satisfy his hunger. The farmers were so much alarmed by his depredations, that various means were used for his destruction. They frequently pursued with hounds, greyhounds, &c.; but when the dogs came up with him, he laid down on his back, as if supplicating for mercy; and in that position they never hurt him. He therefore laid quietly, taking his rest till the hunters approached, when he made off, without being followed by the hounds, till they were again excited to the pursuit, which always terminated unsuccessfully. And it is worthy of notice, that he was one day pursued from Howick to upwards of thirty miles distance; but returned thither, and killed sheep the same evening. His constant residence, during the day,

was upon a rock, on the Heugh-hill, near Howick, where he had a view of four roads that approached it; and in March, 1785, after many fruitless attempts, he was at last shot there.—*Bewick's Quad.*

DURING a severe storm, in the winter of 1789, a ship, belonging to Newcastle, was lost near Yarmouth; and a Newfoundland dog alone escaped to the shore, bringing in his mouth the captain's pocket-book. He landed amidst a number of people, several of whom in vain endeavoured to take it from him. The sagacious animal, as if sensible of the importance of the charge, which in all probability was delivered to him by his perishing master, at length leaped fawningly against the breast of a man who had attracted his notice among the crowd, and delivered the book to him. The dog immediately returned to the place where he had landed, and watched with great attention for every thing that came from the wrecked vessel, seizing them, and endeavouring to bring them to land.—*Bewick's Quad.*

ON July 18, 1823, a large dog made its appearance at Bywell, and from its wild looks, was supposed to be mad, which induced a large party of men to follow it, which they did as far as Black Hedley, where they lost it. Some of them were not a little surprised on Sunday morning, to see the dog again in the field a little distance from Bywell; and on going to try to catch him, he again made his escape. However, on examining the field where he had been, and in which there was a large flock of sheep belonging to Mr. Hibbert, they found that thirty four had been killed by him; and there was no part of the carcase of any of them eaten except the kidneys. The field was watched on Sunday night, but it seems he had commenced his attacks in a different part of the country, as on Monday morning the carcasses of eighteen sheep were found in a field near Bradley, killed precisely in the same manner.

YARREL, in his History of British Fishes, gives the following extract from a letter of Lord Home:—"My uncle had a Newfoundland dog which was celebrated for catching salmon. He knew the Monday mornings as well as the fishermen themselves, and used to go to the cauld or mill-dam at Fireburn mill on those mornings. He there took his station at the cauld slap, or opening of the dam, to allow the salmon to pass; and has been known to kill from twelve to twenty salmon in the morning. The fish he took to the side. The then lord Tankerville instituted a process against the dog. I had a copy of the proceedings, but I regret to say that it was lost when the old library was altered. This case was brought before the court of session; and

the process was entituled 'The earl of Tankerville v. a dog, the property of the earl of Home.' Judgement was given in favour of the dog."

IN 1837, a fine Newfoundland bitch the property of a gentleman in Newcastle, pupped a litter of nine pups, and the owner only wished to keep two, the remaining seven were, to all appearance drowned in a large tub. After being in the water upwards of half an hour, the bodies were taken out and buried a yard deep in a dunghill. No further notice was taken of the circumstance until a young man going to the stable next morning, thought he heard a squeaking noise, and, turning the straw of the dunghill to ascertain the fact, discovered to his utter astonishment the whole of the pups alive, after having been interred nearly 22 hours.—*Tyne Mercury*.

THE Mastiff (*Canis Molossus*) conscious of its superior strength, knows how to chastise the impertinence of an inferior:—A large dog of this kind, belonging to a gentleman near Newcastle being frequently molested by a mongrel, and teased by its continual barking, at last took it up in its mouth by the back, and, with great composure, dropped it over the Quay into the river, without doing any further injury to an enemy so much its inferior.—*Entertaining Naturalist*.

THE following instance of sagacity occurred at North Shields. The eldest son of the late Alexander Creighton, esq., while playing on the deck of one of his father's vessels, fell into the river, but was not observed until a large Newfoundland dog, belonging to the ship, was seen swimming with the boy on his back. The boy used to amuse himself by riding on the dog's back, which was supposed to be the reason why he placed him in that position. The dog was carefully kept while he lived, and his portrait is still preserved.—*Mackenzie*.

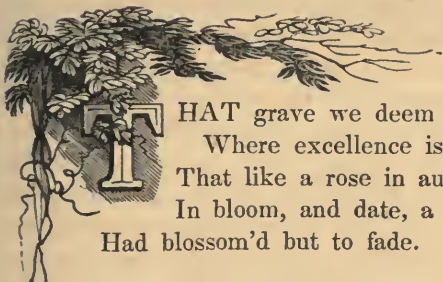
ON the 19th of October, 1792, as a boatman with a passenger, was rowing down the river Tyne, the boat struck upon a hawser, by which it was overset, and the passenger drowned. A remarkable circumstance attended the preservation of the boatman; a large dog was in the boat when it overset, which immediately seized the passenger by the hair, and was dragging him to the shore, but on hearing the shrieks of his master, the sagacious animal quitted his hold, sought for, and brought his fortunate owner safe to land. Before any assistance could be procured, the unfortunate passenger perished.—*Gillespy's Col*.

The Premature Grave.

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF J. S. D., WHO HAD BEEN A
MISSIONARY STUDENT.

HE DIED AT HEXHAM, MARCH 12TH, 1828, AGED 23.

FROM THE "SELECTOR."



HAT grave we deem is premature
Where excellence is laid,
That like a rose in autumn's bower,
In bloom, and date, a very flower,
Had blossom'd but to fade.

So bloom'd a youth of hopeful fame,
So faded in his prime :
Affection mourns his perish'd name,
And disappointed hopes exclaim—
“He died before his time !”

The sickly flow'rs that deck his grave,
And droop their heads at noon ;
The sweeping winds that o'er them rave,
In fancy's ear one import have,
They sigh—“he died too soon.”

That mould entombs a generous breast
That burn'd with ardent glow ;
Himself of piety possess'd,
He sought to make his fellows blest ;
But death hath laid him low.

In vain for him the heathen wait,
He ne'er shall bless their shore :
The friend that mourn'd their wretched state,
And stretch'd to save, with hopes elate,
Is now, alas ! no more.

And was his off'ring then despis'd—
 The heart he freely gave?
 And was his youthful zeal chastis'd,
 Who sought to serve the cause he priz'd,
 But found an early grave?

Nay—but a future day shall show
 ('To mortals 'tis not given)
 The cause of all—but this we know—
 None leave too soon a world of woe,
 Nor 'scape too soon to heaven.

Hexham, Oct. 21, 1828.

J. R.

POPULAR CUSTOMS ON THE BORDERS.

Deaths.

Syne Deid castis up his yettis wyd
 Saying, Thir oppin sall ye byd;
 Albeid that thow were never so stout,
 Undir this lyntall sall thow lowt:
 Thair is naie uther way besyd. DUNBAR.



HUS wrote one of the earliest and best of Scottish Poets on contemplating the departure of himself and all mankind through that gloomy portal, whose gates never permit a single individual, of the numbers who pass them, to return. It is a prospect solemn and impressive; and however lightly it may be regarded by many who consider they have a long life of happiness and prosperity before them, still an end must come to their enchanting visions: they must take a farewell view of sublunary things, and resign the immortal portion of their being back to the Great Spirit—the fountain of life, who holds the world and “all which it inherit” in “the hollow of his hand.”

Among all nations, whether in a savage or civilized state, the occurrence of death has been and is attended with several observances, which have had their rise in a great measure from the religious views

and peculiar opinions prevailing amongst the people. On the Borders some are still practised which may be traced far beyond that period when the Reformation swept away much indeed that was worthless, and also a large portion of what it had been better to preserve. Several were of a propitiatory nature, and intended to avert the influence of evil spirits who, in the opinion of our early ancestors, were supposed to have the power of annoying and disturbing both the body and soul, whenever a separation between these took place. Others were emblematical of the shortness of man's life here and his immortality hereafter. The passing bell was to facilitate the passage of the soul from this world to the next: the prayers of good christians were put up in its favour, and the sound was considered efficient to drive away all demons who otherwise might attempt to molest it in its flight. Salt placed on the corpse likewise warded off unhallowed agency; and was typical of the imperishable nature of the soul. The lights which burned near the body were both figurative of human life, and expressive of the desire of the relatives that the days of the deceased had been prolonged. And the Lake Wake or Watching was also to prevent the powers of darkness from interfering with the dead: it was likewise to excite intercession with Heaven for the welfare of the soul; to afford relatives and others an opportunity of remaining beside the body, either from endearing affection or esteem for the departed; and to promote, at the most suitable season, the spiritual edification of those who were present.

In our own times, when the present scene is about to close on a human being, the preparations for the event are simple and few. Some depart as if they were falling asleep, while the exit of others is accomplished with very great difficulty. When the parting-pang is protracted for a length of time, it is sometimes deemed necessary to remove the dying person from the bed to a chair; and in performing this, it will betimes occur that the pulse ceases to play.* The relatives and friends are gathered around, and the eyes are closed immediately after the breath is gone. When a period of about an hour has elapsed, the case containing feathers is drawn from above the mattress and put below the bed; the face and hands &c. are washed; the body is arrayed in *dead-clothes*; the arms are laid down by each side; the limbs are stretched out to their full length; and the whole frame

* Amongst many, an opinion is entertained that some individuals cannot die upon a bed containing the feathers of wild fowl or pigeons; but we would rather attribute the above circumstance to some physiological cause. Will not the heart be more exerted by propelling the blood to the extremities when these are in a declining rather than a horizontal position? A watch when it is nearly run down will stop sooner if placed in a way unfavourable to the oscillation of the balance.

is left to become stiff, rigid and cold as the earth in which it will soon be deposited. The apartment is now arranged in a way suitable to the change which has taken place. The bed is hung around with white linen; the tables and drawers are covered with the same material; the looking glass is also either covered or removed; a knot of white or black ribbon as the deceased was young or old is fastened to the head of the bed; and a white linen cloth is thrown over the body upon which is placed a plate containing a quantity of salt. All these offices are performed by female relatives and attendants, who like ministering angels are ever ready to yield us support and comfort in the hour of need: when we come into the world, they receive us; when we grow up and are laid upon a bed of sickness, they are there to tend and watch over us; and when at last death lays upon us his cold, icy hand, there are they still to put upon us our last dress, and place our limbs in a becoming position for the grave.

On the occurrence of a death in populous places near a church, the bell is tolled slowly and solemnly for a time; then after a short interval, a single stroke of the bell-hammer announces the decease of a child; two strokes indicate that of a female, and three signify that a male has departed.

At one side of the apartment, cheese, bread and a bottle or two of spirits are usually placed upon a table for the accommodation of visitors. One or two people remain with the body; and when the day is gone, and the evening wears on to bed-time, some of the neighbours generally attend to watch until the morning. This custom is, amongst the higher classes, nearly discontinued: the body is locked up in a room, and the family retire to rest through the night. We think there is something in thus neglecting the good old observance, which evinces a want of proper feeling on such an occasion. In each house, however, when a death takes place, the window-blinds are invariably drawn down or closed, and remain so till the funeral is over.

Throughout the Border, funerals are held generally on the second or third day after that on which the deceased departed. The attendants are invited chiefly from the immediate neighbourhood on the previous day; and this is done either by a short note addressed to each, and delivered by a person appointed for the purpose; or the said person is furnished with the names of the parties to be invited, and he goes around amongst them and delivers the message verbally.*

* In the town of Hexham, within the recollection of many who are still living, the bellman on this occasion went through the streets, first saluting the ears of the inhabitants with the accustomed peals of his metallic music, then stating the hour when the burial would be held, and, lastly, giving an invitation to all who felt disposed to be present at the solemnity.

These assemble at the time, and it is usual in the country for each to bring with him a crape hat-band and gloves. If the place of interment is at a considerable distance, they are nearly all mounted on horseback. They partake of cake and wine or spirits; and when the hour of *lifting* is near, the joiner approaches the coffin, the lid of which he puts aside to allow those around to take a last look of the pale, wax-like features of the dead. When each has seen enough, amid tears, sobs and out-burstings of sorrow, he then brings the lid to its place, and screws it closely down. Upon this the initials of the name and the figure or figures denoting the age of the deceased, commonly appear painted in white characters. Three or four attendants now remove the sable, sombre-looking chest—from the bed, and, with the narrow end first which contains the feet, convey it over the threshold. Here a couple of chairs are usually set; the coffin is placed upon them; and around, the company, uncovered, raise some verses of a plaintive psalm or hymn to a measure the most mournful and melancholy that ever fell upon a human ear. Then the coffin is borne into the hearse with the narrow end to the front, and fastened to its place with leathern straps; after which the procession moves onward—the nearest relatives taking their place immediately behind the vehicle, and thus they proceed to the place of burial.

Amongst all religious forms over the world, there is not one more beautiful or more appropriate to the purpose, than the Service of the Dead, performed according to the order of the church of England. None save those who have accompanied the remains of a dear parent to the grave, can know the consolation afforded by these words “I am the Resurrection and the Life &c.” when they are uttered in a becoming manner by the priest in his surplice, as he meets the funeral procession when the coffin has been taken from the hearse and is supported through the gate of the church-yard. Nor when the coffin rests within the church, nor when it is laid in its place of long rest, is the performance of the remaining portion of the service less soothing or acceptable to those upon whom the shock of separation is most severe. On its conclusion, the sexton and another assistant fill the broken earth into the grave; lay the green sods above it; and thus terminate the last duties we can pay to the remains of the departed.

It is usual in country places for the funeral-party to retire to a public-house in the vicinity of the church, and partake of some refreshment. After this, they proceed homeward, and tea awaits them on their arrival. The neighbouring females who assisted at the funeral, and who may have been invited on that occasion, partake of the same fare, sometime after the removal of the body, and generally retire before the males return who may have been present at the interment.

When the company separate and the near relatives are left by themselves around the hearth, the empty bed and chair, especially if a head of the family is gone, suggest to them in a striking manner the irrecoverable loss they have sustained. Still they ought not to give way to inconsolable grief: if those who are departed cannot again partake of what is worth living for here, they are also free of the toils, troubles and sufferings which accompany us all in this vale of tears. Moreover, the stroke falls according to the dispensation of the Author of our being; and as the merits of His Son cleanse from all iniquity, why would we be so stubborn as not submit to the Divine Will? Afflictions of all kinds, poverty even included, are hallowed to many in this way, that they induce us to think more healthily—to perceive more clearly the folly of placing our hearts on the world; and ought to stimulate us in the cultivation of a closer alliance with the Rock of Ages—our sure and steadfast stay, when all others fail. “Be virtuous—be religious—be a good man,” were among the last words uttered to his son in law by one of our late contemporaries, whose comprehensive intellect placed him on a level with the greatest men who ever existed: and the observance of this short but weighty admonition can alone ensure us of that unbroken peace which cannot be taken from us, and the hope and faith by which we are enabled to look for security beyond death and the grave.—

R. White's MSS.

END OF VOLUME ONE.





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